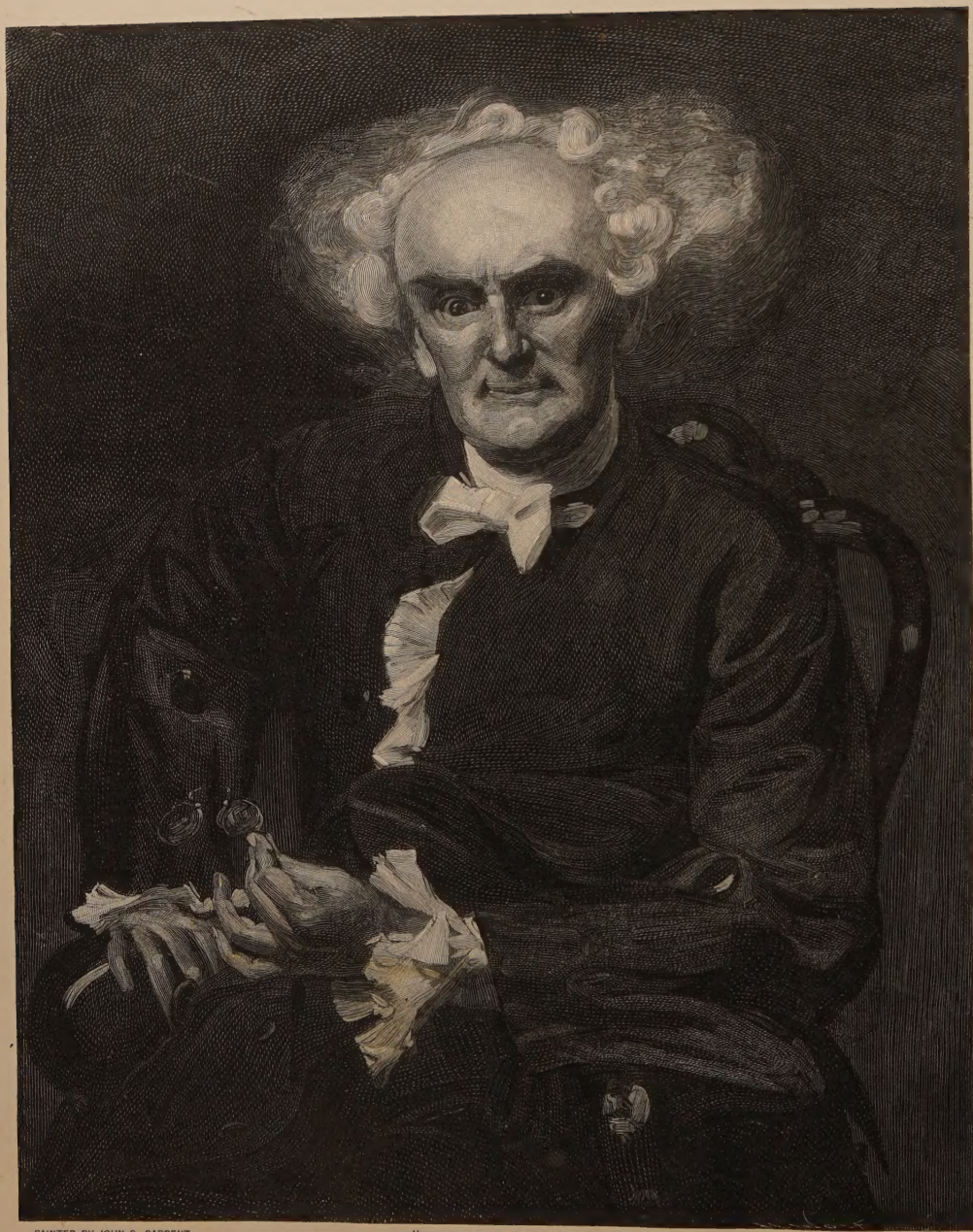


PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN "THE PLAYERS," NEW YORK CITY. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS «DR. PANGLOSS.»

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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SARGENT AND HIS PAINTING.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS DECORATIONS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

I.

THE first question to be asked about a work of decorative art is, «Is it in itself decorative?» This may be answered in one sense when the work is seen detached from its setting, as on the walls of an exhibition gallery. It may be more completely and decidedly answered when the work is looked at in place. We may have a good room with bare walls —a well-proportioned room. If the painter decorates it he must take care that it remains good in this sense. Not much more than this may be required of him, except that the subject of his work be appropriate to the uses of the room, and that the treatment be in accord with the architectural environment. He may even enhance architectural effects, but the first point is to beautify. Within certain architectural limitations he has a wide field in which he may exercise his decorative fancy.

Sargent's work in the Boston Public Library fills only one end of a hall, and consists of a frieze, a lunette, and an arched ceiling. All the rest of the hall is bare. The walls, which are of a very light yellowish-gray tint, have an effect that can only be described as garish, lighted as they are by skylights in the ceiling high above the floor. If these walls, now bare, were covered with temporary hangings of dark, quiet tints, the decorations would appear to far better advantage. The pictures cover such a small part of the entire wall and ceiling space that, even from a near, and consequently unfavorable, point of view, it is impossible to avoid the damaging effect of their harsh surroundings. With their present environment, the pictures might well be compared to a fine ruby set in a plaster brooch. Mr. Sargent's work suffers in this respect as the work of Puvis de Chavannes or Edwin A. Abbey does not. The pictures by Abbey are suitably framed by the dark-colored wainscoting and other woodwork in the delivery-room. The yellow marble of the splendid stairway and corridor, as well as the prevailing general tint of that part of the walls not intended to be decorated, were taken account of, of course, by Puvis de Chavannes when he painted the beautiful composition, «The Muses Welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment.»[1] When his work in the stairway is finished there will still be large wall-spaces undecorated. How admirably the composition now in place fits its surroundings, how complete in itself it is, we need only walk up the steps and through the corridor to appreciate. It does not obtrude, it does not distort the architectural proportions, and it harmonizes in the most subtle

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, 1896.

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PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE.

CEILING—ASTARTE.

and delicate way with everything that comes in sight when looked at from any point of view. There may be in the work certain portions—one or two heads of the muses, perhaps—that do not seem to be as good as the average of Puvis's work, and the white of the robes seems a little cold and harsh when looked at piece by piece, lacking in the tender quality of color that characterizes other work by the great artist; but as a whole it is the acme of successful decoration, simple, beautiful, and absolutely fitting.

Where Mr. Sargent has had a somewhat similar problem to solve he also has succeeded. The color of the stone floor in Sargent Hall is permanent. So, too, I take it, is the color of the wall below the frieze. The composition of the prophets is admirably colored to unite the wan effect of what is below it with the brilliant tints of the lunette and arch. The transition is made easily and without a jar. It is only when we look above that we feel the sharp and disagreeable contrast with the rest of the room. There can be no doubt whatever that when the work, which includes the decoration of the entire room, is completed, the pictures now in place will gain immeasurably in general effect.

Let us now consider them by themselves. The frieze begins at the height of the door in the end wall, over which is placed a figure of Moses, modeled in relief, and colored. There are five painted figures on each side of the Moses, and four on each of the side walls, all representing Hebrew prophets.

In the ceiling are depicted the gods of polytheism and idolatry. A dark figure of the goddess Neith, the All Mother, treated almost as a flat mass, stretches over the entire arch from base to base, and serves as the groundwork of the composition. This figure typifies the eternal forces to which the first religious instincts in mankind may be attributed. The head of Neith appears in the upper right-hand portion of the arch of the ceiling; her hands reach down to the cornice on one side, her feet to that on the other. The firmament is her body; a golden zodiac forms her collar or necklace; a serpent with silver scales is coiled around her neck; an archer, caught in the huge folds of the serpent, represents the forces of warmth and summer struggling with those of cold and winter, typified by the serpent.

The story is a development of the primeval myth of the eternal conflict between the sun and the dragon, in which the sun is conquered in the winter months, but conquers during the summer. In the Phenician mythology Tammuz (the sun), a beautiful youth beloved by the goddess Astarte (typifying the productive forces of nature), was slain on Mount Lebanon by a boar (the dragon); but by the intercession of Astarte he was allowed to spend a portion of each year on earth. Annually the river Adonis, which rises in Mount Lebanon, ran red with his blood, the signal for a period of lamentation for his death, which was changed to rejoicing when he revived, and the river again flowed clear. From this story the familiar myth of Venus and Adonis was developed.[1]

In the decoration the archer in the serpent's coils on one side of the zodiac drives it back with his arrows far enough to reveal the signs of the six warm months. On the other side he is depicted lifeless in the serpent's strangling folds, and the six cold months are covered up. The figure of Astarte, the lover of Adonis, or Tammuz, occupies the lower right-hand portion of the ceiling. The left-hand portion shows the giant figure of Moloch, with the head of a bull, and four arms, seated on his throne. The sun is over his head; at his feet are the figures of the Egyptian trinity, Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the father, mother, and son. With two of his hands he crushes human victims, in a third he holds a dagger, and in the fourth the Assyrian disk. Five golden lions about his knees typify the heat of the sun and its destroying force. From the sun itself, however, radiate long golden beams, each terminating in a hand holding a seed between the thumb and finger, symbols of life-giving power.

In the lunette the Jews, represented by a group of twelve nude figures, are shown in subjection to the Egyptian and the Assyrian, typified by figures of Pharaoh and the Assyrian king. Behind the one is a heap of dead captives, the male sphinx of Egypt, and the goddess Pasht, with the head of a lioness, the body of a woman, and great wings of black and gold. Behind the other is the Assyrian lion trampling on the slain, and an Assyrian god, with the body of a man and the head of a vulture. Over and above all, dominating the mighty rulers, their gods and symbols, is Jehovah, whose hands stretch out from the clouds and restrain the oppressors. His face is veiled by a group of cherubim with crimson wings, who fly before him. The lunette, thus showing the overwhelming of the heathen oppressors, unites by its subject and by its middle position in the decoration the ceiling and the frieze.

[1] Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston. Compiled by Herbert Small, with contributions by C. Howard Walker and Lindsay Swift.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR NOVEMBER, 1895.

"THE ZODIAC," FROM THE CEILING ARCH IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At least as much as is given in this brief description is necessary to an understanding of Mr. Sargent's subject. The work now in place illustrates Confusion, the first part of his theme. Unity, in which Christ preaching the gospel will be the subject, and Conventionality, depicting the rites and symbolism of early Christianity, will follow. There are details, both of subject and of pictorial representation, in the part under consideration that I have not touched upon, but we may now not unintelligibly speak of the work in its artistic aspects.

The work as a whole is like a casket of jewels. Let not conventional theories prevent us from seeing that it is intensely decorative. There is a difference between it and such decoration as that of which the work of Puvis de Chavannes may serve as an example. Beautifully tinted and chastely designed papers are suitable for wall-hangings, but so, too, are richly embroidered stuffs. The difference reduced to its lowest terms may be expressed by such a comparison. The Puvis picture is admirably simple. The Sargent pictures, though they comprise pieces of painting of great simplicity of treatment, are complicated; but they are brilliant, almost dazzling, in effect. You may prefer one sort of work to another, but it is not fair to condemn either for its difference from the one you like better, if both are good. I fancy that here in America, unaccustomed as we are to palaces, we may forget some of the magnificently gilded and painted rooms we have seen in Europe. Readers may recall one or two where grand effects were produced by a profusion of ornament and glowing color. And the East? No doubt Mr. Sargent had in mind the jeweled architecture of India, the lacquers of Japan, and the polychromatic temples of the Egyptians.

There are some things in the work that are finer than any other fine things, and there are three imperfections. The choice of red as the color for the wings of the cherubim I cannot but think unfortunate. I know that to change them would upset a part of the general color-scheme, and so involve in a measure the painting of something different from what we now

red, they could have been made to appear luminous in the decoration; and as they are now, they are not. Red, by its inherent quality, is a dark, non-luminous pigment; it can be made to glow only by skilful juxtaposition of combative tints. The effect of the mass where the cherubim are flying before Jehovah is dark. Would not a light, a luminous mass, have been better in this important central position if it could have been attained? Might not even the uncovered face of Jehovah have been better? As it is, too, one does not see the heads of the cherubim. They are «lost,» and the wings seem to be flying alone in a whirl impelled by some hidden centripetal force. The second defect is that the distinctly dark parts of the composition, while it is easy to see that they are not actually very low in tone, *appear* so dark that their form is not clear. This is so in the case of the whole figure of Neith, though the head is plain enough. In the lunette the head of the goddess Pasht is invisible. The third fault is in the Moses. No valid objection may be made to modeling this figure in relief, nor to relief employed in other parts of the work. On the contrary, the placing of the Moses in the center of the frieze, with the importance given to it by the relief, was a masterly stroke, but the head seems small and without much dignity. In actual measurement it may be as large as the heads of the prophets, even larger, but it looks smaller. This may be partly owing to the head-dress which hems it in on each side, and it may also be that it is the result of the lighting on the modeled forms. If the shadows cast are not strong enough, or fall in the wrong way, a head may look weak that under other conditions would look strong. The body of the Moses, with the arms outstretched to grasp the tables of the law, is vigorous, imposing, and filled with a fine sense of mystery. Apart from these points, I can see nothing in Mr. Sargent's work that can be found fault with even by the hypercritical.

The particular portions of the decoration that are marked by the highest achievement, both in imaginative and technical qualities, are the figure of Astarte, the fighting archer



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PANEL.—THE PROPHETS MICAH, HAGGAI, MALACHI, ZECHARIAH.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE.

PANEL—THE PROPHETS ZEPHANIAH, JOEL, OBADIAH, HOSEA

and the serpent, the Pharaoh, and the group of the Jews. In his portrait work Mr. Sargent has often given evidence of the possession of the most sensitive appreciation of form and color, but he has seldom, if ever, given better proof of it than in the conception and execution of this figure of Astarte. As long ago as 1880, in the early days of his artistic career, having made a winter's journey to Morocco, he exhibited in the Salon at Paris a picture called «Smoke of Ambergris,» a Moorish woman in white, holding some of the ample folds of her mantle above her head like a canopy. At her feet on the marble floor burned the ambergris, and the thin vapors, rising, filled her improvised hood as she inhaled the delicious fragrance. There was a mysterious charm in the picture, though, apparently, it was only a direct, cleverly handled study from nature, and in looking at it one felt a sensation as of the Orient brought to one's door. When I saw the Astarte at Boston I thought of this early canvas, and while there is no analogy between the two, it caused me to reflect that in the Salon picture there was an indication of the same phase of the artist's temperament that dominated him when he produced the Astarte. The love of things weird and mysterious, manifested in the fanciful portrayal of the Moorish woman, found a wider scope for expression in the mythical personality of the Phenician goddess. Originally, she was worshiped as the goddess of the moon, and the female, or productive principle.

The worship of Astarte was degraded by the Phenicians into a lascivious and wanton rite. She is depicted, therefore, not as the kindly and abundant mother of fruits and grains, like Ceres, but as the goddess of sensuality. . . . She stands upon the crescent, and a cobra is coiled at her feet. Around her is a floating blue veil. The hem of her robe is richly embroidered with gold, the ornament including figures of the sun and moon, and lions, fishes, birds, and other emblems connected with her worship. On either side of her are the columns used in her temples. Behind her is the tree of life, only the pine cones which terminate its branches, however, being visible. Through her veil may be seen, on either side of her form, a group of three priestesses, shaking the sistrum, or rattle, and swaying to the measure of a wanton and luxurious dance. At her feet are her victims, whom her lusts have lured to their ruin, a vulture tearing at the flesh of one, and a chimæra devouring the other.[1]

We are told that Mr. Sargent painted this figure in a single day, and we can well believe it. It bears the marks of intrepid execution, and every part of it vibrates in harmony. Brain and hand must have worked in perfect unison, and the figure and its accessories seem to have been carried to completion in a single sustained effort. The insinuating charm of the face, the vague, inscrutable enticement of the figure, with its diaphanous veiling of tender, gas-like blue, fascinate the eye. The dexterity of the work is amazing, its grace is irresistible.

The portion of the ceiling which includes the zodiac and the archer struggling with the serpent is admirable in composition, movement, and color. The figure of Adonis, with his robe flying from his shoulders, seen in back view, with the head in profile, one arm drawn up to pull an arrow, and the other straight to hold the bow, is as broadly rendered as the sculpture of the ancient Greeks. It is Hellenic in conception, and appears in fine contrast with the conventionalized forms of Egyptian and Assyrian art which environ it. That, while so different in spirit from these weird, symbolical figures, it does not seem in the least out of place, affords proof of what is indeed plain throughout the decoration—the rare skill with which the artist has woven a picturesque and harmonious whole out of so many incongruous elements.

In the figure of Pharaoh the artist has adapted the conventional design of the Egyptians, placing the head and legs in profile, and the body and arms in full-face view. This figure, and that of the Assyrian king, also following archaic conventions, are represented as of great stature. In both the uncouth forms of the earliest art are so skillfully translated that they do not conflict with the realistic treatment of the nude figures of the Jews. The slight proportions of Pharaoh, the slim waist, the long arms extended, and the ferret-like face, with the long, black-encircled eye, combine to produce an impression of sinister cruelty. The massive golden crown, dome-like in shape, adds an air of majesty and power. In the treatment of this figure, as in those of the Assyrian god and lion, in the right-hand portion of the lunette, the artist has accomplished a *tour de force* such as has been rarely attempted. How able is this treatment is shown by the telling importance of the group of the Jews in the middle of the composition. Unlike the oppressors and their gods, they are painted life-size only, and with as much realism as the decorative limitations allow. Here there are no problems involving the adaptation of archaic forms, and, as in the figures of the prophets, the painter appears as we know him in other work—a draftsman of force, style, and confident sureness, a col-

[1] Handbook of the New Public Library.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

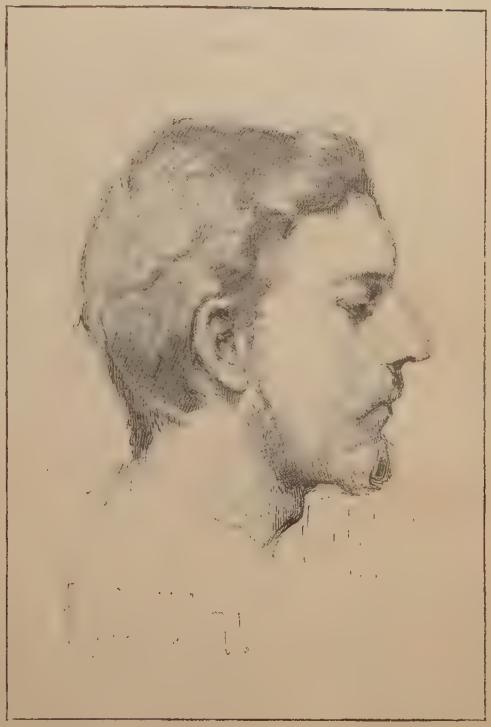
LUNETTE.

orist of restrained strength and comprehensive breadth of scale. The central figure of the group, on his knees, like his companions, but with his arms uplifted, and his face raised to Jehovah, while the other heads are bowed, is a fine piece of painting, simply conceived and as simply wrought. Its place in the group, and the contrasting attitudes of its fellows, not subordinated, but helping to show the idea expressed by this one for all,—the wail of agony and supplication from the twelve tribes of Israel, who have forgotten their God and worshiped the idols of the heathen, and now, with his altar-fire rekindled, turn to implore his mercy and protection,—constitute one of the best illustrations in modern art of a subject interpreted in the plain language of painting, which may not transgress the laws of truth to nature.

The color-scheme of the frieze, as has been said, serves well its purpose in the ensemble of the decoration. The figures of the prophets, taken separately, present some fine characterizations, and in painting them, the composition having been determined, the artist has had a task difficult enough to cause him to exert his best powers, but uncomplicated by the archaic considerations in the lunette and the ceiling. Particularly worthy of note is the management of the strong reds in the figures of Joshua and Elijah, on each side of the Moses, and the intermingling of reddish tints with the gold in the garment and wings that envelop this commanding figure. Not less effective is the strong note given by the blue robe of Isaiah on the right, and those of blue and brown in the group of Zephaniah and Joel on the side wall at the left. Through these, and the prevailing white and neutral tints of the garments in the other groups, there is a fine play of color, subdued in just proportion to meet the requirements of the position of the frieze.

II.

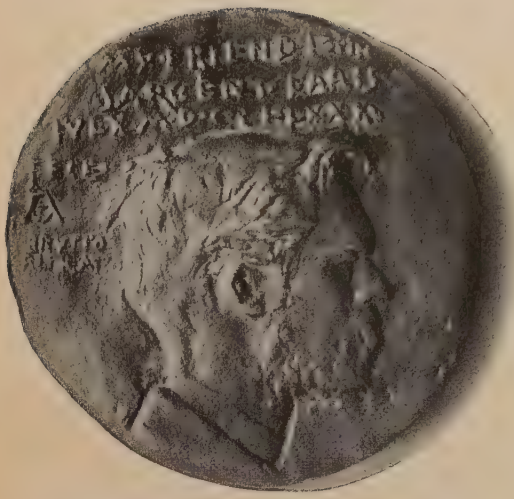
THE high reputation of John Singer Sargent, the painter of this remarkable work, makes him one of the most prominent figures in the modern world of art. No American artist has occupied such an exalted position as he has attained before reaching his fortieth year; none is more celebrated in Paris, London, and the other art centers of Europe. He has painted some of his best portraits in the United States, and «La Carmencita,» the picture which represents him in the famous Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, was painted in



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CARROLL BECKWITH, APRIL 16, 1876.

JOHN S. SARGENT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

New York, and first publicly shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. His career has been a cosmopolitan one, and his youth was passed among surroundings very different from those that affect the intellectual bent of most American boys who become painters and sculptors. He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856, whither his parents had gone to live some years before. His father was Dr. Fitz-Hugh Sargent, a Boston physician, and his mother, whose maiden name was Newbold, and who belonged to a well-known family of Philadelphia, possessed the accomplishment of painting very cleverly in water-colors. Educated partly in Italy and partly in Germany, young Sargent entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence at a comparatively early age, and before he was eighteen had spent several years in art study. He learned to paint in water-colors, as well as to draw with the pencil or charcoal, and one summer, when he was in the Tyrol with his mother, Frederick Leighton, not yet a peer and president of the Royal Academy, but a famous English artist notwithstanding, meeting them, commended the boy's work, and counseled him to continue. His advent a year or two later in the studio of the pupils of Carolus Duran is thus described by Sargent's intimate



MODELED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT IN BRONZE OF JOHN S. SARGENT.

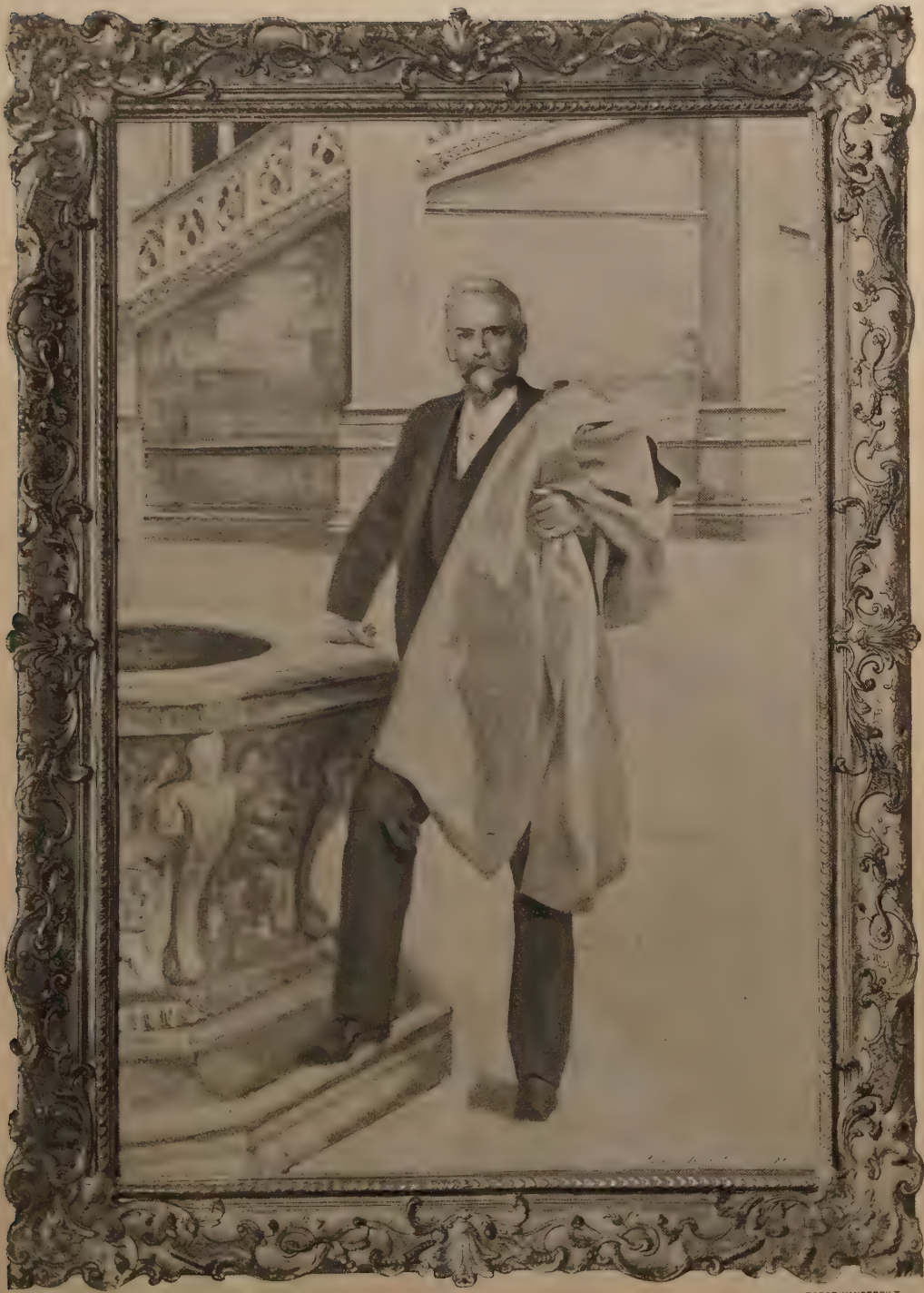
friend and fellow-student in Paris, the well-known portrait-painter, Carroll Beckwith:

It was on a Tuesday or Friday, the days when Carolus came to criticize our work, in the spring of 1874, at the old studio on the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse. I had a place near the door, and when I heard a knock I turned to open it. There stood a gray-haired gentleman, accompanied by a tall, rather lank youth, who carried a portfolio under his arm, and I guessed that he must be a coming *nouveau*. The gentleman addressed me politely in French, and I replied in the same language, but with less fluency, for I had not been long in Paris myself, telling him that the «patron» was in the studio at the moment, and asking him if they would wait. He evidently saw that I was a fellow countryman, for he then spoke in English, and we held a short conversation in subdued tones; for the school etiquette of course forbade talking while the patron was within the walls. At any other time the visitors might have had a more demonstrative reception. Carolus soon finished his criticism, and I presented my compatriots. Sargent's father explained that he had brought his son to the studio that he might become a pupil; the portfolio was laid on the floor, and the drawings were spread out. We all crowded about to look, and Carolus spoke favorably. He told the young artist that he might enter his class, and when he had departed we all crowded about again to look more closely at the drawings. We were astonished at the cleverness shown in the water-color and pencil work, and his début was considered a most promising one. He made rapid progress from the day he entered the school, and gradually rose to perfection in academic study.

The serious and earnest side of Sargent's character always impressed his fellow-students in those Latin Quarter days. He had no taste for dissipation, though he was by no means puritanical. The lighter side of his temperament found satisfaction in music, the theater, and literature, and in the keen appreciation of everything in the tastes and amusements of the day that had a new or original flavor. Though an eager reader, he was not a bookman, but an observer. «Alert» is the adjective which perhaps best expresses the quality of his predominating characteristic. He was quick to see, and ready to absorb, everything that struck him as novel.

I remember how much we used to like to go to the Colonne concerts at the Châtelet, and to those given by Maître Pasdeloup at the Cirque d'Hiver, on Sunday afternoons. Some of us had heard Berlioz's «Damnation de Faust» at the former place fifteen or sixteen times. Sargent, who dearly loved the music, was struck by the odd picturesqueness of the orchestra at Pasdeloup's, seen in the middle of the amphitheater, the musicians' figures foreshortened from the high point of view on the rising benches, the necks of the bass-viols sticking up above their heads, the white sheets of music illuminated by little lamps on the racks, and the violin-bows moving in unison. While he listened he looked, and one day he took a canvas and painted his impression. He made an effective picture of it, broad, and full of color. Sargent's musical perceptions should be particularly mentioned in an analysis of his temperament, for they are very keen, and his knowledge of good music and his love of it are strong factors in his personality. Another strong temperamental trait is his susceptibility to the impress of race characteristics. He has shown this in the eager grasp of the picturesque, not only in foreign lands, but whenever he met with anything markedly racial in subject for a picture at home. His large canvas, «El Jaleo,» a woman dancing, with a company of Spanish singers and time-makers behind her, and the studies he made of the Javanese dancing-girls at the Paris Exposition of 1889, are among the tangible results of this tendency. Besides his native language, he speaks and writes French, Italian, and German.

Sargent's studio is always a sociable place. Unlike many artists, the presence of visitors or companions does not disturb him when he is painting. He seems to work without obvious exertion even in his intensest activity. «When his models are resting, he fills up the gap by strumming on the piano or guitar,» says one of his friends; «his manner while at work is that of a man of consummate address, and does not show physical or mental effort.» He



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

OWNED BY GEORGE VANDERBILT.

RICHARD M. HUNT.



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. OWNED BY ROBERT GOELET. FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR MARCH, 1892. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE GOELET.

knows thoroughly well what he is about and what his capabilities are, so that, while he searches the truth in his pictorial rendering of what is before him, and often repaints a part of his picture entirely in the effort to make it as perfect as possible, he works with confidence. He has never been allied with any revolutionary movements in art, and, while novelty appeals to him in things seen, he shuns all passing crazes or new doctrines. His feeling in art is of the most intense sort. Skill and accomplishment in every field excite his admiration, but his own creed is stable and unaffected by transitory influences. Possibly, in his youthful days, when he made pencil drawings from the heroic figures in the great canvases by Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese in Venice and Florence, and drew them again from memory to show his comrades in Paris the grandeur of line in these compositions which had so deeply stirred him, he laid the foundations of this stability. This quality has been of much benefit to him. Confronted by one difficult artistic problem after another, he has presented in every case solutions which, though sometimes more complete and more brilliant than others, have been uniformly sound—audacious sometimes, but always sane.

«En Route pour La Pêche» was the title of a picture of modest dimensions signed by John S. Sargent, and exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1878. It represented fisher-girls at Cancale, setting out for their work with their baskets under their arms, and was bright and pleasing in color. It bore a look of cleverness that was unmistakable, but it was no more remarkable than the first picture of many another young painter of right education. In the same year, in the American gallery of the Universal Exposition, Mr. Sargent showed a competent, well-drawn portrait of a lady. At the Salon of 1879 appeared a charming little picture of a young girl among the olive-trees at Capri, and a portrait of Carolus Duran. The latter canvas at once attracted attention, and the jury of award voted an honorable mention to the painter. In 1880 came the «Smoke of Ambergris,» already mentioned, and a portrait of Mme. Pailleron, wife of the celebrated author of «Le monde où l'on s'ennuie.» In 1881 there were two portraits of young ladies, and these were of such merit that the jury decreed a medal of the second class, and so placed the artist *hors concours*. In these successive exhibits there was ample proof of artistic ability, and increasing evidence of individuality of style. In 1882 «El Jaleo,» which is now in the possession of a gentleman in Boston, and the portrait of Miss Louise Burckhardt, which together made Sargent's Salon «exhibition,» drew so much notice that his reputation took on a quality of generally admitted excellence, and his work was considered of such distinction that he was in a fair way to become, if he had not already become, a portrait-painter of fashion in Paris. About this time the studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs was given up, and a new and larger one taken on the Boulevard Berthier, on the north bank of the Seine. At the Salon of 1883 a very large canvas, called «Portraits of Children,» in which four little girls were depicted in a spacious hall, evoked high praise from critics and public, more than ever confirming the opinion that Sargent's work possessed the highest sort of qualities, and that he was destined to become a great figure in modern art. In the summer of the same year at her country place at Houlgate he painted the portrait of Mme. Gauthereau, a celebrated Parisian beauty, and exhibited it at the Salon the following spring. It aroused a storm of disapproval. Mme. Gauthereau is painted full-length, in a ball gown of black, the head turned in profile to our view, and, judged merely from a reproduction, the picture is seen to be one of exquisite style. It is certainly masterly in line and general disposition; that much may be seen from a photograph. Painters who have seen the picture speak of its marvelous technical qualities, and of the sensitive drawing of the head. Some of Sargent's friends speak of it as his masterpiece, and others declare that he himself so considers it. But it was severely criticized. The admirers of Mme. Gauthereau talked in the salons and clubs of the extremely poetic type of her beauty, and of the realistic rendering of externals only that this portrait, in their opinion, presented. There was an uproar about it, in fact, and most of the critics took the side of her partizans. The great artistic merits of the work were almost entirely overlooked. That spring Sargent went to London to execute some commissions for portraits, and events have so shaped themselves in his career that he has never since had a studio in Paris.

The village of Broadway, England, is about twelve miles south of Stratford. In 1885 Sargent and other artists were spending the summer there, and their days passed pleasantly with tennis and cricket in their leisure hours. Every day an hour before the sun went down there was commotion in the little colony, for with the last rays came the time when the effect was on for



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ——.

Sargent's picture of two little girls, children of the draftsman Barnard. They posed in a garden, and everybody lent a hand in lighting paper lanterns, and hanging them in the rose-bushes and shrubbery. Canvas, easel, and paint-box were brought, and all made ready. Then for twenty or thirty minutes, at most, the painter worked assiduously in the twilight. The whole day seemed to lead up to that brief period, so much did every one become interested as the picture grew and its beauty developed. It was finished, and entitled «Carnation Lily, Lily Rose.» Everybody in London saw it the next year at the New Gallery, and it was purchased by the Chantrey Fund, thus finding a permanent place in an English public collection.

The artist now found himself so successfully launched that he took a studio in the British capital, and spent the next two years in painting portraits. In the summer of 1887 he came to the United States (his second visit, for he had spent a short time in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition in 1876) to paint a portrait of Mrs. Henry G. Marquand. This portrait, one of the most dignified and excellent in the long series of his works, was painted at Newport, and the following winter Sargent passed in Boston and in New York painting others. Then the painter went back to London. He returned to America in 1890, and spent nearly a year painting the portraits of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Lawrence Barrett, which hang in the club-house of The Players; the «Carmencita»; the child portrait of «Beatrice»; and a number of others. In the autumn his father died in England, and he took ship from New York. The commission for the Boston decorations had been offered to him, but the order had not yet been definitely given. Just as the steamer was leaving he received the papers, and so it happened that he carried the commission with him, fittingly crowning a most successful year's work in his own country. In the winter of 1891–92 he went to Egypt, and settled down at El Fayoum, where he made a number of studies, and then returned to England. He joined Edwin A. Abbey at Fairford, where they built a studio of corrugated iron, suitable in its dimensions for the handling of large canvases, and during the next two years he worked there on his decorations, retaining his studio in London meanwhile, and painting portraits, among them being that of Miss Ellen Terry. The decorations were brought to Boston in the summer of 1895, and put in place in the library under the artist's supervision. Before returning to England in the autumn Mr. Sargent made a visit to Biltmore, North Carolina, and painted there the portraits of Frederick Law Olmsted and the late Richard Morris Hunt for Mr. George Vanderbilt. The owner of «Biltmore» was happily inspired when he gave the commissions for these portraits of the distinguished men who created his beautiful estate, so that they might hang on his walls as memorials in time to come. Mr. Hunt's striking figure is fittingly portrayed in the courtyard of the house he built, and Mr. Olmsted's poetic face is so faithfully and sympathetically interpreted that his most intimate friends have nothing but praise for the work.

Mr. Sargent was elected a member of the Society of American Artists in 1880; he became an associate of the Royal Academy in 1893; he is a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which holds the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. When his election as an A. R. A. was talked of in London some time before it came to pass, he is said to have remarked that if it were necessary to become a British subject in order to receive this honor he preferred to do without it, as he would rather retain his American citizenship. He received the election, however, and will probably be made an academician in due time. His list of medals and exhibition honors is a choice one, but it will suffice to note here that, besides being *hors concours* at the Salon, he received a medal of honor at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

III.

A SPECIES of conservatism generally prevents the same enthusiastic praise being given to a work by a living painter that is so often freely accorded to the creations of men who have lived in the past. Books have been written about the works of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and other great painters of portraits, but I fear that if I say that Mr. Sargent has painted one that deserves to be classed with the works of these masters I shall be thought to have overstepped the mark. Yet I feel sure that posterity will give its judgment in just about such terms. The apprehension that a living painter may, before he comes to the end of his career, fall far below the standard set by some single fine work that he has produced is in part the reason why critics shrink from unstinted praise of the work of their contemporaries. It is so easy to deride them if such a falling off occurs. But if the work justifies the highest word, is it not only fair to say it unhesitatingly? Few great artists have collapsed, but

there have been many whose work has deteriorated, and never again reached a certain high plane once attained in some supreme achievement. I do not think that there is anything in Mr. Sargent's work since he painted the «Beatrice» to lead us to imagine that he may not again paint a portrait as perfect as this, or even a finer one; but all things being considered, and the factor of personal preference being admitted in the judgment, it is the one that I choose as the best, and if limited to a single canvas, the one upon which I should rest his claim to rank with the world's great painters. This little girl, with pale golden hair tied with a pink ribbon, in a gown of silk with stripes of pink and gray, her small hands joined before her with the finger-tips touching, and the cockatoo in his high gilt cage behind her, presents an adorable picture. That the portrait is delicate and harmonious in color, that the figure and accessories are painted with facile grace and sure precision, that it is captivating in aspect, and that it is complete in the sense that nothing may be taken away, changed, or added to—it is easy to say all this, and it is easy to support the assertions before the picture. To explain its great charm is more difficult than to analyze its merits. The charm seems to lie in the marvelous excellence of the painter's handiwork, expressing, as it does so perfectly, the sweet attraction of beautiful childhood. There are other ways of painting than the manner in which this picture is painted. There are certain more naïve ways of interpreting nature, some that appeal more touchingly, perhaps, by a sort of timidity perceptible in the painter's heart, and made seductive by the justness of the final rendering; but nothing better in this particular way could well be accomplished.

Quite different from the «Beatrice,» but potent in the quality of attraction, is the «Portrait of Miss——» (shown on page 176). A characteristic expression is here so rendered in paint as to be almost startling in reality. It is also one of the best examples of his work in composition, and there is great beauty of tone in the black satin gown. In the portrait of «Joseph Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss,» the embodiment of a dramatic rôle, is a picture of live personality (see frontispiece). In that of Miss Dunham there are tenderness of color in the simple painting of the white draperies and sympathetic translation of character. We might go through the whole list of his portraits and find in almost every one of them some distinguishing quality. If we feel impelled to think of prototypes, we may be reminded at times of Velasquez, at other times of Vandyke. The beautiful «Portrait of Mrs. Davis and Her Son,» sober and restrained in color, noble in conception, and painted with a fine swing of the brush, will suggest a comparison with the latter master, as the «Beatrice» does with Velasquez. Again Mr. Sargent turns our thoughts to the English school of the last century, as in the «Portrait of Mrs. Manson.» It bears a general resemblance to the school, but a particular resemblance to none of the painters that belong to it. It is suggestive in style only, and not in treatment; for the loose drawing and conventional construction of the famous English masters have nothing in common with the firm yet graceful strength that marks this charming work.

Mr. Sargent's great success as a painter of portraits is no doubt due to the fact that, in addition to a technical equipment of the highest order, he possesses intuitive perceptions which enable him to grasp his sitters' mental phases. His cultivated eye quickly determines the pose which naturally and easily harmonizes the physical side with the mental, and his artistic feeling dictates unerringly by what attributes of costume and surroundings the picture formed in his mind's eye may be best presented on canvas. He rarely neglects to compose his picture; that is, not only to determine the lines of the figure, but also to fill the canvas and balance it. How much this part of the art counts for in portrait-painting every intelligent painter knows; but how many fail to appreciate it, how many are satisfied with a haphazard arrangement, that suffices to bring the figure within the frame, and leaves balance and symmetry to take care of themselves, may be seen in the numerous portraits in the current exhibitions, both at home and abroad, in which good intention and serious study are shorn of their force by careless composition.

Working with a mastery of his tools and medium surpassed by none of his contemporaries, and bringing to the interpretation of his themes concentration of ideas and facility of expression, Mr. Sargent is peculiarly well fitted to paint portraits. Though he may win high honors in other walks of art, we may hope that different ambitions will never draw him away from this field, in which belong some of the world's greatest masterpieces of painting, and in which he has so clearly proved his right to rank with some of the best of those who have made it bright with their glory.

William A. Coffin.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

XV.

GEORGE went back to the House, and stayed for half an hour or so, listening to a fine speech from a member of a former Liberal cabinet. The speech was one more sign of the new cleavage of parties that was being everywhere brought about by the pressure of the new collectivism.

«We always knew," said the speaker, referring to a ministry in which he had served seven years before, «that we should be fighting socialism in good earnest before many years were over; and we knew, too, that we should be fighting it as put forward by a Conservative government. The hands are the hands of the English Tory, the voice is the voice of Karl Marx.»

The Socialists sent forth mocking cheers, while the government benches sat silent. The rank and file of the Conservative party already hated the bill. The second reading must go through. But if only some rearrangement were possible without rushing the country into the arms of revolutionists, if it were only conceivable that Fontenoy, or even the old Liberal gang, should form a government and win the country, the committee stage would probably not trouble the House long.

Meanwhile, in the smoking-rooms and lobbies the uncertainties of the coming division kept up an endless hum of gossip and conjecture. Tressady wandered about it all like a ghost, indifferent and preoccupied, careful, above all, to avoid any more talk with Fontenoy. While he was in the House itself he stood at the door or sat in the cross benches, so as to keep a space between him and his leader.

A little before twelve he drove home, dressed hastily, and went off to a house in Berkeley Square, where he was to meet Letty. He found her waiting for him, a little inclined to be reproachful, and eager for her ball. As they drove toward Queen's Gate she chattered to him of her evening, and of the people and dresses she had seen.

«And, you foolish boy,» she broke out, laughing, and tapping him on the hand with her fan, «you looked so glum this morning when I could n't go to see Lady Tressady; and—what do you think? Why, she has been at a party to-night—at a party, my dear!—and *dressed!* Mrs. Willy Smith told me she had seen her at the Webers'.»

«I dare say,» said George, rather shortly; «all the same, this morning she was very unwell.»

Letty shrugged her shoulders, but she did not want to be disagreeable and argue the point. She was much pleased with her dress,—with the last glance of herself that she had caught in the cloak-room looking-glass before leaving Berkeley Square,—and, finally, with this well-set-up, well-dressed husband beside her. She glanced at him every now and then as she put on a fresh pair of gloves. He had been very much absorbed in this tiresome Parliament lately, and she thought herself a very good and forbearing wife not to make more fuss. Nor had she made any fuss about his going down to see Lady Maxwell at the East End. It did not seem to have made the smallest difference to his opinions.

The thought of Lady Maxwell brought a laugh to her lips.

«Oh, do you know, Harding was so amusing about the Maxwells to-day,» she said,

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turning to Tressady in her most good-humored and confiding mood. «He says people are getting so tired of her,—of her meddling and her preaching, and all the rest of it,—and that everybody thinks him so absurd not to put a stop to it. And Harding says that it does n't succeed even—that Englishmen will never stand petticoat government. It 's all very well—they have to stand it in some forms!»

Stretching her slim neck, she turned and gave her husband a tiny flying kiss on the cheek.

Mechanically grateful, George took her hand in his, but he did not make her the pretty speech she expected. Just before she spoke he was about to tell her of his evening —of the meeting, and of his drive home with Lady Maxwell. He had been far too proud hitherto, and far too confident in himself, to make any secret to Letty of what he did. And, luckily, she had raised no difficulties. In truth, she had been too well provided with amusements and flatteries of her own since their return from the country to leave her time or opportunities for jealousy. Perhaps, secretly, the young husband would have been more flattered if she had been more exacting.

But as she quoted Harding something stiffened in him. Later, after the ball, when they were alone, he would tell her—he would try to make her understand what sort of woman Marcella Maxwell was. In his trouble of mind a confused plan crossed his thoughts of trying to induce Lady Maxwell to make friends with Letty. But a touch of that charm, that poetry—he asked no more.

He glanced at his wife. She looked pretty and young as she sat beside him, lost in a pleasant pondering of social successes. But he wondered uncomfortably why she must use such a thickness of powder on her still unspoiled complexion, and her dress seemed to him fantastic, and not over-modest. He had begun to have the strangest feeling about their relation, as though he possessed a double personality, and were looking on at himself and her, wondering how it would end. It was characteristic, perhaps, of his half-developed moral life that his sense of ordinary husbandly responsibility toward her was not strong. He always thought of her as he thought of himself—as a perfectly free agent, dealing with him and their common life on equal terms.

The house to which they were going belonged to very wealthy people, and Letty was looking forward feverishly to the cotillion.

«They say, at the last dance they gave the cotillion gifts cost eight hundred pounds,» she said gleefully to George. «They always do things extraordinarily well.»

No doubt it was the prospect of the cotillion that had brought such a throng together. The night was stifling; the stairs and the supper-room were filled with a struggling mob; and George spent an hour of purgatory wondering at the gaieties of his class.

He had barely more than two glimpses of Letty after they had fought their way into the room. On the first occasion, by stretching himself to his full height so as to look over the intervening crowd, he saw her seated in a chair of state, a mirror in one hand and a lace handkerchief in the other. Young men were being brought up behind her to look into the glass over her shoulder, and she was merrily brushing their images away. Presently a tall, dark fellow, with jet-black mustache and red cheeks, advanced. Letty kept her handkerchief suspended a moment over the reflection in the glass. George could see the corners of her lips twitching with amusement. Then she quietly handed the mirror to the leader of the cotillion, rose, gathered up her white skirt a little, the music struck up joyously, and she and Lord Cathedine spun round the room together, followed by the rest of the dancers.

George, meanwhile, found few people to talk to. He danced a few dances, mostly with young girls in the white frocks of their first season—a species of partner for which, as a rule, he had no affinity at all. But, on the whole, he passed the time leaning against the wall in a corner, lost in a reverie which was a vague compound of this and that, there and here: of the Manx Road school-room, its odors and heats, its pale, uncleanly crowd absorbed in the things of daily bread, with these gay, scented rooms, and this extravagance of decoration, that made even flowers a vulgarity, with these costly cotillion gifts—pins, bracelets, rings—that were being handed round and wondered over by people who had already more of such things than they could wear; of these rustling women, in their silks and diamonds, with that gaunt, stooping image of the loafer's wife, smiling her queer defiance at pain and fate, and letting meddling «lidies» know that without sixteen hours' «settin'» she could not keep her husband and children alive. Stale commonplace, that all the world knows by heart—the squalor of the *pauperum tabernæ* dimming the glory of the *regum turres*. Yet there are only a few men and women in each generation who really pass into the eclipsing shadow of it. Others talk; *they* feel and struggle. There were many elements in Tres-

sady's nature that might seem destined to force him into their company. Yet hitherto he had resolutely escaped his destiny, and enjoyed his life.

About supper-time he found himself near Lady Cathedine, a thin-faced, silent creature, whose eyes suddenly attracted him. He took her down to supper, and spent an exceedingly dull time. She had the air of one pining to talk, to confide herself; yet in practice it was apparently impossible for her to do it. She fell back into monosyllables or gentle banalities, and George noticed that she was always restlessly aware of the movements in the room,—who came in, who went out,—and throwing little frightened glances toward the door.

He was glad, indeed, when his task was over. On their way to the drawing-rooms they passed a broad landing which on one side led out to a balcony, and had been made into a decorated bower for sitting out. At the farther end he saw Letty sitting beside Harding Watton. Letty was looking straight before her, with a flushed and rather frowning face. Harding was talking to her, and, to judge from his laughing manner, was amusing himself, if not her.

George duly found Lady Cathedine a seat, and returned himself to ask Letty whether it was not time to go. He found, however, that she had been carried off by another partner, and could only resign himself to a fresh twenty minutes of boredom. He leaned, against the wall, yawning, and feeling the evening interminable.

Then a Harrow and Oxford acquaintance came up to him, and they chatted for a time behind a stand of flowers that stood between them and one of the doorways to the ball-room. At the end of the dance George saw Lady Cathedine hurrying up to this door with the quick, furtive step that was characteristic of her. She passed on the other side of the flowers, and George heard her say to some one just inside the room:

«Robert, the carriage has come.»

A pause; then a thick voice said in an emphatic undertone:

«D——n the carriage! Go away!»

«But, Robert, you know we *promised* to look in at Lady Tuam's on the way home.»

The thick voice dropped a note lower.

«D——n Lady Tuam! I shall come when it suits me.»

Lady Cathedine fell back, and George saw her cross the landing and drop into a chair beside an old general who was snoozing in a peaceful corner till his daughters should see fit to take him home. The old general took no notice of her, and she sat there, playing with her fan, her rather prominent gray eyes staring out of her white face.

Both George and his friend, as it happened, had heard the conversation. The friend raised his eyebrows in disgust.

«What a brute that fellow is! They have been married four months. However, she was amply warned.»

«Who was she?»

«The daughter of old Wickens, the banker. He married her for her money, and lives upon it religiously. By now, I should think, he has dragged her through every torture that marriage admits of.»

«So soon?» said George, dryly.

«Well,» said the friend, laughing, «no doubt it admits of a great many.»

«I am ready to go home,» said a voice at Tressady's elbow.

Something in the intonation surprised him, and he turned quickly.

«By all means,» he said, throwing an astonished look at his wife, who had come up to him on Lord Cathedine's arm. «I will go and look for the carriage.»

What was the matter, he asked himself, as he ran down-stairs—what was the meaning of Letty's manner and expression?

But by the time he had sent for the carriage the answer had suggested itself. No doubt Harding Watton had given Letty news of that hansom in Pall Mall, and no doubt also—He shrugged his shoulders in annoyance. The notion of having to explain and excuse himself was particularly unpalatable. What a fool he had been not to tell Letty of his East End adventure on their way to Queen's Gate!

He was standing in a little crowd at the foot of the stairs when Letty swept past him in search of her wraps. He smiled at her, but she held her head erect, as though she did not see him.

So there was to be a scene. George felt the rise of a certain inner excitement. Perhaps it was as well. There were a good many things he wished to say.

At the same time the Cathedine episode had filled him with a new disgust for the violences and brutalities to which the very intimacy of the marriage relation may lead. If a scene there was to be, he meant to be more or less frank, and at the same time to keep both himself and her within bounds.

«You can't deny that you made a secret of it from me,» cried Letty, angrily. «I asked you what had been doing in the House, and you

never let me suspect that you had been anywhere else the whole evening.»

«I dare say,» said George, quietly; «but I never meant to make any mystery. Something you said about Lady Maxwell put me off telling you—then. I thought I would wait till we got home.»

They were in George's study—the usual back room on the ground floor, which George could not find time to make comfortable, while Letty had never turned her attention to it. Tressady was leaning against the mantelpiece. He had turned up a solitary electric light, and in the cold glare of it Letty was sitting opposite to him, angrily upright. The ugly light had effaced the half-tones of the face and deepened the lines of it, while it had taken all the grace from her extravagant dress and tumbled flowers. She seemed to have lost her prettiness.

«Something I said about Lady Maxwell?» she repeated scornfully. «Why should n't I say what I like about Lady Maxwell? What does she matter either to you or to me that I should not laugh at her if I please? Everybody laughs at her.»

«I don't think so,» said Tressady, quietly. «I have seen her to-night in a curious and touching scene—in a meeting of very poor people. She tried to make a speech, by the way, and spoke badly. She did not carry the meeting with her, and toward the end it got noisy. As we came out she was struck with a stone, and I got a hansom for her, and drove her home to St. James's Square. We were just turning into the square when Harding saw us. I happened to be with her in the crowd when the stone hit her. What do you suppose I could do but bring her home?»

«Why did you go? and why did n't you tell me at once?»

«Why did I go?» Tressady hesitated, then looked down upon his wife. «Well, I suppose I went because Lady Maxwell is very interesting to watch; because she is sympathetic and generous, and it stirs one's mind to talk to her.»

«Not at all!» cried Letty, passionately. «You went because she is handsome—because she is just a superior kind of flirt. She is always making women anxious about their husbands, under this pretense of politics. Heaps of women hate her, and are afraid of her.»

She was very white, and could hardly save herself from the tears of excitement. Yet what was working in her was not so much Harding Watton's story as this new and strange manner of her husband's. She had sat haughtily silent in the carriage on their way home, fully expecting him to question her—to explain, entreat, excuse himself, as he had generally been ready to do whenever she chose to make a quarrel. But he too said nothing, and she could not make up her mind how to begin. Then, as soon as they were shut into his room, her anger had broken out, and he had not yet begun to caress and appease her. Her surprise had brought with it a kind of shock. What was the matter? Why was she not mistress, as usual?

As she made her remark about Marcella, Tressady smiled a little, and played with a cigarette he had taken up.

«Whom do you mean?» he asked her. «One often hears these things said of her in the vague, and never with any details. I myself don't believe it. Harding, of course, believes anything to her disadvantage.»

Letty hesitated; then, remembering all she could of Harding's ill-natured gossip, she flung out some names, exaggerating and inventing freely. The emphasis with which she spoke reddened all her small face again, and made it hot and common.

Tressady raised his shoulders as she came to the end of her tirade.

«Well, you know I don't believe all that, and I don't think Harding believes it. Lady Maxwell, as you once said yourself, is not, I suppose, a woman's woman. She gets on better, no doubt, with men than with women. These men you speak of are all personal and party friends. They support Maxwell, and they like her. But if some are jealous, I should think they might remember that there is safety in numbers.»

«Oh, that 's all very well; but she wants power, and she does n't care a rap how she gets it. She is a dangerous, intriguing woman, and she just trades upon her beauty!»

Tressady, who had been leaning with his face averted from her, turned round with sparkling eyes.

«You foolish child!» he said slowly; «you foolish child!»

Her lips twitched. She put out a shaking hand to her cloak, which had fallen from her arms.

«Oh, very well. I sha'n't stay here to be talked to like that, so good night.»

He took no notice. He walked up to her, and put his hands on her shoulders.

«Don't you know what it is»—he spoke with a curious imperiousness—«that protects any woman—or any man either, for the matter of that—from Marcella Maxwell's beauty? Don't you know that she adores her husband?»

«That 's a pose, of course, like everything else,» cried Letty, trying to move herself away; «you once said it was.»

«Before I knew her. It 's not a pose; it 's the secret of her whole life.»

He walked back to the mantelpiece, conscious of a sudden rise of inward bitterness.

«Well, I shall go to bed,» said Letty, again half rising. «You might, I think, have had the kindness and the good taste to say you were sorry I should have the humiliation of finding out where my husband spends his evenings from Harding Watton!»

Tressady was stung.

«When have I ever concealed what I did from you?» he asked her hotly.

Letty, who was standing stiff and scornful, tossed her head without speaking.

«That means,» said Tressady, after a pause, «that you don't take my word for it—that you suspect me of deceiving you before to-night?»

Letty still said nothing. His eyes flashed. Then a pang of conscience smote him. He took up his cigarette again, with a laugh.

«I think we are both a pair of babies,» he said, as he pretended to look for matches. «You know very well that you don't really think I tell you mean lies. And let me assure you, my dear child, that fate did not mean Lady Maxwell to have lovers, and that she never will have them. But when that 's said there 's something else to say.»

He went up to her again, and touched her arm.

«You and I could n't have this kind of scene, Letty, could we, if everything was all right?»

Her breast rose and fell hurriedly.

«Oh, I supposed you would want to retaliate—to complain on your side.»

«Yes,» he said deliberately, «I think I do want to complain. Why is it that—I began to like going down to see Lady Maxwell? Why did I like talking to her at Castle Luton? Well, of course it 's pleasant to be with a beautiful person—I don't deny that in the least. But she might have been as beautiful as an angel, and I might n't have cared twopence about her. She has something much less common than beauty. It 's very simple, too; I suppose it 's only sympathy—just that. Everybody feels the same. When you talk to her, she seems to care about it; she throws her mind into yours. And there 's a charm about it; there 's no doubt of that.»

He had begun his little speech meaning to be perfectly frank and honest—to appeal to her better nature and his own. But something stopped him abruptly, perhaps the sudden perception that he was after playing the hypocrite, perhaps the consciousness that he was only making matters worse.

«It 's a pity you did n't say all these things before,» she said, with a hard laugh, «instead of denouncing the political woman, as you used to do.»

He sat down on the arm of the chair beside her, balancing lightly, with his hands in his pockets.

«Did I denounce the political woman? Well, the Lord knows I 'm not in love with her now. It is n't politics, my dear, that are attaching; it 's the kind of human being. Ah, well, don't let 's talk of it; let 's go back to that point of sympathy. There 's more in it than I used to think. Suppose, for instance, you were to try to take a little more interest in my political work than you do. Suppose you were to try to see money matters from my point of view, instead of driving us»—he paused a moment, then went on coolly, lifting his thin, long-chinned face to her, as she stood quivering beside him—«driving us into expenses that will sooner or later be the ruin of us, that rob us, too, of self-respect. Suppose you were to take a little more account, also, of my taste in people. I am afraid I don't like Harding, though he is your cousin, and I don't certainly see why he should furnish our drawing-rooms and empty our purse for us, as he has been doing. Then, as to Lord Cathedine, I 'm really not over particular, but when I hear that fellow 's in the house, my impulse is to catch the nearest hansom and drive away from it. I heard him speak to his wife to-night in a way for which he ought to be kicked down Oxford street; and in general, I should say that it takes the shine off a person to be much seen with Cathedine.»

The calm attitude, the voice, just a shade interrogative, exasperated Letty still more. She too sat down, her cheeks flaming.

«I am *extremely* obliged to you! You really could n't have been more frank. I am sorry that *nothing* I do pleases you. You must be quite sorry by now you married me; but really, I did n't force you. Why should I give up my friends? You know very well you won't give up Lady Maxwell.»

She looked at him keenly, her little foot beating the ground. George started.

«But what is there to give up?» he cried. «Come and see her yourself; come with me, and make friends with her. You would be quite welcome.»

But as he spoke he knew that he was talking absurdly, and that Letty had reason for her laugh.

«Thank you! Lady Maxwell made it *quite* plain to me at Castle Luton that she did n't want my acquaintance. I certainly sha'n't force myself upon her any more. But if you 'll give up going to see her—well, perhaps I 'll see what can be done to meet your wishes; though, of course, I think all you say about Harding and Lord Cathedine is just unreasonable prejudice.»

George was silent. His mind was torn between the pricks of a conscience that told him Letty had in truth, as far as he was concerned, a far more real grievance than she imagined, and a passionate intellectual contempt for the person who could even distantly imagine that Marcella Maxwell belonged to the same category as other women, and was to be won by the same arts as they. At last he broke out impatiently:

«I cannot possibly show discourtesy to one who has been nothing but kindness to me, as she is to scores of others—to old friends like Edward Watton, or new ones like—»

«She wants your vote, of course,» threw in Letty, with an excited laugh. «*Either* she is a flirt—*or* she wants your vote. Why should she take so much notice of you? She is n't your side; she wants to get hold of you, and it makes you ridiculous. People just laugh at you and her.» She turned upon him passionately. A little more, and the wish to say the wounding, venomous thing would have grown like a madness upon her. But George kept his self-possession.

«Well, they may laugh,» he said, with a strong effort to speak good-humoredly; «but politics are n't managed like that, as you and they will find out. Votes are not so simple as they sound.»

He got up and walked away from her as he spoke. As usual, his mood was beginning to cool. He saw no way out. They must both accept the *status quo*. No radical change was possible. It is character that makes circumstance, and character is inexorable.

«Well, of course I did n't altogether believe that you would really be such a fool, and wreck all your prospects,» said Letty, violently, her feverish eyes intent the while on her husband and on the thin fingers once more busied with the cigarette. «There, now! I think we have had enough of this. It does n't seem to have led to much, does it?»

«No,» said George, coolly; «but perhaps we shall come to see more alike in time. I don't want to tyrannize—only to show you what I think. Shall I carry up your cloak for you?»

He approached her punctiliously. Letty gathered her wraps upon her arm in disdainful silence, warding him off with a gesture. As he opened the door for her she turned upon him:

«You talk of my extravagance, but you never seem to consider what you might do to make up to me for the burden of being your mother's relative. You expect me to put up with the annoyance and ridicule of belonging to her, and to let her spend all your money besides. I give you fair warning that I sha'n't do it. I shall try and spend it on my side, that she sha'n't get it.»

She was perfectly aware that she was behaving like a vixenish child, but she could not restrain herself. This strange new sense that she could neither bend nor conquer him was becoming more than she could bear.

George looked at her, half inclined to shake her first, and then insist on making friends. He thought that he could probably assert himself with success if he tried. But the impulse failed him. He merely said, without any apparent temper, «Then I shall have to see if I can invent some way of protecting both myself and you.»

She flung herself through the door, and almost ran through the long passage to the stairs, in a sobbing excitement. A sudden thought struck George as he stood looking after her. He pursued her, caught her at the foot of the stairs, and held her arm strongly.

«Letty, I was n't to tell you, but I choose to break my promise. Don't be too cruel, my dear, or too angry. My mother is dying!»

She scanned him deliberately, the flushed face, the signs of strongly felt yet strongly suppressed emotion. The momentary consciousness flew through her that he was at bottom a very human, impressionable creature; that if she could but have broken down and thrown herself on his neck, this miserable evening might open for both of them a new way. But her white heat of passion was too strong. She pushed him away.

«She made you believe that this morning? Then I 'd better hurry up at Ferth, for of course it only means that there will be a fresh list of debts directly.»

He let her go, and she heard him walk quickly back to his study and shut the door. She stared after him triumphantly for a moment, then rushed up-stairs.

In her room her maid was waiting for her. Grier's sallow face and gloomy eyes showed considerable annoyance at being kept up so late. But she said nothing, and Letty, who in general was only too ready to admit the woman to a vulgar familiarity, for once held her tongue. Her state of excitement and ex-

haustion, however, was evident, and Grier bestowed many furtive examining glances upon her mistress in the course of the undressing. She thought she had heard «them» quarreling on the stairs. What a pity she had been too tired and cross to listen!

Of course they must come to quarreling. Grier's sympathies were tolerably impartial. She had no affection for her mistress, and she cordially disliked Sir George, knowing perfectly well that he thought ill of her. But she had a good place, and meant to keep it if she could; to which end she had done her best to strengthen a mean hold on Letty. Now, as she was brushing out Letty's brown hair, and silently putting two and two together the while, an idea occurred to her which pleased her.

After Grier had left her, Letty could not make up her mind to go to bed. She was still pacing up and down the room in her dressing-gown when she heard a knock—Grier's knock.

«Come in!»

«Please, my lady,» said Grier, appearing with something in her hand, «does n't this belong to your photograph-box? I found it on the floor in Sir George's dressing-room this morning.»

Letty hastily took it from her, and, in spite of an instant effort to control herself, the red flushed again into a cheek that had been very pale when Grier came in.

«Where did you find it?»

«It had tumbled off Sir George's table, I think,» said Grier, with elaborate innocence; «some one must have took it out of your photo-box.»

«Thank you,» said Letty, shortly. «You may go, Grier.»

The maid went, and Letty was left standing with the photograph in her hands.

Two days before, Tressady had been in Edward Watton's room in St. James's street, and had seen this amateur photograph of Marcella Maxwell and her boy on Watton's table. The poetic charm of it had struck him so forcibly that he had calmly put it in his pocket, telling the protesting owner that he, in his rôle of great friend, could easily procure another, and must beware of a grudging spirit. Watton had laughed and submitted, and Tressady had carried off the picture, honestly meaning to present it to Letty for a collection of contemporary «beauties» she had just begun to make.

Later in the day, as he was taking off his coat to dress for dinner, Tressady drew out the photograph. A sudden instinct, which he himself could hardly have explained, made him delay handing it over to Letty. He thrust it into the top tray of his collar-and-shirt wardrobe. Two days later the butler, coming in a hurry before breakfast to put out his master's clothes, shook the photograph out of the folds of the shirt, where it had hidden itself, without noticing what he had done. The picture slipped between the wardrobe and the wall of the recess in which it stood, was discovered later in the day by the housemaid, and given to Lady Tressady's maid.

Letty laid the photograph down on the dressing-table, and stood leaning upon her hands looking at it. Marcella was sitting under one of the cedars of Maxwell Court, with her boy beside her. A fine corner of the old house made a background, and the photographer had so dealt with his picture as to make it a whole full of significance, and culminating in the two faces—the sensitive, speaking beauty of the mother, the sturdy strength of the child. Marcella had never looked more wistful, more attaching. It was the expression of a woman at rest, in the golden moment of her life, yet conscious—as all happiness is conscious—of the common human doom that nothing escapes. Meanwhile the fine, lightly furrowed brow above the eyes spoke of action and power; so did the strong waves of black hair blown back by the breeze. A noble, strenuous creature, yet quivering through and through with the simplest, most human instincts. So one must needs read her, as one looked from the eyes to the eager clasp of the arm about the boy.

Letty studied it as though she would pierce and stab it with looking. Then, with a sudden wild movement, she took up the picture and tore it into twenty pieces. The pieces she left strewn on the floor, so that they must necessarily strike the eye of any one coming into the room. In a few more minutes she was in bed, lying still and wakeful, with her face turned away from the door.

About an hour afterward there was a gentle knock at her door. She made no answer, and Tressady came in. He stepped softly, thinking she was asleep, and presently she heard him stop, with a stifled exclamation. She made no sound, but from his movement she guessed that he was picking up the litter on the floor. Then she heard it thrown into the basket under her writing-table, and she waited, holding her breath.

Tressady walked to a far window, drew a curtain back softly, and stood looking out at the starlight over the deserted street. Once,

finding him so still, she ventured a hasty glance at him over the edge of the sheet. But she could see nothing. After a time he turned and came to his accustomed place beside her. In twenty minutes at latest she knew, much to her chagrin, that he was asleep.

She herself had no sleep. She was stung to wakefulness by that recurrent sense of the irrevocable which makes us say to ourselves in wonder, «How can it have happened? Two hours ago—such a little while—it had not happened!» And the mind clutches at the bygone hour, so near, so eternally distant—clutches at its ghost, in vain.

Yet it seemed to her now that she had been jealous from the first moment when she and George had come into contact with Marcella Maxwell. During the long hours of this night her jealousy burned through her like a hot pain—jealousy mixed with reluctant memory. Half consciously she had always assumed that it had been a piece of kindness on her part to marry George Tressady at all. She had almost condescended to him. After all, she had played with ambitions so much higher! At any rate, she had taken for granted that he would always admire and be grateful to her; that in return for her pretty self she might at least dispose of him and his as she pleased.

And now what galled her intolerably was this discernment of the way in which, at least since their honeymoon, he must have been criticizing and judging her—judging her by comparison with another woman. She seemed to see at a glance the whole process of his mind, and her vanity writhed under it.

How much else than vanity? As she turned restlessly from side to side, possessed by plans for punishing George, for humiliating Lady Maxwell, and avenging herself, she said to herself that she did not care, that it was not worth caring about, that she would either bring George to his senses or manage to amuse herself without him.

But in reality she was held, tortured and struggling all the time, in the first grip of that masterful hold wherewith the potter lifts his clay when he lays it on the eternal whirring of the wheel.

XVI.

THE newspapers of the morning following these events—that is to say, of Saturday, July 5—gave very lively accounts of the East End meeting, at which, as some put it, Lady Maxwell «had got her answer» from the East End mob. The stone-throwing, the blow, the woman, and the cause, were widely discussed that same day throughout the clubs and drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia, no less than among the clubs and «publics» of the East End; and the guests at country-house parties, as they hurried out of town for the Sunday, carried the gossip of the matter far and wide. The Maxwells went down alone to Brookshire, and the curious visitors who called in St. James's Square «to inquire» came away with nothing to report.

«A put-up thing, the whole business,» said Mrs. Watton indignantly to her son Harding, as she handed him the «Observer» on the Sunday morning, in the dining-room of the family house in Tilney street. «Of course a little martyrdom just now suits her book excellently. How that man *can* let her make him a laughing-stock in this way—»

«A laughing-stock?» said Harding, smiling. «Not at all. Don't spoil your first remark, mother. For, of course, it is all practical politics. The handsomest woman in England does n't give her temple to be gashed for nothing. You will see what her friends will make out of it—and out of the brutal violence of our mob.»

«Disgusting!» said Mrs. Watton, playing severely with the lid of the mustard-pot that stood beside her.

She and Harding were enjoying a late breakfast *tête-à-tête*. The old squire had finished long before, and was already doing his duty with a volume of sermons in the library up-stairs, preparatory to going to church. Mrs. Watton and Harding, however, would accompany him thither presently, for Harding was a great supporter of the Establishment.

The son raised his shoulders at his mother's adjective.

«What I want to know,» he said, «is whether Lady Maxwell is going to bag George Tressady or not. He brought her home from the meeting on Friday.»

«Brought her home from the meeting? George Tressady?»

Mrs. Watton raised her masculine head, and frowned at her son, as though he were in some sense personally responsible for this unseemly fact.

«He has been haunting her in the East End for weeks. I got that out of Edward. But, of course, one knew that was going to happen as soon as one saw them together at Castle Luton. She throws her flies cleverly, that woman!»

«All I can say is,» observed Mrs. Watton, ponderously, «that in any decent state of society such a woman would be banned.»

Harding rose, and stood by the open window caressing his mustache. He had long known that his mother, in spite of her general ability, had no wit, but only a kind of forcibleness.

«It seems to me,» his mother resumed, after a pause, «that some one at least should give Letty a hint.»

«Oh, Letty can take care of herself,» said Watton, laughing. He might have said, if he had thought it worth while, that somebody had already given Letty a hint. Tressady, it appeared, disliked him. Well, people that disliked you were fair game. However, in spite of Tressady's dislike, he had been able to amuse himself a good deal with Letty and Letty's furnishing during the last few months. Harding, who prided himself on the finest of tastes, liked to be consulted; he liked anything, also, that gave him importance, if it were only with the master of a curiosity-shop; and under cover of Letty's large dealings he had carried off various spoils of his own for his rooms in the Temple—spoils which were not to be despised—at a very moderate price indeed.

«Who could have thought George Tressady would be such a weak creature,» said his mother, rising, «when one remembers how Lord Fontenoy believed in him?»

«And does still believe in him, more or less,» said Harding; «but Fontenoy will have to be warned.»

He looked at the clock to see if there was time for a cigarette before church, lighted it, and, leaning against the window, gazed toward the hazy park with a meditative air.

«Do you mean there is any question of his ratting?» said his mother.

Harding raised his eyebrows.

«Well, no; hardly anything so gross as that. But you can see all the spirit has gone out of him. He does no work for us. The party gets nothing out of him.»

Harding spoke as if he had the party in his pocket. His mother looked at him with a severely concealed admiration. There were few limits to her belief in Harding. But it was not her habit to flatter her sons.

«What makes one so mad,» she said, as she sailed toward the door in a stiff rustle of Sunday brocade, «is the way in which the people who admire her talk of her. When one thinks that all this ‹slumming,› and all this stuff about the poor, only means keeping her husband in office, and surrounding herself with a court of young men, it turns one sick.»

«My dear mother, we must all have our little amusements,» said Harding, indulgently. «Don't forget, besides, that Lady Maxwell provides me with a deal of good copy.»

And after his mother had left him he smoked on, thinking with pleasure of an article of his on «The Woman of the Slums,» packed with allusions to Marcella Maxwell, which was to appear in the next number of the paper that he and Fontenoy were now running. Harding was not the editor. He disliked drudgery and office hours, and his father was good for enough to live upon. But he was a powerful adviser in the conduct of the new journal, and wrote, perhaps, the smartest articles.

The paper, indeed, was written by the smartest people conceivable, and had achieved the smartest combinations. «Liberty» was its catchword, but the employer must be absolute. To care or think about religion was absurd; but whoso threw a stone at the Established Church, let him die the death. There were only three crimes worth considering, and to be gibbeted on all occasions. The first was the crime of «doing good»; for no one ever supposed he could do his neighbor any «good» but a prig and a fool. The second was like unto it, and was known as the idiocy of «culture for the people.» To help a man who had toiled his ten or twelve hours in the mill or the mine to read Homer or Dante in the evening—that was the unpardonable sin, which struck at the roots of the State. Harding and his crew had required a good deal of help in their time toward the reading of those authors; that, however, was only their due, and in the order of the universe. The same universe had sent the miner below to dig coals for his betters, while Harding Watton went to college.

But the last and worst demerit in the eyes of Harding and his set was that old primitive offense that Cain already found so hard to bear. Half the violence which the new paper had been lavishing on Maxwell—apart from passionate conviction of the Fontenoy type, which also spoke through it—sprang from this source. Maxwell, in spite of his obvious drawbacks, threatened to succeed, to be accepted, to take a large place in English political life. And his wife, too, reigned and had her way without the help of clever young men who write. There was the sting. Harding, at any rate, found it intolerable.

MEANWHILE, in spite of newspapers to right of it and newspapers to left of it, the political coach clattered on.

The following day—Monday—was a day of early arrivals, packed benches, and much ex-

citement in the House of Commons; for the division on the second reading was to be taken after the Home Secretary's reply on the debate. Dowson was expected to get up about ten o'clock, and it was thought that the division would be over by eleven.

On this afternoon and evening Fontenoy was ubiquitous. At least, so it seemed to Tressady. Whenever one put one's head into the smoking-room or the library, whenever one passed through the lobby, or rushed on to the terrace for ten minutes' fresh air, Fontenoy's great brow and rugged face were always to be seen, and always in fresh company.

The heterogeneous character of the opposition with which the government was confronted, the conflicting groups and interests into which it was split up, offered large scope for the intriguing, contriving genius of the man. And he was spending it lavishly. The small eyes were less perceptible, the circles round them more saucer-like, than ever.

Meanwhile George Tressady had never been so keenly aware as on this critical afternoon that his party had begun to drop him out of its reckonings. Consultations that would once have included him as a matter of course were going on without him. During the whole of this busy day Fontenoy even had hardly spoken to him; the battle was leaving him on one side.

Well, what room for bitterness?—though, with the unreason that no man escapes, he was not without bitterness. He had disappointed them as a debater, and in other ways what had he done for them since Whitsuntide? No doubt, also, the mention of his name in the reports of the Mile End meeting had not been without its effect. He believed that Fontenoy's personal regard for him still held. Otherwise he was beginning to feel himself placed in a tacit isolation.

What wonder! During the dinner-hour he found himself in a corner of the library, dreaming over a biography of Lord Melbourne. Poor Melbourne! in those last tragic years of waiting and pining, every day expecting the proffer of office that never came, and the familiar recognition that would be his no more. But Melbourne was old, and had had his day.

«I wanted to speak to you,» said a hoarse voice over his shoulder.

«Say on, and sit down,» said George, smiling, and pushing forward a chair beside him. «I should think you 'll want a week's sleep after this.»

«Have you got some time to spare this week?» said Fontenoy, as he sat down.

George hesitated.

«Well, no. I ought to go down to the country immediately, and see after my own affairs and the strike before committee begins. There is a meeting of coal-owners on Wednesday.»

«What I want would n't take long,» said Fontenoy, persistently, after a pause. «I hear you have been going round workshops lately.»

His keen, peremptory eyes fixed his companion.

«I had a round or two with Everard,» said George. «We saw a fair representative lot.»

The thought that flashed through Fontenoy's mind was, «Why the deuce did n't you speak of it to me?» Aloud he said with impatience:

«Representing what Everard chose to show, I should think. However, what I want is this. You know the series of extracts from reports that has been going on lately in the ‹Chronicle›?»

George nodded.

«We want something done to correct the impression that has been made. You and I know perfectly well that the vast majority of workshops work factory hours and an average of four and a half days a week. You have just had personal experience, and you can write. Will you do three or four signed articles for the ‹Haymarket Reporter› this week or next? Of course the office will give you every help.»

George considered.

«I think not,» he said presently, looking up. «I should n't do it well. Perhaps I have become too aware of the exceptions—the worst cases. Frankly, the whole thing has become more of a problem to me than it was.»

Fontenoy moved and grunted uneasily.

«Does that mean,» he said at last, in his harshest manner, «that you will feel any difficulty in—»

«In voting? No; I shall vote right enough. I am all for delay. This bill does n't convince me any more than it did. But I don't want to take a strong public part just at present.»

The two men eyed each other in silence.

«I thought there was something brewing,» said Fontenoy at last.

«Well, I 'm not sorry to have had these few words,» was George's reply, after a pause. «I wanted to tell you that, though I shall vote, I don't think I shall speak much more. I don't believe I 'm the stuff people in Parliament ought to be made off. I shall be remorseful presently for having led you into a mistake.» He forced a smile.

«I made no mistake,» said Fontenoy, grimly.

and departed; then, as he walked down the corridor, he completed his sentence: «except in not seeing that you were the kind of man to be made a fool of by women.»

First of all, a hasty marriage with a silly girl who could be no help to him or to the cause; now, according to Watton (who had called upon Fontenoy that morning, at his private house, to discuss various matters of business), the Lady Maxwell fever in a pronounced form. Most likely. It was the best explanation.

The leader's own sense of annoyance and disappointment was considerable. There was no man for whom he had felt so much personal liking as for Tressady since the fight began.

SOMEWHERE before midnight the division on the second reading was taken, amid all those accompaniments of crowd, expectation, and commotion, that are usually evoked by the critical points of a contested measure. The majority for the government was forty-four —less by twenty-four votes than its normal figure.

As the cheers and counter-cheers subsided, George found himself borne into the lobby with the crowd pouring out of the House. As he approached the door leading to the outer lobby a lady in front of him turned. George received a lightning impression of beauty, of a kind of anxious joy, and recognized Marcella Maxwell.

She held out her hand.

«Well, the first stage is over,» she said.

«Yes, and well over,» he said, smiling. «But you have shed a great many men already.»

«Oh, I know—I know. The next few weeks will be intolerable; one will feel sure of nobody.» Then her voice changed—took a certain shyness. «A good many people from here are coming down to us at Mile End during the next few weeks, to meet workers of different kinds. I think it will be interesting. Will you come some time, and bring Lady Tressady?»

«Thank you,» said George, rather formally. «It is very kind of you.» Then, in another voice, «And you are really none the worse?»

His eyes sought the injured temple, and she instinctively put up her hand to the black wave of hair that had been drawn forward so as to conceal the mark.

«Oh, no. That boy was not an expert, luckily. How absurd the papers have been!»

George shook his head.

«I don't know what else one could expect,» he said, laughing.

«Not at all.» The flush mounted in the delicate hollow of the cheek. «Why should there be any more fuss about a woman's being struck than a man? We don't want any of this extra pity and talk.»

«Human nature, I am afraid,» said George, raising his shoulders. Did she really suppose that women could mix in the political fight on the same terms as men—could excite no more emotion there than men? Folly!

Then Maxwell, who was standing behind her, came forward, greeted Tressady kindly, and they talked for a few minutes about the evening's debate. The keen look of the elder scanned the younger's face and manner the while with some minuteness. As for George, his dialogue with the minister, at which more than one passer-by threw looks of interest and amusement, gave him no particular pleasure. Maxwell's qualities were not of the kind that specially appealed to him; nor was he likely to attract Maxwell. Nevertheless, he could have wished their ten minutes' talk to last interminably, merely because of the excuse it gave him to be near her, played upon by her movements and her tones. He talked to Maxwell of speeches and votes and little incidents of the day. And all the time he knew how she was surrounded; how the crowd that was always gathering about her came and went; with whom she talked; above all, how that eager, sensitive charm, which she had shown in its fullness to him,—perhaps to him only, beside her husband, of all this throng,—played through her look, her voice, her congratulations, and her dismays. For had he not seen her in distress and confusion—seen her in tears, wrestling with herself? His heart caressed the thought like a sacred thing all the time that he was aware of her as the center of this political throng—the adored, detested, famous woman, typical in so many ways of changing custom and of an expanding world.

Then, in a flash as it were, the crowd had thinned, the Maxwells had gone, and George was running down the steps of the members' entrance into the rain outside. He seemed to carry with him the scent of a rose—the rose she had worn on her breast, and his mind was tormented with the question he had already asked himself: «How is it going to end?»

He pushed on through the wet streets, lost in a hundred miseries and exaltations. The sensation was that of a man struggling with a rising tide, carried helplessly in the rush and swirl of it. Yet conscience had very little to say, and when it did speak got little but contempt for its pains. What had any clumsy code, social or moral, to do with it? When

would Marcella Maxwell, by word or look or thought, betray the man she loved? Not till

> A' the seas gang dry, my dear,
> An' the rocks melt wi' the sun.

How he found his way home he hardly knew, for it was a moment of blind crisis with him. All that crowded, dramatic scene of the House, its lights, its faces, its combinations, had vanished from his mind. What remained was a group of three people, contemplated in a kind of terror—terror of what this thing might grow to. Once, in St. James's street, the late hour, the soft, gusty night, suddenly reminded him of that other gusty night in February, when he had walked home after his parting with Letty, so well content with himself and the future, and had spoken to Marcella Maxwell for the first time amid that little crowd in the Mall. Nothing had been irreparable then. He had his life in his hands.

As for this passion that was creeping into all his veins, poisoning and crippling all his vitalities, he was still independent enough of it to be able to handle it with the irony it deserved. For it was almost as ludicrous as it was pitiable. He did not want any man of the world—any Harding Watton—to tell him that.

What amazed him was the revelation of his own nature that was coming out of it. He had always been rather proud to think of himself as an easy-going fellow with no particular depths. Other men were proud of a «storm period,» of feasting and drinking deep; made a pose of it. Tressady's pose had been the very opposite. Out of a kind of good taste he had wished to take life lightly, with no great emotion; and marriage with Letty had seemed to satisfy this particular canon.

Now, for the first time, certain veils were drawn aside, and he knew what this hunger for love and love's response can do with a man—could do with *him*, were it allowed its scope.

Had Marcella Maxwell been another woman, less innocent, less secure!

As it was, Tressady no sooner dared to give a sensuous thought to her beauty than his own passion smote him back, bade him beware lest he should be no longer fit to speak and talk with her, actually or spiritually. For in this hopeless dearth of all the ordinary rewards and encouragements of love he had begun to cultivate a sort of second or spiritual life, in which she reigned. Whenever he was alone he walked with her, consulted her, watched her dear eyes, and the soul playing through them. And so long as he could maintain this dream he was conscious of a sort of dignity, of reconciliation with himself; for the passions and tragedies of the soul always carry with them this dignity, as Dante, of all mortals, knew first and best.

But he could not long maintain the dream. It would break down, overwhelmed by very natural concrete thoughts—longing for what he could never have, impatient despair as to his marriage, remorse toward Letty, scornful disgust with himself.

Now, as he turned into Upper Brook street and mounted his own steps, he could think only of the problem which the house contained for him. What was he to do with it? What relation was he going to establish with his wife through all these years that stretched so interminably before them?

During the three days which had passed since their quarrel their common life had been such a mere confusion of jars and discomforts that George's hedonist temper was almost at the end of its patience; yet so far, he thought, he had not done badly in the way of forbearance. After the first moment of angry disgust, he had said to himself that the tearing up of the photograph was a jealous freak which Letty had a right to if it pleased her. At any rate, he had made no comment whatever upon it, and had done his best to resume his normal manner with her the next day. She had been, apparently, only the more enraged, and although there had been no open quarreling since, her cutting, contemptuous little airs had been very hard to bear. Nor was it possible for George to ignore her exasperated determination to have her own way in the matter both of friends and expenses.

As he took his latch-key out of the lock, and turned up the electric light, he saw two handsome marquetry chairs standing in the hall. He went to look at them in some perplexity. Ah, no doubt they had been sent as specimens. Letty had grown dissatisfied with the chairs originally bought for the dining-room. He remembered having heard her say something about a costly set at a certain Asher's, that Harding had found.

He studied them for a few moments, his mouth tightening. Then, instead of going upstairs, he went into his study, and sat down at his table to write a letter.

Yes; he had better go off to Staffordshire by the early train, and this letter, which he would put upon her writing-desk in the drawing-room, should explain him to Letty.

The letter was long and candid, yet by no means without tenderness.

«I have written to Asher,» it said, «to direct him to send in the morning for the chairs I found in the hall. They are too expensive for us, and I have told him that I will not buy them. I need not say that in writing to him I have avoided every word that could be annoying to you. If you would only trust me, and consult me a little about such things, trifles as they are, life just now would be easier than it is.»

Then he passed to a very frank statement of their financial position, and of his own steady resolve not to allow himself to drift into hopeless debt. The words were clear and sharp, but not more so than the course of the preceding six weeks made absolutely necessary. And their very sharpness led him to much remorseful kindness at the end. No doubt she was disappointed both in him and in his circumstances; and certainly differences had developed between them that they had never foreseen at the time of their engagement. But to «make a good thing» of living together was never easy. He asked her not to despair, not to judge him hardly. He would do his best, and if she would only give him back her confidence and affection all might be well. He would let no one stand between them if she would promise the same.

He closed the letter, and then paced restlessly about the little room for a time. It seemed to him that he was caught in a vise —that neither happiness, nor decent daily comfort, nor even the satisfactions of ambition, were ever to be his.

Next day he was off to Euston before Letty was properly awake. She found his letter waiting for her when she descended, and spent the day in a pale excitement. Yet by the end of it she had pretty well made up her mind. She would have to give in on the money question. George's figures and her natural shrewdness convinced her that the ultimate results of fighting him in this matter could only be more uncomfortable for herself than for him. But as to her freedom in choosing her own friends, or as to her jealousy of Lady Maxwell, she would never give in. If George had ceased to court his wife, then he could have nothing to say if she looked for the amusement and admiration that were her due from other people. There was no harm in that. Everybody else did it, and she was not going to be pretty and young for nothing. Whereupon she sat down and wrote a line to Lord Cathedine to tell him that she and «Tully» would be at the opera on the following night, and to beg him to make sure that she got her «cards for Clarence House.» Moreover, she meant to make use of him to procure her a card for a very smart ball, the last of the season, which was coming off in a fortnight. That could be arranged, no doubt, at the opera.

George returned from the North in a few days, looking, if possible, thinner and more careworn than when he went. He had found the strike a very stubborn business. Burrows was riding the storm triumphantly; and while upon his own side Tressady looked in vain for a «man,» there was a dogged determination to win among the masters. George's pugnacity shared it fully. But he was beginning to ask himself a number of questions about these labor disputes which, apparently, his co-employers did not ask themselves. Was it that here, no less than in matters that concerned the bill before Parliament, *her* influence, helped by the power of an expanding mind, had developed in him that fatal capacity for sympathy, for the double-seeing of compromise, which takes from a man all the joy of battle?

Letty, at any rate, was not troubled by anything of the sort. When he came back he found that she was ready to be on fairly amicable terms with him. Moreover, she had postponed the more expensive improvements and changes she had begun to make at Ferth against his will; nor was there any sign of the various new purchases for the London house with which she had threatened him. On the other hand, she ceased to consult him about her own engagements, and she let him know, though without any words on the subject, that she had entirely broken with his mother—would neither see her nor receive her. As her attitude on this point involved, or apparently must involve, a refusal to accept her husband's statement made solemnly under strong emotion, George's pride took it in absolute silence. No doubt it was her revenge upon him for their crippled income—and for Lady Maxwell.

The effect of her behavior on this point was to increase his own pity for his mother. He told her frankly that Letty could not get over the inroads upon their income and the shortening of their resources produced by the Shapetsky debt, just at a time when they should have been able to spend, and were already hampered by the state of the coal trade. It would be better that she and Letty should not meet for a time. He would do his best to make it up.

Lady Tressady took his news with a curious equanimity.

«Well, she always hated me,» she said; «I

don't exactly know why—and was a little jealous of my gowns, too, I think. Don't mind, George; I must say it out. You know, she does n't really dress very well, Letty does n't. Though, my goodness, the bills! Wait till you see them before you call me extravagant. You should make her go to that new woman—what do they call her? She 's a darling, and such a style! Never mind about Letty; you need n't bother. I dare say she is n't very nice to you about it. But if you don't come and see me I shall cut my throat, and leave a note on the dressing-table. It would spoil your career dreadfully, so you 'd better take care.»

But, indeed, George came without any pressing almost every day. He saw her in her bursts of gaiety and affectation, when the habits of a lifetime asserted themselves as strongly as ever, and he saw her in her moments of pain and collapse, when she could hide the omens of inexorable physical ill neither from herself nor him. By the doctor's advice, he ceased to press her to give in, to resign herself to bed and invalidism. It was best, even physically, to let her struggle on; and he was both astonished and touched by her pluck. She had never been so repellent to him as on those many occasions in the past when she had feigned illness to get her way. Now that Death was really knocking, the half-gay, half-frightened defiance with which she walked the palace of life, one moment listening to the sounds at the gate, the next throwing herself passionately into the revelry within, revealed to the son a new fact about her—a fact of poetry unutterably welcome.

Even her fawning dependents, the Fullertons, ceased to annoy him. They were poor parasites, but she thought for them, and they professed to love her in return. She had emptied her life of finer things; but this relation of patron and flatterer, such as it was, did something to fill the vacancy, and George made no further effort to disturb it.

It was surprising, indeed, how easily, as the weeks went on, he came to bear many of those ways of hers which had once set him most on edge—even her absurd outbursts of affection toward him, and preposterous praise of him in public. In time he submitted even to being flown at and kissed before the Fullertons. Amazing into what new relations that simple perspective of the end will throw all the stuff of life!

Meanwhile he discovered that she was actually trying to be economical in silly, spasmodic ways; and it looked like an attempt to thank him for giving her so much more of his time. He took notice of it by providing her with one or two invalid luxuries which, as she had rather ostentatiously announced, she could not provide for herself. To his surprise, she received them in a kind of anger, showing a disposition to cry. But he could not get out of her what she meant.

In Parliament the weeks rushed by. The first and comparatively non-contentious sections of the bill passed with a good deal of talk and delay. George spoke once or twice, without expecting to speak, instinctively pleasing Fontenoy where he could. They had now but little direct intercourse. But George did not feel that his leader had become his enemy, and was not slow to recognize a magnanimity he had not foreseen. Yet, after all, he had not offered the worst affront to party discipline. Fontenoy could still count on his vote. As to the rest of his party, he saw that he was to be finally reckoned as a «crank,» and let alone.

It was not, he found, altogether to be regretted. The position gave him a new freedom of speech. Meanwhile he and Marcella Maxwell rarely met. Week after week passed, and still Tressady avoided those gatherings at the Mile End house, of which he heard full accounts from Edward Watton. He once formally asked Letty if she would go with him to one of Lady Maxwell's East End «evenings,» and she, with equal formality, refused. But he did not take advantage of her refusal to go himself. Was it fear of his own weakness, or compunction toward Letty, or the mere dread of being betrayed into something at once ridiculous and irreparable?

At the same time, it was surprising how often during these weeks he had occasion to pass through St. James's Square. Once or twice he saw her go out or come in, and sometimes was near enough to catch the sudden smile and look which surely must be the smile and look she gave her friends, and not to every passing stranger. Once or twice, also, he met her for a few minutes in the lobby, or on the terrace, but always in a crowd. She never repeated her invitation. He divined that she was, perhaps, vexed with herself for having seemed to press the point on the night of the second reading.

July drew to an end. The famous «workshop clause» had been debated for nearly ten days, the whole country, as it were, joining in. One evening in the last week of the month Naseby and Lady Madeleine were sitting together in a corner of a vast drawing-room in Carlton House Terrace. The drawing-room was Mrs.

Allison's. She had returned about a fortnight before from Bad Wildheim, and was now making an effort, for the boy's sake, to see some society. As she moved about the room in her black silk and lace, she was more gentle, but in a sense more inaccessible, than ever. She talked with every one, but her eyes followed her son's auburn head, with its strange upstanding tufts of hair above the fair, freckled face, or they watched the door, even when she was most animated. She looked ill and thin, and the many friends who loved her would have gladly clung about her and cherished her. But it was not easy to cherish Mrs. Allison.

«Do you see how our hostess keeps a watch for Fontenoy?» said Naseby, in a low voice, to Lady Madeleine.

Madeleine turned her startled face to him. Nature had given her this hunted look—the slightly open mouth, the wide eyes, of one who perpetually hears or expects bad news. Naseby did not like it, and had tried to laugh her out of her scared ways before this. But he had no sooner laughed at her than he found himself busy—to use Watton's word—in «stroking» and making it up to her, so tender and clinging was the girl's whole nature, so golden was her hair, so white her skin.

«Is n't it the division news she is expecting?»

«Yes; but don't look so unhappy. She will bear up, even if they are beaten; and they will be beaten. Fontenoy's hopes have been going down. The government will get through this clause, at all events, by a shave.»

«What a fuss everybody is making about this bill!»

«Well, you don't root up whole industries without a fuss. But, certainly, Maxwell has roused the country finely.»

«*She* will break down if it goes on,» said Lady Madeleine, in a melancholy voice.

Naseby laughed.

«Not at all. Lady Maxwell was made for war; she thrives on it. Don't you, too, enjoy it?»

«I don't know,» said the girl, drearily. «I don't know what I was made for.»

And over her feather fan her wide eyes traveled to the distant ogress figure of her mother, sitting majestical in black wig and diamonds beside the Russian ambassador. Naseby's also traveled thither—unwillingly. It was a disagreeable fact that Lady Kent had begun to be very amiable to him of late.

Lady Madeleine's remark made him silent a moment. Then he looked at her oddly.

«I am going to offend you,» he said deliberately; «I am going to tell you that you were made to wear white satin and pearls, and to look as you look this evening.»

The girl flushed hotly.

«I knew you despised women,» she said in a strained voice, staring back at him reproachfully. During her months of distress and humiliation she had found her only comfort in «movements» and «causes»—in the moral aspirations generally—so far as her mother would allow her to have anything to do with them. She had tried, for instance, to work with Marcella Maxwell—to understand her.

But Naseby held his ground.

«Do I despise women because I think they make the grace and poetry of the world?» he asked her. «And, mind you, I don't draw any lines. Let them be county councilors and guardians and inspectors and queens as much as they like. I 'm very docile. I vote for them; I do as I 'm told.»

«Only you don't think that I can do anything useful.»

«I don't think you 're cut out for a 'platform woman,' if that 's what you mean,» he said, laughing; «even Lady Maxwell is n't. And if she was, she would n't count. The women who matter just now (and you women are getting a terrible amount of influence—more than you 've had any time this half-century) are the women who sit at home in their drawing-rooms, wear beautiful gowns, and attract the men who are governing the country to come and see them.»

«Lady Maxwell does n't sit at home and wear beautiful gowns.»

«I vow she does!» said Naseby, with spirit. «I can vouch for it. I was caught that way myself; not that I belong to the men who are governing the country. And now she has roped me to her chariot for good and all. Ah, Ancoats, how do you do?»

He got up to make room for the master of the house as he spoke. But as he walked away he said to himself, with a kind of delight, «Good! She did n't turn a hair.»

Lady Madeleine, indeed, received her former suitor with a cool dignity that might have seemed impossible to any one so plaintively pretty. He lingered beside her, twirling his carefully pointed mustache, that matched the small Richelieu chin, and looking at her with a furtive closeness from time to time.

«Well, so you have just come back from Paris?» she said indifferently.

«Yes; I stayed a day or two after my mother. One did n't want to come back to this dull hole.»

«Did you see the new piece at the Français?»

He made a face.

«Not I. One could n't be caught by such *vieux jeu* as that. There was a splendid woman in one of the cafés chantants—but I suppose you don't go to cafés chantants?»

«No,» said Madeleine, eying him over her fan with a composure that astonished herself—«no; I don't go to cafés chantants.»

Ancoats looked blank a moment, then resumed with fervor:

«This woman 's divine—*épatant!* Then, at the Chat Noir—but—ah! well, perhaps you don't go to the Chat Noir?»

«No; I don't go to the Chat Noir.»

He fidgeted for a minute. She sat silent. Then he said:

«There are some new French pictures in the next room. Will you come and see them?»

«Thank you; I think I 'll stay here,» she said coldly.

He lingered another second or two, then departed. The girl drew a long breath, then instinctively turned her white neck to see if Naseby had really left her. Strange! he too from far away was looking round. In another moment he was making his way slowly back to her.

«Ah, there 's Tressady! Now for news.»

The remark was Naseby's. He and Lady Madeleine were, as it happened, inspecting the very French pictures that the girl had just refused to look at in Ancoats's company.

But now they hurried back to the main drawing-room, where the Tressadys were already surrounded by an eager crowd.

«Eighteen majority,» Tressady was saying. «The Socialists saved it at the last moment, after growling and threatening till nobody knew what was going to happen. Forty Ministerialists walked out, twenty more, at least, were away unpaired, and the old Liberals voted against the government to a man.»

«Oh! they 'll go—they 'll go on the next clause,» said an elderly peer, whose ruddy face glowed with delight. «Serve them right, too. Maxwell's whole aim is revolution made easy. The most dangerous man we have had for years. Looks so precious moderate, too, all the time. Tell me, how did Slade vote after all?»

And Tressady found himself buttonholed by one person after another; pressed for the events and incidents of the evening—how this person had voted, how that; how ministers had taken it; whether, after this Pyrrhic victory, there was any chance of the bill's withdrawal, or, at least, of some radical modification in the coming clauses. Almost every one in the crowded room belonged, directly or indirectly, to the governing political class. Barely three people among them could have given a coherent account of the bill itself; but to their fathers and brothers and cousins would belong the passing or the destroying of it. And in this country there is no game that amuses so large a number of intelligent people as the political game.

«I don't know why he should look so d—d excited over it,» said Lord Cathedine to Naseby, in a contemptuous aside, with a motion of the head toward Tressady, showing pale and tall above the crowd. «He seems to have voted straight this time, but he 's as shaky as he can be. You never know what that kind of fellow will be up to. Ah, my lady! and how are you?»

He made a low bow, and Naseby, turning, saw young Lady Tressady advancing.

«Are you, too, talking politics?» said Letty with affected disgust, giving her hand to Cathedine, and a smile to Naseby.

«We will now talk of nothing but your scarlet gown,» said Cathedine in her ear. «Amazing!»

«You like it?» she said, with nonchalant self-possession. «It makes me look dreadfully wicked, I know.» And she threw a complacent glance at a mirror near, which showed her a gleam of white shoulders in a setting of flame-colored tulle.

«Well, you would n't wish to look good,» said Cathedine, pulling his black mustache. «Any fool can do that!»

«You cynic!» she said, laughing. «Come and talk to me over there. Have you got me my invitations?»

Cathedine followed, a disagreeable smile on his full lips, and they settled themselves in a corner out of the press. Nor were they disturbed by the sudden hush and parting of the crowd, when, five minutes later, amid a general joyous excitement, Fontenoy walked in.

Mrs. Allison forgot her usual dignity, and hurried to meet the leader as he came up to her, with his usual flushed and haggard air.

«Magnificent!» she said tremulously. «Now you are going to win.»

He shook his head, and would hardly let himself be congratulated by any of the admirers, men or women, who pressed to shake hands with him. To most of them he said impatiently that it was no good hallooing till one was out of the wood; that, for his own part, he had expected more, and that the government might very well rally on the next clause.

Then, when he had effectively chilled the enthusiasm of the room, he drew his hostess aside.

«Well, and are you happier?» he said to her in a low voice, his whole expression changing.

«Oh, dear friend, don't think of me!» she said, putting out a thin hand to him with a grateful gesture. «Yes, the boy has been very good; he gives me a great deal of his time. But how can one *know*—how can one possibly know?»

Her pale, small face contracted with a look of pain. Fontenoy, too, frowned as he looked across at Ancoats, who was leaning against the wall in an affected pose, and quoting bits from a new play to George Tressady.

After a pause he said:

«I think if I were you I should cultivate Tressady. Ancoats likes him. It might be possible some time for you to work through him.»

The mother assented eagerly; then said, with a smile:

«But I gather you don't find him much to be depended on in the House.»

Fontenoy shrugged his shoulders.

«Lady Maxwell has bedeviled him somehow. You 're responsible.»

«Poor Castle Luton! You must tell me how it and I can make up. But you don't mean that there is any thought of his going over?»

«His vote 's all safe—I suppose. He would make too great a fool of himself if he failed us there. But he has lost all heart for the business. And Harding Watton tells me it 's all her doing. She has been taking him about in the East End—getting her friends to show him round.»

«And *now* you are in the mood to put the women down—to show them their place?»

She looked at him with gentle humor, a very delicate, high-bred figure, in her characteristic black and white. Fontenoy's whole aspect changed as he caught the reference to their own relation. The look of premature old age, of harsh fatigue, was for the moment effaced by something young and ardent as he bent toward her.

«No; I take the rough with the smooth. Lady Maxwell may do her worst. We have the countercharm.»

A flush showed itself in her lined cheek. She was fourteen years older than he, and had refused a dozen times to marry him; but she would have found it hard to live without his devotion, and she had brought him by now into such good order that she dared to let him know it.

Half an hour later George and Letty mounted another palatial staircase, and at the top of it Letty put on fresh smiles for a new hostess. George, tired out with the drama of the day, could hardly stifle his yawns; but Letty had treated the notion of going home after one party when they might, if they pleased, «do» four, with indignant amazement.

So here they were at the house of one of the greatest of bankers, and George stalked through the rooms in his wife's train, taking comparatively little part in the political buzz all about him, and thinking mostly of a hurried little talk with Mrs. Allison that had taken up his last few minutes in her drawing-room. Poor thing! But what could he do for her? The lad was as stage-struck as ever; could barely talk sense on any other subject, and not much on that.

But if he, owing to the clash of an inner struggle, was weary of politics, the world in general could think and speak of nothing else. The rooms were full of politicians and their wives, of members just arrived from the House, of ministers smiling at each other with lifted eyebrows, like boys escaped from a birching. A tempest of talk surged through the rooms—talk concerned with all manner of great issues, with the fate of a government, the rousing of a country, the fortunes of individual statesmen. Through it all the little host himself, a small, fair-haired man, with the tired eyes and hothouse air of the financier, walked about from group to group, gossiping over the incidents of the division, and now and then taking up some new-comer to be introduced to his pretty and fashionable wife.

Somewhere in the din George stumbled across Lady Leven, who was talking merrily to young Bayle, and found her, notwithstanding, very ready to turn and chat with him.

«Of course, we are all waiting for the Maxwells,» she said to him. «Will they come, I wonder?»

«Why not?»

«Do people show on their way to disaster? I think I should stay at home if I were she.»

«Why, they have to hearten their friends.»

«No good,» said Betty, pursing her pretty lips; «and they have fought so hard.»

«And may win yet,» said George, an odd sparkle in his eye, as he stood looking over his tiny companion to the door. «Nobody is sure of anything, I can tell you.»

«I don't believe *you* care,» she said audaciously, shaking her golden head at him.

«Pray, why?»

«Oh! you don't seem at all desperate,» she

said coolly. «Perhaps you 're like Frank: you think the other side make so much better points than you do. ‹If Dowson makes another speech,› Frank said to me yesterday, ‹I vow I shall rat.› There 's a way of talking of your own chiefs! Oh, I shall have to take him out of politics!»

And she unfurled her fan with a jerk half melancholy, half decided. Then suddenly a laugh flashed over her face; she raised herself eagerly on tiptoe.

«Ah, bravo!» she said. «Here they are!»

George turned with the crowd, and saw them enter, Marcella first, in a blaze of diamonds, then the quiet face and square shoulders of her husband.

Nothing, he thought, could have been better than the manner in which both bore themselves as they passed through the throng, answering the greetings of friend and foe, and followed by the keen or hostile scrutiny of hundreds. There was no bravado, no attempt to disguise the despondency that must naturally follow on a division so threatening and in many ways so wounding. Maxwell looked gray with fatigue and short nights, while her black eyes passed wistfully from friend to friend, and had never been more quick, more responsive. Their cause was in danger; nevertheless, the impression on Tressady's mind was of two people consciously in the grip of forces infinitely greater than they—forces that would hold on their path whatever befell their insignificant mortal agents.

> I steadier step when I recall,
> Howe'er I slip, thou canst not fall.

So cries the thinker to his mistress Truth. And in the temper of that cry lies the secret of brave living. One looker-on, at least,—and that an opponent,—recalled the words as he watched Marcella and her husband taking their way through the London crowd, amid the doubts of their friends and the half-concealed triumph of their foes.

It seemed to him that he could have no chance of speech with her. But presently, from the other side of the room, he saw that she had recognized and was greeting him, and, do what he would, he must needs make his way to her.

She welcomed him with great friendliness, and without a word of small reproach on the score of the weeks he had let pass without coming to see her. They fell into talk about the speeches of the evening. George thought he could see that she, or Maxwell speaking through her, was dissatisfied with Dowson's conduct of the bill in the House, and chafing under the constitutional practice that made it necessary to give him so large a share in the matter. But she said nothing ungenerous; nor was there any bitterness toward the many false friends who had deserted them that night in the division lobby. She spoke with eager hope of a series of speeches Maxwell was about to make in the North, and then she turned upon her companion.

«You have n't spoken since the second reading—on any of the fighting points, at least. I have been wondering what you thought of many things.»

George threw his head back against the wall beside her, and was silent a moment. At last he said, looking down upon her:

«Perhaps very often I have n't known what to think.»

She started, reddened ever so little. «Does that mean»—she hesitated for a phrase—«that you have moved at all on the main question?»

«No,» he said deliberately,—«no; I think as I always did—that you are calling in law to do what law can't do. But perhaps I appreciate better than I once did what provokes you to it. It seems to me difficult now to meet the case your side is putting forward by a mere *non possumus*. One wants to stop the machine a bit, and think it out. So much I admit.»

She met his smile with a curious, tremulous look. Instinctively he guessed that this partial triumph in him of her cause—of Maxwell's cause—had let flow some inner fount of feeling.

«If you only knew,» she said, «how all this parliamentary rush and clatter seem to me beside the mark. People talk to me of divisions and votes. I think all the time of persons I know—of faces of children—sick-beds, horrible rooms.»

She had turned her face from the crowd toward the open window, in the recess of which they were standing. As she spoke they both fell back a little into comparative solitude, and he drew her on to talk, trying in his kindness, in a young, eager way, to make her rest, to soothe her weariness and disappointment. And as she spoke he clutched at the minutes; he threw more and more sympathy at her feet to keep her talking, to enchain her there beside him, in her lovely whiteness and grace. And, mingled with it all, was the happy guess that she liked to linger with him; that, amid all this hard clamor of public talk and judgment, she felt him a friend in a peculiar sense, a friend whose loyalty grew with misfortune.

As for this wild-beast world that was thwarting and libeling her, he began to think of it with a blind, up-swelling rage—a desire to fight and win for her, to put down—

«Tressady, your wife sent me to find you. She wishes to go home.»

The voice was Harding Watton's. That observant young man advanced bowing, and holding out his hand to Lady Maxwell.

When Marcella had drifted once more into the fast-melting crowd George found himself face to face with Letty. She was very white, and stared at him with wide, passionate eyes.

And on the way home George, with all his efforts, could not keep the peace. Letty flung at him a number of bitter and insulting things that he found very hard to bear.

«What do you wish me to do?» he said to her at last, impatiently. «I have hardly spoken six sentences to Lady Maxwell since the meeting till to-night—I suppose because you wished it. But neither you nor any one else shall make me rude to her. Don't be such a fool, Letty! Make friends with her, and you will be ashamed of saying, or even thinking, such things.»

Whereat Letty burst into hysterical tears, and he soon found himself involved in all the remorseful, inconsequent speeches to which a man in such a plight feels himself driven. She allowed herself to be calmed, and they had a dreary making up. When it was over, however, George was left with the uneasy conviction that he knew very little of his wife. She was not of a nature to let any slight to her go unpunished. What was she planning? What would she do?

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

THE RETURN.

NOW at last I am at home—
Wind abeam and flooding tide,
And the offing white with foam,
And an old friend by my side
Glad the long, green waves to ride.

Strange how we 've been wandering
Through the crowded towns for gain,
You and I who loved the sting
Of the salt spray and the rain
And the gale across the main!

What world honors could avail
Loss of this—the slanted mast,
And the roaring round the rail,
And the sheeted spray we cast
Round us as we seaward passed?

As the sad land sinks apace,
With it sinks each thought of care;
Think not now of aging face;
Question not the whitening hair:
Youth still beckons everywhere.

And the light we thought had fled
From the sky-line glows there now;
Bends the same blue overhead;
And the waves we used to plow
Part in beryl at the bow.

Hours like this we two have known
In the old days, when we sailed
Seaward ere the night had flown,
Or the morning star had paled
Like the shy eyes love has veiled.

Round our bow the ripples purled,
As the swift tide outward streamed
Through a hushed and ghostly world,
Where our harbor reaches seemed
Like a river that we dreamed.

Then we saw the black hills sway
In the waters' crinkled glass,
And the village wan and gray,
And the startled cattle pass
Through the tangled meadow-grass.

Through the glooming we have run
Straight into the gates of day,
Seen the crimson-edgèd sun
Burn the sea's gray bound away—
Leap to universal sway.

Little cared we where we drove
So the wind was strong and keen.
Oh, what sun-crowned waves we clove!
What cool shadows lurked between
Those long combers pale and green!

Gray-beard pleasures are but toys;
Sorrow shatters them at last:
For this brief hour we are boys;
Trim the sheet and face the blast;
Sail into the happy past!

L. Frank Tooker.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF THE VINE.

I.

WHOEVER has dreamed the journey to Spain before making it, as Mr. Henley says of Borrow, knows that the best and quickest route is along that «northwest passage of romance» which leads to the fair spice country of Nowhere. For the Fortunate Isles may be passed by the way, and Avilion, and the garden paradise of Morgan le Fay; and Don Quixote is ever at hand to play the guide, or any one of the long-haired, red-waistcoated poets of the «Cénacle,» or a hundred others as inconsequent and picturesque. And in the land where the traveler is set ashore all life 's a dance to the strumming of guitars and the click of castanets.

The journey conducted by Bradshaw and Murray requires more serious thought and careful preparation. Perhaps that was why, even after we had actually started for Andalusia, our plans were still vague. We had determined upon nothing, though we hoped, once we were there, to follow the gray roads and stony tracks that go beckoning and winding through «vistas of change and adventure»; on mules, perhaps, or on bicycles, or in a diligence, or on foot, or in any fashion that did not mean dependence upon the railroad and other approved carriages of the Cook's tour.

II.

IT was July, and we had arrived at Malaga from Marseilles by water. The town lay white and shining under a barren amphitheater of mountains. Between it and the *Vinuesa* was a great stretch of hot, hazy, shimmering, sunlit water, over which little boats, each with white awning up, pulled out to meet us. We had read in Mr. Hare's «Wanderings in Spain» of the extortion and shocking manners of Malaga's boatmen; the same story was in Murray, with an added warning to keep our temper. But we had no trouble.

Once we had landed, and on the open quay J. had unstrapped and unlocked all our bags for a customs officer, who was too lazy to look into them; and at the Hotel Victoria the landlord had given us a large, clean, airy, brick-floored bedroom, for which he asked less than the guide-book told us to beat him down to; we were free, without further delay or bother, to make our plans and be off on the road at any moment we chose.

But first of all we went out to have a look at Malaga. Who was it said that sight-seeing is the art of disappointment? Surely we had not come all this way to the town of Hamet el Zegri, to walk through brand-new, wide streets, lined with big modern shops and clubs and cafés. The huge interior of the cathedral was unimpressive. The broken walls of the old Moorish fortress stood on the top of far too high a hill to be climbed in the staring sunshine of a July day. And even Murray could direct us to nothing else but a plain, bare church, where the banner of St. Ferdinand is said to hang, which we found fast shut; and an old Moorish arch, now neatly restored; and a river, dried up by the blazing sun of a tropical summer, with a railway track

running down the middle of its bed, between groups of wooden shanties. We met women in black lace mantillas, or else in long, pointed shawls, a gay flower stuck in their hair, and men with clean-shaven faces, in low, broad-brimmed hats and wide red belts. We saw plenty of donkeys in bright, gaudy trappings, but this was all the costume. We ought to have known better than to expect more. Still, somehow, its absence added to the grayness of our first impression.

Altogether, Malaga was so hot and dull that it seemed a capital place to start from. But how? That was what we had now to decide, and it was far too hot to think. The one sensible, because the easiest, plan, we felt would be to take the first train the next day for Granada, and to wait until we were in the Sierra Nevada, cool under their «eternal snows,» to begin our journey into the land of adventure.

We had come to this conclusion by the time we sat down to the hotel table d'hôte with a large company of men, mostly fanning themselves with little paper fans, and a few women, as pale as De Musset's Andalouse. For dinner we had *puchero*, the national mess of boiled beef and sausage, and those big peas, *garbanzos*, that try to be beans and succeed only too well, and *gaspacho*, the floating salad which you eat with a spoon from a soup-plate, and red wine of Valdepeñas, with its classical but abominable flavor of pigskin. And the waiters, when they had a minute, smoked cigarettes, and so did the landlord as he passed between the tables; and there was more genuine character in that one dinner than in all the rest of Malaga put together.

Afterward not a single open-air café in the stifling town was to be found, and when we sat inside the airiest, as near the window as we could get, beggars tapped us on the shoulder and pulled us by the sleeve. In the Alameda, when we came to it, a crowd was gathering under trees already withered and burned up in the scorching heat. As we watched them walking up and down, up and down the long dusty place under the fast-dying foliage, their amusement seemed vastly innocent and harmless. But we had no word evil enough for it after we had gone to bed. For our hotel stood at one end of the Alameda, and there, all the night through, under our windows, men and women chattered and laughed, while we tossed and tumbled as we tried in vain to sleep. Their noise only made us long the more to be off and away to the wayside inn, standing alone and silent in the starlight, where so many of our coming nights were to be spent.

III.

THE Spanish train usually starts either in the middle of the night or somewhere about daybreak. Malaga was just going to sleep in the dawn as we got up, and when we bumped to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ROAD UP TO THE ALHAMBRA.

the station in the hotel coach, a yellow diligence, drawn by eight jingling mules, dashed past us in a whirlwind of dust. That was the way to be traveling in Spain!

Our train first dawdled across a green plain full of fig-trees and palms and strange tropical shrubs and trees, the horizon shut in by a belt of rugged hills. But at the other end of a tunnel we came right into the mountains, by the side of the great cañon of the Alpujarras, grim, bare, terrible.

It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla, where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back, panting, fanning



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

ourselves with our hats and our guide-books. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of «Water! water!» from the women who made a living by selling it, and the people in the train who were dying to drink it.

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spluttered by the dust-choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with olive groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada.

On the platform we were stopped, first by hotel touts, who told us in bad French that we must go with them; and then by interpreters, who said that they could speak German, which was of no possible use to us, or English, which we could hear was no more fluent than our Spanish; and porters, who fought to carry our bags; and customs officers, who wanted to look into them; and of course the most hideous of beggars. J. got rid of the customs officer, and we went outside to find a hotel coach for ourselves. As we did so there mounted to its front seat the most odious of the interpreters, sweet and smiling, and no doubt later at the Roma he claimed a fee for having captured us.

The station stood in what seemed the town's shabbiest outskirts. The coach jolted over a rough, dusty, dirty, stony, sandy track, and through filthy, twisting alleyways. We held on with all our might, and the driver drove with all his. Then we were jolted up a steep hill. But at the top we drove under a massive stone gateway, and at once we were in a cool, dim, greenwood. The tall trees met overhead, making a roof against the sun. There was a lovely fountain, with beggars and cripples out of Murillo and Goya grouped about it. Water-carriers were trudging up and down, with their bottles slung on their own backs or in the panniers of neat-stepping donkeys. The road wound between trees, widening once into a circular green space, where there was also a fountain and stone seats, and beyond turning, so that we looked down over a hillside of white houses to the plain; then, with another turn, it brought us to two hotels that faced each other

roof, and behind the Roma we caught a glimpse of the Alhambra's red walls.

Here, at last, was the paradise we had come so far to see.

IV.

On the morning after our arrival, instead of getting out maps, instead of looking up mules or a diligence, our first care was to consult the hotel manager about *pension* by the week. And it was not long before we were making arrangements to rival Washington Irving as adopted children of the Alhambra. For when, after a five minutes' walk from the hotel, we had passed under the Gate of Justice, and were wandering in a maze of old palaces and walls, towers and archways, gardens and shops, and streets of houses, with here a church with grass-grown steps, and there a deserted monastery still raising its belfry, and everywhere the flame of oleander, we chanced upon a house, somewhat apart, that hung out the sign, «To Let. À Louer.» It was an absurdly international notice to find within the walls of Yusuf; but, no matter how many foreigners had been before us, we liked the idea of living inside the old Moorish precincts. What was more important, we liked the rooms to let when we were taken into them; and the landlady, who wore a flower in her hair, and who put her arm around my waist and gave me friendly little hugs while we bargained; and her barefooted husband, who showed us the fruit-trees and the tank in his garden, which was sweet with jasmine. They could not speak any English, less even than their sign; but we knew the word «peseta,» and the first foundation sentence of Meisterschaft, and the fingers of one hand did the rest. It all seemed enchanting in its primitiveness. Here would be quite as much local color, and it would be quite as entertaining, as by the open roadside. Nothing could be more foolish than to hope to see the real world from its big hotels. But when we went back to the Roma there were bags to be repacked and a bill to be paid. We simply could not leave. It was too hot, and, besides, we were extremely comfortable.



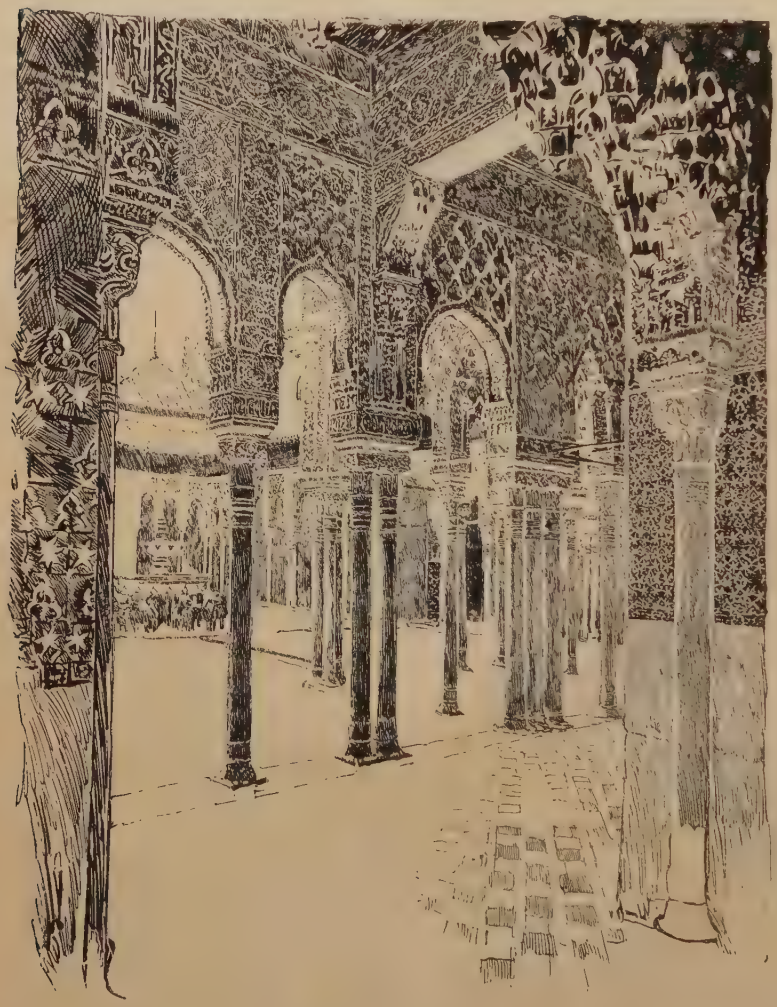
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

We did not even try to find an excuse. To regret the little house and its garden, or the sudden collapse of plans of long years, would have been too great an effort. If we did exert ourselves to pretend that we meant, by staying, to see a great deal of Granada itself, it was the feeblest, puniest little pretense possible. In the evening we would say, «To-morrow we will walk down to the town, and visit its cathedral, and climb the Albaycin, and do everything expected of the tourist.» But when the next day came we never got farther than through the Gate of Justice, astir with water-carriers and their donkeys, to the Alhambra's door, or along the cypress avenue, ablaze with oleanders, to the gardens of the Generalife.

After all, when we had these two beautiful places—this paradise—to do nothing in, why should we have gone from them? I know the happy time has passed when the stranger is offered an apartment in the palace; probably Washington Irving himself nowadays would

have to put up in the hotel of his own name, instead of the rooms of the fair Elizabeth of Parma; Gautier I do not believe would have a chance to wrap himself in his blanket, and sleep a single night in the open Court of Lions or the Hall of the Two Sisters, dreaming of the harem and its beauties, who had slept there so many ages before him. But by day, at least, we too can boast that in our castle of memory once our home was the Alhambra. It was easily managed. We had but to ask, and we got a ticket. This was supposed to enable us to pursue our studies, and, in proof of our claim to it, J. would start out in the morning with such an imposing assortment of sketch-blocks, stools, and ink-bottles that the ever-advertised Gipsy King was always at our heels to assure us that he had been Fortuny's model and Regnault's. I, for my part, bought from the guides the book which Señor Contreras has written about the Alhambra, and I carried Gautier and Irving with me wherever I went. But, for all this parade, our most serious study during the first days was to adapt courts and gardens to the passing hours. And why not? More than half a century ago was not Washington Irving afraid that the place had been already too well described to stand still another description? Has not its every story been told, its every ballad sung? Has it not been sketched and painted and «taken,» until the guide will tell you glibly how Fortuny used this for background, and Regnault that, down to the choice of the last stray amateur to come with his irrepressible kodak? Besides, ours really was the true way to study the Alhambra, to get to understand its loveliness. It is no better than a museum, and a very empty one, as melancholy a show place as the Roman Forum, when you follow the guide, stopping, as he bids you, to whisper for an echo, or to receive a sprig of myrtle, or to see on the pavement the freshly rubbed in blood of the Abencerrages. Ah! what secrets I could tell of the Alhambra to archæologist or architect, busy deciphering inscriptions and measuring arches! It is no better than a labeled specimen. Its real beauty is not felt until you come to know just how each room, each arcade, each wall-space, looks when drenched with sunlight or



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE COURT OF LIONS.

how its effects change when the shadows fall upon it, just at what moment a latticed window opens upon the coolest prospect, or a lofty hall is most soothing refuge from the heat.

These were the facts we mastered as the days went by. We learned in the early morning to go to the queen's high *tocador*, with the white town far below, and to the right, above a confusion of fig-trees and aloes, the walls and cypresses of the Generalife, the same lovely picture sultanas had gazed upon from their toilet. We learned that when courts were red-hot, and balconies and tocador overlooked a gasping *vega*, it was more sensible to take a hint from the califs, and retire to the baths, to stretch ourselves out luxuriously in the tiled alcoves. For there was no facing the sunlight at midday. One might as well try to paint Spain's sun itself as the town or country that lies blazing beneath it. Velasquez and the old men, in their wisdom, never made the attempt; Fortuny and Rico substituted a convention of their own—a very beautiful convention, it is true, but no more like the real thing than the prancing steed that bears Velasquez's Philip on its back is like a Muybridge horse. And again we learned that it was not only possible, but a delight, to leave the baths in time to see the shadows lengthening in the Court of Lions, or from the Hall of Ambassadors to watch, as the child Boabdil, in his prison below in the same tower of Comares, must have watched, the sun sinking lower and lower toward the purple mountains of Alhama, until, for us, the great door opening at the far end of the Court of Myrtles was the signal that the day in the Alhambra was at an end. Our «Buenas tardes» was said as the chief guide's wife, happier than we, brought her chair close to the goldfish pond among the myrtles. She was fat, and wore a thick purple merino gown; and somehow her hot, substantial person discouraged our first desire to clothe her in romance, and see in her the child of Irving's little Dolores.

Often I wondered why the Moor, who made the bliss of stupidity an article of faith, should have left the Alhambra to fight and conquer and be brave. Boabdil, the indolent, was the only one of Granada's kings who was worthy of its palace. Why, even the Spaniard, who is not half so fine a creature, shows to-day far greater wisdom. Nobody did anything on our hilltop except the water-carriers, who were always coming and going through the grove, or passing to and fro in the open sunshine of the Plaza de los Algibes, the place of their cisterns.

In the Alhambra it was sleep and silence all day long. Painters, mostly natives of Granada, sometimes set up their easels laden with canvases and paint-boxes that made J.'s most elaborate outfit dwindle into insignificance; but the only man who ever used his brushes for more than five minutes at a time was an elderly English artist, dressed in flannels, as if for the Thames, who, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, toiled away at exactly the same spot, sturdily indifferent to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

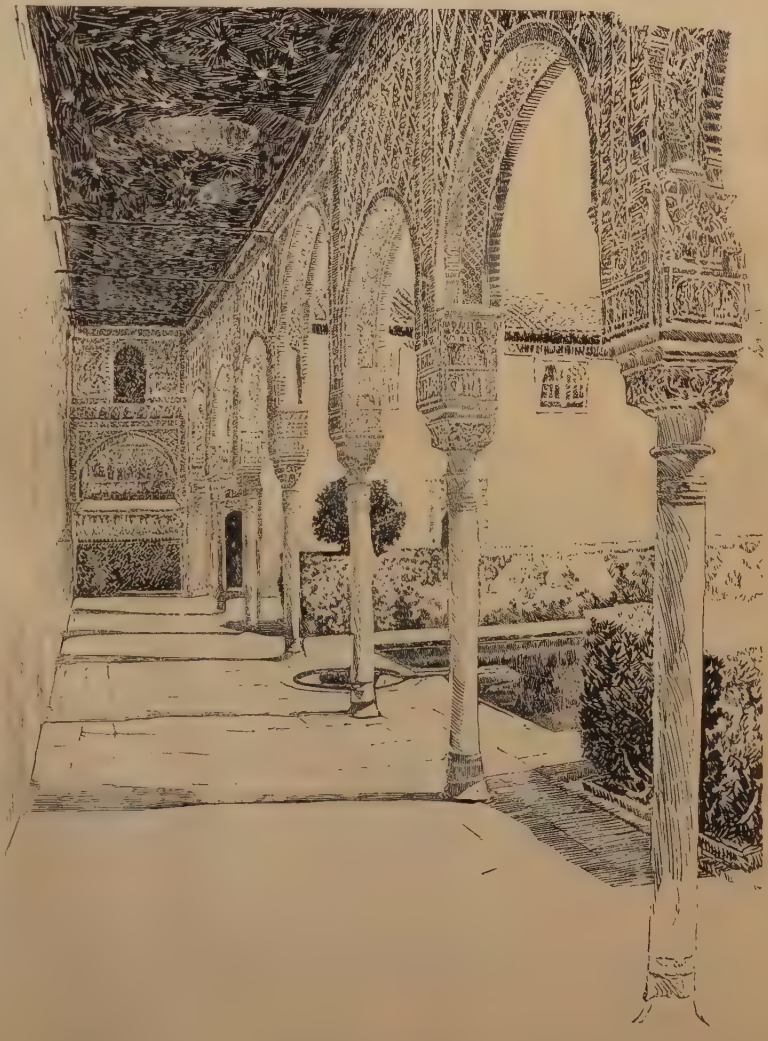
«THE FIRST COURT'S COOL CANAL»—THE GENERALIFE.

the shifting light and the changing play of sunshine and shadow, in a month covering about six inches of his paper, so that Mr. Ruskin, no doubt, would have applauded his sincerity. The guides sat near the door, somnolent and idle, nodding over their cigarettes. It was but rarely that they were disturbed, now and then by peasants, all smoking hard as they went the official round, though it is only five years since the place was almost burned down from just such a cause; or by priests who, for us, had lost all attraction when they gave up the wonderful boat-shaped hat which they wear so jauntily in many an old picture and drawing; or by newly married lovers, with clasped hands and languid eyes, flaunting their little love of a day through courts where the passion of a Zoraydа, a Lindaraxa, an Amina, has outlived the centuries. But July and August, fortunately, were not tourist months. The stranger intruded only at long, long intervals; then the lazy silence was usually broken by the familiar voices of our countrywomen. When they came it was another thing. The native might let the drowsy guide lead the way like one in his sleep, but not they who had crossed the Atlantic to see and to know, though, as a rule, they already knew more than the guide himself, to say nothing of Washington Irving and all the Spanish chroniclers.

Some of our days were spent in the Generalife, where one first understands why the Moslem made his paradise a garden. And I think it can never be quite as enchanting as at midsummer, when the oleanders, hand

low with the weight of blazing blossoms all along the cypress avenue, as old as Zorayda the frail, and hollyhocks spring, tall and crimson, among the roses and below the orange-trees, on each side of the first court's cool canal, and the air is heavy with the scent of jasmine. It is then, too, that the sun-swept house and its arcades are most dazzling in their whiteness, that shadows fall blackest and sharpest on those great blank wall-spaces, whose value in architecture the Moor knew how to use to such good purpose; then that the stillness is most musical with the sound of running waters—*le jet d'eau toujours en pleurs*—in Zorayda's beautiful court, with the vine-draped loggia at one end, and at the other stately steps to the terraces above, where, from under trees trimmed in fantastic fashion, and over flower-pots ranged on the high wall, we could look across the ravine to the Red Palace on the opposite hill. Here we were interrupted still more seldom. Even the sad-eyed guardian was hardly ever to be seen. The bare-legged little gardener rolled and smoked his cigarettes in quiet among the flowers. If children lived in rooms opening upon the hollyhocks, their voices were faint and low and distant, and could not drown the fountain's song. And the proprietor, a barbarian surely, was far away, somewhere in Italy, so that his garden was entirely ours for the time.

The desire to go into Granada grew less with the days. Where was the need? From the plain, white-washed rooms, hung with portraits of kings and the family of the Generalife's present owners, as from the deeply recessed windows in the Hall of Ambassadors, or the queen's high locador, we looked right down upon the town below. On the other side of the Darro's narrow valley we could see the white houses spreading out to meet the vega, and straggling up the Albaycin, the gipsy caves riddling the high, terraced hillside. All day long we could have spied into courts and gardens, like Irving, and made a story for each. All day long we could look on at whatever life there was in the little Alameda on the Darro's bank, though its only spectacle was an occasional funeral, which passed, with pale flickering of candles, to the high-arched bridge over the river, where candles were put out and procession dispersed; for priest and mourners were as unwilling to come up as we were to go down, and the coffin was left with



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE COURT OF MYRTLES.

the men who were to bear it along the steep, stony street of the dead, which makes its abrupt ascent between the Alhambra's outer walls and the orchards of the Generalife.

And it was not only the town our high windows and balconies commanded. From them we could also look far and wide over the vega, so that, had armies still met and marched upon it, we could have watched their every manœuver, much as Aben Habus kept guard upon his magic chess-board. Indeed, with the battle-ground lying like a map before me, I used to think that the siege of Granada, so fierce and stirring in history, could have been little more than an exciting game, a sort of tournament on an elaborate scale. For the limitable plain of the chronicles seemed, in fact, so small and open a field, that soldiers not understanding the rules, must have made quick end to those gallant sallies straight into the waiting ambush, to those brave raids, always promptly raided in their turn—in a word, to all those gay advance and panic-stricken retreats through the pass of Elvira. It was funny to read, in the new light thus thrown upon the old story, of the Englishman at the siege of Loxa, who, not knowing how to play the game of war in the Spanish way, really fought, and so upset completely the tactics, not only of the Moors, but of the Spaniards, who were his allies.

Now there was nothing to see in the vega but the great dust clouds that would rise in a column and wander across it, and turn to flame in the sudden dark and cool following fast upon sunset—for all the world like the pillar of smoke by day, and of fire by night, that led the children of Israel through the desert. I never knew what these flames were, but they emphasized the scriptural, or Oriental, character of a land that is Western only in name. It was when there was a moon that, from the ramparts of the Plaza de los Algibes, Granada presented to us the most beautiful picture—a nocturne in soft, silvery grays and deep, dusky blues, with here a solitary touch of gold from the stray lamp in a court, and there tiny lines of light that gave the modeling of the gipsy's hill. It lay like a dream city in a trance of silence. Shadowy mountains shut in the vega, Elvira, in solitary abruptness, standing somewhat in advance, Granada's majestic sentinel.

V.

HAD there been no Alhambra, no Generalife, I think we should still have been happy in the hotel under the elms. Perhaps I had better explain at once that, as it was, we could never at any hour quite forget the palace, whose red walls were always showing through



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE GENERALIFE—THE RED PALACE ON THE SUMMIT



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

APPROACH TO GRANADA FROM NEAR ELVIRA.

the trees, whose huge tower of the Siete Suelos was little more than an arm's length from our bedroom windows, whose associations tinged the simplest sights and sounds with romance. If a lonely owl hooted we thought at once of Prince Ahmed and his messenger; in every water-carrier we saw the little bandy-legged Peregil; while not a Spanish woman would venture alone after dark through the grove for fear of spirits and spooks, every one of whom had come out of Washington Irving. In the beginning I could have wished the Alhambra easier to forget, and its ghosts less bold. The trouble was we slept too near that haunted tower, where, in the lowest of its Seven Floors, a chest of pearls and gold is shut up with two enchanted Moors, and the alcaid, alguacil, and barber who tried to carry it off by as mean a trick as was ever played by villains in quest of treasure.

There was no excitement at the Roma. From the time we got up until we went to bed nothing happened. Both hotels dozed under their elms as peacefully as the Alhambra and its gardens. At times waiters, clerks, and boarders sat rocking themselves to sleep on each side of the shady road. As often there was no one in sight but a lounging beggar, or the woman who, in the road beyond, dreamed over her stall and its nice new antiquities, which no one came to buy.

In the early morning there might be a moment's confusion when the tall man who seemed to be manager, steward, and porter in one started with his donkey for the market, and the bull-dog that went with them lingered to hunt the cats in the garden. In the late evening there might be a sudden bustle when the coach from the station, with loud slashing of whips and jingling of bells, drove up to one of the rival hotels, and was met by so many managers, clerks, porters, waiters, and chambermaids, that from the other side of the road it seemed as if a dozen people had come, though one was much the more likely number. But the only important event of the day was dinner in the garden dining-room. Nothing could have been more delightful. Under the cool arch of the trees lights glimmered gaily from the white table, laden with fruit and the red wine of Valdepeñas; and when parties came up from Granada, as they did now and then, one little white-draped table beyond another stretched to the far end of the terrace. All about was darkness, the branches of the elms, as they swayed in the soft breeze, now showing, now hiding, the starlit sky. And we ate to the music of running waters, and, on certain rare occasions, to the mandolins of blind musicians. Nor did daylight mar the beauty of the place. Even at noontide few were the sunbeams that penetrated the garden's leafy roof; on one side of our breakfast-table were the rose-red walls of the Alhambra; the other looked down upon a cool road through the wood; the beggar's wail or the bray of a distant donkey but marked the silence.

The breakfast hour, however, varied ac-

cording to each one's fancy. It was only at dinner that all the boarders sat down together. Generally we were not more than six or eight to gather round the lamp-lit table, and J. and I were the only foreigners. The others were natives of Granada who had left its heated streets for the cool grove, or else Andalusians from near towns taking a short holiday. They were, if anything, too friendly; for, though our conversation with many was limited to «Buenas dias» and «Buenas tardes,» this and a bow were expected every time we met. To us, of a less polite race, it became something of a nuisance. With a few friendliness went further, especially with an amiable and pious family from Cadiz, who were our neighbors at table for a fortnight. The mother and two daughters were always veiled in their mantillas, if by chance we saw them in the morning on their way to or from mass. But they were never without smiles for us, and the father spoke some English. He was so extremely civil at all times that we were the more surprised one evening when he lost his temper outright.

«I like everything in your country except your wine,» J. told him, in answer to a leading question; for we never could get used to the vile flavor of pigskin.

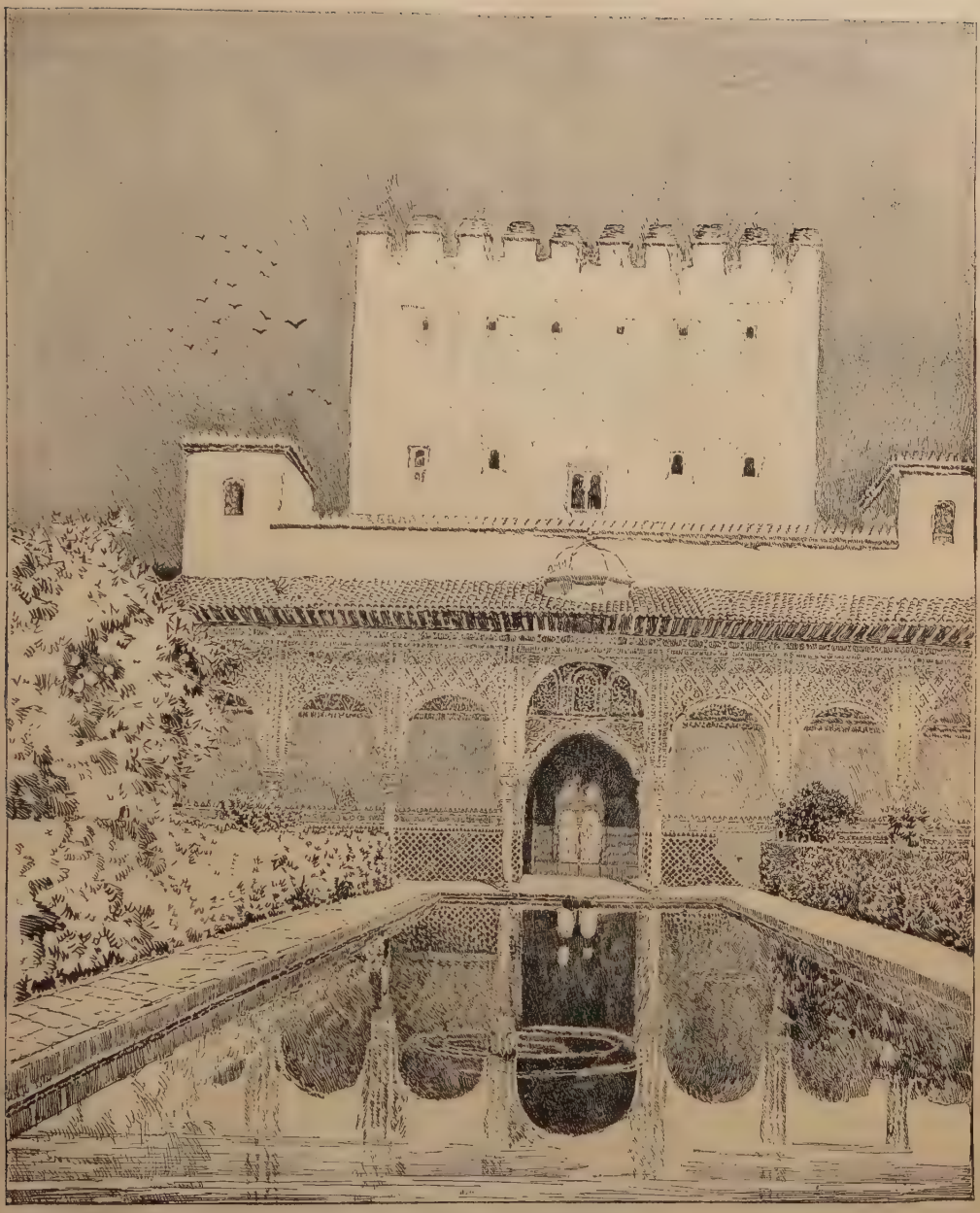
He turned upon us in a fury. «What! not like my wine? But it is good—the best. I send it almost all to England.»

The trouble was, he was a wine merchant, and he could not be convinced that J. meant nothing personal until we had kept awake the long evening with him over a bottle of his sherry.

Then we had a bride and groom from Malaga, and the groom also spoke English. He told us they had come that they might, during their honeymoon, hear little birds sing, and wander under green trees, which we thought a pretty sentiment until it had been repeated to every man, woman, and child in the hotel. From the beginning of dinner to the end one of the little girls from Cadiz would keep up a ceaseless guttural prattle. Those occasional mandolins would rouse the bride into a flutter of excitement: it was a song of Malaga they were playing, she would then lean over to explain. But their tranquil gaiety never jarred; it seemed as much a part of the summer silence as the chanting of the crickets in the grove.

The arrival of the Marchioness was the first shock that shook us out of our slumbers. She lived in Granada; two of her children had whooping-cough, and she had chosen the hotel as a pleasant hospital for them. I never knew any one to pervade a place as she did. If we went to sit in the rocking-chairs in front, there she was with her whooping babies; if we hurried back into the hall she was at our heels; and we could not retreat into the dull, gloomy, uninviting sitting-room that she and her nursery, whooping and yelling, did not follow. This was bad enough, but what mattered more was that she turned our peaceful garden into a sick-room, and our dinner into a public reception. By the second course one child or the other always began to whoop, and had to be carried away, purple and choking; by the third there was a great clattering of horse-hoofs in the road below the terrace, and the Marquis would pull up his horse, and the Marchioness would rush to lean over the balustrade and give him her harsh, voluble report; he was afraid, it seemed, of the contagion which he had passed on to us so cheerfully. By the fourth a party of friends would troop into the garden, and young ladies and priests and expansive dowagers would make a circle round the table, and watch us as we ate. I suppose it would have been a dreadful breach of Spanish etiquette had they been asked to dine, or, if asked, had they accepted! It was detestable. The whole atmosphere, the whole feeling, of the hotel and its garden was changed. But the other Spaniards did not like it a bit better. Everybody grumbled, everybody complained, and with heroic effort the manager got up enough energy to tell the Marchioness she must go, and we all dozed back into our accustomed habits.

If more ephemeral travelers came and went in the garden we scarce noticed their passage. Once, as we sat down to dinner, we started to hear the rich, humorous accent of Glasgow close to our ear; once it was the familiar twang of our own Pennsylvania that greeted us, and another time we saw a fat, thick-necked French commercial installed, eating hard and looking at nobody. However, one after the other, Spaniards and strangers alike departed, and still we stayed on. I do not believe that any one, not even Washington Irving, ever remained so long on the Alhambra's hill. The manager grew so used to us that he gave up providing the French dishes prepared for the tourist; now the waiters brought only their own extraordinary messes, golden with saffron, scarlet with pepper, soft with oil, fragrant with garlic, most of which had hitherto been reserved for the family dinner in the office. We were even made to abstain on Friday, and very flamboyant was our abstinence. In fact, for those who like the rococo in cookery, the Spanish kitchen is unrivaled.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

COURT OF THE FISH-POND.

The very beggars and guides who hung about the grove and the hotel got to know us so well that they gave up hoping to make anything out of us. At the end—but after many weeks—even the Gipsy King ceased asking us to buy his photograph, and it was only a strange hand that was stretched out to us, only a strange voice that hissed «Mossou! Madama!» into our ears, as we passed the tree at the corner of the road under the garden dining-room, which was the beggars' headquarters. There they were at all hours—the diseased, the deformed, and the maimed, gipsies and dogs. Each new guest at the hotel coming down for early coffee, if unwary enough to go near the edge of the terrace, would be welcomed by a hideous chorus from under the tree, «Sst, sssst, mossou, madama; señora, sst, señora, sst, señor, sssst,» mingled with the loud yelping of half-starved mongrels. Or else they all had a way of disappearing, no one knew where, only to set a



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE FISH-POND IN THE ALHAMBRA.

worse snare for the unsuspecting. I saw a Frenchman, his first morning at the Roma, lean over the garden's balustrade and carelessly drop a penny to a small ragged boy, the only creature in sight. In a second the road swarmed with gipsies, babies, cripples, all struggling and fighting and screaming. It was the only time I ever knew the Gipsy King to unbend from his dignity, but then he groveled. The Spanish beggar was altogether too much of a bully to move me to sentiment or sympathy, and for the first time in my life my love for the gipsy weakened. I have more than once in my day wandered far and wide on the track of the Romany; but, now that he was here close at hand, he begged too impudently for me to want to hail him as brother, or to visit him on his hillside. Nor had any of the others that elegance and urbanity of manner of which one reads in books. None ever called J. « caballero »; they were far more apt to swear like troopers when we left them empty-handed.

The guides were as bad. It was an evil day for posterity when Washington Irving let himself be imposed upon by Mateo Ximenes. We might have been left in peace, but the evening coach had only to bring to the Roma a stray traveler for them all to reappear—in the hall, on the steps, in the garden—as inevitably as the beggars under the tree. Then we were sure to see the white flannels and red sash of Mariano, as unprincipled a young wretch as ever lived, knowing nothing but what he had far better not have known, though his pockets bulged with cards of approval from gushing young ladies, mostly American. Then, at every turn we stumbled upon the new Mateos, not in picturesque rags, but in very correct clothes and broad-brimmed hats, as likely as not reading Murray over their victims' shoulders, cramming for the coming walk. And then, too, there was no escape from a perfect pest of a small boy, who apparently had been too much for the temper of tourists of all nations; for, dancing his war-dance in front of the foreigner, he would shriek like a little fiend, «*Allez-vous en!* Get out! Go away! *Via!* Get out!»

At such times the bric-à-brac dealer was seen in the hotel. Usually he kept to his shop in the Calle de los Gomeres, where there was little to buy at a price that would be the envy of Wardour street. The guides probably could best have explained how it was that he always had prompt hint of a possible bargain. In these emergencies he was really great. I have



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

known him, with only two days' warning, to produce a special piece of tapestry of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, decorated with the arms of the Marquis of Cadiz, and even with that brave soldier's name woven in the borders, unquestionably by the fair hands of the Catholic Isabella, though in the plain lettering of the modern manufacturer's favorite alphabet!

Another time we went down to a fête in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor-general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus; it might be the little affair of the egg, the discovery of America, or his own death, or any-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. FOUNTAIN OF CHARLES V.

VI.

Of course a time came when we did go down into the town. For one thing, we had to visit our bankers; that paid for the walk down the hill and the dreadful pull up again in the broiling sun, with not the faintest whiff of the cool breeze that, in fiction, always is blowing from the Sierra. For then we were sure to return with more money than we had expected. I do not pretend to explain these things, but for every hundred dollars we drew on our letter of credit we were given what seemed to us a hundred and twenty, or thirty, in pesetas, so that the exchange alone kept us going for a week. J. was so pleased that he had a wonderful scheme for turning every dollar he might earn into pesetas until he blossomed forth a millionaire. The afternoon the idea occurred to him was quite the most animated of the summer. His ardor cooled, however, when he realized that he would be a poor man when he left Spain.

thing else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water-carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous beating and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivarrambla. That was all, so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious. But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when, at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing, as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

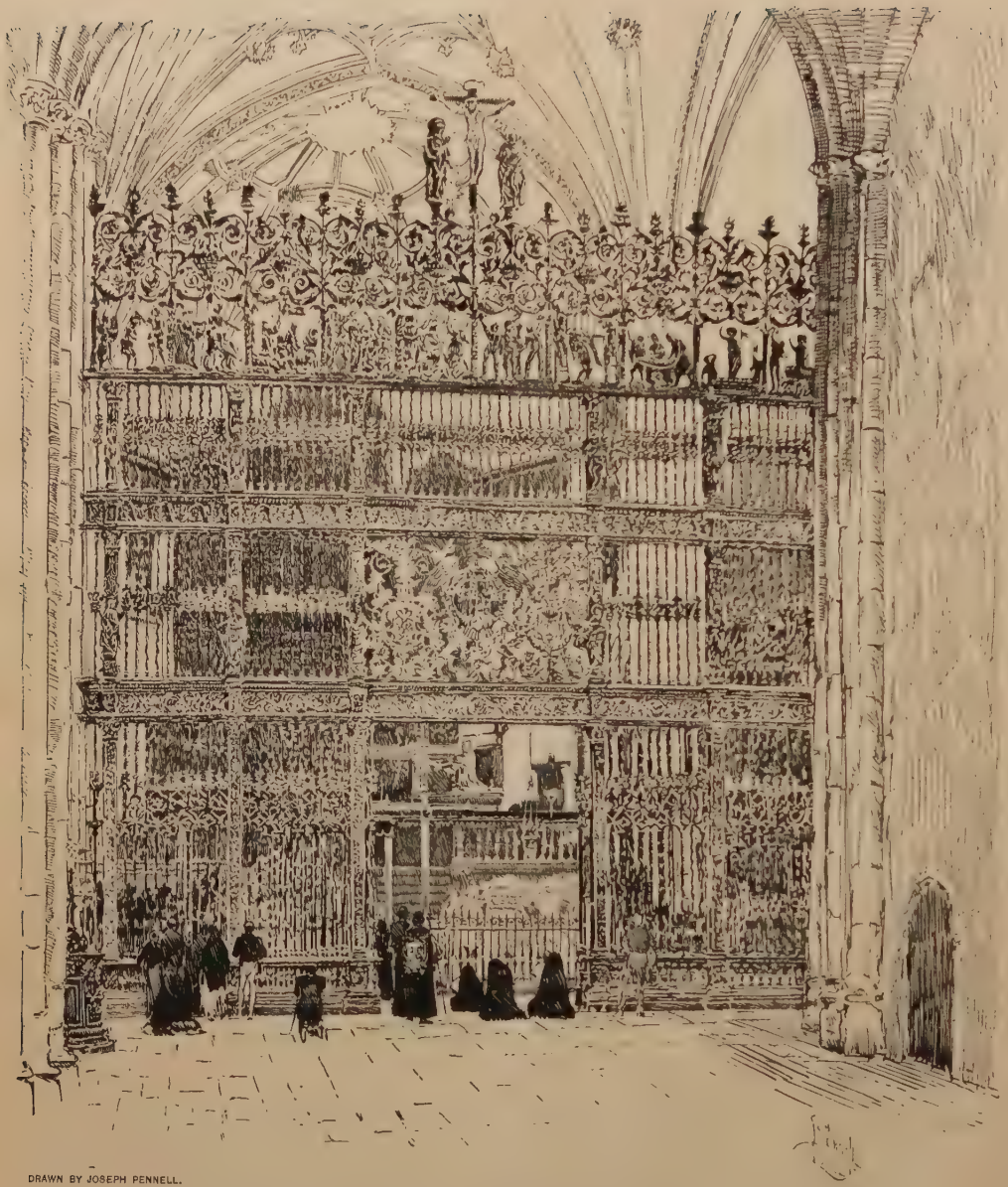
THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE ALBAYCIN.

promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantic than a man with an accordion, and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gipsies somewhere on the Albaycin; it is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay in pesetas. But never once in Granada's open streets and courts, or in those of any other Andalusian town, did we hear the castanets and guitars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. «Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdy-gurdies?» Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet strumming and mad fandango all the long Southern night under the stars.

These first excursions into Granada led to others, when we learned that the town was not all shabby suburbs and dirty streets, as it had seemed on the afternoon of our arrival. I have said there was no music; there was as little costume, while the house making exhibition of its patio for the benefit of travel-writer was in modest minority. It was trying, too, to find the Zacatin restored; the Moors' Vivarrambla the most commonplace of the town's sunny squares; the Genil and Darro, that flow so gaily through ballad and story, tiny rivulets lost in wide, dry river-beds. But Granada had beauties less advertised in guide-books, less conspicuous in history. To dive into its narrow streets, to brave the glare of its open places, was to come face to face, now with enchanting little houses decked with gay balconies of flowers, now with a stately doorway ennobling the plainest façade; and again with convents, the delicious white bareness of their walls relieved by grille and loggia; or a monastery transformed into a prison, with prisoners chattering behind the bars of wide windows looking immediately upon the street; or high gardens full of palms and oleanders; or a palatial old poorhouse, its loveliness as small help to the aged and infirm grouped listlessly at its entrance, waiting for death, as is the greatness of Spain's Moorish past to its hopeless and decrepit present; or a chance open door showing a tumble-down Moorish patio and room hung with brasses; or an ancient courtyard become a mere public stable, horses and mules rubbing up against bits of delicate tracery, straw and hay piled high on balconies which retain their elegance even in decay. Under the cathedral's shadow there was always a market, all life and color and pots and flowers and beggars; up the steep streets of the Albaycin, and of the hill of the Vermilion Towers, there were always donkeys, and men in broad-brimmed hats, and women in long shawls, shading face and flower-decked hair with their fans; in front of the big inns below there were sometimes yellow coaches, with theatrical driver and mules; and always and everywhere were the water-carriers, their bottles swathed in cool green branches, their cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» sounding high above the noises of the street. Nor was there a walk that did not reward with lovely glimpse of vega or one of Granada's palace-crowned, house-laden hillsides; while to mount to the lonely church and grass-grown square on the Albaycin's top was to see, as in a picture, the Red Palace on the opposite height. As a view it savored perhaps too much of the panorama; but it explained, as nothing else could, how the great red walls and towers rise up from their tree-covered base at the very edge of the precipice; how a deep cleft separates the Alhambra from the Generalife, white amid its cypresses and oranges, backed by an olive-grown hillside; how beyond both stretches the great range of the Sierra Nevada, bare and brown in the midsummer sunshine.

And then, seeing, we realized that no one can describe the beauty of the place; no one has; no one ever will.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun-steeped streets were left, the leather curtain was lifted, and we were suddenly in darkness as of night, a great altar looming dimly in far shadows, vague, motionless figures prostrate before it. Their silent fervor in the strange, scented dusk gave a clue to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter-of-fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery has its price, solemnity its tawdriness. In cathedral and *capilla real*, if we ventured to look at the royal tombs, at the grille,—which even in Spain is without equal,—at the *retablos*, with their wealth of ornament, one sacristan after another kept close at our heels, impudently expectant. If in unknown little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness, it was that they might be offended with Virgins



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

«THE GRILLE WHICH EVEN IN SPAIN IS WITHOUT EQUAL»—CAPILLA REAL, GRANADA.

gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christs clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja, it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meal that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last, in self-defense, we went. The Cartuja's arc[illegible] struck us as elaborate, its decoration as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gaiety of Bohemia's rococo, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded café or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.

But when all is said, in the end as in the beginning, for us the great charm of Granada was in the grove, with its cool shade, its soft green light, its incomparable outlook. Here was perpetual twilight when all the land beyond lay grilling in the sun. The chant of locusts was loud in the gardens of the Alhambra, loud the water-carrier's ceaseless cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» White-hot, the sky met the now snowless heights of the Sierra Nevada; as from an oven came the air that blew over the vega, burned and scorched the town's white houses, climbed its triple hill. Yet under the elms planted by the conquering Englishman there was always rest from blinding light and pitiless heat.

I think we never felt this more keenly than on the August evening which was to be our last. We were oppressed with the prospect of the return to the oven of the plains, and there was now no time for the tramp through the hills. We sat on a bench in an open space, on the way to the Vermilion Towers, where, toward sunset, we could best watch the play of light and cloud on the Sierra Nevada, or look over the cactus and palms of the English consul's garden to the vega. It was somewhere down there that Boabdil gave his last sigh as he turned from Granada forever. We could have taken him by the hand, and sighed with him, partly for the sorrow, partly for the effort, of leaving so fair and well-shaded a hilltop. We had done none of the things we had planned; we had not even been to Alhama or San Fernando or Santa Fe, or any of the places with familiar and romantic names that are within such easy distance of Granada; but we would not have had it otherwise. We had come to know the Alhambra and its grove as no one can who has not slept there peacefully the long summer, while a world without still goes on toiling and troubling, busy about foolish things.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

MR. KEEGAN'S ELOPEMENT.

WITH PICTURES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

I.

THE northeast wind was very fresh that morning, and drove the seas before it briskly; but the *Denver* went at each of them in her bulldog fashion, and buried her white nose in them, and showered the crests of those which were specially boisterous in glistening spray over her forecastle. In the east the October sun was just beginning to peep over the sea-line, while to the northward lay the great mountain island of Madeira, already changing, by the magic touch of the light, from a phantom gray to that living green so dear to the eyes of a seaman. Soon signs of life began to appear; a village could be made out nestling in each of the valleys which furrowed the mountain-side, while yellow villas dotted its wooded slopes. In a bight at the south base, white in the morning sunlight, lay the town of Funchal, in front of which, like a huge sentinel, knee-deep, stood a towering rock crowned with a fort, reminding one of a castle on a chess-board.

Mr. Keegan, the chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, and his friend, Jimmy Legs,[1] the master-at-arms, sat on the weather side of the forecastle, under the forward eight-inch turret, with the collars of their pea-coats turned well up over their ears, taking a morning smoke. Mr. Keegan had a keen eye for the beautiful, and it was his wont on such occasions to sit in silence for as much as an hour at a time. The master-at-arms, being a 'tween-decks man, delighted in watching the seas break over the bows, although this amusement not infrequently cost him a wetting and a pipeful of tobacco.

Mr. Keegan was a young man with reddish hair and small, expressionless blue eyes, and his Christian name was Dennis. He had a round, full face, abnormally so on one side because of the large piece of navy plug which invariably distended it. I have said that he was chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, for the reason that he was so known at the department, and drew his pay as such. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Keegan's status, and the scope of his influence on board that ship, would be as hard to define as the duties of the captain set forth in the new regulations. His friend the master-at-arms consulted him on all matters of importance; the junior officers of the ship never interfered with anything he might be doing; and the seniors showed unmistakable deference to his opinions. As time drew more and more under the

[1] The name always given to the master-at-arms aboard ship.



DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

THE MASTER-AT-ARMS IN THE «BULLA-CARTA.» (SEE PAGE 218.)

lee of the land the white-caps subsided into lateral swells, and the wind was no longer felt. On board active preparations were being made for coming to anchor, but with that noticeable absence of noise and bustle which is so characteristic of a modern man-of-war. Boat crews were clearing their boats for hoisting out, the lashings were being taken off the gangways, and the booms were ready to drop with the anchor. The master-at-arms shook the ashes out of his pipe, and broke the silence.

«I hate to see that young feller go, Dennis,» he said.

Mr. Keegan evidently understood clearly who the young person alluded to in this somewhat indefinite regret was, for he answered:

«He 's the finest young feller in the navy, Chimmy; you can put that down.»

«I hear the navigator say,» the master-at-arms went on, «there ain't no doubt but what he gets his orders for home when we strikes in here.»

Mr. Keegan fell into reminiscence.

«There 's two cadet cruises I took with him,—him and Mr. Morgan,—and wild cruises they was, too. There ain't much I would n't do for both of them young fellers; they 're two of a kind, and then they ain't.» But before Mr. Keegan could explain this apparent contradiction he was called upon to pipe all hands to breakfast. He watched the men reflectively as they filed below.

«Do you mind that English young lady as Mr. Pennington was consortin' with when we was here before, Chimmy, in the spring?»

The master-at-arms recalled her well.

«Mark my words, Chimmy,» said Mr. Keegan, impressively, as he went down the hatch, «he 'll be takin' her home with him.»

Now the master-at-arms was inclined to doubt this. He was a personal friend of the senhora who did the cooking at the villa where the young lady lived, and the senhora had told him a great deal about the affair in question. How Mr. Pennington and Mr. Morgan were in the habit of going to the villa almost every evening, and how Mr. Morgan talked to the young lady's father on the veranda, while Mr. Pennington and the young lady spent their time in the garden below or in the summer-house; and finally, a day or so before the ship sailed, how Mr. Pennington had asked her father a question (the character of which the senhora could only conjecture), and then had left the villa in haste. She had afterward overheard the young lady's father express himself on the subject of naval officers, against whom he seemed to be particularly prejudiced. All of this the master-at-arms had confided to Mr. Keegan at the time; but, nevertheless, Mr. Keegan had predicted trouble.

«He ain't goin' to heave to for the old one's blessin',» that worthy had said contemptuously; «not if I know Mr. Pennington, he ain't. He 'll go back and get her when he gets a chance.» At that time the people of the *Denver* did not expect the ship to be ordered back to Madeira.

AFTERNOON found Mr. Keegan and the master-at-arms going ashore in a surf-boat. They both sat in the stern, and the buttons on their new mustering-clothes shone like bright-work. Mr. Keegan was more than usually silent and preoccupied, and when they arrived at the pier, instead of having his customary argument with the boatman over the fare, Mr. Keegan gave the man a dollar, greatly to the astonishment and indignation of his side partner, the master-at-arms. Mr. Keegan paid no attention whatever to his friend's protestations, but climbed the stone steps, and led the way up the main street to the Plaza, where he turned into a wine-shop, and sat down at one of the tables.

«We 're not drinkin' to-day, you Dago,» he said, in response to the smiling inquiry of the proprietor. «Porto some cigarrettos!» Thus having aired his Portuguese, and obtained the desired articles, Mr. Keegan produced a roll of bills from his pocket, which he had just received from the paymaster, and proceeded to count them over carefully.

«There, Chimmy,» he remarked, rolling his tobacco from one cheek to the other, as he laid the pile on the table; «I don't get full this time, nor you don't; what 's more, I don't lend none of the bullies money. But if this here seventy-three dollars can help Mr. Pennington to get that there English young lady, and take her off in the packet to-night, he 's welcome to it; that 's all.» This was a very long speech for Mr. Keegan to make.

«Is he going to try it, Dennis?» asked the master-at-arms, incredulously.

«Is he goin' to try it!» Mr. Keegan repeated witheringly. «Ain't you ashamed, what 's been three years with him, for that there remark?»

The master-at-arms puffed at his cigarette in silence, and evidently felt the force of the rebuke.

«Yes, Chimmy,» Mr. Keegan went on in a milder tone, «he is goin' to try it»; and then he added, with an air of great secrecy, «He is leavin' a good deal of the particulars to you and me.»

Whereupon he unfolded a plan to the master-at-arms, who could not but wonder at its wisdom and completeness. It would almost seem as if Mr. Keegan had conducted a similar elopement on his own account. Mr. Keegan's powers of locution were not great, but he had a remarkable knack of conveying his meaning, the more remarkable because his face was absolutely without expression, and he never used any gestures. Perhaps one of the secrets of his ability to express himself lay in the fact that he alternated in his methods of explanation, now putting his hearers to shame at their stupidity, now leaving out a palpable conclusion, that they might give themselves credit for unusual perception. In any case, he never said any more than he had to.

«Now,» he concluded, when he had gone

into every detail, «you have got your sailin' orders, Chimmy. Get your friend, the senhora, to tell the young lady what I told you. We can't take no big trunks—nothin' but a small kit. I 'll be makin' sure of a boat and a sky-pilot, and be here at two bells.»

The master-at-arms went out into the Plaza, and hired a *bulla-carta*. A bulla-carta is in reality a covered sled, provided with curtains, and drawn by two oxen. For the proper management of these vehicles, according to Portuguese ideas, two men are necessary. One goes ahead, in order to check any ambitious intentions on the part of the oxen, and apparently does the guiding. The duties of the other are harder to define: he receives the fare incidentally, and urges on the oxen in those plaintive, wailing tones which he who has been to Madeira can never forget, and which incline him to believe that the Portuguese language is one of lamentation. As Mr. Keegan tersely remarked, everything is «on skates» in Madeira. The streets of Funchal are paved with small lava blocks, set on end, and polished to a degree that makes walking dangerous to people who wear the shoes of civilization. Hence the owners of the bulla-cartas do a thriving business with foreigners, especially up the slope, where a false step is fraught with no inconsiderable consequences.

It was up the hillside, or rather up the first slopes of the mountain, that the villa to which the master-at-arms was going was situated. Few visit Madeira who do not take that delightful ride up the mountain on horseback, and experience the delirium of the coast down, over the polished stones, in a wicker sled. Ascending, the traveler looks from his saddle over the high yellow walls on each hand into inviting gardens of tropical luxuriance, their shade-trees often completely arching the way over his head. But the master-at-arms cared nothing about looking into the gardens, and had a sailor's prejudice against horses; he discreetly preferred the bulla-carta. Even the picturesque procession of wine-growers which he met coming down the mountain, with skins slung over their shoulders, made no more of an impression on him than if they had been a draft of new hands. He sat back behind the curtains of his bulla-carta, and smoked brown-paper cigarettes, and meditated on the gravity of his mission; and he wondered whether the senhora would look with favor on the plan. Only once, when he had to turn out for a fat ecclesiastic from the convent above, was he aroused from these reflections. The priest was descending at a pace which would have defied a trolley-car, but sat in his sled with as much equanimity as if he were pronouncing a benediction, his guide deftly balanced on the runners behind.

«He 's sure swift for a holy father!» the master-at-arms exclaimed aloud, lifting the curtains in order to obtain a better view of the vanishing figure; «but Dennis ain't hirin' him for the ceremony—you can't trust them Dagos even for splicin'.»

It was almost dusk when the master-at-arms recognized the back gate of Mr. Inglefield's villa, and directed the gentleman at the side to draw up, which he accomplished with a great deal of unnecessary noise. Thereupon the master-at-arms alighted, and designated a point a little higher up for the men to wait for him. Then he opened the gate, and cautiously entered the garden. He sat down under a banana-tree to hit upon some method of attracting the senhora's attention; for the hour was unusual for a call, and the senhora was undoubtedly engaged in the kitchen. As the villa was on a rather steep portion of the slope, the house was considerably higher than the garden, its broad piazza being among the tree-tops. Here was a predicament! If he waited until the senhora finished cooking the dinner, put on her evening gown, and came down to the little porch where she received her callers, all would be lost. Bearing in mind the sentiments concerning his profession which the owner of the villa had expressed at various times, it was out of the question for him to go to the senhora, as he would undoubtedly be seen by Mr. Inglefield from the veranda. While he was vainly trying to hit upon an expedient, wishing ardently the while that Mr. Keegan might have undertaken this matter himself, he heard the rustle of a woman's skirts coming down the path. His first impulse was to climb the tree, but on second thought he decided to sit still; it was getting dark, and he might not be seen where he was.

He had barely reached this decision when there appeared in the path, directly before him, a young girl. She was tall and fair, with that wealth of color peculiar to Englishwomen; and as she stood there in the twilight, shading her eyes with her hand, the master-at-arms was transported with admiration. From where she stood one could look through an opening in the trees far out into the harbor, and he had no doubt that fortune had thrown him in the way of Miss Inglefield herself, and that she was looking at the *Denver*. He rose, took off his cap, and coughed slightly to attract her attention. At the sound the girl dropped her hand quickly,

and turned toward him, without, however, betraying the least alarm; her manner was a mixture of surprise and self-possession. The master-at-arms was anything but self-possessed; he was, on the contrary, very much disconcerted. Miss Inglefield, for it was she, waited for him to speak; but at length, despairing of this, she spoke herself:

«Did you wish to see any one?»

The voice was softer than any the master-at-arms had ever heard, and its tones were so kind that he took heart.

«Yes, miss,» he answered; «I guess it 's you I want to see.»

«Me?» she exclaimed, in evident wonder.

«I 'm from the *Denver*, miss,» he explained.

The master-at-arms watched the girl keenly to see what effect this announcement would have, but if her color deepened it was too dark to notice it.

«So you are from the *Denver*, and wish to see me,» she answered. «If that is the case, I think it would be well, for many reasons, to retire to the summer-house.»

She picked up her white skirts, and led the way down a secluded path lined with vines to a little arbor in the corner of the garden. The master-at-arms followed, not without misgivings concerning his ability to handle a mission of such delicacy as this promised to be. The ease and dignity of her bearing, and the simplicity of her speech, completely mystified him; he had expected any reception but this. When they reached the summer-house, she motioned him toward a wicker bench, and sat down beside him.

«I think we shall be safe from interruption here,» she said, with a smile of encouragement; and then she added, «Did any one send you?»

Although the master-at-arms thought the question a trifle strange, he could not but admit that it was pertinent.

«Dennis Keegan sent me, miss,» he replied.

«Dennis Keegan! And you wish to see me —are you sure?»

There was such an evident note of disappointment in this that the master-at-arms was more puzzled than ever. Was it possible that Mr. Pennington had not told her about Dennis?

«Dennis is the man who is actin' for Mr. Pennington, you know, miss—sorter under his orders.»

But Miss Inglefield, greatly to his discomfiture, did not seem to grasp the situation in the least.

«Who are you?» she demanded, with a touch of impatience.

«I 'm the master-at-arms of the *Denver*, miss,» he answered, in a tone of injured dignity.

«But the orders you speak of, what are they? I do not quite understand.»

What were the orders! There began to dawn on the master-at-arms, from various things he had noticed in Miss Inglefield's conversation and manner, a suspicion that she had had no previous intimation of the communication he was about to impart. This was a point which had not been touched upon by Mr. Keegan. He was in a quandary. To withdraw now might injure Mr. Pennington's honor, and, besides, make things exceedingly unpleasant for him, the master-at-arms. But if Mr. Keegan had by any chance made a mistake, to go on would involve Mr. Pennington in a difficulty the gravity of which the master-at-arms had not before considered. But his faith in Mr. Keegan, and the fear of his displeasure, finally predominated.

«You see, miss,» he began, «the reason I come up here, and not Dennis, was this: I happen to be acquainted with the seenora as does the cookin' for you, and Dennis he said for me to tell this here to the seenora, and the seenora—»

«Has Mr. Pennington sent a note?» Miss Inglefield broke in, in despair.

«A note!» the master-at-arms repeated deprecatingly; «he never insulted me or Dennis with a note yet, miss.»

«Please go on, then, quickly,» she said; «I may be called at any minute.»

«There ain't nothin' to it exceptin' this, miss,» he began, in no wise to be hurried, however: «Mr. Pennington's time 's up on the ship to-day, and he has bought tickets for *two*» —the master-at-arms thought the inference a very happy one, and emphasized the numeral —«on the steamer what leaves to-night. Then he goes to Dennis Keegan, who 's been on many a cruise with him in 's younger days, and in many a tight place, too, and he says, ‹Keegan, there 's a young lady what lives up here on the hill behind Funchal—› ‹What you 'd like to take off with you this evenin', Mr. Pennington,› Dennis puts in, ‹but there be cert'in reasons again' your goin' up and gettin' her yourself.› Mr. Pennington looked sorter surprised, but, Lord! miss, he ought to know there ain't much goin' on what Dennis ain't on to. ‹Well, sir,› Dennis went on, without givin' him a show to speak, ‹all you got to do is to leave this here business to me and Chimmy› —that 's me, miss,— ‹and if that there young lady ain't ready to go with you at whatever time you say, it won't be our fault, sir.›»

The master-at-arms paused, and wiped the perspiration from his face with his red handkerchief, watching Miss Inglefield anxiously the while. She had sat quietly by during this recital, but he could see that she was agitated now by her breathing, which came and went quickly, and his confidence in Mr. Keegan's judgment redoubled. Evidently, if the young lady in the case was as much in love as she appeared from these symptoms, the course he was taking was most justifiable. The master-at-arms had always deemed a little prevarication in a good cause no harm. There was, apparently, quite a mental struggle going on within Miss Inglefield. Once or twice she seemed about to speak, and then to change her mind. It was at this point that a hearty masculine voice was heard calling loudly from the garden above:

«Eleanor!»

Miss Inglefield rose.

«Coming, papa,» she answered; but to the astonishment of the master-at-arms, she did not betray the slightest alarm. She walked slowly toward the step, her head bent downward in thought; then she suddenly drew herself up to the full height of her commanding figure, and faced him.

«At what time will Mr. Pennington be here?» she demanded.

«At half-past eleven, at the back gate, miss,» he answered, doubting if he heard aright.

«Tell him I shall be ready,» she said; and before he could reply she had vanished among the vines.

The master-at-arms stood looking after her for a moment, and then made his way out of the garden, keeping a bright lookout for Mr. Inglefield. He found his bulla-carta, after some trouble, in front of a stray wine-shop which was built in the wall, and into which he dived precipitately in search of his Jehus. It is to be doubted if either of them understood the choice maritime invectives that he heaped upon them impartially for hiding themselves; but they motioned him into the vehicle with soothing urbanity, and started for the convent above, blissfully oblivious to the occasional mutterings from within.

Upon his arrival at the convent, the master-at-arms proceeded, by a judicious use of Mr. Keegan's funds, to make arrangements with the sled-owners, by which every sled was to be ready for descent at eleven o'clock. He impressed upon them that a large party of gentlemen of his acquaintance wished to make the descent by moonlight. One and all promised that it should be as the senhor wished, although each had his private doubts about the moonlight. This done, the master-at-arms descended to Funchal, where he found Mr. Keegan awaiting him in the wine-shop, engaged in making life unbearable for the Portuguese occupants. On the entrance of the master-at-arms he desisted abruptly from this pastime, and drew him into a corner.

«Well, Chimmy, is it a go?» he asked.

The master-at-arms regarded him in a way that plainly signified his approbation of such an arch diplomatist, and then launched into a glowing description of his share of the transaction, interspersed with frequent reproaches for not informing him beforehand of the true state of affairs. Mr. Keegan listened with evident satisfaction.

«She ain't goin' to take no trunks, is she?» he inquired, with some apprehension.

The master-at-arms confessed he had forgotten to caution the young lady on this point.

«Women, Chimmy,» said Mr. Keegan, profoundly, «will never leave any spare riggin' behind if they ain't made to.»

II.

YOUNG Ensign Pennington was reclining on the lounge in the smoking-room of Burroughs's Hotel, Funchal, in anything but a happy frame of mind. His traveling-case was at his feet, and his trunks were on board the steamer which was to leave for England that night. The other occupant of the room, his friend and classmate Morgan, had assumed an absurdly awkward position on the table, which he always chose in preference to a chair, and was doing most of the talking.

Perhaps nothing could better show the difference between the temperaments of Pennington and Morgan than their present attitudes. Under an apparent languor, and a seeming indifference to his own affairs and those of others, Pennington concealed qualities which made him, young as he was, one of the most efficient officers in the service. Morgan, on the other hand, had a continual craving for excitement, which betrayed itself in every action. Now he was shifting restlessly from one elbow to the other, while Pennington had not changed his position since lighting his cigar. Their characters dovetailed into each other with such nicety that few closer friendships have been formed than that which existed between them. Morgan's impetuosity was offset by Pennington's inertia, his frankness by Pennington's reserve, while

they possessed in common certain qualities, invariably found in a true seaman, which served to cement the bond. But it was Pennington who wielded the influence, and his was the only influence which had ever been known to affect Morgan. Their names had become associated at the naval academy, where Morgan had been stroke of the crew, of which Pennington had been captain, and since then they had been separated but little. It had been their singular good fortune —for the discrepancy between their standings had been great—to take the two years' cruise together as midshipmen, and as ensigns they had both been ordered to the *Denver*. Now, it would seem, the time had come for a long separation, and each felt as only young fellows who have spent the best part of their lives under such circumstances can feel, and found it hard to realize that it might be many years before they would meet. But gradually Morgan approached a subject which was uppermost in his mind as well as in Pennington's. It had always been said of Morgan that his friends' troubles worried him more than his own, and perhaps the chances this particular trouble offered for something hazardous especially appealed to him. At last he broke in, with characteristic abruptness:

«Of course it is none of my business, Jack, but when I see you go off in this way without seeing Miss Inglefield, without even so much as writing her a line, in spite of the fact that five months ago you wanted to marry her, I can't help saying something, for it is n't much like you. I tell you what, Jack, you may travel some, but it will be a devilish long time before you come across another girl like her.»

Morgan paused, uncertain what the effect of this speech would be; for, beyond the fact that he had asked Mr. Inglefield for his daughter, and had been refused, Pennington had told him nothing of the affair. Now he only smiled a little wearily.

«It is no use, Dutchman,» he said, in the tone of affectionate forbearance that he often used with his friend; «that is all past now.»

«Thanks to your confounded, misplaced principle!» Morgan went on a trifle warmly. «Renouncing her for a little thing like her father's refusal! You might have known what he would have said before you asked him; I could have told you that. If I cared as much for the girl as you do, Jack, and she cared as much for me as I know she does for you, I would take her home with me in spite of all the English in Madeira.»

«Don't talk nonsense, Dutchman,» said Pennington, lighting another cigar; but Morgan noticed that his hand shook a little as he held it, and this encouraged him.

«It is n't as if you were as I am, and only had your pay,» he remonstrated; «or it is n't as if you were only knocking the bottom out of your own life,» he continued, throwing in the arguments as they came to him. «And perhaps you do not think I know what has been the matter with you ever since we left here in the spring; but I do, and I call coming back here fate.»

«It looks to me as if the department had had rather a large share in that,» replied Pennington, with a half-hearted attempt at humor. «But don't let us worry about it, Dutchman,» he added, very much in the way he used to quiet his friend in the old days when they were midshipmen together. It seemed to be his place to do the comforting, no matter whose the trouble. But now Morgan would not be comforted. He slid off the table, and went over to the lounge beside Pennington.

«Jack,» he began, with an earnestness which surprised even Pennington, who was used to his ways, «you have a perfect right to ruin your own life if you want to, although a good many of us would hate to see you do it; still, that is your own affair; but you have n't any right to ruin her life. I 've seen more of women than you have, and there are some who get over things of that sort. She never will.»

Pennington was silent. A party was coming down the veranda singing the refrain of a hearty English melody. They seated themselves immediately in front of the windows of the smoking-room and proceeded to light their pipes.

«She used to be such a jolly girl,» said one, in answer to some inaudible remark, «but she never goes anywhere now.»

Pennington and Morgan listened aimlessly, without well knowing why. Morgan chafed at the interruption, coming as it did at such a serious turn in their conversation, and it seemed to banish his last hope of influencing his friend. The lights in the smoking-room were low, and the broad, checkered shoulders of the speaker, whose back was turned, were pushed into the window, his elbows resting on the sill. His Oxford cap was tilted jauntily on one side of his head, and a pipe, as if to complete the poise, protruded from the other. The subject thus brought up seemed an interesting one to the whole party, for those who were still humming the air stopped to join in the talk. It was evident that some person was being discussed.

«Had she been with us to-night we should n't have had such a beastly slow time,» said another.

To this there was a unanimous assent.

«I wonder what is the reason of it all?» he continued.

«They say it is some chap in the American navy,» volunteered another, «who was here last spring—»

But Pennington did not wait to hear any more. He had risen, and his grasp on Morgan's arm was like that of a vise.

«Let 's get out of this, Dutchman,» he said, and his teeth were tightly shut together.

Morgan followed him out of the room. Pennington stalked through the corridors at a pace he found it difficult to keep up with, and through the office, where Mr. Burroughs, the proprietor, was reading the London news of the week before. He glanced at the two with the air of a man who has long since ceased trying to account for American idiosyncrasies, and then resumed his paper. At the hotel entrance Pennington brought up against a man who was coming in out of the darkness; the force of the impact, and the heavy blow of the traveling-case against the knees, would have been sufficient to stun an ordinary mortal.

But Mr. Keegan was not an ordinary mortal. He waived Pennington's apologies, saluted him, and then thrust his hands into his pockets with his customary nonchalance. Both Pennington and Morgan stood regarding him in no little surprise, and waited for him to speak. Mr. Keegan rolled his tobacco from one cheek to the other, and surveyed them with deliberation.

«You 're the very gentleman I 'm lookin' for, Mr. Pennington,» he said at length; «but I were n't expectin' to run again' you so soon.» This was literal, if nothing else.

«Neither was I, Keegan, to tell the truth,» replied Pennington, smiling in spite of himself as he picked up the traveling-case. «I was sorry you were not on board when I left the ship,» he added, «for I wanted to see you before I went.»

Mr. Keegan evidently thought this speech perfunctory, for he paid no attention to it.

«I come up here to remind you of somethin' you must have forgot, sir. Have you got all your stuff aboard, Mr. Pennington?» he asked.

Pennington was puzzled. Mr. Keegan did not look as if he had been drinking; but then Pennington remembered that Mr. Keegan's appearance was never materially altered under such circumstances. He had seen him in a state of inebriation more than once.

«I do not remember to have forgotten anything, Keegan,» he answered. «I sent all my baggage out this afternoon.»

«How about your tickets, sir?»

Pennington would have resented this catechism from any other petty officer, but from Mr. Keegan somehow it did not seem an impertinence. He had always been interested in his welfare.

«The agent was to have my ticket for me at ten, Keegan,» said Pennington. «Why?»

«Nothin', sir,» said Mr. Keegan, with admirable unconcern, «except the master-at-arms and me knows of a certain lady as would like to go with you, sir, if you cared about takin' her.»

Pennington looked bewildered; but Morgan, who had been listening with increasing astonishment, realized the purport of this intelligence at once. He grasped Mr. Keegan's hand excitedly.

«Tell her Mr. Pennington will take her, Keegan; of course he will.»

«Shut up, Morgan!» said Pennington, beginning to pace the floor, while Mr. Keegan spat demurely into a convenient flower-vase, and waited. Finally Pennington faced him abruptly.

«Who told you this, Keegan?»

«The lady herself told—»

«What lady?»

«Miss Inglefield,» said Mr. Keegan, in no wise abashed.

«Well?»

«The lady herself told the master-at-arms, sir. He went up to the viller this evenin' to see the seenora what does the cookin' there, and came acrost the young lady herself as she was takin' the air in the garden.»

Pennington resumed his pacing. There must be some mistake—certainly *she* could not have suggested such a thing. Such is the weight of prejudice, and such is the iron-bound custom which, even in this nineteenth century of enlightenment, prevents a woman from speaking her mind, that Mr. Keegan's statement was divested of all probable truth by the idea that the proposition had come from Miss Inglefield. Pennington could not believe it.

«What did Miss Inglefield say to the master-at-arms, Keegan?» he asked at last.

«She said as all you had to do was to come up there to the back gate at half-past eleven, sir, and she 'd be ready,» Mr. Keegan replied, without hesitation.

By this time Morgan's patience was exhausted.

«Don't be a fool, Jack,» he said. «Can't

you see you 've got all you can do now to get up there by half-past eleven? The girl has twice as much sand as you have.»

«If you don't start now, sir,» put in Mr. Keegan, «there ain't no use goin' at all.»

«Keegan,» said Pennington,—and the coolness of his speech and the command of his voice struck both the others as he spoke,—«I have known you for nearly nine years now, and you are one of the best friends I have ever had. You have pulled me out of two or three tight places when I was younger, which I am not likely to forget. In those nine years you have never deceived me, and I do not think you capable of it; but from what I know of Miss Inglefield I think it more than probable that the master-at-arms has misunderstood her. I want to thank you for this, just the same.» Then, turning to Morgan, he continued, «Can't you see, Dutchman, even if there is not a mistake, how impossible it would be to do what Keegan proposes to-night? Of course I shall wait for the next steamer now. But there are certain things to be thought of—all very necessary in their way, and very hard to get in two hours and a half.»

«Mr. Pennington,» said Mr. Keegan, gravely, «if Chimmy has made a mistake on this, then I 'm willin' to enlist in the marine corps to-morrow.» This was more emphatic than any oath Mr. Keegan could think of. Then he concluded, with a finality which set further demur at naught: «There won't be no trouble about a sky-pilot; there 's one on the ship ye 're goin' on as says he will fix things up, and keep quiet till he does. And about details, there ain't one you can mention what ain't fixed, sir.»

Whereupon Morgan picked up the traveling-case, and went out, followed by Mr. Keegan and Pennington, the latter in a state of mind difficult to describe, and one not at all within the comprehension of either Morgan or Mr. Keegan. Mr. Keegan had brought up three horses, one of which he mounted himself, while Morgan mounted another, and Pennington mechanically got on the third. They started off at as quick a pace as the law would permit, the runners keeping silently along by their sides. Burroughs's Hotel was situated on an eminence to the west of the town, while the Inglefield villa lay on the slopes to the northward. The road led for some distance along the high cliffs which skirt the harbor, where the anchor lights of the vessels twinkled and danced. Pennington could distinguish the *Denver* by her white sides and her uncompromising, bulky form, revealed by the electric lights of the big black steamer hardly a stone's throw away from her. But his thoughts were not on the *Denver;* he was looking at the smoke already pouring out of the pipes of the steamer; it was time—hardly two hours. And, perhaps, then—«What nonsense!» he exclaimed to himself, half aloud. It could not be possible that this girl, who had refused him with such firmness only five months ago, would even consent to such a madcap undertaking as this, much less propose one. Still Mr. Keegan seemed, as usual, to be sure of himself, and to know what he was doing. That worthy headed the column, whistling softly a rather dubious air he had picked up in a Bowery theater the year before. Mr. Keegan's horsemanship was none of the best; when the pace quickened to a trot he managed to keep on, however, and comforted himself with the reflection that it was too dark for the Dago heelers to criticize. By the time they reached the town its narrow streets were almost deserted, and the wine-shops were beginning to close. Mr. Keegan reined in his horse, and waited for the others to come up.

«That there ticket agent has got to be held, Mr. Morgan,» he said.

Morgan was wise enough to see the force of this, and also that they stood a better chance of success if Mr. Keegan went up with Pennington. Although it was a bitter disappointment to him not to take a more material part in the attempt than «holding» the agent, he acquiesced at once, and had ridden off before Pennington could expostulate.

«Now, sir,» remarked Mr. Keegan, «we ain't got no time to burn gettin' up that hill.»

They clattered over the stones in defiance of municipal law, and were soon on the ascent. Except for an occasional lamp at the entrance to a villa, it was so dark that they could scarcely make out the high walls on each side of them. Once or twice Pennington had almost decided to go back, but Mr. Keegan pushed ahead with such diligence, as if there could be no possible doubt of the outcome, that Pennington kept on after him. As they passed under one of the dim lights in the wall a sled shot by, in which Pennington made out, smoking with great complacency, two of the *Denver's* liberty party.

«You have managed this well, Keegan,» said Pennington, as he pulled up beside him.

«Chimmy is doin' that, sir,» Mr. Keegan replied modestly; «he is up there gettin' 'em started.» And then he added, with a touch of satisfaction, «Unless the old one has a roller-coaster, he ain't got much show this evenin'.»

Pennington was not in a position to express

his sentiments in this matter, but he found himself fervently hoping that Mr. Inglefield was not provided with anything so fatal to his chances of success. The master-at-arms was evidently doing his duty thoroughly, and each sled that passed them tended more and more to convince him of the method in Mr. Keegan's madness. Pennington began to think that, after all, there must be some foundation for his statements.

They urged on their horses, which by this time were fairly tired of the rapid climbing, Mr. Keegan cursing the «heelers,» as he called them, when they growled at the speed, and in the next breath offering them another dollar apiece. After what seemed an age to Pennington, they arrived opposite a recess in the wall, where Mr. Keegan drew up.

«Is that you, Chimmy?» he called out in a stage whisper.

The master-at-arms emerged.

«How about things, Chimmy?» Mr. Keegan inquired. «Is they all down?»

«All down but that there,» responded the master-at-arms, pointing over his shoulder. Just at this moment it struck him that a coasting sled accommodated but two; and how he and Mr. Keegan were to escape the clutches of the irate father-in-law elect was a point he had not previously considered.

«Well, I 'll be ——, Dennis!» he exclaimed profanely.

But Mr. Keegan, who divined his thoughts, refrained from censure. He was quick to make a virtue out of necessity.

«That ain't no matter, Chimmy,» he said consolingly; «if the old one wastes any time tryin' to pinch us, he 'll never get hold of Mr. Pennington there.»

Pennington struck a match, and looked at his watch; it was twenty-five minutes after eleven.

«It is time we were there, Keegan,» he said.

This was virtually an admission in Mr. Keegan's favor, and Mr. Keegan knew it. Having had a very thorough understanding of Pennington's character, he had appreciated the magnitude and delicacy of his undertaking, and had handled that gentleman to perfection, as we have seen. If he felt any exultation now he did not show it, for he only cautioned the master-at-arms, by way of reply, to stay by the sled, and not to trust the Dago out of his sight.

Pennington and Mr. Keegan started up as noiselessly as they might, keeping close to the wall. The darkness was so intense that they were obliged to feel for the gate, and their footfalls sounded to Pennington like gunshots in the oppressive silence. After a prolonged search, and just as they were on the point of going back to the master-at-arms for more accurate information, Pennington came to a break.

«Here it is, Keegan,» he whispered; «I can feel the hinges.»

They tried the latch, but the gate was locked. Mr. Keegan bent down to the keyhole, and gave a low whistle; but there was no response.

«I 'll get over, Mr. Pennington,» he said; «give me your shoulder, sir.»

Mr. Keegan was soon on top of the wall, whence he slid easily down on the other side, and Pennington could hear him trying the lock.

«I 'll just reconnoiter up the yard a bit, Mr. Pennington,» he called through the keyhole; «you stay there, sir.»

As Pennington waited outside the gate, and minute after minute slipped by, all his misgivings returned. He began to feel like a criminal, and, what was worse, like a fool. He might have known, he told himself, that this was all an imagination of the master-at-arms, and he wondered that as practical a man as Mr. Keegan had been duped by it. It was a choice business, too, for an officer in the United States navy to be mixed up in. What a delectable story it would make when it became known in the service! It was not that he did not love the girl; he reflected bitterly on Morgan's words, and felt they were only too true. He remembered how his heart had sunk into his boots when he had heard they were to be ordered back to Madeira, and decided then to leave, if his orders were there, by the first steamer. And now by the well-meaning but misguided interference of his old friend Mr. Keegan, aided and abetted by Morgan and the master-at-arms, he was plunged again into the depths of misery, and, moreover, likely to be held up to his fellow-officers as an object of ridicule.

Then the things which had happened the last time he saw her began to crowd into his mind. How distinctly he recalled them—just what she had worn, and just what she had said! She would never marry him without her father's consent, and she doubted very much whether her father would give it. She was leaning over a rose-bush at the time; he could see her now—the bush itself was only on the other side of that gate. So he had gone into the house to find Mr. Inglefield, and had left her in the garden looking after him. It was as this painful point in his recollec-



DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

THE ELOPEMENT.

tions was reached that Pennington thought he heard footsteps on the other side of the wall. He listened intently; it seemed as if there was another step besides Mr. Keegan's. It must be his imagination, he told himself. Then there came the sound of a key turning in the lock, the gate opened, and some one came out.

It was not Mr. Keegan.

«Jack!» exclaimed the person.

«Eleanor!» exclaimed Pennington.

Mr. Keegan closed the door, and discreetly locked it again, putting the key in his pocket. He remained silently contemplating the two for an instant, for they had apparently forgotten his existence, and then he laid his hand on Pennington's arm.

«Better belay that now, Mr. Pennington,» he said, «and get under way.» Here Mr. Keegan was forced to get rid of a certain amount of tobacco. «Keep a good full, Mr. Pennington, and God bless you both, sir!»

Pennington grasped Mr. Keegan's hand, and wrung it.

«Eleanor,» he said simply, «this is my old friend, Mr. Keegan. It will take me a long time to tell you how much we owe him.»

«Never mind that, sir,» answered Mr. Keegan, as he took off his cap, and rubbed his eyes suspiciously. «And, miss,» he continued, by way of acknowledgment of a very graceful speech Miss Inglefield had made him, «you 've got the finest young officer in the navy.»

«The very finest,» Mr. Keegan repeated to himself, when they had gone; «she has sure got a prize.» He sat down against the wall, and began to feel very unhappy, so much so as to become totally careless as to pursuit or capture. It was thus his friend the master-at-arms found him, or rather fell over him, some ten minutes afterward.

«Anything yet from the old one, Dennis?» he inquired.

Mr. Keegan rose.

«He may get on to it now,» he said, «and he may get on to it to-morrow. We 'll just stand by a spell, in case he gets uneasy. You boost me up, Chimmy, till I see if there 's a light in the house.»

Mr. Keegan got on the wall, and immediately threw himself down on his face.

«There 's two of 'em comin' this way with lanterns, Chimmy,» he whispered, «and I think one of them 's the old one.»

«How long ago was this, Jennings?» said a voice which, although greatly agitated, the master-at-arms recognized as one he had heard before.

«Habout ten minutes, sir, hit might 'ave been.»

«Why did n't you call me before—at once?»

«Hi thought as hit was Perdita and that sailor as used to come to see her sometimes, sir.»

Then followed a period occupied by tentative efforts on the gate, during which the master-at-arms was becoming decidedly nervous.

«Thanks to your —— conjectures, Jennings, Miss Inglefield has gone off with a—»

Jennings was not enlightened; his efforts on the gate had been unremitting, and just at this critical moment it fell heavily outward. Mr. Inglefield rushed out, holding the lantern the height of his face, and peered down the hill; but the master-at-arms had disappeared in the darkness.

«You go up to the convent as fast as you can post, Jennings,» he said; «I will wait for you right here.»

Jennings departed in double time up the hill, while Mr. Inglefield walked restlessly up and down. Mr. Keegan was anxiously considering the possibility of there being another sled at the convent, which the master-at-arms had overlooked, when Perdita arrived on the scene, breathless, and trouble written in every line of her face.

«Ah, senhor,» she exclaimed, «the senhorita!»

The master of the villa grasped her by both shoulders.

«You knew of this, Perdita,» he said sternly.

«No, senhor, no; I assure you I know nothing.»

«Jennings tells me he saw your friend with Miss Eleanor.»

«I know not what you mean, senhor,» Perdita disclaimed excitedly; and then, falling back for fluency on her native tongue, she poured forth a torrent of protestations. Her efforts, however, plainly failed to convince Mr. Inglefield. Apparently he entertained the same distrust of her race as did Mr. Keegan, for he leaned wearily against the wall, and motioned her to cease.

«That will do, Perdita,» he said, whereupon the senhora found relief in tears.

The wall about Mr. Inglefield's villa was so hard and uneven, and Mr. Keegan was becoming so cramped in his position, that he was thinking of letting himself down on the inside when Jennings was heard returning. He was accompanied by two or three Portuguese from the convent, but, to Mr. Keegan's great relief, was without the sled. When the circumstances of the liberty party became known to Mr. Inglefield, he said a great many things Mr. Keegan expected him to say, but he added a few remarks about Pennington which Mr. Keegan had not anticipated. Finally the denunciation of that gentleman became so vigorous that Mr. Keegan could stand it no longer.

«He is a sneaking scoundrel!» declared Mr. Inglefield.

Here Mr. Keegan slid down from the wall, and approached the irate but astonished father with a somewhat rolling but easy gait. He carefully looked him over, from force of habit perhaps, before accosting him.

«Mr. Inglefield,» he began, very much as if he were addressing a water-butt, «I took your feelin's into account before comin' for-'ard, sir; but I ain't goin' to stand by and listen to no such things about Mr. Pennington

Mr. Inglefield managed to recover himself sufficiently, during the interval occupied by Mr. Keegan in transferring his tobacco to the other cheek, to exclaim angrily:

«Who the deuce are you, sir, and what are you doing on my wall?»

«I know this here come rather suddin,» Mr. Keegan went on, without taking the trouble to answer the question; «but I want to say right now there ain't no finer young man anywhere, and that this here business was n't his fault.»

«Was n't his fault!» roared Mr. Inglefield.

«No, sir,» said Mr. Keegan, coolly; «it was me what fixed the thing up. It was me what got your daughter to consent to it, and brought Mr. Pennington up here to get her; and if you ain't blessin' me for it some day I 'm a sergeant of marines.»

«You!» repeated Mr. Inglefield, in a species of stupefaction.

Now it so happened that the master-at-arms, who had remained concealed some distance down the hill, heard the commotion, and became possessed with the idea that his friend Mr. Keegan was getting into trouble. He arrived on the scene just at this instant.

«Now, Mr. Inglefield,» Mr. Keegan continued, glancing around at the faces about the lantern, «this here ain't no place to talk private matters; but if you 'll take the trouble to step inside with us, me and Chimmy 'll try to give you a loocid report of this here, sir.»

«Come inside, by all means, if you can throw any light on this rascally business,» said Mr. Inglefield, picking up the lantern, and leading the way to the house. The others followed.

«Dennis,» said the master-at-arms to Mr. Keegan, pulling him by the sleeve, «there ain't no use of my goin' in there; you knows how to handle the old one. I 'll be payin' the seenora that little call I missed this afternoon.»

Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, or the master-at-arms, for that matter, never knew precisely how Mr. Keegan «handled the old one» during the half-hour he was closeted with him. Mr. Keegan, of course, would never tell. All he could be induced to say, when questioned on the subject by the master-at-arms, was:

«He went in like a lion and come out like a lamb, did n't he, Chimmy?»

The master-at-arms admitted that he did.

«Well, Chimmy,» he would reply, solemnly blinking his little eyes, «that there 's all there is to it.»

In the service journal, which is published in New York, there appeared the following item:

A most interesting and novel wedding took place on Thursday, October 31, at Funchal, Madeira, on board the steamer *Southampton* of the Union Line. Ensign John R. Pennington, U. S. N., married Miss Eleanor Inglefield, daughter of Robert Inglefield, Esq., of Ravenside, long and eminently connected with the English diplomatic service. The bride and groom left immediately for England. In consequence of Mr. Pennington's hurried departure, the wedding was a surprise even to his brother-officers of the *Denver*. The young couple are now at Newport, where Ensign Pennington is stationed; and it is understood that the bride's father will spend the winter with them.

The report was true, for before the *Denver* left Funchal the Inglefield villa was closed, and the senhora reigned supreme there; and Mr. Inglefield had gone to see his new son-in-law at Newport, and to pay his first visit to the United States.

As for Mr. Keegan, he now owns a large gold chain, attached to a large gold watch, of which he is very proud, and which he wears on all occasions. On the outside of the case is the monogram «D. K.,» very handsomely engraved, and on the inside a mysterious inscription, the purport of which Mr. Keegan has never disclosed, but which is thought to be expressive of the everlasting gratitude of two people.

Nor has his friend the master-at-arms been forgotten.

Winston Churchill.



THE HARSHAW BRIDE.

A STORY CONTAINED IN LETTERS FROM MRS. TOM DALY OF BISUKA, IN THE NORTHWEST, TO AN INVALID SISTER WHO IS SPENDING THE SUMMER ON THE COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of «The Led-Horse Claim,» «John Bodewin's Testimony,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.



AMP AT THE THOUSAND SPRINGS. A little grass peninsula running out between the river and a narrow lagoon, a part of Decker's ranch, two miles by water below the Springs, and half a mile from Decker's Ferry, set all about with a hedge of rose, willow, and wild-currant bushes, sword-grass, and tall reeds,—the grasses enormous, like Japanese decorations,—crossing the darks of the opposite shore and the lights of the river and sky. Our tents are pitched, our blankets spread in the sun, our wagon is soaking its tired feet in the river. Tom and Harshaw are up-stream somewhere, fishing for supper. Billings is bargaining with Old Man Decker for the «keep» of his team. Kitty and I are enjoying ourselves. There is a rip in one of the back seams of my jacket, Kitty tells me, but even that cannot move me.

I say we are enjoying ourselves; but my young guest has developed a new mood of late, which gives poignancy to my growing tenderness for the girl. She has kept up wonderfully, with the aid of her bit of temper, for which I like her none the less. How she will stand this idleness, monotony, and intimacy, with the accent of beauty pressing home, I cannot say. I rather fear for her.

The screws have been tightened on her lately by something that befell at the Harshaw ranch. Our road lay past the place, and Harshaw had to stop for his surveying instruments, also to pack a bag, he said, with apologies for keeping us waiting.

I think we were all a little nervous as we neared the house. Very few women could have spelled the word «home» out of those rough masculine premises. I wondered if Kitty was not offering up a prayer of thanksgiving for the life she had been delivered from.

Harshaw jumped down, and, stooping under the wire fence, ran across the alfalfa stubble to the house as fast as he could for the welcome of a beautiful young setter dog—Maisie he called her—that came wildly out to meet him. A woman—not a nice-looking woman—stood at the door and watched him, and even at our distance from them there was something strange about their recognition.

Kitty began to talk and laugh with forced coolness. Tom turned the horses sharply, so that the wagon's shadow lay on the roadside, away from the house. «Get out, had n't you better?» he suggested, in the tone of a command. We got out, and Kitty asked for her sketching-bag.

«Kitty,» I whispered, pointing to the house, «draw *that*, and send it to your mother. She will never ask again why you did n't care to live there.»

«That has nothing to do with it,» she retorted coldly. «I would have lived there, or anywhere else, with the right person.»

There was no such person. I could n't help saying it.

She is very handsome when she looks down, proud and a trifle sullen when you «touch her on the raw,» as the men say.

«But there *is* such a person, Kitty,» I ventured. I had ventured, it seemed, too far.

«You are my hostess. Your house is my only home. Don't be his accomplice!» I thought it rather well said.

Now that woman's clothes were hanging on the line (and very common-looking clothes they were), so she could not have been a casual guest. Moreover, she was pacing the hard ground in front of the house, and staring at us with a truculent yet uneasy air. Curiosity was strong, and a sort of anger possessed me against the place and everybody connected with it.

When Cecil came out, looking very hot and confused for him, who is always so fresh and gay, I inquired, rather shortly perhaps, «Who is your visitor?»

«I have no visitor,» he answered me, as

cool as you please. But there was a sort of protest in his eye. I was determined not to spare him or any of the Harshaws.

«Your housekeeper, then?»

«I have no housekeeper.»

«Who is the lady stopping at your house?»

«I have no house.»

«Your cousin's house, then?»

«She is my cousin's housekeeper, I suppose.»

Tom gave me a look, and I thought it time to let the subject drop. This was in Kitty's

«Mrs. Daly, I have told you, I thought she loved him.»

«And what of his love for her?»

«Good heavens! you don't suppose Micky cares for that old thing he has married! *That* was what I was trying to save him from. He 'd have had to be the deuce of a lot worse than he is to deserve that.»

Had it occurred to him, I put it to Cecil Harshaw, to ask himself what the saving of his precious cousin might have cost the girl who was to have been offered up to that end?



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«A WOMAN . . . STOOD AT THE DOOR AND WATCHED HIM.»

presence, though apparently she neither saw nor heard. I walked on ahead of the wagon, so angry that I was almost sick. Instantly Harshaw joined me, with a much nicer, brighter look upon his face.

«Mrs. Daly,» he said, «I want to beg your pardon. I could not answer your question before Miss Comyn. The lady, as you were pleased to call her, is Mrs. Harshaw, *my cousin*—Micky's wife, you understand.»

«Since when?»

«Day before yesterday, she tells me. They were married at Bliss.»

«Well, I should say it was ‹Bliss› for Kitty Comyn that *she* is not Mrs. Harshaw too,» I was about to add, but that would be going rather far. «And what did you want to bring that girl over here for?»

«You leave out one small feature of the case,» said Harshaw, with a sick and burning look that made me drop my eyes, old woman as I am. «I love her myself so well that, by Heaven! if she had wanted Micky or any other man, she should have had him, if that was what her heart was set upon. But I did n't believe it was. I wanted her to know the truth, and, hang it! I could n't write it to her. I could n't peach on Micky; but I wanted to smash things. I wanted something to happen. Maybe I did n't do the right thing, but I had to do something.»

I could n't tell him just what I thought of him at that moment, but I did say to him that he had some very simple ideas for an end-of-the-century young Englishman. At which he smiled sweetly, and said it was one

of his simple ideas that Kitty need not be informed who or what her successor was, or how promptly she had been succeeded.

«But just now you said you wanted her to know the truth.»

«Not the whole truth. Heavens! she knows enough. No need to rub it in.»

«She knows just enough about this to misunderstand, perhaps. In justice to yourself,—she heard you beating about the bush,—do you want her to misunderstand you?»

«Oh, hang me! I don't expect her to understand me, or even tolerate me, yet. Mine is a waiting race, Mrs. Daly.»

«Very well; you can wait,» I said. «But news like this will not wait. She will be obliged to hear it; you don't know how or where she may hear it. Better let her hear it first in as decent a way as possible.»

«But there is no decent way. How can I explain to you, or you to her, such a measly affair as this? It began with a question of money he owed that woman on the ranch. He bought it of her,—and a cruel, bad bargain it was,—and he never could make his last payment. She has threatened him, and played the fool with him when he 'd let her, and bored him no end. His governor would have helped him out; but, you see, Micky has been a pretty expensive boy, and he has given the old gentleman to understand that the place is paid for,—to account for money sent him at various times for that ostensible purpose,—and on that basis the bargain was struck, between our governors, for my interest in the ranch. My father bought me in, on a clear title, as Uncle George represented it, in perfect good faith. I 've never said a word, on the old gentleman's account; and Micky has never dared undeceive his father, who is the soul of honor in business, as in everything else. I am sorry to bore you with family affairs; but it 's rather rum the way Micky's fate has caught up with him, through his one weakness of laziness, and perhaps lying a little, when he was obliged to. How this affair came about so suddenly I can't say. Did n't like to ask her too many questions, and Micky, poor devil, faded from view directly he saw us coming. But at a venture: she had heard he was going to be married, and came down here to make trouble when he should arrive with his bride; but he came back alone, disgusted with life, and found her here, and it was easier to marry her than—pay her, we 'll say. She has been something over-generous, perhaps. She would rather have had him, any time, than her money, and now was the time. She took advantage of a weak moment.»

«A weak and a spiteful moment,» I kindly added. «Now if he hastens the news to England, and the Percifers hear of it in New York, how pleasant for Kitty to have all her friends hear that *he* is married and *she* is not!»

«Great Heavens!» said the young fellow,



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«KITTY WORSHIPS THERE.»

«if she would let me hasten the news—that she is married to me!»

«Why don't you appeal to her pride and her spirit now while they are in the dust? Why do you bother with sentiment now?»

I liked him so much at that moment that I would have had him have Kitty, no matter what way he got her.

«Yes,» he said; «why not take advantage of her, as everybody else has done?»

«Some people's scrupulousness comes rather late,» I said.

«To those who don't understand,» he had the brazenness to say. «What is done is done. It's a rough beginning—awfully rough on her. The end must atone somehow. If I don't win her I shall be punished enough; but if I do, it will be because she loves me. And pray God—» He stopped, with that look. It is a good many years since a young man has looked at me in that way, but a woman does not forget.

It was rather difficult telling to Kitty the story of her old lover's marriage, as I took it on myself to do. Not that she winced perceptibly; but I fear she has taken the thing home, and is dwelling on it—certain features of it—in a way that can do no good. From a word she lets slip now and then I gather that she is brooding over that fancy of hers

that Cecil Harshaw offered himself by way of reparation, as she was falling between two stools,—her own home and her lover's,—to save her from the ground. As since that rainy night in the wagon she has never distinctly referred to this theory of his conduct, I have no excuse for bringing it up, even to attack it. In fact, I dare not; she is in too complicated a mood. And, after all, why should I want her to marry either of them? Why should the «hungry generations» tread her down? She is nice enough to stay as she is.

Another thing happened on our way here which may perversely have helped to confirm her in this pretty notion of Harshaw's disinterestedness.

At a place by the river where the current is bad (there are many such places, and, in fact, the whole of the Snake River is a perfect hoodoo) Harshaw stopped one day to drink. The wagon had struck a streak of heavy sand, and we were all walking. We stood and watched him, because he drank with such deep enjoyment, stooping bareheaded on his hands and knees, and putting his hot face to the water. Suddenly he made a clutch at his breast pocket: his Norfolk jacket was unbuttoned. He had lost something, and the river had got it. He ran along the bank, trying to recover it with a stick, and, not succeeding, he plopped in just as he was, with his boots on. We saw him drop into deep water and swim for it, a little black object, which he caught, and held in his teeth. Then he turned his face to the shore; and precious



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE SNOW BANK.

near he came to never reaching it! We women had been looking on, smiling, like idiot dolls, till we saw Tom racing down the bank, throwing off his coat as he ran. Then we took a sort of dumb fright, and tried to follow; but it was all over in a second, before we saw it, still less realized it—his struggle, swimming for dear life, and not gaining an inch; the stick held out to him in the nick of time, just as he passed a spot where the beast of a current that had him swooped inshore.

I am sorry to say that my husband's first words to the man he may be said to have saved from death were, «You young fool, what did you do that for?»

«For this,» Harshaw panted, slapping his wet breast.

«For a pocket-book! Great Sign! What had you in it? I would n't have done that for the whole of the Snake River valley.»

«Nor I,» laughed Harshaw.

«Nor the Bruneau to boot.»

«Nor I.»

«What did you do it for, then?»

«For this,» Harshaw repeated.

«For a piece of pasteboard with a girl's face on it, or some such toy, I 'll be sworn!»

Harshaw did not deny the soft impeachment.

«I did n't know you had a girl, Harshaw,» Tom began argumentatively.

«Well, I have n't, you know,» said Harshaw. «There was one I wanted badly, a few years ago,» he added, with engaging frankness.

«When was it you first began to pine for her? About the period of second dentition?»

«Oh, betimes; and betimes I was disappointed.»

«Well, unless it was for the girl herself, I 'd keep out of that Snake River,» my husband advised.

Kitty's face wore a slightly strained expression of perfect vacancy.

«Do *you* know who Harshaw's girl was?» I asked her the other night, as we were undressing, without an idea that she would n't see where the joke came in. She was standing, with her hair down, between the canvas curtains of our tent. It looks straight out toward the Sand Springs Fall, and Kitty worships there awhile every night before she goes to bed.

«No,» she said. «I was never much with Cecil Harshaw. It is the families that have always known each other.» The simple child! She had n't understood him, or would she not understand? Which was it? I can't make out whether she is really simple or not. She is too clever to be so very simple; yet the cleverness of a young girl's mind, centered on a few ideas, is mainly in spots. But now I think she has brought this incident to bear upon that precious theory of hers, that Harshaw offered himself from a sense of duty. Great good may it do her!

The Sand Springs Fall, a perfect gem, is directly opposite our camp, facing west across the lagoon. We can feast our eyes upon it at all hours of the day and night. Tom has told Kitty, in the way of business, that he has no use for that fall. She may draw it or not, as she likes. She does draw it; she draws it, and water-colors it, and chalks it in colored crayons, and India-inks it, loading on the Chinese white; and she charcoals it, in moonlight effects, on a gray-blue paper. But do it whatever way she will, she never can do it.

«Oh, you exquisite, hopeless thing! Why can't I let you alone!» she cries; «and why can't you let *me* alone!»

«It is rather hard, the way the thing doubles up on you,» says Tom. «The real fall, right side up, is bad enough; but when it comes to the reflection of it, standing on its head in the lagoon, I should lie right down myself. I would n't pull another pound.»

(«*Lay* down,» he said; but I thought you would n't stand it. Tom never would spoil a cherished bit of dialect on account of shocking anybody with his grammar.)

Kitty throws herself back in the dry salt-grass with which the whole of our little peninsula is bedded, the willows and brakes being our curtains, through which the rising moon looks in at us, and the setting sun; the sun rises long before we see him, above the dark-blue mountains beyond the shore.

«Won't somebody repeat

> There is sweet music here that softlier lies?»

Kitty asks, letting her eyelashes fall on her sun-flushed cheeks. Her face, as I saw it, sitting behind her in the grass, was so pretty —upside down like the reflection of the waterfall, its colors all the more wonderfully blended.

We did not all speak at once. Then Harshaw said, to break the silence, «I will read it to you, if you don't mind.»

«Oh, have you the book?» Kitty asked, in surprise.

He went to his tent and returned with *a* book, and sitting on the grass where she could hear but could not see him, he began. I trembled for him; but before he had got to the second stanza I was relieved: he could read aloud.

«Now *there* is a man one could live on a Snake River ranch with,» I felt like saying to Kitty. Not that I am sure that I want her to go.

When he had finished,

> O rest ye, brother mariners; we will not wander more!

Tom remarked, after a suitable silence, that it was all well enough for Harshaw, who would be in London in six weeks, to say, «We will not wander more!» But how about the rest of us?

Kitty sat straight up at that.

«Will Mr. Harshaw be in London six

weeks from now?» The question was almost a cry. «Will you?» she demanded, turning upon him as if this was the last injury he could do her.

«I suppose so,» he said.

«And you will see my mother, and all of them?»

«I think so—if you wish.»

She rose up, as if she could bear no more. Harshaw waited an instant, and then followed her; but she motioned him back, and went away to have it out with herself alone.

I took up the book Harshaw had left on the grass. It was «Copp's Manual»—«For the use of prospectors,» etc.

After all, it is not so sure that Harshaw will go to London. There has been an engineer on the ground since last summer, when all the water was free. He has located a vast deal of it, perhaps the whole. Tom says he can hold only just as much as he can use; I hope there will be no difference of opinion on this point. There generally is a difference of opinion on points of location when the thing located is proved to have any value. The prior locator has gone East, they tell us at the ranch, on a business visit, presumably to raise capital for his scheme, which, as I understand it, is to force the water of the springs up on the dry plains above for irrigation (the fetish of the country), by means of a pneumatic pumping arrangement. His ladders and pipes, and all his hopeful apparatus, are clinging now like cobwebs to the face of the bluff, against that flashing, creaming broadside of the springs, at their greatest height and fall. I was pitying the poor man and his folly, but Tom says the plan is perfectly feasible.

The wall of the river cañon is built up in stories of basalt rock, each story defined by a horizontal fissure, out of which these mysterious waters gush, white and cold, taking glorious colors in the sunlight from the rich underpainting of the rock. There is an awfulness about it, too, as if the sheer front of rock were the retaining-wall of a reservoir as deep as the bluffs are high, which had sprung a leak in a thousand places, and might the next instant burst and ingulf the lagoon, and wipe out the pretty island between itself and the river. Winter and summer the volume of water never varies, and the rate of discharge is always the same, and the water is never cold, though I have just said it is. It looks cold until the rocks warm it with their gem-like tints, like a bride's jewels gleaming through her veil. Back of the bluffs where it might be supposed to come from, there is nothing for a hundred miles but drought and desert plains. I don't care for any of their theories concerning its source. It is better as it is—the miracle of the smitten rock.

You can fancy what wild presumption it must seem that a man should think to reverse those torrents and make them climb the bluff, or cram them into an iron pipe and send them like paid laborers to hoist and pump and grind, and light the streets at Silver City, a hundred miles away. And how the cataracts will shout while these two boys compare their rival claims to ownership in a force that with one stroke could lay them as flat as last year's leaves in the bottom of a mill-race!

The particular fall my schemer has located for his own—other claims to be discussed hereafter—is called the «Snow Bank.» He says he does n't want the earth: this one cataract is enough for him. To look at the whole frontage of the springs and listen to their roar, one would think there might be water enough for them both, poor children! Hardly what you 'd call two bites of a cherry!

If the springs were the half of a broken diamond bracelet, the Snow Bank would be its brightest gem, lying separate in the case—perhaps the one that was the clasp. It is half hidden by the shoulder of a great barren bluff that, at a certain angle of the sun, throws a blue shadow over it. At other times the fall is almost too bright in its foaming whiteness for the eye to endure.

Kitty is painting it with this shadow half across it; but the light shines upon it at its source. Tom is doubtful if she is showing the fall to the best advantage for his purpose, but he is obliging enough to let the artist try it in her own way first.

«Go up there,» she says, «and stand at the head of the spring, if you want to show by comparison how big it is, or how small you are.»

He goes, and gets in position, and Kitty makes some pencil-marks on the margin of her sketch. Then she waves her hands to tell him, across the shouting torrent, that she is done with him. She has been so quick that he thinks he must have mistaken her gesture. Then Harshaw makes the train-conductor's signal for the train to move on.

«You see,» she says to Harshaw and me, who are looking over her shoulder, «*that* would be the size of him in my sketch.» She points to the marginal pencil-mark, which is not longer than the nib of a stub-pen. «I can't make a little black dot like that look like a man.»

«In this particular sketch for his purpose, he 'd rather look like a dot than a man, I dare say,» said Harshaw.

«Well, shall I put him in? I can make a note of it on the margin: ‹This black dot is Mr. Daly, standing at the spring-head. He is six feet—›»

«But he is n't, you know,» Harshaw says. «He 's five feet ten—if he 's that.»

«Ten and a half,» Tom's wife corrects.

Our lunch that day had been left in the boat. We went down and ate it under the mountain birches at a spot where the Snow Bank empties into the lagoon—not *our* lagoon, as we called it, between our camp and the lovely Sand Springs Fall, but the upper one, made by the springs themselves, before their waters reach the river. In front of us, half embraced by the lagoon and half by the river, lay a little island-ranch of about ten acres, not cut up in crops, but all over green in pasture. A small cabin, propping up a large hop-vine, showed against a mass of birch and cottonwood on the river side of the island.

«What a place for a honeymoon!» said I.

«There is material there for half of a honeymoon,» said Tom—«the feminine half; not bad material, either.»

«Oh, yes,» I said; «we have seen her—that is, we have seen her sunbonnet.»

«Kitty, you 've got a rival,» I exclaimed; for there in the sunny center of the island, planted with obvious design right in front of the Snow Bank, *our* Snow Bank, was an artist's big white umbrella.

«Why should I not have in a place like this?» she said. «If the schemers arrive by twos, why not two of my modest craft? We shall leave it as we find it; we don't intend to carry it away in our pockets.» She stopped, and blushed disdainfully. «I forgot,» she murmured, «my own mercenary designs.»

«I have not heard of these mercenary designs of yours. What are they, may I ask?» Harshaw had turned on his side on the grass, and half rose on one elbow as he looked at her.

«That is strange,» mocked Kitty, with supreme coldness. «You have always been so interested in my affairs!»

«I always shall be,» he replied seriously, with supreme gentleness.

«I ought to be so grateful.»

«But unfortunately you are not.»

«I should be grateful if you would move a little farther to the right, if you please. That young person in the pink sunbonnet is coming down to water her horses again.»

Harshaw calmly took himself out of her way altogether, lighted his pipe, and went down close to the water, and sat there on a stone, and presently, as we could hear, entered into easy conversation with the pink sunbonnet, the face of which leaned toward him over the pony's neck as it stooped to drink. The splashed waters became still, and softly the whole picture—pink sunbonnet, clay-bank pony, pale, shivery willows, and deep blue sky—developed on the negative of the clear lagoon.

There was no use in saying how pretty it was, so we resorted to the other note, of disparagement. I remarked that I should not think a pink sunbonnet would be ravishingly becoming to the average Snake River complexion, as I had seen it.

«*That* sunbonnet is becoming, you bet!» Tom remarked. «Wait till you see the face inside it.»

«Have you seen it?»

«Quite frequently. Do you think Harshaw would sit there talking with her, as he does by the hour, if that sunbonnet was not becoming?»

«As he does by the hour! And why have we not heard of her before?» I requested to be told.

«Business, my dear. She is a feature of the scheme—quite an important one. She represents the hitch which is sure to develop early in the history of every live enterprise.»

«Indeed?» I said. And if Harshaw talked with her on business, I did n't see what his talking had to do with the face inside her bonnet.

«I don't say that it 's always on business,» Tom threw in significantly.

«Who is the lady in the pink sunbonnet, and what is your business with her?» I demanded.

«I question the propriety of speaking of her in just that tone,» said Tom, «inasmuch as she happens to be a lady—somewhat off the conventional lines. She waters her own stock and milks her own cow, but that is because the old Indian girl who lives with her is laid up at present with a fever. Her father was an artist—one of the great unappreciated—»

«So that was her father painting the Snow Bank?» I interrupted.

«Her father is dead, my dear, as you would have learned if you had listened to my story. But he lived here a good many years before he died. He had made a queer marriage, old man Decker tells me, and quarreled with the world on account of it. He came here with his disputed bride. She was some-

body else's wife first, I believe, and there was a trifling informality about the matrimonial exchange; but it came out all right. They both died, and a sweeter, fresher little thing than the daughter! Adamant, though—bedrock, so far as we are concerned.»

«What do you want that belongs to her?» I asked. «Her island, perhaps?»

«Only right of way across it. But that 's a detail.» She is the owner of something else we do want—this piece of ground,»—he looked about him and waved his hand,—«and all this above us, where our power-plant must stand. And our business is to persuade her to sign the lease, or, if she won't lease, to sell it when we are ready to buy. We have to make sure of that piece of ground. This place is so confoundedly cut up with scenery and nonsense that there 's not a spot available for our plant but this. We 'll bridge the lagoon and make a landing on that point of birches over there.»

«You will! And do you suppose she will sign a lease to empower you to wipe her off the face of the earth—abolish her and her pretty island at one fell swoop?»

«She knows nothing yet about our designs upon her toy island. We have n't approached her on that. We could manage without it at a pinch.»

«So good of you!» I murmured.

«But we can't manage without a place to put our power-house.»

«She 'll have to sign her own death-warrant, of course. If you get a footing for your power-house you 'll want the island next. I never heard of such grasping profanation.»

«Well, if Cecy could see his way to fall in love with her,—I would n't ask him to woo her in cold blood,—it would be a monstrous convenient way to settle it.»

«Why do you say such things before her?» I asked Tom when we were alone. «They are not pretty things to say, in the first place.»

«Have you noticed how she is always snubbing him? I thought it time somebody should try the counter-snub. He 's not solely dependent for the joys of life on the crumbs of her society.»

«Do you suppose she cares whom he talks to, or whom he spends his time with?»

«Perhaps she does n't care. I should like to give her a chance to see if she cares, that 's all.»

Tom's location notice being plain for all eyes to read, the mistress of the island naturally inquired what he wanted with the Snow Bank; and he, thinking she would see at once the value to her ranch of such a neighboring enterprise, frankly told her of his scheme. Nothing of its scientific interest, its difficulties, its commercial value, even its benefit to herself, appealed to the little islander. To her it was simply an attempt to alter and ruin the spot she loved best on earth; to steal her beautiful waterfall and carry it away in an ugly iron pipe. Whether the thing could be done, she did not ask herself; the design was enough. Never would she lend herself, or anything that was hers, to such an impious desecration! This was her position, which any child might have taken in defense of a beloved toy; but she was holding it with all a woman's force and constancy.

I was glad of it, I said to Tom, and I hoped she would stand them off for all she was worth. But I am not really glad. What woman could love a waterfall better than her husband's success? There are hundreds of waterfalls in the world, but only this one scheme for Tom.

But anent this hitch, it teases me a little, I confess, on Kitty's account, when Cecil meanders over to the island at all hours of the day. To be sure, it relieves Kitty of his company; but is she so glad, after all, to be relieved?

It was last Friday, after one of Harshaw's entirely frank but perfectly unexplained absences, that he came into camp and inquired if there was any clam-broth left in the kitchen. I referred him to the cook. Finding there was, he returned to me and asked if he might take a tin of it to Miss Malcolm for her patient.

«Who is Miss Malcolm?» I asked. But of course who could she be but the lady of the island, where he spends the greater part of his time? He was welcome to the clam-broth, or anything else he thought would be acceptable in that quarter, I said. And how was the patient?

«Oh, she 's quite bad all the time. She does n't get about. I wonder if you 'd mind, Mrs. Daly, if I asked you to look in on her some day? The old creature 's in a sad way, it seems to me.»

Of course I did n't mind, if Miss Malcolm did not. Harshaw seemed to feel authorized to assure me of that fact. So I went first with Tom, and then I went again alone, leaving Harshaw in the boat with Kitty.

Miss Malcolm's maid- or man-servant, or both,—for she does the work of both, and looks in her bed (dressed in a flannel bed-sack, her head tied up in an old blue knitted «fascinator») less like a woman than anything I ever beheld,—appears to have had a

mild form of grippe fever, and having never been sick in her life before, she thought she was nearing her end. My simple treatment, the basis of which was quinine and whisky, seemed to strike old Tamar favorably; and after the second visit there was no need to come again to see her. But by this time I was deep in the good books of her mistress, who knows too little of illness herself to appreciate how little has been done, by me at least, or how very little needed to be done after restoring the old woman's confidence in her power to live. (The last time I saw her she still wore the blue fascinator, but with a man's hat on top of it; she was waddling toward the cow-corral with half a haystack, it looked like, poised on a hay-fork above her head. She was certainly a credit to her doctor, if not to her *corsétière*, she and the haystack being much of a figure.)

Miss Malcolm's innocent gratitude is most embarrassing, really painful, under the circumstances, and the poor child cannot let the circumstances alone. She imagines I am always thinking about Tom's scheme. It is evident that *she* is; and not being exactly a woman of the world, out of the fullness of her heart her mouth speaketh. That would be all right if she would speak to somebody else. *I* don't want to take advantage of her gratitude, as she seems determined I shall do.

«You must think me a very strained, sentimental creature,» she said to me the last time, «to care so much for a few old rocks and a little piece of foamy water.»

I did n't think so at all, I told her. If I had lived there all my life, I should feel about the place just as she did.

Here she began to blush and distress herself. «But think how kind you have all been to me! Mr. Harshaw was here every day, after he found how ill poor Tamar was. He did so many things: he lifted her, for one thing, and that I could n't have done to save her life. And your two visits have simply cured her! And here I am making myself a stumbling-block and ruining your husband's plans!»

I said he was quite capable of taking care of himself.

«Does your husband want *all* the water?» she persisted. «Do I understand that he must have it all?»

I supposed she was talking of the Snow Bank, and since she was determined we should discuss the affair in this social way, I said he would have to have a great deal; and I told her about the distance the power would have to be sent, and about the mines and the smelters, and all the rest of it, for it was no use to belittle the scheme. I had got started unintentionally, and I saw by her face that I had made an impression. It is a small-featured, rather set, colorless face, not so pretty as Tom pretended, but very delicate and pure; but now it became suddenly the face of a fierce little bigot, and enthusiast to boot.

«It shall never go through—not *that* scheme—not if—» Then she remembered to whom she was talking, and set her lips together, and two great shiny drops stood in her eyes.

«Don't, don't, you child!» I said. «Don't worry about their old scheme! If it must come it will come; but as a rule, a scheme, my dear, is the last thing that ever does go through. There 's plenty of time.»

«But I can't give in,» she said. «No; I *must* try to hinder it all I can. I will be honest with you. I like you all; of all the strangers who have come here I never liked any people better. But your husband—must *not*—set his heart on *all* that water! It does n't belong to him.»

«Does it belong to you, dear?»

«The *sight* of it belongs to me,» she said. «I will not have the place all littered up with their pipes and power-plants. Look out there! Look at that! Has any one the right to come here and spoil such a lovely thing as that?» This is what it is to be the daughter of an artist.

«And how about the other despoiler,» I asked—«the young man with the pneumatic pipe?»

«The ‹pneumatic pipe›!» she repeated.

«‹Pump,› I mean. Is he to be allowed all over the place to do as *he* pleases? His scaling-ladders are littering up the bluffs—not that they incommode the bluffs any; but if I lived here, I should want to brush them away as I would sweep the cobwebs from my walls.»

«I do not own the bluffs,» she said in a distant, tremulous voice.

But the true answer to my question, as I surmise, was the sudden, helpless flush which rose, wave upon wave, covering her poor little face, blotting out all expression but that of painful girlish shame. Here, if I 'm not mistaken, will be found the heart of the difficulty. Miss Malcolm's sympathies are evidently with compressed air rather than with electrical transmission. I shall tell Tom he need waste no more arguments on her. Let him first compound with his rival of the pump.

I SUPPOSE there is just such a low, big moon as this looking in upon you where you sit, you little dot of a woman, lost in the piazza per-

spectives of the Coronado; and you might think small things of our present habitation —a little tent among the bushes, with wind-blown weeds against the moon, shifting their shadow-patterns over our canvas walls. But you 'd not think small things of our Sand Springs Fall by night, that glimmers on the dark cliff opposite—cliff, and noiseless, mist-like cataract, and the low moon throwing the shadow of the bluff across it, all repeated in the stiller, darker picture of the lagoon. I shall not inflict much of this sort of thing upon you; but the senseless beauty of it all gives one a heartache. Why should it be here, where you and I shall never see it together—where I shall leave it soon, never to see it again? Tom says we are coming back—when the great scheme is under way. Ah, the scheme, the scheme! It looks very far away to-night, and so do some other schemes that I seem to have set my heart on unaware, foolish old woman that I am. As if there was only one way in this world for young men and women to be happy!

Harshaw brought me your sweet letter yesterday. It was stage-day, and he went up over the bluffs to the ferry mail-box at the cross-roads, where the road to Shoshone Falls branches from the road to Bliss.

I read to Kitty what you wrote me about the Garretts and their children, and the going to New York and then to Paris. (Thank you so much, dear, for your prompt interest in my little bride that is n't to be!) She had two letters of her own which she had read by herself, and afterward I thought she had been crying; but with her it is best not to press the note of sympathy. Neither does she like me to handle her affairs with gloves on, so to speak. So I plunged into the business in a matter-of-fact tone, and she replied in the same. Her objection is to going east to New York, and then to the other side. «I had rather stay in California,» she said, «or anywhere in the West.» Naturally; westward lies the way of escape from social complications.

She is afraid of the Percifers, and of meeting people she knows in Paris. But an offer like this was exceptional in this part of the world, I reminded her. A nurse for the boy, a maid, and only two little girls of eight and ten on her hands; and such nice people as the Garretts, who have been all over the world!

«Well,» she said, «I should certainly like to get away from here as soon as possible. From *here*, not from *you!*» she added, looking me in the face. Her eyes were full of tears. We clasped hands on that.

«What is it? Has anything else happened?» I asked; for I knew by her looks that something had.

«Oh, dear!» she sighed, «I should so like to take myself and my troubles seriously once in a while. No sooner do I try, but something perfectly farcical is sure to happen. If I tell you this, promise me you won't laugh. It 's indecent for me to laugh; mama would never forgive me. The old dear! I 'm so fond of him!»

The «old dear,» it seems, is Micky's father —a very superior sort of father for such a son to have, but accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. He is a gallant widower of fair estate, one of those splendid old club-men of London; a very expensive article of old gentleman, with fine old-fashioned manners and morals, and a few stray impulses left, it would seem by what follows. According to the father's code, the son has not conducted himself in his engagement to Kitty Comyn as a gentleman should. Thereupon the head of the house goes to Miss Kitty's mother and makes the *amende honorable* by offering his hand and heart and fortune to his son's insulted bride! The mother is touched and pleased not a little by this prompt espousal of her daughter's cause; and having wiped away all tears from *her* eyes, this gallant old gentleman is coming over to America, for the first time in his life, to make his proposal to the bride herself! He is not so old, to get down to particulars; sixty-three does n't seem so old to some of us as it does to Miss Kitty. He is in fine health, I doubt not, and magnificently preserved. Kitty's mother is not at all averse, as I gather, to this way of settling her child's difficulties. She rather pleadingly assures Kitty that Mr. Harshaw senior has solemnly sworn that this is no unpleasant duty he feels called on to perform; not only his honor, but his affections are profoundly enlisted in this proposal. Kitty has had for years a sacred place in his regard; and from thinking of her as a daughter absolutely after his own heart, it is but a step to think of her in a still nearer—the nearest—relation. He begs her mother to prepare her for no perfunctory offer of marriage, but one that warms with every day's delay till he can take the dear child under his lifelong protection. Not to punish or to redress does he come, but to secure for himself and posterity a treasure which his son had trampled under foot. Somehow we did not feel like laughing, after all. Kitty, I think, is a little frightened. She cannot reach her mother, even with a cable despatch, before this second champion will arrive.

«He 's an awfully grand old fellow, you know. I could never talk to him as I do to the boys. If he thinks it his duty to marry me, I don't know if I can help myself. Poor Uncle George! I've always called him (uncle) like his own nieces, who are all my friends. I never thought that I should be (poor-ing) Uncle George! But he can't have heard yet of Micky's marriage. Fancy his going down to the ranch to stay with Micky and that woman! And then for a girl like me to toss him aside, after such a journey and such kindness! I don't know how I shall ever have courage to do it. There are fine women in London who would jump at the chance of being Mrs. Harshaw—not Mrs. Micky, nor Mrs. Stephen, nor Mrs. Sidney, but *Mrs. Harshaw*, you understand?» I understood.

«And now,» she said, producing the second letter, «you *will* laugh! And you may!»

The envelop contained a notification, in due form, of the arrival from New York, charges not paid, of some five hundred pounds of second-class freight consigned to Mrs. Harshaw, Harshaw's ranch, Glenn's Ferry (via Bisuka).

«These things belong to me,» said Kitty. «I paid for them, at least. They cost me the last bit of money I had that was my own. Mrs. Percifer, who is so clever at managing, persuaded me I should need them directly on the ranch—curtains and rugs and china, and heaven knows what! She nearly killed me, dragging me about those enormous New York shops. She said it would be far and away cheaper and better to buy them there. I did n't mind about anything, I was so scared and homesick; I did whatever she said. She saw to getting them off, I suppose. That must have been her idea, directing them to Mrs. Harshaw. She thought there would be no Kitty Comyn, no *me*, when these got here. And there is n't; *this* is not the Kitty Comyn who left England—six weeks, is it?—or six years ago!

«How did the letter reach you?» I asked. We examined the envelop. It bore the postmark, not of Bisuka, but of Glenn's Ferry, which is the nearest post-office to the Harshaw ranch. Micky's wife had doubtless opened the letter, and Micky, perceiving where the error lay, had reinclosed, but some one else had directed it—the postmaster, probably, at his request—to Kitty, at our camp. That was rather a nice little touch in Micky, that last about the direction.

«Come, he is honest, at the least,» I said, «whether Mrs. Micky would have scrupled or not. She could claim the things if she chose.»

«She is quite welcome,» said Kitty. «I don't know what in the world I shall do with them. There 'll be boxes and bales and barrels—enough to bury me and all my troubles. I might build me a funeral pyre!»

We fell into each other's arms and screamed with laughter.

«Kitty, we 'll have an auction,» I cried. «There 's nothing succeeds like an auction out here. We 'll sell the things at boom prices—we 'll sell everything.»

«But the bride,» said Kitty; «you will have to keep the bride.» And without a moment's warning, from laughing till she wept, she began to weep in earnest. I have n't seen her cry so since she came to us, not even that miserable first night. She struggled with herself, and seemed dreadfully ashamed, and angry with me that I should have seen her cry. Did she suppose I thought she was crying because she was n't going to be a bride, after all?

«Oh, Mrs. Daly, I feel so ill!» were Kitty's first words to me when I woke this morning. I looked her over and questioned her, and concluded that a sleepless night, with not very pleasant thoughts for company, might be held responsible for a good share of her wretchedness.

«What were you lying awake about? Your new champion, Uncle George?» I asked her.

She owned that it was. «Don't you see, Mrs. Daly, mama does n't leave room for the possibility of my refusing him. And if I do refuse him, he 'll simply take me back to England, and then, between him and mama, and all of them, I don't know what will happen.»

«Kitty,» I said, «no girl who has just escaped from one unhappy engagement is going to walk straight into another with her eyes wide open. I won't believe you could be so foolish as that.»

«You don't understand,» she said, «what the pressure will be at home—in all love and kindness, of course. And you don't know Uncle George. He is so sure that I need him, he 'll force me to take him. He 'll take me back to England in any case.»

«And would you not like to go, Kitty?»

«Ah, would n't I! But not in that way.»

She sat up in her flannel camp-gown, and began to braid up her loosened hair.

«Kitty,» I commanded, «lie down. You are not to get up till luncheon.»

«I have a plan,» she said, «and I must see Mr. Harshaw; he must help me carry it out. There is no one else who can.»

«You have all day to see him in.»

«Not all day, Mrs. Daly. He must be ready to start to-morrow. Uncle George will reach Bisuka on the fifteenth, not later. Cecil must meet him there, first, to prepare him for Micky's new arrangement, and second, to persuade him that he does not owe me an offer of marriage in consequence. Cecil will know how to manage it; he must know! I will not have any more of the Harshaws offering themselves as substitutes. It 's passing strange if I cannot exist without them somehow.»

It struck me that the poor child's boast was a little premature, as she seemed to be making rather free use of one of the substitutes still, as a shield against the others; but it was of a piece with the rest of the comedy. I kept her in bed till she had had a cup of tea; afterward she slept a little, and about noon she dressed herself and gave Cecil his audience. But first, at her request, I had possessed him with the main facts and given him an inkling of what was expected of him. His face changed; he looked as he did after his steeplechase the day I saw him first,—except that he was cleaner,—grave, excited, and resolved. He had taken the bit in his teeth. When substitute meets substitute in a cause like this! I would have left them to have their little talk by themselves, but Kitty signified peremptorily that she wished me to stay, with a flushed, appealing look that softened the nervous tension of her manner.

«I would do anything on earth for you, Kitty,» Cecil said most gently and fervently; «but don't ask me to give advice—to Uncle George of all men—on a question of this kind—unless you will allow me to be perfectly frank.»

«It 's a family question,» said Kitty, ignoring his proviso.

«I think it would get to be a personal question very soon between Uncle George and me. No; I meddled in one family question not very long ago.»

«It 's very strange,» said Kitty, restlessly, «if you can't help me out of this in some way. I cannot be so disrespectful to him, the dear old gentleman! I ought not to be put in such a position, or he either. How would you like it if it were your father?»

Cecil reddened handsomely at this home question. «I 'd have a deuce of a time to stop him if he took the notion, you know; it 's not exactly a son's or a nephew's business. There is only one way in which I can help you, Kitty. You must know that.»

He had struck a different key, and his face was all one blush to correspond with the new note in his voice. I think I never saw a manlier, more generous warmth of ardor and humility, or listened to words so simple uttered in such telling tones.

«What way is that?» asked Kitty, coldly.

«Forgive me! I could tell him that you are engaged to me.»

«That would be a nice way—to tell him a falsehood! I should hope I had been humiliated enough—»

She snatched her handkerchief from her belt and pressed it to her burning face. I rose again to go. «Sit still, pray!» she murmured.

«It need not be a falsehood, Kitty. Let it be anything you like. You may trust me not to take advantage. A nominal engagement, if you choose, just to meet this exigency; or—»

«That would be cheating,» cried Kitty.

«The cheat would bear a little harder on me than on any one else, I think.»

«You are too good!» Kitty smiled disdainfully. «First you offer yourself to me as a cure, and now as a preventive.»

«Kitty, I think you ought at least to take him seriously,» I remonstrated.

«By all that 's sacred, you 'll find it 's serious with me!» Cecil ejaculated.

«Since when?» retorted Kitty. «How many weeks ago is it that I came out here by your contrivance to marry your cousin? Is that the way a man shows his seriousness? You sacrificed more to marry me to Micky than some men would to win a girl themselves.»

«I did, and for that very reason,» said Cecil.

«I should like to see you prove it!»

«Kitty, excuse me,» I interrupted. «I should like to ask Mr. Harshaw one question, if he does not mind. Do you happen to have that picture about you, Mr. Harshaw?»

I thought I was looking at him very kindly, not at all like an inquisitor, but his face was set and stern. I doubt if he perceived or looked for my intention.

«'That picture,' Mrs. Daly?» he repeated.

«The photograph of a young lady that you jumped into the river to save—don't you remember?»

Cecil smiled slightly, and glanced at Kitty. «Did I say it was a photograph of a lady?»

«No; you did not. But do you deny that it was?»

«Certainly not, Mrs. Daly. I have the picture with me; I always have it.»

«And do you think *that* looks like seriousness? To be making such protestations to one girl with the portrait of another in your

coat pocket? We have none of us forgotten, I think, that little conversation by the river.»

He saw my intention now, and thanked me with a radiant look. «Here is the picture, Mrs. Daly. Whose portrait did you think it was? Surely *you* might have known, Kitty! This is the girl I wanted years ago, and have wanted ever since; but she belonged to another man, and the man was my friend. I tried to save that man from insulting her and dishonoring himself, because I thought she loved him. Or, if he could n't be saved, I wanted to expose him and save her. And I risked my own honor to do it, and a great fool I was for my pains. But this is the last time I shall make a fool of myself for your sake, Kitty.»

I rose now in earnest, and I would not be stayed. In point of fact, nobody tried to stay me. Kitty was looking at her own face with eyes as dim as the little water-stained photograph she held. And Cecil was on his knees beside her, whispering: «I stole it from Micky's room at the ranch. That was no place for it, anyhow. May I not have one of my own, Kitty?»

I think he will get one—of his own Kitty.

Our rival schemer, Mr. Norman Fleet, has arrived, and electrical transmission has shaken hands with compressed air. The millennium must be on the way, for never did two men want so nearly the same thing, and yet agree to take each what the other does not need.

Mr. Fleet does not «want the earth,» either, nor all the waters thereof; but the most astonishing thing is, he does n't want the Snow Bank! He not only does n't want it himself, but is perfectly willing that Tom should have it. In fact, do what we will, it seems to be impossible for us to tread on the tail of that young man's coat. But having heard a little bird whisper that he is in love, and successfully so, I am not so surprised at his amiability. Neither am I altogether unprepared, if the little bird's whisper be true, for the fact that Miss Malcolm is becoming reconciled to Tom's designs upon her beloved scenery. For the sake of consistency, and that pure devotion to the Beautiful, so rare in this sordid age, I could have wished that she had not weakened so suddenly; but for Tom's sake I am very glad. She is clay in the hands of the potter, now that she knows my husband does not want «all the water,» and that his success does not mean the failure of Mr. Norman Fleet.

Harshaw will take the Snow Bank scheme when he takes Kitty back to London. If he promotes it, I tell Tom, after the fashion in which he «boomed» Kitty's marriage to his cousin, we 're not likely to see either him or the Snow Bank again. But «Harshaw is all right,» Tom says; and I believe that the luck is with him.

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF «THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,» «THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE,» ETC.

[SECOND PAPER.]

HITHERTO the most interesting features in the history of South Africa have been the relations to one another of the races that originally inhabited or have recently occupied it, and the most difficult problems which its future presents arise from the relations of these races. Three races are native, four are European. The cases of contact or conflict between European and aboriginal races, which have been numerous during the last four centuries, include those where the native race, though perhaps numerous, is comparatively weak, and unable to assimilate European civilization, or to thrive under European rule (a rule which has often been harsh), or even to survive in the presence of a European population occupying its country; those where Europeans have conquered a country already filled by a more or less civilized population, which is so numerous and so prolific as to maintain itself in their presence; and those in which the native race is numerous and strong enough to maintain itself in the face of Europeans, while, on the other hand, there is plenty of room left for a large European population to press in. This is what has happened in South Africa; the Dutch and the English settlers do not mix their blood with that of the natives. So far as can be predicted, both whites and natives will go on increasing, but not blending. We shall presently see how grave are the problems to which this fact must in the future give rise.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town, in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships sailing to the East, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of South Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion, and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers, and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Manicaland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments, and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly superior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing-grounds, but largely, also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the Colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population of Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malays and west-coast negroes, the descendants of slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange River, and beyond it in Namagualand, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning «people») by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally «one who denies»). It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these South Africans, but to other heathen; as, for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush Mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—fill all East Africa from the regions of the Upper Nile southward. Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a Gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have the woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion, except in a sort of magic, and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine-men, often powerful as the denouncers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa. Like them, they had songs and popular tales, some of which much resembled those that have been collected among the negroes of the Southern States of America by the ingenious author of «Uncle Remus,» the hare usually taking the place of his rabbit, and outwitting the stronger beasts.[1] Like them, they were organized in tribes, under chiefs, who in some cases enjoyed an almost absolute power, and in others were little more than leaders, obliged to consult and fall in with the wishes of their followers. Respect was generally paid to birth, and there existed a kind of law, consisting of customs handed down by tradition. All the tribes were accustomed to war, and,

[1] Several collections of Kafir folklore exist: the latest being the interesting «Contes Populaires des Bassoutos,» of Mr. E. Jacottet, a Swiss scholar, stationed as a missionary in Basutoland.

indeed, lived in a state of almost perpetual intertribal hostility.

Of the history of South Africa before the Europeans came virtually nothing is known. The recollections of savages seldom go back further than three or four generations; and these Bantu peoples know nothing of their past beyond vague traditions that they came from the North. When the Portuguese settled on the east coast they found Kafir tribes established there from Natal northward, though there is reason to believe that large tracts in the interior, such as Basutoland and the Orange Free State, now occupied by Bantu tribes, were then wandered over by Bushmen only. One gleam of light, and one only, struggles through the darkness that covers the earlier times—the times which some one has called those of prehistoric history in South Africa. It would seem that, at some far distant date, a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland, and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold-workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods, no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold-working, pieces of ancient building executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build to-day. These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of the granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called «herring-bone» pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall thirty feet high, and from six to twelve or fourteen feet thick, incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship. There are no inscriptions of any kind, and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building, or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources (including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament) that there was from very early times a trade between the Red Sea and some part of East Africa; and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly plausible. Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins, and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient building already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls; and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race, or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out, or peaceably withdrew, or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population, we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia they must have come more than twelve centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed; for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, fifteen centuries earlier.

It is this mystery which makes the ruins of Zimbabwe, the solitary archæological curiosity of South Africa, so impressive. The ruins are not grand, nor are they beautiful. They are simple almost to rudeness. It is the loneliness of the landscape where they stand, and still more the complete darkness which surrounds their origin, their object, and their history, that gives to them their unique interest.

For us the curtain rises upon the Kafir peoples when the Dutch settlers, spreading slowly eastward from the neighborhood of the Cape, came into contact, and presently into conflict, with them. Hostilities first broke out in 1779, and in the century that followed there are reckoned no fewer than nine Kafir wars. The natives fought with a fierceness comparable to that of North American Indians; and though less skilled in the arts of ambush and surprise, they were not less swift in their movements, or less fearless in meeting death. Had the policy of the colonial government been firmer and more consistent, much fighting and suffering might have been saved; yet some of its errors were due to a desire to deal gently with the natives,

and to stop an advance of conquest which we now perceive was inevitable. The worst blunder was committed in 1879, when Sir Bartle Frere attacked a native power more formidable than any which had yet been encountered by British troops—that of the Zulus. The Zulus are a branch of the Bantu race, eminent for their courage, their physical strength, and their absolute submission to their king. Tshaka, the able and relentless chief who reigned for about twenty years, and was murdered by his brothers in 1828, had by his force of will, his military talents, and the system of strict drill and discipline which he introduced, subdued all his neighbors, and devastated vast tracts of country, slaughtering or chasing away their inhabitants. His nephew, Cetewayo, when the war broke out in 1879, was at the head of an army of 30,000 men, and inflicted a serious defeat upon the British forces before he was finally overthrown and his country brought under British sway. After his fall there remained only two strong native kingdoms south of the Zambesi. One of these kingdoms, that of Lo Bengula, king of the Matabele, was conquered in 1893 by the British South African Company; and the other, that of Gungunhana, whose territories lay northeast of the Transvaal State, has within the last six months (December, 1895, and January, 1896) perished at the hands of the Portuguese. With many tribes there has been no fighting at all. Awed by the boldness of the white man, these less warlike tribes accepted the rule of the intruding settlers with scarcely a murmur, and, in many cases, looked on them as protectors. Nearly all the hard fighting in South Africa has been with the Zulus, to whom the Matabele belong ethnologically, and with the Xosa clans on the south coast, while the Bechuanas and Ba-Rolongs and the Tongas, and the tribes of Mashonaland as far as the Zambesi, have, as a rule, submitted promptly and quietly.


ZAMBESI R.
MASHONA LAND
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY
MATABELE LAND
Orodzhiwets
Bulawayo
Zimbabye
Victoria
Salisbury
Fort Victoria
Fort Charter
Fort Tuli
Fort Salisbury
Fort Victoria
Fort Victoria
Fort Victoria

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the colonizing force of Portugal declined with the decline of her European power. She made no further efforts to explore, and even abandoned some of her stations on the Zambesi. She remained, however, undisturbed in her possessions till a few years ago, when a question arose between her and Great Britain regarding the right to Delagoa Bay, a port the value of which, as the only deep-water harbor fit for large vessels along the whole stretch of the southeast coast south of Beira, was now generally perceived. President MacMahon, to whom as arbitrator the controversy was referred, decided in favor of Portugal. Subsequently Germany appeared as a formidable neighbor on the north, while boundary disputes arose with the British settlers who in 1890 had occupied the inland country to the west. Thus the Portuguese frontier, which had been very uncertain, has now become defined. It includes a vast area, but in that area the number of white men, or even of semi-civilized half-breeds, is so small that, although some fitful efforts have been made by the Mozambique Company, little or no progress in occupying or improving the country can be recorded. Portugal sends no emigrants to Africa. Her government, now hard pressed for money, cannot find the sums needed to develop her African territories, nor is there private capital in Portugal to supplement the weakness of the government. The Beira Railway and the Delagoa Bay Railway (of which more anon) have both been built by foreign companies. Practically Portugal may be looked on as an extinct force in South Africa. Even those who, knowing the Portuguese at home, appreciate their many fine qualities, may fear that probably their dominions, under the operation of those natural forces which, in politics, as in the animal and vegetable worlds, displace the weaker stocks, will ultimately pass to some other race and power, or be divided among contending claimants. Even to-day the trade with Portuguese East Africa is in the hands of German and British houses, and the once famous flag of Portugal floats only over some small war-vessels.

The history of the second European race that entered South Africa presents a singular contrast to that of the first. All that the Portuguese accomplished was accomplished within the century after their arrival. Thereafter their power and their spirit waned, and when, a few years ago, the advent of German and English competitors roused them, neither the mother country nor the colonists proved able to rise to the emergency. The Dutch, on the other hand, arriving on the scene a century and a half later, advanced very slowly for many years. But they grew up a hardy and enduring stock, stern, self-reliant, tenacious. When Holland was forced to abandon them their national spirit survived. Misfortunes have not extinguished it; trials have tempered it like toughened steel; it is to-day a factor of prime significance in the complicated play of political forces.

From the time of the first Dutch settlement at Cape Town, in 1652, till Holland lost the country, in 1795, Cape Colony was governed by the Dutch East India Company, which had occupied it originally only as a half-way house to India, and had never taken any keen interest in it, because it produced no revenue comparable to that drawn from Java and the Eastern trade. The usual defects of administration by a trading company had shown themselves, and the colonists had frequently murmured, sometimes protested, and once or twice nearly rebelled, against the corruption or oppression of their governors. They were free-spirited and unsubmissive by a triple right. They were the children of those Hollanders who had resisted Philip II. of Spain, and of those Huguenots who had been expelled by Louis XIV. of France. They were Presbyterians in church government and Calvinists in doctrine, apt, like the Scotch, to carry the republicanism of their church polity into civil affairs; and they lived, most of them, an isolated life on the edge of a vast wilderness, forced by their circumstances to be bold and self-reliant, and seldom brought into contact with any authority. In 1779, when there were probably only some five or six thousand adult males in the whole country, they had been so roused by the news from America of the success of the colonists there against Britain as to send delegates to Holland, to demand representation in the government of the colony; and in 1795 two communities, discontented with the administration of the then insolvent company, threw off its yoke, and without overtly renouncing their connection with Holland, established petty republics. The advent of an English force, which in the same year occupied Cape Town, suppressed these movements. England had by this time become the strongest power in India, and the possession of such a naval station as the Cape on the road to her Eastern dominions was, therefore, of the greatest consequence to her during the great war which was then raging with France. The Prince of Orange, who had been driven out of Holland by the French, authorized her to

occupy the Cape, and, though a show of resistance was made by the colonial authorities, his orders and the internal discontent which prevailed with the rule of the Dutch East India Company facilitated the British conquest. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, the colony was handed back to the Dutch; but next year the war broke out afresh, and early in 1806 the English retook the colony, which, in 1814, was by treaty finally transferred to them by the restored Prince of Orange.

There were, in 1806, only 27,000 white people, counting women and children, in the colony, and nearly all of these spoke Dutch, for the descendants of the Huguenots had long since lost their French. No people likes being handed over to the government of a different race, and the British administration in the colony in those days was of course, though restrained by English law, necessarily somewhat autocratic, because no representative institutions had ever existed at the Cape. Still, things promised well for the future peace and ultimate fusion of the Dutch and English races. They were branches of the same Low German stock, separated by fourteen hundred years of separate history, but similar in the fundamental bases of their respective characters. Both were attached to liberty, and the British had, indeed, enjoyed at home a much fuller measure of it than the Dutch. Both professed the Protestant religion, and the Dutch were less tolerant toward Roman Catholics than the English. The two languages retained so much resemblance that it was easy for an Englishman to learn Dutch and for a Dutchman to learn English. An observer might have predicted that the two peoples would soon, by intercourse and by intermarriage, melt into one, as Dutch and English had done in New York. At first it seemed as if this would certainly come to pass. The first two British governors were men of high character, whose administration gave little ground for complaint to the old inhabitants. Local institutions were scarcely altered. The official use of the Dutch language was maintained. Intermarriage began, and the social relations of the few English with the many Dutch were friendly. In 1820 the British government sent out about five thousand emigrants from England and Scotland, who settled in the thinly occupied country on the eastern border of the colony, and from that time on there was a steady, though never copious, influx of British settlers, through whose presence the use of the English language increased.

Before long, however, this fair promise of peace and union was overclouded, and the causes which checked the fusion of the races in the colony, and created two Dutch republics beyond its limits, have had such momentous results that they need to be clearly stated.

The first was to be found in the character of the Dutch population. They were farmers, a few dwelling in villages and cultivating the soil, but the majority, being stock-farmers, lived scattered over a wide expanse of country; for the thinness of the pasture had made the stock-farms very large. They saw little of one another, and nothing of those who dwelt in the few towns which the colony possessed. They were ignorant, strongly attached to their old habits, impatient of any control. The opportunities for intercourse between them and the British were thus so few that the two races acquired very little knowledge of each other, and the process of social fusion was extremely slow.

A second cause was the unwisdom of the British authorities in altering (between 1825 and 1828) the old system of local government, and substituting English for Dutch as the language to be used in official documents and legal proceedings. A third arose out of the wars with the Kafirs on the eastern border; for the farmers thought that the government had not sufficiently protected them, and had, in misapprehension or weakness, restored to the aborigines land which ought to have been added to the colony. These complaints had some foundation.

But the main grievance arose out of those native and color questions which have ever since continued to trouble South Africa. Negroes had been brought as slaves to the colony as early as 1658, and when Britain acquired it, in 1806, there were about 30,000, a number exceeding that of the white population. The usual consequences of slavery, the degradation of labor, and the notion that the black man has no rights against the white, had followed. When, in 1828, Hottentots and other free colored people were placed by governmental ordinance on an equal footing with whites as regards private civil rights, the colonists were profoundly disgusted, and their exasperation was increased by the charge of ill-treating the natives frequently brought against them by the British missionaries. Finally, in 1834, the British Parliament passed a statute emancipating the slaves throughout all the British colonies, and awarding a sum of £20,000,000 sterling as compensation to the slave-owners. The part of this sum allotted to Cape Colony was considerably below the value of the

slaves held there, and, as the compensation was made payable in London, many slave-owners sold their claims at inadequate prices. The irritation produced by the loss thus suffered, intensifying the already existing discontent, set up a ferment among the Dutch farmers. Many resolved to quit the colony altogether and to go into the wilderness, where they might live as they pleased, maintaining those old ways to which they clung so closely. They were the more disposed to this course, because they knew that the wars and conquests of Tshaka, the ferocious Zulu king, had exterminated the Kafir population through parts of the interior, which therefore stood open to European settlement. Thus the great *trek*, as the Dutch call it,—the great emigration, or secession, as we should say,—of the Dutch Boers began in 1836, twenty-five years before another question of color and slavery brought about a still greater secession on the other side of the Atlantic.

If the reader will measure from Cape Town a distance of about 450 miles to the east (to the mouth of the Great Fish River), and about the same distance to the north-northeast (to where the towns of Middleburg and Colesberg now stand), he will obtain a pretty fair idea of the limits of European settlement in 1836. The outer parts of this area toward the north and east were very thinly peopled, and beyond them there was a vast wilderness, into which only two or three hunters had penetrated, though some few farmers had driven their flocks and herds into the fringe of it in search of fresh pastures during the summer. The regions still farther to the north and northeast were almost entirely unexplored. They were full of wild beasts, and were occupied here and there by native tribes, some, like the various branches of the Zulu race, eminently fierce and warlike. Large tracts, however, were believed to be empty and desolate, owing to the devastations wrought during his twenty years of reign by Tshaka, who had been murdered eight years before. Of the existence of mineral wealth no one dreamed. But it was believed that there was good grazing land to be found on the uplands that lay north of the great Quathlamba Range (where now the map shows the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic); more to the south lay the territory we now call Natal. It was described by those who had explored it as fertile and well watered, a country fit both for tillage and for pasture; but wide plains and high mountains had to be crossed to reach it by land, and close to it on the north was the main body of the Zulu nation, under King Dingaan.

Into this vast wilderness did the farmers propose to set forth; and whatever one may think of some of the motives that prompted their emigration, it is impossible not to admire their strenuous and valiant spirit. They were a religious people, knowing no book but the Bible, and they deemed themselves, like many another religious people at a like crisis of their fortunes, to be under the special protection of Heaven. The colonial government saw with concern the departure of so many useful subjects. But it was advised that it had no legal right to stop them; so it stood by silently, while party after party of emigrants—each householder with his wife and his little ones, his flocks and his herds and all his goods—took its slow way from the eastern or northern parts of the colony, up the slopes of the coast range, and across the passes that lead into the high plateau behind. They traveled in large, covered wagons drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen, and they were obliged to travel in parties of no great size lest their cattle should exhaust the pasture along the track they followed. There was, however, a general concert of plan among them, and most of the smaller groups united at spots previously fixed upon for a rendezvous. All the men were armed, for the needs of defense against the Bushmen, and the passion for killing game, had made the farmers expert in the use of the rifle. As marksmen they were unusually steady and skilful, and in the struggle that followed nothing but their marksmanship saved them. Few now survive of those who took part in this great trek, but among them is Paul Krueger, now President of the South African Republic, who, then a boy of ten, followed his father's cattle as they were driven forward across the prairie.

I have not space to tell, save in the briefest outline, the striking and romantic story of the wanderings of the emigrant Boers and their conflicts with the native tribes. The first party, like the first host of crusaders that started for the East at the end of the eleventh century, perished miserably. They penetrated far to the northeast, into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic. Some were cut off by the natives; some, reduced to a mere handful by fever and by the loss of their cattle,—for they had ventured into the lower country to the southeast of the mountains,—made their way to the coast at Delagoa Bay. Another party, formed by the union of a number of smaller bodies at Thaba 'Ntshu, a conspicuous mountain in

the Orange Free State, visible in the eastern horizon from the present town of Bloemfontein, advanced thence to the north, and presently came in contact with a redoubtable branch of the Zulu race, famous in later history under the name of Matabele. This tribe was then ruled by the chief Mosilikatse, a warrior of great energy and talent, who had subdued the surrounding tribes, though himself unable to withstand the main Zulu nation, which, under Dingaan, was living farther to the south. The Matabele provoked war by falling upon and destroying a detachment of the emigrants. Intruders the latter doubtless were, but, as the Matabele themselves had slaughtered without mercy the weaker Kafir tribes, the Boers might think they need not feel any compunction in dealing out the like measure to their antagonists. And, in point of fact, the Boers seem all through to have treated the natives much as Israel treated the natives of Canaan, and to have conceived themselves to have Old Testament authority for occupying the territories of the heathen, and reducing them by the sternest methods to serfdom or submission. They attacked Mosilikatse northwest of where now the town of Mafeking stands, and defeated his vastly superior force with so great a slaughter that he fled northward far away beyond the Limpopo River, and fell like a thunderstorm upon the tribes who dwell between that stream and the Zambesi, killing many and making slaves of the rest. Here, with the king's kraal of Buluwayo for its capital, was established the kingdom of the Matabele, which remained as a terror to its neighbors till, in its turn, destroyed by Dr. Jameson and the British South Africa Company in 1893. It was a curious chain of events that, in 1837, brought fire and slaughter so suddenly upon the peoples of the Zambesi Valley. As the conflicts of nomad warriors along the Great Wall of China set a-going a movement which, propagated from tribe to tribe, ended by precipitating the Goths upon the Roman Empire, and brought Alaric to the Salarian Gate, so the weakness of the French monarchy, inducing the Revolution and the consequent war with England, carried the English to the Cape, threw the Boers upon the Matabele, and at last hurled the savage hosts of Mosilikatse on the helpless Makololo.

The defeat and expulsion of the Matabele left the vast territories between the Orange River and the Limpopo in the hands of the Boer immigrants. Within these territories those small and rude communities began to grow up, which have ripened, as we shall presently see, into the two Dutch republics of our own time. But, meanwhile, a larger and better organized body of Boers turned southeastward across the Quathlamba Mountains, and descended into the richer and warmer country between those mountains and the Indian Ocean. This region had been shortly before depopulated by the invasions of Tshaka, and now contained scarce any native inhabitants. A few Englishmen were settled on the inlet then called Port Natal, where now the prosperous town of Durban lies beneath the villas and orchards of Berea, and were maintaining there a sort of provisional republic, for the British government was still hesitating whether it should occupy the port. The Boer leaders, thinking it well to propitiate the Zulu king Dingaan, whose power overshadowed the country, proceeded to his kraal to obtain from him a formal grant of land. The grant was made, but next day the treacherous tyrant, offering them some native beer as a sort of stirrup-cup before their departure, suddenly bade his men fall upon and «kill the wizards.» The whole Boer party perished, and a body of emigrants not far distant was similarly surprised and massacred by a Zulu army of overwhelming strength. These cruelties roused the rest of the emigrants to reprisals, and, after several engagements, the combined forces of the Boers and of a brother of Dingaan, who had rebelled against him, and had detached a large part of the Zulu warriors, drove Dingaan out of Zululand. Panda, the rebel brother, was installed king in his stead, as a sort of vassal to the Boer government, and the Boers founded a city, and began to portion out the land. But their action had meanwhile excited the displeasure of the government of Cape Colony. Though it had not followed them into the deserts of the interior, it had not therefore ceased to consider them British subjects. Their attempt to establish a new white state on the coast became a matter of serious concern, and as the government considered itself the general protector of the natives, and interested in maintaining the Kafirs between them and the colony, their attacks on the Kafirs who lived to the west of them, toward the colony, could not be permitted to pass unchecked. The British government, accordingly, though unwilling to assume fresh responsibilities (for in those days it was generally believed that the colonial possessions of Britain were already too extensive), thought itself bound to assert its authority over Port Natal and the country behind as far as the mountains. The Boer emigrants resisted, but

after a short war, made their submission in 1843, after a warm but ineffectual protest against the principle of equal civil rights for whites and blacks laid down by the British government. The colony of Natal was then constituted, first as a dependency of Cape Colony, afterward, in 1856, as a separate colony. A part of the Boers remained in it, but the majority recrossed the mountains (some forthwith, some five years later), with their goods and their cattle, and joined the mass of their fellow-emigrants who had remained on the plateaus of the interior. Meanwhile an immense influx of Kafirs repopulated the country, and in it the blacks are now ten times as numerous as the whites. Thus ended the Dutch Republic of Natalia, after six years of troubled life. While it was fighting with the Zulus on the east, and other Kafirs on the west, it was torn by intestine quarrels, and unable to compel the obedience of its own citizens. But its victories over Dingaan's armies were feats of arms as remarkable as any South Africa has seen.

Hardly less troubled was the lot of the emigrants who had scattered themselves over the wide uplands that lie between the Orange River and the Limpopo. They too were engaged in incessant wars with the native tribes, who were, however, less formidable than the Zulus, and much cattle-lifting went on upon both sides. Only one native tribe and one native chief stand out from the confused tangle of petty raids and forays which makes up (after the expulsion of the Matabele) the earlier annals of the northern Boer communities. This chief was the famous Moshesh, to speak of whose career I shall digress for a moment from the thread of this narrative. The Kafir races have produced within this century three really remarkable men—men who, like Toussaint l'Ouverture in Hayti, and Kamehameha I. in Hawaii, will go down in history as instances of the gifts that sometimes show themselves even among the most backward races. Tshaka, the Zulu, was a warrior of extraordinary energy and ambition, whose power of organization enabled him to raise the Zulu army within a few years to a perfection of drill and discipline and a swiftness of movement which made them irresistible, except by Europeans. Khama, the chief who still reigns among the Bechuanas, has been a social reformer and administrator of wonderful judgment, tact, and firmness, who has kept his people in domestic peace, and protected them from the dangerous influences which white civilization usually brings with it, and especially from strong drink, while at the same time helping them skilfully onward toward such improvements as their character admits. Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, was born in the end of the last century. He belonged to a small clan which had suffered severely in the wars caused by the conquests of Tshaka, whose attacks upon the tribes nearest him had driven them upon other tribes, and brought slaughter and confusion upon the whole of southeastern Africa. Though only a younger son, his enterprise and courage soon made him a leader. Adherents gathered about him. The progress of his power was aided by the skill he showed in selecting a residence and stronghold. In what is now Basutoland, about twelve miles south of the Caledon River, there is a flat-topped hill, called Thaba Bosiyo, nearly two miles long, and from half a mile to a quarter of a mile wide. It rises some 600 feet from the broad valley beneath, and is fenced all about by precipitous cliffs of white sandstone—cliffs not very lofty, but so continuously abrupt that at three points only can an ascent be made, and even in these points only by a steep and narrow track. The level top of the hill is grass-covered, and watered by several springs. Here Moshesh fixed himself, and in this impregnable stronghold he resisted repeated sieges by his native enemies and by the emigrant Boers. On one occasion, in the war which began in 1865, a storming party of the latter had climbed the path by which the easiest access was to be obtained—a path leading up a cleft which the decomposition of a greenstone dike, traversing the sandstone rock, had formed. They were within thirty yards of the open top of the hill when their leader fell, pierced by a bullet from one of the few guns which Moshesh possessed. The storming party halted, and then fell back, and the siege was shortly afterward abandoned. The exploits of Moshesh against his native foes soon brought adherents to him, and he became the head of that powerful tribe, largely formed out of the fragments of other tribes scattered and shattered by war, which is now called the Basuto. Unlike most Kafir warriors, he was singularly free from cruelty, and ruled his own people with a mildness which made him liked as well as respected. In 1832 he had the foresight to invite missionaries to come and settle among his people, and the following year saw the establishment of the mission of the Evangelical Society of Paris, the members of which, some of them French, some Swiss, some Scotch, have been the most potent factors in the subsequent history of the Basuto nation. When the inevitable collision between the Basutos and the white men

arrived, Moshesh was substantially aided by the advice of the missionaries, and partly through their counsels, partly from his own prudence, did his best to avoid any fatal breach with the British government. Nevertheless he was several times engaged in war with the Boers, and once had to withstand the attack of a strong British force, led by the governor of Cape Colony. But his tactful diplomacy made him a match for any European opponent, and carried him through every political danger. When this British army had suffered a reverse in a somewhat imprudent movement made against him, Moshesh, instead of renewing the combat, seized the moment to propose terms of peace and friendship, which, while they extricated his antagonist from an annoying position, raised his own reputation higher than ever, and secured the subsequent good-will of the colonial authorities. Moshesh died, full of years and honor, about twenty-five years ago, having built up, out of the dispersed remnants of broken tribes, a nation which, under the guiding hand of the missionaries, and latterly of the British government also, has made greater progress in civilization and Christianity than any other Kafir race.

I return from this digression to trace the fortunes of the emigrant Boers who had remained on the north side of the Quathlamba range, or had returned thither from Natal. In 1843 they numbered not more than 15,000 persons all told, possibly less; for, though fresh emigrants from the colony had joined them, many had perished in the native wars. They were scattered over an area 700 miles long and 300 miles wide—an area bounded on the southeast by the Quathlamba mountain chain, but on the north and west divided by no natural limit from the great plain which stretches west to the Atlantic and north to the Zambesi. To have established any kind of government over so wide a territory would have been in any case difficult. But the very qualities which had enabled them with so much success to carry out their exodus from Cape Colony, and their campaigns of conquest against the natives, made the task of government still more difficult. They were self-reliant and «individualistic» to excess; they loved not only independence, but isolation; they were resolved to make their government absolutely popular, and were little disposed to brook the control even of those authorities they had themselves created. It was only for warlike expeditions, for which they had contracted a great taste, that they could be brought together, and only to their leaders in war that they would yield obedience. Very few had taken to agriculture, and the half-nomadic life of stock-farmers, each pasturing his cattle over great tracts of country, confirmed their dissociative instincts. However, the necessities of defense against the natives, and a common spirit of hostility to the claims of sovereignty which the British government had never renounced, kept them together. Thus several small republican communities grew up, each with its Volksraad, or popular assembly, held together by a sort of loosely federative tie, which rested rather in a common understanding than upon any legal instruments. In the northeast, beyond the Vaal River, these communities, while distracted by internal feuds chiefly arising from personal or family enmities, were left undisturbed by the colonial authorities. Those authorities, as I have already observed, were in those days, under orders received from home, anxious rather to contract than to extend the sphere of British influence, and would have cared little for what happened far out in the wilderness but for the native troubles which the presence of the Boers induced. At last, in 1852, the then governor of Cape Colony concluded at Sand River a convention with the commandant and delegates of the Boers living beyond the Vaal, by which the British government «guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British government,» subject to a condition that slavery should not be permitted or practised by the farmers in the country north of the Vaal River. From this convention the South African Republic, afterward slowly formed out of the small communities which then divided the country, dates its independence. Two years later a similar convention, signed at Bloemfontein in February, 1854, declared the independence from the British crown of the inhabitants of the country nearer the colony between the Orange and Vaal rivers. In this country, then called the Orange River Sovereignty, the colonial government had exercised practical control, and six years before (in 1848) it had defeated in battle an army of the farmers who endeavored to resist that authority. Moreover, whereas the farmers beyond the Vaal were nearly all of pure Boer stock, those in the Orange River Sovereignty were mixed with English settlers, and from their proximity to the colony were much less averse to the British connection. In fact, a large part of them—though it is

not now easy to discover the exact proportion—warmly resisted the proposal of the British government to withdraw, and independence had to be forced on them against their will. The authorities of the colony and the colonial office at home were, however, inexorable. They saw no use in keeping territories which involved great cost of defense against native raids, and from which little benefit was then expected. Hardly any notice was taken in Great Britain of the Sand River Convention, and when, at the instance of delegates sent home by those who in the Orange River territory desired to remain subject to the British crown, a motion was made in the House of Commons asking the Queen to reconsider the renunciation of her sovereignty over that territory, the motion found no support, and had to be withdrawn. So little did Englishmen then care for that South African dominion which they have subsequently become so eager to develop and extend.

From the convention of 1854 dates the beginning of the Orange Free State, which, increased by the acquisition of new territories in the south, has ever since remained perfectly independent and at peace with the British colonies. Its only serious troubles have arisen from native wars, and these have long ago come to an end. In 1854 an assembly of delegates enacted for it the republican constitution under which it has ever since been quietly and peaceably governed. It had the good fortune to elect as its president, in 1865, a lawyer of Cape Colony, of Dutch extraction, Mr. (afterward Sir John) Brand, who guided its course with great tact and wisdom for twenty-four years, and whose favorite expression, « All will come right,» now inscribed on his tombstone at Bloemfontein, has become throughout South Africa a proverbial phrase of encouragement in moments of difficulty.

Beyond the Vaal River things have gone very differently. The farmers of that region were more scattered, more rude and uneducated, and more prone to factious dissentions than those of the Free State. In 1858 an instrument called the « Grondwet,» or Fundamental Law, was drawn up by a body of delegates, which, though subsequently altered in some material points, is still the constitution of the country. It was, however, at first repudiated by two out of the three self-governing communities of which the state then consisted. Not till after the civil war of 1862 can the present South African Republic be deemed to have been really established. The Volksraad, or representative assembly, proved an inefficient governing body, while the successive presidents, to whom, in the constant financial embarrassments and frequently recurring native wars, a great deal of control inevitably fell, were hampered by the resistance of hostile factions. At last, in 1877, the republic found itself in hopeless difficulties. The treasury was empty, the government was no longer obeyed, a formidable native chief was in arms in the northeast of the territory, and the power of the Zulus constituted a grave menace on the southeast. A British commissioner, who had been sent into the country on the ground that its condition had become a danger to its neighbors, proclaimed its annexation to the British crown, believing, it would appear, that the citizens were disposed by the troubles from which they could not extricate themselves to welcome the protection thus secured to them. The British government at home shared his opinion and approved his action. Probably the great majority of the Boers would have acquiesced had the British administration, which was thereupon set up, been prudently conducted. But the military governor who was soon afterward sent into the Transvaal irritated them, not only by a strict levy of taxes,—a thing which the Boers resent even from their own Volksraad,—but also by delaying to give them such representative self-government as had been promised to them, and by his arrogant and distant treatment of men among whom a strong sense of republican equality had grown up. Discontent soon grew to disaffection, and at last broke out into revolt. In the end of 1880 the people rose in arms, and captured or drove out the small occupying force; and after some engagements on the Natal frontier, in which the British troops suffered heavily, the home government, perceiving that independence was desired by the large majority of the Transvaal people, and unwilling to accentuate race hatreds all over South Africa, recognized, in 1881, the independence, as regards internal government, of the South African Republic, while retaining a suzerainty as regards foreign relations.[1] This canceling of the annexation was a magnanimous act, for the British troops in Natal had received reinforcements which would have made resistance by the Transvaal men hopeless. But it has not produced those results of good feeling between the Boers and

[1] This was modified in 1884, but the interpretation of the modifying instrument has given rise to a controversy with which I have not space to deal. Great Britain retains an undoubted right of veto on any treaty concluded by the Republic, except one with the Orange Free State.

their neighbors of English race which were expected from it; and the rankling memories of the war of 1881 have had something to do with those very recent Transvaal troubles, which are too well known to need recounting here.

The first result of the war and the recovery of self-government by the Boers was to intensify their sentiments of nationality, and dispose them to fresh enterprises. Their president, Mr. Stephen John Paul Krueger, who had been one of the three triumvirs by whom the insurrection was successfully guided, began to plan acquisitions of territory. The native chief who had threatened the republic on the northeast was gone; a British force had overcome him in 1879. The Zulu power was gone on the southeast, Cetewayo having been overthrown and carried off prisoner in the same year, 1879. Thus the republic, though penniless, had been freed by British arms from its chief dangers. Its ambitions have been successful in the south, where it has acquired a large slice of Zululand, and on the east, where the British government (by a treaty signed in 1894) has given it virtual control over the rich district of Swaziland. But on the west its attempts to raid and conquer some of the tribes of Bechuanaland were checked in 1884, while its hopes of annexing the vast territories which, on the north, lie between it and the Zambesi were dissipated by the declaration, in 1888, that those territories were to be deemed to lie within the sphere of British influence, and by their occupation, in 1890, by the pioneers of the British South Africa Company.

These events complete the story of the relations of the Dutch and English races in South Africa so far as the determination of the territorial limits of the colonies and republics is concerned. Of their present political attitude toward each other, and the tendencies that are at work to shape the political future of both, it will be necessary to speak later. The problems which that future opens are complicated by the facts that the Dutch element is still very powerful within Cape Colony itself; that a large British population has recently migrated into the mining districts of the Transvaal Republic; and that the British power, which surrounds the Transvaal on the north, west, and south, does not surround it on the east, where it is divided from the sea by a comparatively narrow strip of Portuguese territory, through which a railway runs from Pretoria, the capital, and the mining districts to the port of Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay.

The fourth and last European race that has entered South Africa is the German. Besides her East African dominions, which, since they lie north of the Zambesi, do not here concern us, Germany took possession, in 1884, of a stretch of country on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean between the Orange River and the West African possessions of Portugal. The limits of her claims there have been defined by agreements made with Portugal in 1886, and with Britain in 1890. Under these she is mistress of some 340,000 square miles; but the native population does not exceed 200,000, and the country is so bare and waterless as to be wholly unfit for agriculture, and in most places unfit even for ranching. Moreover, the only tolerable harbor, Walfish Bay, belongs to Cape Colony. There is, therefore, little prospect that any German population will spring up on these unattractive coasts, and if Germany plays any part in South African politics, she will not do so, at least for a long time to come, in respect of her Southwest African possessions. It is rather to the east side of the continent, and in particular to the Transvaal, that her eyes seem to have been recently directed. But the question of her plans and desires, as well as the other problems which the economical prospects of South Africa, and the relations of the white and colored races, suggest for discussion, must be reserved for a concluding article.

James Bryce.

ABSENCE.

HOW crowded now these empty rooms
Have grown since she has gone—
No trifle but becomes a thing
That thought must wait upon!

The very silence seems to move
About on stealthy feet,
Tiptoeing lest it wake some thought
The heart would dread to meet.

And oh, the leaden sense of all
Irrevocable fate
In that neglected glove still left
So close beside its mate!

Melville Upton.

NOTES ON CITY GOVERNMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, in more than one sense, must be accorded a central place in the series of great American towns. It is not only central by virtue of its geographical situation, but it is also more typically American than any other of our large communities, by reason of the blending of the several American types of population. The process of assimilation has been more complete than in the Northwestern towns, and distinctions of race and class are less sharp than in most Eastern cities. St. Louis is comparatively an old community. It has succeeded fairly well in reducing New Englanders, Virginians, New Yorkers, men from the Gulf States, Kentuckians, Northwesterners, Missourians, the Illinois contingent, the Texans, and the Irish and Germans as well, into a body of progressive yet conservative Americans, to which each element has contributed something, while losing the sharp edges of its own eccentricities. There results a community that is typically American, and more completely representative of our whole country, such as it is, than any other one of the dozen largest American cities. It also happens that St. Louis is the most satisfactory exponent of what may be called the distinctively American system of city government that the country affords on any similar scale of magnitude.

If the analogy of our National and State organizations is to be followed at all in municipal government, it ought to be followed so intelligently and logically as to retain the merits along with the complications and inconveniences. This is what the St. Louis system, more than any other in the country, has succeeded in doing. The one great achievement for which St. Louis is to be praised is the completeness with which it has won its liberty, and stands for the principle of municipal home rule. It is entitled to be called a «free city.» Even its charter was not made for it and conferred upon it by the legislature, or by any State agency, but was made by a local body of citizens elected for that purpose, and was then adopted by the voters of St. Louis at a special election.

HOW ST. LOUIS ACHIEVED HOME RULE.

THIS was in 1876. The State of Missouri had been holding a constitutional convention, and the convention had found itself face to face with the problem how to deal with the government of Missouri's chief municipality. Much confusion had arisen from the illogical and overlapping dual government of the county of St. Louis and the city of St. Louis. The county debt was a large and growing one, while the city debt was in the same process of extravagant increase. A rough-and-ready method for the limitation of local indebtedness was fixed upon by the convention. It was ordained in the State constitution that such local debts should not become greater in the aggregate than five per cent. of the assessed valuation of local property. As regards St. Louis, it was provided that the city and county governments might, if they chose, agree to hold a special election in order to choose thirteen men, who should be empowered (1) to draw up a scheme for the entire separation of the city from the county, and (2) to draft a charter for the reconstituted city. This program was carried out. The scheme of separation greatly increased the municipal area, and fixed the bounds now existing. County buildings, with other county property inside the limits of the city, were all transferred to the municipality, and in return the city assumed the entire county debt.

The popular house of the Municipal Assembly, known as the House of Delegates, was made to consist of twenty-eight members, one from each ward, elected for two years, all retiring together. The upper chamber of the Assembly, known as the Council, was to consist of thirteen members, elected for four-year terms on a general city ticket. The president of the Council was to be specifically elected to that position. Of the remaining twelve members six were to retire every two years. The municipal elections were ordered to be held in April, and were thus kept distinct from State and National elections, which occur in November. The mayor was to be elected for a term of four years, and other general officers, to be elected at large for four-year

terms, were as follows: controller, auditor, treasurer, register, collector, recorder of deeds, inspector of weights and measures, sheriff, coroner, president of Board of Assessors, and president of the Board of Public Improvements.

ASSESSMENT AND PUBLIC WORKS.

THE assessment of property for purposes of taxation is deemed in every American city one of the municipal functions most vitally affecting the municipal corporation on the one hand and the individual citizen on the other. The St. Louis plan provides for the election by all the voters, for each quadrennial period, of the president of the Board of Assessors. The Municipal Assembly lays out the town into a number of assessment districts, and for each district an assessor is appointed by the mayor, and confirmed by the Council. At present the number of districts is nine. The assessors do their work under the absolute direction of the president of the Board of Assessors, who maintains a large office, with numerous deputies, draftsmen, and clerks, all of whom he is authorized to appoint, subject only to the approval of the mayor. Having directed the whole work of annual reassessment of property, and obtained results as uniform as possible, the president of the board acts as president of the Board of Equalization, his fellow-members of that board being four real-estate owners of the city, who must have lived in St. Louis at least ten years, and who derive their appointments from the concurrent action of the judges of the Circuit Court. Thus the delicate business of finding the yearly tax-basis is satisfactorily safeguarded, and it is sufficient to say that the collection, care, and disbursement of the public revenue is also managed upon an orderly and well-devised system.

The Board of Public Improvements is a body of very exceptional importance, and one which, in the St. Louis plan of municipal administration, holds an altogether peculiar place. The president of this board, like that of the Board of Assessors, is popularly elected. He has general executive oversight of public buildings, street improvements, and public works of all kinds. His associates in the Board of Public Improvements are five officials, known as the Street Commissioner, the Sewer Commissioner, the Water Commissioner, the Harbor and Wharf Commissioner, and the Park Commissioner. These five are appointed for four-year terms by the mayor, subject to the confirmation of the Council. Each commissioner is at the head of the working department indicated by his title, and each one appoints the entire body of subordinate officials employed in his department, subject only to the approbation of the mayor.

This Board of Public Improvements, acting through its president, lets all contracts for public work, subject to the final approval of the mayor and the Council, and takes full charge of street openings, the extension of paving, sewerage, or water-supply, and all kindred matters. The existing membership is of high character and ability, and the general reputation of the board for the twenty years of the working of the present charter seems to have been high. Thus the Municipal Assembly is ready to leave matters of detail very largely to the judgment of this expert board.

THE MUNICIPAL CIVIL SERVICE.

AMONG other appointive officers, in addition to the five department heads and the district assessors already specified, are the city counselor, the superintendents of the workhouse, the house of refuge, and the fire and police telegraph system, two police justices, a board of charity commissioners, a public library board, a commissioner of supplies, and an assessor of water-rates. These are all named directly by the mayor, and all of them are subject to confirmation by the Council; that is to say, the upper branch of the Municipal Assembly. The host of minor office-holders are, under the charter, subject to appointment and removal by the heads of their respective departments, the mayor alone having power to interpose an objection.

As to the question of civil-service reform, no merit system has yet been adopted either by the State of Missouri or by the city of St. Louis. A change of administration always means, ultimately, a very large change in the body of office-holders. The present administration of St. Louis is strongly Republican. Every one of the thirteen members of the Council is a Republican, and twenty-four of the twenty-eight members of the House of Delegates belong to that party. The mayor is one of the leading members of his party in the State. Mayor C. P. Walbridge, who came to St. Louis perhaps twenty years ago fresh from the law school at Ann Arbor, entered upon his public career through a term or two in the House of Delegates. Subsequently he was elected president of the Council, serving four years in that capacity. In the spring of 1893 he was elected mayor, and his term will expire next year.

An interesting feature of the St. Louis charter is its requirement that the mayor shall not make appointments (except to fill vacancies) until the beginning of his third year. Thus, under Mayor Walbridge's administration, the Democratic heads of departments held over until the spring of 1895, when a sweeping change was made, and Republicans were installed in most of the desirable places. Mr. Walbridge's appointments in general, so far as I have been able to judge, will bear close inspection. Mr. Holman, the water commissioner, was very properly reappointed. Mr. Stone, the new harbor and wharf commissioner, had been engaged in educational work for many years, had served in the House of Delegates, and confers honor upon the municipal administration of St. Louis. Mr. Saunders, the mayor's representative on the Board of Election and Registration Commissioners, is a journalist of high character and qualifications. The health commissioner in turn enjoys a high reputation. The Library Board is admirably constituted, and others of Mr. Walbridge's appointees merit similar indorsement.

THE MUNICIPAL PARLIAMENT.

It is highly instructive to note the great difference in the personnel of the House of Delegates, elected on the ward system, and of the Council, composed of men elected at large. The present Council has for its president Mr. Charles Nagel, a lawyer, a man of education and culture, and a citizen of high standing, who enjoys the confidence of the community. One of the members of the Council is Mr. Halsey S. Ives, who is known throughout the country for his services as the efficient director of the Fine Arts Department of the Columbian Exposition; and he is at once the head of art education in St. Louis, and a citizen well versed in public affairs. Other members of the Council are gentlemen of repute and character. The integrity and general intelligence of the Council are not often very seriously questioned. There have been times, under the present charter, when the group of men in the upper branch of the Municipal Assembly would have done credit to any legislative body in the land.

While pleasant things may be said touching the capacity and character of some individual members of the House of Delegates, the impression that the body, as a whole, makes upon the visitor is that of a very ordinary, in fact, a very unprepossessing group.

Both the House of Delegates and the Council meet regularly two evenings every week. The members also have a large amount of committee work to do, and thus the city affairs absorb a great deal of their time and attention. Their compensation is only three hundred dollars a year. I have the impression that it would be better if the compensation were either made much larger or else abolished altogether. If considerably larger it might stimulate a better class of men to seek election to the House of Delegates, while if abolished it might keep some undesirable candidates out of the field.

Except as a training-school for young politicians, I do not think the House of Delegates serves any useful purpose. If it were abolished altogether, and if the Council were then considerably enlarged, members of the Council serving for six years instead of four, and one third of the body retiring every two years, all members as at present being elected at large, St. Louis would, in my opinion, have not only a simpler, but also a much better plan of municipal government.

When the worst has been said about the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis, it remains true that it is a body of altogether as high character and ability as the legislature of the State of Missouri. The great boon which the charter confers lies in the fact that so far as city affairs are concerned the Assembly is a fully empowered deliberative body. Many hundreds of bills affecting the city of New York are introduced into the legislature at Albany at every annual session. The very matters dealt with in these bills are, for the most part, the kind of matters that in St. Louis are under constant discussion in the Municipal Assembly, which has full authority to deal with them. Such discussion is with open doors, and the daily papers are always represented by their regular reporters. Inasmuch as there is no dispensing with the deliberative function in the conduct of the Municipal affairs of a great city, it is always an advantage to have that function exercised (1) by men expressly selected for that purpose, and (2) under the immediate observation of the people concerned.

HOW ST. LOUIS ACQUIRED GOOD STREETS.

Through most of its history St. Louis had been unpleasantly but distinctly famous for its mud. For the better part of a century, visitors whose published notes of travel included some account of St. Louis had not failed to dwell upon the frightful condition of the streets in wet weather. The original mud was clayey, clinging, and bottomless.

There came a period of macadamized roads made from the broken limestone of the region. This limestone is very soft, and on streets where traffic is heavy it is quickly ground into a white dust, which no amount of sprinkling can keep wholly down in summer, and which in winter and the rainy period forms a deep, splashy mud. In the earlier days of the Nicholson pavement experiments St. Louis tried, to a limited extent, the substitution of that style of wooden-block roadway for the limestone macadam. But the wooden blocks were laid upon temporary and improper foundations, and soon became worse than the streets they had replaced. Thus St. Louis could not claim a single well-paved street.

It was characteristic of this solid, conservative town, with its mercantile motives, that its business men finally awoke to a realizing sense of the fact that well-paved streets are a sound investment, and that conversely there comes a time in the business growth of a large town when bad streets are too positively detrimental to be longer tolerated. Their point of view was that of the property owner. They determined that the heavy expense of reconstruction must be borne by the owners of abutting property. They came to the conclusion that, for down-town business streets, there was only one kind of pavement which the experience of the world had found to be virtually indestructible under all climatic conditions. This was a pavement of granite blocks, placed upon a solid concrete foundation. The sentiment of the responsible business community in favor of the reconstruction of St. Louis streets on this plan was recognized by the city government, and the new policy was entered upon in the year 1882.

Reports of the Public Works Department show that there are now nearly fifty miles of streets paved with granite block. Quite recently the policy has been adopted of paving the down-town alleys with vitrified brick. In some of the best residence neighborhoods well-laid asphalt streets are found, and it is probable that the use of asphalt will increase rapidly. The success of vitrified brick leads to the opinion that it may become largely used for roadways in residence districts in the early future. Outside the central districts macadam roads still prevail. Sidewalks, curbstones, and gutters in St. Louis are now very generally made of artificial stone, locally known as granitoid.

The definite policy as regards the finances of street-paving continues to be the assessment of the cost against the owners of adjacent property. Where there are street-car lines the cost to property-owners is reduced, by virtue of provisions in the municipal charter and city ordinances, which require the street-car company to pave and maintain the roadway between rails, between the lines of trackage, and for a foot beyond the outside rails. Adjacent property is assessed according to linear frontage, no account being made of buildings and improvements. It is provided, however, that the cost of paving must not exceed twenty-five per cent. of the assessed value of the parcels of ground against which the charge is made. Evidently this provision delays the paving of streets in parts of the town where property has a comparatively low valuation.

THE MAZE OF OVERHEAD WIRES.

Until a very recent period a stranger in the St. Louis thoroughfares was annoyed by the absence of street names on the corners. A few scarcely legible, much battered tin signs were found at rare intervals nailed to telegraph poles, but otherwise the stranger was without guidance. One of the incidental benefits accruing to St. Louis from the selection of that city for the Republican Presidential Convention took form in an ordinance —pushed through the Municipal Assembly in February—authorizing the Board of Public Improvements to select a satisfactory style of street signs, and appropriating money for their erection, at the earliest possible date. The visitors at the convention, therefore, will have no occasion to criticize the lack of street signs; but they will, therefore, be the more at liberty to observe and criticize the one remaining disgrace of the streets of St. Louis. No other great city in the whole world now permits electric wires to be strung overhead in the central business streets.

This abuse has reached almost intolerable dimensions in St. Louis. I have myself counted, at various street intersections in the heart of the best business districts of St. Louis, as many as fourteen poles grouped within a few feet of the four corners. And this does not include lamp-posts or the standards supporting the new street signs. An elevated railway could scarcely fill up or overshadow a street more entirely than do the poles and wires of the electric companies on a great thoroughfare like Pine street, for example. These poles range in size from the iron ones that support the trolley-wires of the electric street-railway system to the huge masts that carry the telephone and telegraph wires.

Every one acknowledges that these poles should be abolished, and that the wires should

be placed under the sidewalks or roadways; the subject is under perennial debate in the Municipal Assembly. But the public authority seems to lack the stern resolution necessary to force so many conflicting corporations into agreement upon one harmonious plan. Every company naturally desires an independent right to tear up street-paving or sidewalks, and to bury its own wires at its own time and in its own way. Each one insists upon quoting the privileges it has succeeded in obtaining in some other city, and demands that St. Louis be not one whit less indulgent.

HOW THE ELECTRIC TROLLEY HAS TRANSFORMED THE CITY.

For the present, and perhaps for many years to come, the overhead trolley-wire is expected to remain as it is. If the trolley has some objections, it stands, nevertheless, for an agency which is transforming St. Louis in a manner that causes conservative old residents to rub their eyes in bewildered surprise. The schemes of separation which made St. Louis a free city entirely independent of St. Louis County in the year 1876 very greatly increased the municipal boundaries. The county generously conceded land enough for the future growth of a great city. The new limits included an area somewhat exceeding sixty square miles. The actual town—as closely built and occupied by at least ninety per cent. of the population—was in those days well within an area of twelve or fifteen square miles. In the succeeding decade and a half the street system was gradually extending, and the penumbral fringes were duly widening, while the mule-car lines penetrated a little farther northward, westward, and southwestward. Some great park spaces had been reserved outside the old city limits before the act of divorce between city and county, and these spaces were included within the new city limits. The population was slowly creeping out toward these desirable pleasure-grounds, but the rapid development of the outer zone of the municipal area was awaiting the advent of a system of improved transit.

The electric trolley was found to be the system best adapted to the situation. Two or three comparatively short cable-lines had been constructed, but otherwise the leisurely mule-car was in universal vogue. The last mule disappeared in the early days of the present year (1896) from the solitary line which had continued to use animal power. With its substantial beginnings going back scarcely further than 1890, the trolley system of St. Louis inside of the municipal limits now traverses about two hundred and fifty miles of streets, and has a trackage (double track being reduced to terms of single track) of three hundred and fifty or perhaps four hundred miles. This is regarded in St. Louis, and I believe justly, as a more complete and extensive electric-transit system than any other large city possesses. The municipal charter provides that no one line may have exclusive use of trackage on a central thoroughfare, but that, under reasonable terms and regulations, other lines must be permitted to pass their cars over the same tracks. A considerable number of street-railway companies in St. Louis operate their cars under distinct and separate franchises, and in the heart of the town the cars of several different companies will be found on the same streets.

In their dealings with the city government the street-railway companies have come off very easy victors. The old mule-lines were readily invested with the new and very valuable trolley privileges, and in most cases they were given twenty-five-year franchise extensions, upon terms which allow the city treasury a frivolously small compensation for privileges possessing an enormous cash value.

PLAN OF THE TOWN—HOUSING OF THE PEOPLE.

The original town of St. Louis was founded within an outward bend of the Mississippi River, and of course lay close upon the bank. The river's great curve, which gives the city a crescent front, extends a number of miles northward and southward from the spot originally chosen as the site of the town. Taking an area about two miles square as constituting the old town,—that is to say, taking two miles of central river-front with the district extending two miles westward,—one will find the new Union Station at the precise center of this area. The great steel bridge spans the river at the central point, and a railroad tunnel extends from the end of the bridge to the colossal station a mile westward. Now, if a curve be drawn with a radius of five miles from the Union Station, the resulting line will very nearly coincide with the limits of the municipal area. The city, however, owns another strip of land on the river-front to the northward, and a corresponding strip at the extreme southern limit, which give a total river-frontage of eighteen miles. Although a good many corners have to be turned, the trolley system manages to radiate from the central district to the outlying parts, some-

what as the principal veins of a big leaf distribute themselves. In fact, the physical structure of St. Louis strikingly resembles the configuration of certain broad, fan-shaped leaves, the great steel bridge serving for the stem.

As the city spreads outward at the circumference, it extends skyward at the center. In no other city of the world, New York and Chicago alone excepted, has the construction of great iron-framed commercial edifices since 1890 been so extensive, or wrought so much of change, as in St. Louis. It seems likely that the city not many years hence will be face to face with the new problem—how to accommodate the street traffic pouring into the small district of sky-scrapers from the great outlying districts of well-scattered cottages and villas. Such are the transformations that the trolley is working in St. Louis. It is producing like effects in many another town, but perhaps no other great city so well serves to illustrate the entire process.

The most important public buildings in St. Louis are the Post-office, the Court-house, the High School, the new City Hall, the Exposition Building, and the Union Railway Station. Not one of them is so situated as to have its architectural qualities enhanced by a spacious approach. If they could have been made to front upon open squares, or, with other public buildings, such as museums, theaters, and hotels, could have been grouped about one or more central spaces, the effect would have been much improved, while a more distinct articulation would thus have been given to the whole city.

In the acquisition of great terminal freight-yards, the railway companies have displaced much of the old house property in the narrow, close-built streets lying near the river, both northward and southward from the central bridge. This fact is a fortunate one; for the districts appropriated by the railways had contained much of the most decayed and unwholesome tenement-house property in St. Louis. Thus the operations of the railway companies near the river—concurring with the new expansion of the suburbs made possible by the development of transit lines—have assisted in the outward movement of the population.

The development of St. Louis as a manufacturing city has been swift and prosperous. Great factories lie, for the most part, southward from the business center, although many of them have also spread northward. Various industries, moreover, remain within the confines of the district which is chiefly given over to office-buildings, financial institutions, wholesale houses, and large retail establishments. Formerly the factories lay, for the most part, outside the area principally occupied by the homes of working-people. The recent tendency has been to build workingmen's homes outside the circle of the factories. The building and loan associations, of which there are a great number in St. Louis, seem to have played an important part in the new housing movement, while the real-estate companies, with the facilities which they have offered for the purchase of small houses on the instalment plan, have also, doubtless, made it possible for thousands of mechanics and employed men of small incomes to own their own homes.

To the visitor wholly unfamiliar with St. Louis, or acquainted with it only as it was ten years ago, nothing appears more striking than the array of fine homes in the great central-western district, and in the newer districts in the vicinity of the large parks. The typical home of the well-to-do St. Louis family of to-day is a large, square brick mansion standing detached in a small but attractive environment of yard room. There is much variety in architectural details, and great magnificence in many of the newest houses. The prevailing material for large houses as well as for small is a bright and cheerful red brick; but yellow or cream-colored brick has become popular of late, and many beautiful houses in the western suburbs have been built with that material. Frame-houses in St. Louis are comparatively rare. Particularly characteristic of these newer parts of the city are the many so-called «places.» These consist, usually, of one short private street with an ornamental entrance at each end, lined with a double row of attractive mansions, harmonious in general style and symmetrically arranged, with carefully kept lawns, without fences, and with considerable attention to parkway and landscape details.

PUBLIC LIGHTING AND THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

THE pleasures of life in St. Louis would be much enhanced if the smoke nuisance could be totally abated. Soft coal is the fuel of the place, and it is mined in exhaustless quantities only a few miles away on the Illinois side of the river. It is said that no city of equal size has so cheap and abundant a coal-supply at so short a distance from its gates.

It has been suggested by Mr. N. O. Nelson that instead of transporting the coal from the mines, there should be erected in immediate

proximity to the Illinois coal-pits a great plant,—consuming the slack and waste coal, which can be had for next to nothing,—which could generate electrical energy, to be transmitted by wire to St. Louis, sufficient to furnish a complete supply of electrical heat, whether for warming buildings or driving machinery. No other city of magnitude, as Mr. Nelson assures me, is so favorably situated for this grand electrical solution of the fuel problem. Heat, power, and illumination might thus, through electrical transmission, be supplied from the Illinois coal-fields without transporting the coal any appreciable distance from the mouth of the mine. The smoke nuisance would thus disappear of itself.

The use of electricity for lighting purposes has already made great progress in St. Louis, two large companies being engaged in the business, one of which deals principally in lighting by the arc system, and the other by the incandescent. Gas is still used in a limited portion of the city for street lighting, while in outlying quarters gasolene lamps are found; but for almost the entire city of St. Louis electric street-lights have been adopted. The latest statistics show some noteworthy facts. Nearly five hundred miles of streets are lighted by electricity, and the city contracts for about two thousand five hundred arc-lights and about three thousand incandescent lamps.

It is probable that the city a few years ago, at a time when the public-lighting contract was about to expire, would have erected an electric-lighting establishment of its own, but for the fact that the constitutional limit placed upon its aggregate indebtedness did not permit the sale of bonds in order to make the initial investment. It was thought that the city would have to accept bids of about $125 per light per annum from the existing electrical companies. But, quite unexpectedly to every one, a new bidder made his appearance, who secured the contract for $74.95 per light. Under the new award the city's lighting bill dropped from $318,000 in 1890 to $211,000 in 1891. Expansion of suburbs has brought it up to nearly $400,000 for this year.

WATER-SUPPLY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FEW persons realize the magnitude of the task involved in pumping out of the Mississippi River, and distributing with sufficient pressure throughout a great town like St. Louis, as much water as the population demands for all purposes. The St. Louis Water Department has now an engineering plant which, for power and perfection of pumping machinery, is not surpassed anywhere in the world. Quite recently the intake has been removed from a point only a little above the present center of the river-front to the extreme upper limits of the municipal jurisdiction.

Until the new water-plant was finished in 1893 at «Chain of Rocks» (as the new waterworks locality is called) the plant was not large enough to permit proper settling, and so the water at times was distributed to the homes of citizens without any diminution of its muddy ingredients. The new plant provides six great settling-basins, each one of which is 670 feet long by 400 feet wide, with a working depth of 11 feet. All these basins have been in use the past year, although not quite finished. Five basins are in service at a time, one being always cut off to undergo, in its turn, the process of cleansing. Each basin is cleaned out when the sediment has accumulated to the depth of about one foot. At times the water carries as much as 4 pounds of sediment for 1000 pounds of water. During the fiscal year of 1895 the cleansing of these settling-basins removed 356,000 cubic yards of dense mud.

FILTERING THE MISSISSIPPI-MISSOURI FLUID.

HAVING completed the settling-basins, it is now the intention of the Water Department to adopt a scheme for complete filtration, and then proceed gradually to put the scheme into effect. The difficulties in the way of filtration are excessive and peculiar. In recent years what is called natural filtration—through layers of sand and broken stone in filter-beds—has been developed to the point of brilliant success in various European cities. The most recent triumph has been the completion of the huge sand-filtration plant at Hamburg, which not only makes the muddy Elbe water as crystal, but also removes disease germs, and is an invulnerable bulwark against cholera epidemics. But if the Hamburg system were adopted at St. Louis, the filter-basins would have to be very much larger and more numerous, on account of the far muddier character of the Mississippi as compared with the Elbe. When, in the late winter, the Mississippi breaks up, the regular concomitants are heavy rains, a rise in the stream, and a roiled and muddy condition of the water. This is the very time when the filters must be working well; otherwise the city would be served with an intolerably muddy supply. But it is obvious that open filter-beds would be so affected by ice and cold that in these very

times of emergency they would be working badly or not at all.

So much for the difficulties of winter. But the summer difficulties are hardly less serious. For a period of eight or ten weeks the heat of the sun at St. Louis is very powerful. Vegetable organisms are developed in still and shallow water with amazing rapidity. The usual depth of water in the open filter-beds of Europe is about three feet. Mr. Holman, the water commissioner and chief engineer of the department at St. Louis, believes that Hamburg's splendid series of open filter-basins would be impossible at St. Louis in extremely cold weather, and equally so in extremely hot weather. In the summer, he avers, the water would spoil while in the very process of filtration, and the filter-beds would become as objectionable as a stagnant pond. He does not, however, despair of finding a successful method of mechanical filtration. He wisely insists that the great settling-basins, in the first place, must be made to do the largest possible amount of work. To this end, he is convinced that a chemical coagulant should be mixed with the water as it is pumped into the settling-basins, in order to assist in the precipitation of solid matters. He believes that much the larger part of the five per cent. which now fails to settle at the bottom of these beds would thus be carried down with the ninety-five per cent. that already settles, taking the greater part of the bacteria down with the sediment. There are several chemical substances that would do the work. Mr. Holman remarks that the substance used must not only be absolutely harmless, but also something against which there can be no popular prejudice.

I have not scrupled to dwell at length upon this question of the water-supply, because the problems involved concern not St. Louis alone, but scores of other prosperous towns and cities situated along the banks of fifteen or twenty thousand miles of Mississippi Valley river-courses, in fifteen or more great States. If St. Louis, by the year 1900, shall have succeeded in solving this difficult problem, these other towns and cities will not rest content until their water also has been purified from the visual, mechanical, chemical, and bacteriological points of view; and this will mean a great forward step in civilization and municipal progress. I regard the St. Louis plans, therefore, as possessing an immense significance. Their accomplishment will mean as much for American municipal progress as the mountain supplies of Glasgow, Vienna, or Munich have signified in Europe, or as the recent bacteriological success of water-filtration has signified at Hamburg, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. Mr. Holman, who is at once the administrative and the engineering head of the Water Department, has been in full charge since 1887, and has been connected with the department since 1877. He has been retained in office under different administrations, and his efficient management of this great department illustrates the value of permanence in responsible public positions, when once the right man is in the right place.

The Water Department of St. Louis is so conducted as to be financially self-sustaining. The water-rates are not complained of as unreasonably high, but they suffice to pay operating expenses, and also to pay for all extensions of the plant. The new works have been paid for out of the water revenues, and the proposed filtration-plant, which must cost several hundred thousand dollars, will in like manner be constructed out of surplus current receipts.

Fifty years hence sewage purification, or sewage-farms, may come into general use in the Mississippi Valley, as in British and Continental cities; but the present generation and its immediate successor will use the Mississippi as a sewage-canal.

Those towns and cities that must obtain their water from the same river into which they discharge their sewage will come to rely upon filtration. It is still an open question whether the completion of the gigantic project by which the sewage of Chicago is to be diverted from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River will or will not appreciably affect the purity of the water-supply at St. Louis. It is asserted at Chicago that the sewage will be diluted with such a volume of fresh water, sweeping from Lake Michigan through the new drainage-canal, as to diminish rather than increase the sewage taint of the Mississippi River. Inasmuch as St. Louis pours its own great volume of sewage into the Mississippi, to the possible detriment of the towns farther down stream, it can hardly complain of similar pollution on the part of cities to the north. As to the city's sewerage in detail, the system is an exceptionally complete one, everything in the situation favoring easy and thorough drainage.

GARBAGE AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH.

If, indeed, St. Louis continues to pour the effluent of a great city's sewers into the Mississippi, it may at least claim to have relieved the river of another form of waste, which, in

point of fact, was much more offensive than sewage. Until recently the garbage of the city was dumped into the river, to the extreme disgust and annoyance of people living on the banks for a long distance below. Large quantities of domestic garbage floated down to certain shoals where, at bends in the river, huge garbage reefs were formed. The offensiveness of these reefs in the hot season can better be imagined than described.

Garbage is collected and disposed of in St. Louis by the employment of a private contractor; but it does not go into the river, and very little of it remains at back doors and alley gates. The reason for a transformation almost magical lies in the radical change of motive on the part of the contractor. For, be it said, a simple invention, applying a well-known chemical principle, has now made possible on purely commercial grounds an advanced step in American municipal housekeeping that neither public spirit, the sanitary motive, nor yet the demands of a fastidious civilization, had sufficed to effect. In Europe they have been willing, at a heavy expense to the taxpayers, to make a scrupulous collection and disposition of garbage part of the task of good municipal government. But in the United States, it would seem, we are destined to find our solution of the garbage problem through the eagerness of private companies for money-making municipal franchises.

Some years ago a well-known inventor perfected and patented a chemical process for the extraction of animal fats from garbage. This system has made it profitable to build large factories for garbage treatment, and in several American cities companies have been formed which have obtained an exclusive contract for the collection and disposal of garbage and dead animals for a term of years. These local companies use the patented processes by virtue of a royalty arrangement. St. Louis was by no means the first American city to adopt this system, but the plant of the St. Louis Sanitary Company, which employs the Merz processes, is much the largest and most perfect of its kind in the world. The system, therefore, as exhibited in the concrete at St. Louis, deserves some description.

The principal station of the sanitary company is a marvelous factory which has cost nearly half a million dollars, and which is situated near the river, in a general region of heavy manufactures, in the far southern part of the city. The garbage-wagons drive from the street into the building on an upper floor, the works having been constructed against the side of a steep bank. The material is emptied into storage tanks, whence it passes into a row of huge steel cylinders, called driers. These tanks are surrounded by hot steam-coils, and a revolving rake within each cylinder keeps the garbage in constant motion. In about six hours, under a steam pressure of 300° F., the material is entirely dry. About ninety per cent. in weight has been evaporated away as simple water.

The material that remains looks like dried coffee-grounds, and has an odor hard to describe, but not offensive. The oils and fats are all retained in this residue, inasmuch as such substances do not volatilize at a lower temperature than 550°. After the needful six hours of drying, the cylinder doors are thrown open, the whirling rakes push out the brown, dried garbage, it falls into a long receiving-box, and a huge continuous screw turning in the box conveys the material to a row of upright tanks full of petroleum naphtha. The naphtha is heated by steam, and the garbage remains immersed in these tanks for an hour. In that time the grease has been absorbed by the naphtha, which is then drawn off into another tank, leaving the unabsorbed residuum of garbage behind. On the average, 98½ per cent. of the grease has been absorbed and retained by the naphtha. Naphtha and benzine, as is well known, volatilize rapidly and easily at a low temperature. It is, therefore, a simple matter, by the use of hot steam-coils, to vaporize the benzine and leave the grease behind. The benzine is caught and condensed, and is not in the least injured. Thus the same benzine (naphtha as a cheaper equivalent being commonly used) is employed over and over again, a slight percentage, of course, disappearing as leakage.

The grease is practically pure, and an entirely legitimate article of commerce. In its brown and crude form it is sold to the candle-makers and soap-makers, at whose hands it undergoes certain processes of refining and bleaching. There is a large and constant demand for it, and it is a very profitable commodity. There remains to be accounted for the residuum of garbage from which the grease has been extracted—a material of about the consistency of ashes, with a color, however, like chicory, and a smell that suggests licorice. This substance is destined for use as a fertilizer on the tobacco- and cotton-fields of the South; but it is not rich enough in ammonia and phosphates to be marketable without a further treatment, and is mixed with other substances, and sells at a good

price—once nine dollars a ton, now about six dollars.

Besides what it receives per ton for collecting the garbage, the company's contract gives it $60,000 a year from the city treasury for its services in disposing of the waste. The company would probably protest strongly that it could not afford to collect the garbage and carry on its business without the payments which it receives from the city treasury. It is not a question that can be intelligently discussed by an observer not minutely versed in all phases of the subject; but I have formed the opinion, through the assurance of experts, that if the city itself should undertake the direct management of the garbage system, with a competent director at the head of the department, the business could readily be made self-sustaining.

STREET CLEANING AND SPRINKLING.

STREET sweepings continue to be dumped into the river. In Europe they have some value as a fertilizer for market-gardens, but in America they are not worth enough to pay the cost of transportation. So far as they consist of sand, clay, and earthy particles, they can be cast into the river without making an appreciable increase of the earthy material that the great brown stream is always carrying. Street sprinkling in a hot and dusty city like St. Louis through the warm season is a matter of great moment. The difference between satisfactory and unsatisfactory sprinkling in summer bears upon the comfort and well-being of the population far more seriously than the difference between good and bad street sweeping and cleansing through the colder half of the year. In St. Louis the sprinkling is done by contract, the city being divided into sixty or more sprinkling districts, in each one of which the contract is let by separate bids. The water is freely supplied by the municipal Water Department. The population is so seriously concerned in this matter that public opinion demands, and therefore receives, an exceedingly efficient service.

POLICE, EXCISE, AND ELECTION BOARDS.

SEVERAL matters of local administration in St. Louis have never been brought under the control of the municipal authorities. One of these is the Police Department. Previous to the adoption of the charter of 1876 there had been established a so-called metropolitan police system for St. Louis, under a board of commissioners appointed by the governor of the State. This system has been retained, the mayor, however, serving as an ex-officio member of the board. Whatever temporary advantages it may have possessed twenty-five years ago, I am not able to discover any sound reason for the system at the present time. The people of St. Louis, who pay all the expenses of their police system, should have power, either by direct election or by appointment of the mayor, to designate their own police commissioners. The actual police administration, however, does not seem to meet with very severe criticism at the hands of the community. The present chief of police has held his position for a long time, and is commended as an officer of efficiency and integrity. The system of bribery and corruption which had grown up so appallingly in the New York police force is not believed to exist to any very serious extent in St. Louis. Gambling seems to be suppressed so far as any open violations of the law are concerned, but no attempt is made to enforce the Sunday-closing law against saloons, or to suppress disorderly houses. Nor is there any pretense of a Sunday-closing policy, and no liquor-seller in St. Louis would for a moment think it necessary to pay regular protection money to the police for a privilege that is freely accorded to all saloon-keepers.

The Excise Department is also under State rather than municipal control. There are about two thousand licensed saloons in St. Louis, the scale of license fees varying in accordance with the drinks sold. A beer license costs much less than a full license, which includes distilled liquors. The average fee is about five hundred dollars, and the total income from liquor licenses approaches a million dollars. Part of this money goes to the State treasury and part to the city.

Election and registration matters also come under the control of a department that is subject to the State rather than to the municipality. A recent State law has thoroughly modernized the registration system of St. Louis, and the administration of the law has been placed in charge of a commission, two members of which are appointed by the governor of the State, and one by the mayor of the city. It has been the duty of this commission to make a house-to-house canvass of the entire city, in order thoroughly to rearrange the registration lists, which were very seriously defective. The new commission seems to have done its work with commendable care and accuracy. It has made an enrolment of about 140,000 men entitled to vote

in the forthcoming State and national elections. This enrolment would seem fully to justify the estimate of the directory, which claims considerably more than 600,000 people for St. Louis.

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THE charter of 1876 provided for the organization of a Board of Health, the principal member of which should be a health commissioner, who should be a duly qualified physician, appointed by the mayor like other heads of departments. This commissioner, the mayor, and one police commissioner are ex-officio members of the Health Board, and two appointed physicians of the city complete the group. Besides ordinary sanitary administration, the Health Department has oversight of the city hospitals, the St. Louis Insane Asylum, and the Poor-house. Under a chief sanitary officer, it exploits a force of inspectors. It maintains a modest chemical and bacteriological laboratory. It has a staff of disinfecting agents. It may be said to contain substantially all of the factors and agencies which belong to the best modern municipal health departments. No fault need be found with the theoretical organization of the department, nor with the intelligence at its head. But the sweeping criticism may be passed that public opinion has not yet demanded a health service by any means adequate to the needs of a great civilized community, so far as equipment and resources are concerned. The ordinary hospitals are not equal to the necessities of the situation, and a great modern municipal hospital for epidemic diseases is a crying necessity. Food inspection ought to be provided for upon a far more thorough scale, and the Health Department ought to have a largely increased force of inspectors, with a far more summary authority for the prevention or remedy of ordinary nuisances.

One interesting innovation is entitled to mention and praise. This is the use of a trolley-car specially built and fitted up for ambulance purposes, officered by agents of the Board of Health, having right of way over the entire trolley system of the city, making regular calls at designated hours in different parts of the town, and transporting patients to the various hospitals, asylums, and other institutions which come under the superintendence of the health authorities. The annual death-rate of St. Louis is about sixteen per thousand of the population, which is a favorable rate in comparison with other large American cities. But the rate could be made decidedly lower, and thousands of cases of illness could be prevented, by moderately increased grants of public money, in furtherance of the earnest and intelligent recommendations of the health commissioner.

PARKS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ST. LOUIS is sadly lacking in a supply of small parks, playgrounds, and open spaces in the more central portions of the city. Nor has it by any means availed itself of opportunities which might readily have been seized for the appropriation of large portions of its attractive river-front for park purposes. It possesses eighteen miles of river-front, two or three miles of which are taken up by the public steamboat-landings. The failure of the city to reserve river parks and to construct river boulevards must surprise every visitor who studies the ground-plan of the town.

Within the city limits on the west side of the town is the great Forest Park, containing 1375 acres, which several trolley-lines render quickly available for most of the inhabitants of the city, and which is one of the noteworthy parks of the world. Carondelet Park contains 180 acres, and is the pleasure-resort of the people of the southernmost portion of St. Louis, who live in what was formerly the separate town of Carondelet. O'Fallon Park, with 150 acres, holds a corresponding place on the north side of the town. Lying a little beyond O'Fallon Park are the two great cemetery tracts, «Bellefontaine» and «Calvary.» Somewhat nearer the center of the town, on the north side, is the famous St. Louis Fair-ground, with about 100 acres. A little way southwestward from the heart of the city is the Missouri Botanical Garden, better known as Shaw's Garden, containing 50 acres, immediately adjoining which is the Tower Grove Park, with 267 acres, both of these magnificently planted and improved pleasure-grounds having been given to the city by the late Henry Shaw. The most central city park of any size is the Lafayette, containing 30 acres. Somewhat larger, and a little farther west, is the Compton Hill Park, which contains a large storage reservoir of the Water Department. Such are the principal pleasure-grounds of St. Louis, and most of them were acquired as the result of a movement in 1874 and 1875. The multiplication of small parks, and the appropriation of portions of the river-front, ought to become a recognized municipal policy.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

For many years past no department of municipal life in St. Louis has had a wider or better fame than that of the public schools. The great personal reputation of Dr. William T. Harris—now United States Commissioner of Education, and for a long term of years superintendent of the St. Louis schools—naturally attracted attention to the educational system of the city. St. Louis was held up as an example, because it was the first of our large towns to ingraft the kindergarten upon the public-school system, while its primary and grammar schools were carefully and philosophically graded, its high-school department a matter of just local pride, and its normal department for the training of its own teachers an excellent crowning edifice to the system. The present efficient superintendent, Dr. Soldan, was formerly the principal of the normal department, and served for a long time as the head of the High School.

The school system is under control of the Public School Board, which was formerly, in accordance with the charter of 1876, composed of one member elected from each of the twenty-eight wards. But in 1887 the charter provision was changed in such a manner as to unite two adjoining wards into one school election district, and each of these districts now elects one member of the board. In addition to these fourteen members, the new arrangement provides for the election of seven members at large on a general city ticket.

What for many years remained a school library has been metamorphosed into the new municipal Free Public Library, which entered upon its career a year or two ago. The new arrangement provides for a library board, appointed by the mayor; and Mr. Walbridge has shown admirable tact and judgment in bringing together for the first board a group of citizens at once representative, influential, and thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of a great free library as the center of the town's popular educational life. The growth of the institution has been very rapid, and its actual use is increasing at a remarkable rate. The library board has this year selected and purchased a site for a separate public library building. Funds are not available for the immediate erection of such a building, but there will be no changing of the broad and far-sighted policy that the library board has adopted. In Mr. Frederick M. Crunden, the public librarian, St. Louis possesses one of the most highly accomplished library administrators in the world. No municipal art gallery is to be found in St. Louis, but the Art Museum, of which Mr. Halsey S. Ives is the director, and which with its connected art school forms a branch of the Washington University, is an institution which has entered deeply into the best life of the community. The manual-training school of Washington University, under Professor Woodward's management, has long been famous for its admirable methods, and it holds an essential place in the city's educational system; while the university itself, though not under municipal control, in fact crowns the school facilities of the town with its literary, scientific, and professional courses.

Albert Shaw.

JUDITH.

FLOWER of youth, in the ancient frame—
  Maid of the mettlesome lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fateful name,
  And the rakish beaver of days gone by!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is she
  That once, through midnight forest and fen,
Guided the horsemen of «old Santee,»
  And rode to the death with Marion's men.

Rare the picture that decks the wall;
  Rare and dainty, in life, below,
My century-later belle of the ball,
  Mocking the beauty of long ago.
If now the summons should come to ride,
  Through such a darkness as brooded then,
How would it please you to serve as guide?
  And where, ah, where were Marion's men?

False the logic that breeds the fear.
  Buds will blossom, and pipes will play.
So it was in that early year;
  So shall it be till the world is gray.
But the petted darling, if need shall be,
  As swift to the saddle will vault again;
And those that follow will ride as free
  As ever of old rode Marion's men.

William Young.









FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIS & SANFORD.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE «BRONCO BUSTER.»

MODELED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAINTENANCE.

THE AUSTRIAN MARRIAGE—THE CONSOLIDATION OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE—THE INHERITANCE AND THE HEIR—THE ARRAY OF NATIONS—THE CONGRESS OF KINGS—THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.



NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FOOT GRENADIERS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

THE AUSTRIAN MARRIAGE.

THE victory of Wagram might have been utterly barren if Germany had displayed the spirit of Spain. The Tyrol, to be sure, was in arms under the devoted leadership of Hofer; in northern Germany there was an auspicious beginning of irregular warfare under men like Schill, Dörnberg, Katt, and Brunswick, the forerunners of Lützow; the Archduke Ferdinand was already in Poland, ready to enter Prussia from the east, and to assist any national uprising which might occur; England's promised expedition had been prepared. On the other hand, there was serious deterioration in the French army. Napoleon, threatened by the knife of a would-be assassin, had sunk into despondency, which was the deeper because he had been wounded at Ratisbon, knocked senseless by a fall from his horse near Schönbrunn, checked at Aspern, compelled to expose his life like any common soldier to save the day at Wagram, and only half supported by the Czar during this last supreme effort; and because Soult had been driven out of Portugal. But there was no attempt by any competent Ger[illegible] leader[illegible] combine these elements agai[illegible] Na[illegible] Hofer was captured and execu[illegible] man guerrillas we[illegible] dispersed; stead of with[illegible] farther no[illegible] hands with Germany, made a truce at Znaim on July 11; England's vaunted armament was directed against Antwerp, and met with disaster; the Czar made overtures to the conqueror of Wagram. Accordingly, Napoleon was able to humiliate Austria in a treaty signed at Schönbrunn on October 14, which reduced the proud empire to a second-rate power. She was cut off from the Mediterranean, compelled to pay an indemnity of 35,000,000 francs, surrender territories containing 3,000,000 inhabitants, reduce her army to 150,000 men, and enter the French system.

Napoleon started for Paris before the ratification of the treaty was complete. He was in great haste to accomplish the divorce from Josephine, and by an alliance in matrimony to found a Napoleonic dynasty. It is needless to dwell on the scenes of the divorce, acted as they were in an atmosphere of theatrical pathos. Eugène announced the Emperor's determination to his mother, and on December 16 the separation was pronounced in a form which emphasized the sacrifice both parties were making for France. Josephine withdrew to Malmaison, where, with an annual grant of two million francs, she remained in dignified seclusion until her death. There was no question of papal sanction to the act of divorce. The Pope was a prisoner in Savona. On receipt of Napoleon's notification that his secular power was taken away, he had replied by a bull excommunicating, under purely spiritual penalties, the Emperor and all his counselors. Remaining persistent in his refusal to abdicate, he was seized and sent to Grenoble; but his presence there in captivity awakened sympathy and a dangerous devotion among the people, and he was carried back to Italy, where he remained [illegible]nder rigid restraint until 1812, when he was [illegible]ansferred to Fontainebleau and lodged like [illegible]rince. A month before the formalities of [illegible]orce, Napoleon had formally asked the Czar



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRITZ L'ALLEMAND, IN THE IMPERIAL ART GALLERY, VIENNA.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BATTLE AT ZNAIM, JULY 11, 1809.

for his sixteen-year-old sister. Alexander was in a terrible dilemma, and, according to Russian custom, referred the question to the dowager Empress. She declared the princess too young for marriage. The successes of France, with the subsequent humiliation of Austria, had left Russia almost isolated; and the treaty of Schönbrunn, having enlarged the grand duchy of Warsaw, seemed to foreshadow a reconstruction of Poland. To send a prompt categorical refusal of Napoleon's request would mean a final rupture of the relations between the two powers; in other words, the relinquishment of Wallachia, Moldavia, and any chance for the further dismemberment of Turkey. Naturally Alexander strove to procrastinate, and gave an answer which was neither compliant nor negative. The Emperor of the French was most impatient, and said: «To adjourn is to refuse.» He appeared distraught, walking, as Cambacérès said, in the midst of his glory—but alone; his enemies, he cried, were making appointments at his tomb. Moreover, France was not prosperous; the Continental system was destroying commerce; the pious Catholics were murmuring about the treatment of the Pope; the aristocracy, old and new, were growing more and more haughty, disdainful even, toward the parvenu who sat on the throne. Napoleon concluded that the stability of his rule demanded a great stroke, and he prepared to make it.

Shorn of many fair territories, left without a seaport, reduced to the rank of a dependent power, Austria retained nothing of her pristine glory except the renown of her imperial house. Even that was jeopardized, as was plain from the language of Napoleon concerning Francis's abdication, when interpreted by his treatment of the Spanish Bourbons. In the negotiations of Schönbrunn Napoleon had employed a certain Alexandre de Laborde, one of the professional diplomats whose services were at the disposal of any employer who desired them. In the interest of the empire on the Danube, he suggested to Metternich a matrimonial alliance of some kind between a Hapsburg and a member of the Napoleon family, the stronger the better —between the Archduchess Maria Louisa and Napoleon himself, if possible. The Austrian minister listened with interest, and on Laborde's return to Paris the suggestion was cautiously made in such a way as to reach Napoleon's ears, probably through Schwarzenberg, the Austrian ambassador. Metternich claimed the glory of the plan until after Napoleon's fall, when he declared that it had originated in Paris. It makes little difference whether Francis or Napoleon was the original suitor, for it was very soon evident that both were eager for the match. Learning that the fate of the Russian alliance was in the hostile hands of the Empress dowager, the Emperor of the French gave a surly answer to the Czar, and determined upon the Austrian match.

In order to represent the divorce as a sad but inexorable necessity, the formal negotiations to secure Maria Louisa as Empress of the French were opened by Josephine in conjunction with Eugène and Hortense; they were assisted by the Austrian ambassador and Frau von Metternich, who was still in Paris, although her husband had returned to Vienna as the successor of Stadion. Another device for the same end was to lay the alternatives of a Russian or Austrian match before an extraordinary council. Murat, Cambacérès, and probably Fouché, voted for Russia. The latter, according to one account, asserted as his reason that there were now only two parties in Europe, those who had gained and those who had lost by the Revolution; that Russia belonged to the former, and was, therefore, the only true ally of France. It is believed that he took this course in order to regain Napoleon's favor, temporarily lost by his self-assertion in repelling the English invasion of the Netherlands; and there are strong indications that almost to the last moment Napoleon did dally with the idea of a Russian marriage. But the majority of the council was under the leadership of Maret, who reasoned that, as Austria was the pivot of every coalition against France, she must be pacified. Talleyrand delivered a long, vague harangue, in which he seemed to uphold the same view, and the vote was finally for the Austrian match. The decision was approved by a family council, and Berthier was named ambassador extraordinary, with the new title Prince of Wagram, to marry the Archduchess by proxy in Vienna on March 11, 1810. The Austrians, thankful for the preservation of their government, were for the most part jubilant, and hoped at no distant date to regain their power. The Russian conservatives trusted that the bonds connecting them with Napoleon's hated Continental system were thus forever severed; the Czar felt deeply the overthrow of his cherished policy, and was true-hearted enough to mourn the loss of a personal friend. To Caulaincourt's empty explanations that the confessional differences had been determinative, he answered that the decision was right, since all France wanted ch[illegible] Napoleonic line; but his aspect was [illegible]



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON ANNOUNCES TO JOSEPHINE THE DAY ...ED FOR SIGNING THE PAPERS OF DIVORCE.

stage had been reached in the dissolution of the Tilsit alliance.

The scenes in Vienna were brilliant in the extreme. The civil contract was signed on the 10th; the religious ceremony occurred on the 11th, as appointed; and then followed a banquet where Berthier was absolved from all the ceremonies considered obligatory upon one of his rank in the Hofburg. Three days later the new Empress was handed to her traveling-carriage by the Archduke Charles, and amid salvos of artillery, which scarcely drowned the cheers of the populace, she set forth. Her journey through Bavaria and Würtemberg was one long ovation, for these countries believed their welfare to be bound up with that of France. On the 26th her cortège, having passed by way of Strasburg, was moving toward Soissons.

After the divorce Napoleon had withdrawn in solitude to the Trianon at Versailles, as if to mourn his widowhood the appointed and decent time in silence. The spot chosen had a significance with reference to the coming celebrations. For a week he spent his days in the unaccustomed but truly royal occupation of field sports. Once he visited Josephine at Malmaison. The next months he had spent again in Paris conducting the matrimonial negotiations and arranging every detail of the etiquette to be observed in the cumbrous ceremonial which he had devised for the celebration of his marriage in France. When all was completed to his satisfaction he left for Compiègne to supervise the arrangements for the reception of his new consort, and spent the last week of waiting there. Some of it was passed in the acquisition of accomplishments, notably in learning to waltz. Every day he sent a letter with flowers to meet the new Empress at successive stages of her progress, and every day he received one from her written in correct French.

At last she reached the close of the final stage, and her bridegroom went out to meet her. Half-way between Soissons and Compiègne were pitched three splendid pavilions. Her suite was to remain in that nearest their last lodging, his in that nearest the palace, the bridal pair were to meet in the central tent, where, according to the custom of feudalism, she was to kneel and pay homage to her liege as his foremost subject. But when he heard that his bride was so near, the Emperor's impatience seemed to break through all bounds. Entering his carriage without ceremony or warning, and attended by only a single companion (the King of Naples), he drove far past Soissons until the carriages met, when he stepped out of his own, tore open the door of the other, and entered with the eagerness of a youthful lover to embrace his bride. The prearranged stops were countermanded, and the same evening, at ten, the wedding-train reached Compiègne. Such was the lover's ardor that again he flung not only royal, but every other kind of propriety to the winds, and, claiming the validity of the procuratorial ceremony at Vienna, slept under the same roof with his bride, instead of in the chamber furnished for his use in one of the administrative buildings. As an excuse for this conduct he pleaded the example of Henry IV.

Next day the ladies and gentlemen of the Empress's court were presented, and formally took the oath of office. On the morrow St. Cloud was reached in the imperial progress; and two days later, on April 1, the civil ceremony of marriage was performed in the presence of all the great dignitaries of the empire, including all the cardinals but two. Excepting only those who pleaded their age or infirmities, the entire college had been transplanted from Rome to Paris shortly after the seizure of the Pope. There was the usual festival at night, accompanied by salvos of artillery, with illuminations of the palace grounds and fountains. The weather, like the date, was untoward, but the Parisian populace streamed out in spite of pouring rain to get a foretaste of the more magnificent spectacles soon to follow. The solemn procession of the bridal pair into the capital occurred next day, and the religious ceremony was celebrated in the great gallery of the Louvre, before an assembly declared at the time to be the most superb ever seen in France, except for one ominous fact—the twenty-seven cardinals were absent. They protested that their absence was an empty form, due only to the fact that Pius VII. had not sanctioned the divorce; but Napoleon was as keenly sensitive to the effectiveness of forms as any Roman prelate. The offenders were banished from Paris, stripped of their great revenues, and forbidden to wear the color or insignia of their office. The popular speech dubbed them «black cardinals.»

In the first outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, Paris and the nation could not sufficiently manifest their joy. The illuminations were lavish, the crowds exuberant, the presents to the Empress superb.

Measured by a certain standard, Maria Louisa was beautiful. Her abundant light-brown hair softened the high color of her brilliant complexion, her eyes were blue and



FROM THE PAINTING BY REALIER-DUMAS. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

mild, her features had the pretty but uncertain fullness of her eighteen years, her glance was frank and untroubled; but her lips were full and heavy, her waist was long and stiff, her form was plump like a child's, and her timidity and self-consciousness were uncontrollable. She was pious, and, as her letters declare, had spent much of the previous winter in praying that Provid[illegible] would choose another consort for Napoleon. But with the resignation of her faith, which some call fatalism, and with the obedience which German life demands from all women, even those of the highest station, she had accepted her destiny. During the ceremonies at the Louvre, the Austrian ambassador, who had taken to himself the credit of what was passing, and had impressively accepted the con-

gratulations showered on him, caught up a wine-glass from the breakfast-table, and, appearing at the window, announced in a loud voice that he drank to the «King of Rome,» a title reserved under the Holy Roman Empire for the heir apparent. It was but a short time since Schwarzenberg's proud master had renounced his proudest designation, that of Roman emperor. The crowd knew that the toast was intended for Napoleon's issue, their quick perception caught the full significance of the act and they burst into cheers at this new sign of Austrian amity.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE.

MUCH had already been done to consolidate Napoleonic empire. The Papal States had been divided into two French departments; Rome was to be the second capital of the new dynasty; the Pope, with four million francs a year at his disposal, was to reside by rotation in each of his several palaces in as many different cities, on condition that he and his successors would swear never to contravene the judgments of the Gallican Church. At first Pius VII. had inducted the bishops nominated by Napoleon; after his captivity he refused; for the moment the appointees were installed as «vicars of the chapters.» To render the Church of Rome further subservient, the ecclesiastical courts had been transplanted to Paris, the thirty Roman episcopates had been reduced to four, and the convents throughout the papal dominion had been secularized. Elsewhere in Italy—in Piedmont, Liguria, Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia—similar changes had been made in the interests of reform. The sums obtained from the confiscated ecclesiastical estates were enormous, and greatly strengthened French credit. Still, the policy was of doubtful value, for it shocked pious Romanists the world over to see the papacy reduced to insignificance.

Since Trafalgar it had been clear that France could not secure the mastery of the seas in naval warfare. Napoleon had sought during his wars in Spain and central Europe to ruin England by paper blockades and embargoes; he had seized all neutral vessels laden with English goods; he had adopted a system of commerce-destroying by armed cruisers; he had conquered the shores of the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the North Sea, and the Baltic: and yet England's foreign commerce had since 1805 steadily increased in extent. Contrabandists, smugglers, and neutral adventurers defied Napoleonic edicts, and found friends in every harbor, the chief offenders being the Dutch and Hanseatic cities. Napoleon's exasperation was extreme, for he recognized that it had now come to a life-and-death struggle between British orders in council and French decrees. It was apparently to repair and enforce his Continental system that he did not reënter the field against Wellington; for, weakening as was the «Spanish ulcer,» the drain by way of Amsterdam and Hamburg was far greater. A hundred thousand first-rate troops, together with the Imperial Guard, were destined for Spain; but his main efforts were to be exerted in the North, Davout being despatched to hold the coast fortresses from Dantzic westward, and Oudinot to coerce Holland. The lands taken from Austria were apportioned among the French allies, Bavaria, Italy, Würtemberg, and Baden; Dalberg received Ratisbon, Eugène took Frankfort, and Jerome accepted Hanover and Magdeburg. All the beneficiaries paid handsomely in cash for their acquisitions. South Germany was gradually evacuated, but a large number of the veterans marched to the German sea-coasts.

The fate in store for these districts, and for another strategic province,—the canton of Valais,—was incorporation with France. The Emperor intended to enforce the rigor of his game. In southern Europe men found substitutes in the products of their fertile soil for cotton, coffee, indigo, and colonial sugar; but the inclement North was not so productive, nor were its sons so patient and ingenious. Louis, Jerome, and Murat felt for their peoples, and winked at transgressions of Napoleon's laws. They were to do penance for their sins by the loss of their lands, either in whole or in part. Curiously enough, the two greatest smugglers were the French and English governments themselves. So fierce were the exigencies of French industry that for a large consideration Napoleon issued to certain favorites permits for exporting French staples, and importing the dye-stuffs and fish-oil essential to French industries. The English government sold licenses to trade, which granted to the purchasers immunity from search when laden with wares for or from English ports. These were sold both to real and to sham neutrals alike, until the practice of carrying «simulated,» otherwise forged, papers became extensive enough to debauch public morality. The traffic was inordinately profitable, and many otherwise reputable merchants—and after the re[illegible]oyal of the non-intercourse restric-



DRAWN BY LUCIUS ROSSI.



FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGES ROUGET, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DETAIL FROM THE RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

tions there were Americans among the number—compounded morality with legality, furnishing «simulated papers» to their ships as part of their regular outfit. This continued even after Napoleon gave his undivided attention to policing harbors and guarding the coast-lines of the North Sea and the Baltic. In the treaty of September 17, 1809, between Russia and Sweden, the latter country, in addition to the cession of Finland, promised to exclude all British ships from her harbors except such as brought salt and colonial wares; in 1810 she promised Napoleon to import nothing but salt, and he agreed to hand back Pomerania. Such were the absurdities of a fight between two combatants one of which had no hands and the other no feet.

to Napoleon's system, he was ready in June to open his novel campaign, and begin the commercial warfare which eventually furnished one of the most important elements in his overthrow, the other two being the national uprisings and the treachery of his friends, so called. But the zenith had not even yet been reached by his star. With undimmed sagacity and undiminished power he set out with his bride, about the end of April, to visit the Dutch frontier, and observe how far Holland's well-nigh open contempt for his cherished scheme would now justify the destruction of her autonomy and the utter overthrow of her government. The nominal object of the journey was to please the young Empress, and to gratify the peoples of Belgium and Brabant by a sight of her charms. This aim was observed in all the arrangements, but in well-nigh every town visited the sun's first rays saw the Emperor on horseback inspecting troops, ships, fortifications, and arsenals; and when its last beams faded away the unwearied man was still holding interviews with the local authorities, in which every detail of administration was revised and strengthened. To all appearance the end of the journey was as prosperous as its inception. Favors were distributed with lavish hand, the people displayed a wild enthusiasm when the courteous but distant Empress showed herself, and nothing occurred to mar the outward state in which the Emperor returned to Paris. But the condition of his mind cannot be depicted, such was his rage and humiliation in regard to a revelation of treachery made inadvertently and innocently by Louis on the eve of their separation. To explain what had occurred a short retrospect is necessary.

From earliest childhood certain qualities of Louis had endeared him to Napoleon. The school of poverty, in which the younger brother had been the pupil of the elder, was likewise a school of fraternal affection. Throughout the Italian and Egyptian campaigns they stood in intimate relations as general and aide-de-camp, and one of the earliest cares of the First Consul was to bestow the beautiful Hortense de Beauharnais on his favorite brother. In 1804 Louis was made general, then councilor of state, and finally in 1806 he was elevated to the throne of Holland. His child until its untimely death was cherished by Napoleon as a son destined to inherit imperial greatness. But, like the other royal Bonapartes, the King of Holland



RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

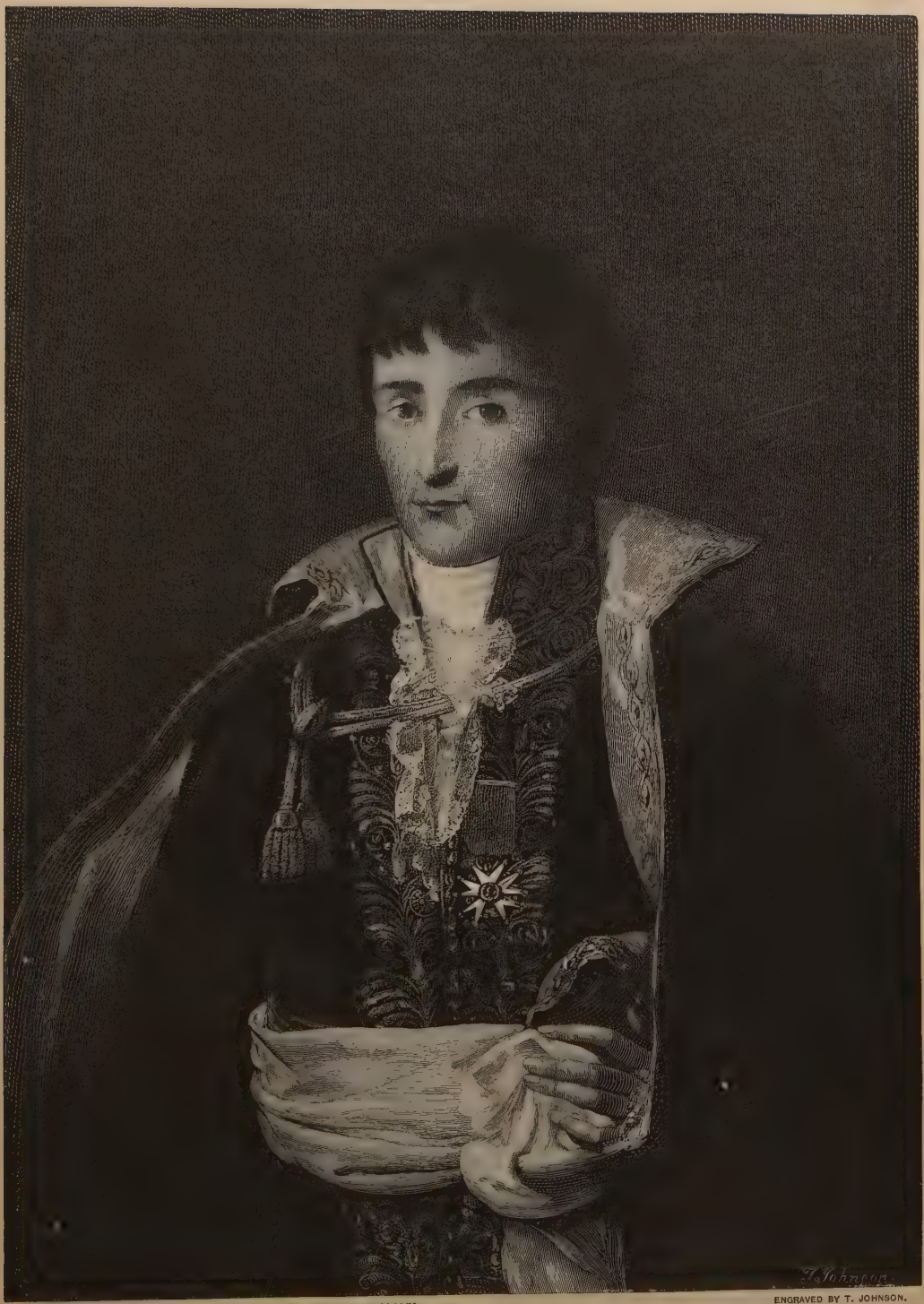
regarded his high estate not as a gift from the Emperor, but as a right. He ruled the land assigned him, if not in his own interest, at least not in that of the Empire, and from the outset filled his letters with bitter complaints of all that entered into his lot, not excepting his wife. Napoleon admonished and threatened, but to no avail. The interests of his own royalty and of the Dutch were nearer to Louis than those of the Empire.

At last the Emperor hinted that the air of Holland did not agree with its monarch, indicating that his policy required it to be incorporated with France. In March, 1808, he offered the crown of Spain as a substitute. A little later the suggestion was made that Louis might have the Hanseatic towns in exchange for Brabant and Zealand. Both propositions were scouted. When we remember who the potentates were by whom such offers were made and refused, we must dismiss all notions of patriotism, uprightness, and loyalty in either, and attribute the result to petulance on the part of the younger. Napoleon was highly incensed. On the failure of the Walcheren expedition, both Brabant and Zealand were occupied by French troops, and Louis was summoned to Paris. His first desperate thought was one of resistance, but on reflection he obeyed. On his arrival he learned that his fate was imminent. Napoleon announced to the legislature that a change in the relations with Holland was imperative. The Minister of the Interior explained that, as being the alluvium of three French rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, that land was by nature a portion of France, one of the great imperial arteries. Louis sought to flee, but was detained. He at once despatched the Count de Bylandt with orders to close the Dutch frontier fortresses and the capital against the entry of French troops. This was done, but Louis's defiance was short. After signing a treaty which bound him, among other things, to open his fortresses, seize all « neutralized » and even all neutral vessels in his harbors, including those of the United States,—a document which thus left him only a nominal throne,—he was permitted early in April, 1810, to return to Amsterdam.

Napoleon's subsequent course was dictated by what might appear to be a sudden change of view, but was in reality a revival of his perennial hopes for peace with England. Having in mind the annexation of Holland, it occurred to him that by desisting from that course he might wrench from England the lasting peace which she had thus far refused. Accordingly he ordered his brother to open a negotiation with that country; he was to represent his kingdom as in danger of annihilation unless the British government would consent to a cessation of hostilities and an enduring treaty of peace. This was done, and though Labouchère, Louis's agent, had so little to offer that his propositions were farcical, yet there was at least the show of a diplomatic negotiation. At this juncture the superserviceable Mephistopheles of the Empire, Fouché, intervened. By an agent of his own he approached the cabinet of St. James with an offer of peace on the basis of restoring the Spanish Bourbons and compensating Louis XVIII by a kingdom to be carved from the territories of the United States!

The agent of Fouché reached London somewhat ahead of the one sent by Louis. He was firmly sent to the right about. Labouchère was then told that before entering further on the question, a proposition for peace must be formulated and presented, not by the King of Holland, but by the Emperor. The failure of the Walcheren expedition had exasperated England, Canning had fallen, and Lord Wellesley, his successor, represented a powerful sentiment for the continuation of the war. Napoleon replied, therefore, by a note suggesting not a definitive peace, but a step toward it. If England would withdraw the orders in council of 1807, he would evacuate Holland and the Hanseatic towns. His note closed with a characteristic threat. If England should delay, having already lost her trade with Naples, Spain, Portugal, and the port of Triest, she would now lose that with Holland, the Hanseatic towns, and Sicily.

Nothing dismayed by his first rebuff, the audacious Fouché again intervened. This time he selected Ouvrard, a friend of Labouchère's and of his own, a man well known as a stormy petrel of intrigue, to operate insidiously through the accredited envoy, who innocently supposed his friend to be representing Napoleon's own views. There was consequently but little sense of restraint in the renewed negotiation. Virtually the entire Continental situation was considered as open, and Fouché's pet scheme of an American kingdom for Louis XVIII was further amplified by the suggestion of an Anglo-French expedition to establish it. Labouchère having returned to Holland, much of the negotiation had been carried on by letter, and Napoleon, getting wind during his Belgian visit of Ouvrard's presence, suspected trickery and called for the correspondence. Its very existence enraged him; that such matters should have been put in writing was compromi-



FROM THE PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Lucien Bonaparte

to his entire policy. Ouvrard afterward declared that he personally informed the Emperor of what was going on, but he could never prove it; the only basis which can be found for his statement consists in the seizure of some hundred and thirty American vessels lying in Continental harbors: but base as that deed was, it proves nothing.

The Embargo Act, passed in 1807 by the American Congress, had been entirely to Napoleon's liking, as is proved by the Bayonne decree of 1808, which ordered the seizure and sale in French harbors of all American ships transgressing it; but the Non-intercourse Act of March 1, 1809, enabled a vessel holding both a French and a British license, if provided likewise with «simulated» papers of any neutral state, to trade in British goods almost without restriction. This Napoleon chose to consider as open hostility, and under the Rambouillet decree of March 23, 1810, American vessels, with their cargoes, worth together over $8,000,000, were seized. His dealings with the United States were very irregular: between 1802 and 1811, on one pretext or another, 558 ships flying their flag were seized in French harbors; and the number seized in those of Holland, Spain, Denmark, and Naples was also very large; but during the same period Great Britain seized 917, and there is no proof that Napoleon intended anything more than forcing the transatlantic republic into hostility with England.

For a moment the Emperor of the French contemplated bringing Fouché to trial for his treasonable practices in Holland; but dreading possible revelations, he contented himself with removing the intriguer from office. Savary, who admits that he was dreaded more than the pest, was appointed minister of police. So persistent was Louis in preferring a Dutch policy to the advantage of the Empire, that Napoleon's scorn finally burst all bounds, and after writing an abusive letter he despatched an army to seize Amsterdam. Louis thought of resistance, but his council convinced him how futile such a course would be. The dispirited King abdicated in favor of his son, and fled to Teplitz, in Bohemia. For some days the fugitive's whereabouts were unknown; and to stem the tide of ugly gossip which at once set in, a circular was issued to the French representatives throughout Europe, explaining that the King of Holland must be excused as being a chronic invalid. About the same time Lucien found that domicile in a French department, as Rome then was, might be unpleasant, and set sail for America. His ship was captured by a British cruiser, and he spent the succeeding years until 1814 in an agreeable captivity in England. On July 9, 1810, a laconic imperial decree was published, stating that Holland was henceforth a portion of the Empire.

Louis had been an admirable ruler, introducing many reforms into Dutch administration. When the people began to suffer under the rigid enforcement of the Continental blockade, his sympathies were with them, and not with Napoleon. To those who were under the influence of the national sentiment now growing so strong everywhere it seemed a dastardly deed to drive him from his throne. But Napoleon could tolerate no independence when his fate depended on the concentration of all his powers. «What was I to do?» he exclaimed at St. Helena. «Leave Holland to the enemy? Nominate a new king?» From his standpoint only one answer can be given to these questions. During the four years of French administration in the country the public debt was scaled from 80,000,000 to 20,000,000 francs, all disorders were suppressed, and by the exercise of rigid economy a certain quiet well-being was assured to the people, which they could never have secured under Louis. The Napoleon brothers and sisters had all come to think and behave like dynastic sovereigns, independent by the grace of God. «Relatives and cousins, male or female, all worthless,» he had said in the previous autumn to Metternich; «I should not have left a throne in existence, even for my brothers.» In pursuance of this policy, Spain as far as the Ebro was annexed to the Empire in March, 1810, and the whole North Sea coast as far as Lübeck in the following December; and the Duke of Oldenburg, the Czar's new brother-in-law, was dethroned. Joseph was furious, Jerome sullen, Alexander more bitter than ever. Valais, too, was transformed into the department of the Simplon, and this, together with the four erected out of the North Sea coast, brought the limits of Napoleonic empire to their greatest extent. The Illyrian provinces and the Ionian Isles were held as military outposts. Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia were also administered by martial law. Murat was made king of Naples; the infant Louis succeeded him as grand duke of Berg; Élise was grand duchess of Tuscany, princess of Lucca and Piombino; Pauline was duchess of Guastalla. These states, together with Westphalia, Spain, Neuchâtel, Benevento, Italy, the Confederation of the Rhine, the Helvetian Republic, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Denmark, with Norway, were all vassal powers. Rome, Genoa, Parma, Florence, Siena, Leghorn, Osna-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE CANTINIÈRE OF THE 26TH REGIMENT CLIMBING THE ROCKS AT BUSACO.

brück, Münster, Bremen, and Hamburg were capitals of French departments; the total number of such administrative divisions now reached 130.

The mastery of such an empire with such an extent of sea-coast seemed to realize the dreams of the Revolution leaders, who in 1796 had determined to close the Continent to British commerce. By the two decrees of August 5 and October 18, 1810, issued respectively from the Trianon and from Fontainebleau, the system was apparently completed. English wares were seized wherever found, even within a limit four miles beyond the imperial borders in all directions; smugglers were mercilessly hunted down; and the holders of licenses alone could bring in colonial products. Frederick VI, King of Denmark, remembered the English outrage on Copenhagen in 1807, and was Napoleon's ardent supporter, closing the Danish and Norwegian ports against British commerce. He hoped by compliance to secure Sweden for his crown. Charles XIII of Sweden was also Napoleon's friend, but his people had not been exasperated like the Danes, and were independent. Their king being childless, the notables had cast about for a successor likely to please Napoleon, and had fixed upon Bernadotte! Endeared to all the Swedes by his considerate kindliness to the Pomeranians when commander of the French armies in that province, they remembered that he was King Joseph's brother-in-law, and believed that an old associate of Napoleon would, as their ruler, insure them high consideration and delicate treatment by the monarch of the great Western empire. The Emperor was, of course, secretly furious; but Bernadotte was too dangerous, too well informed, to be thwarted, and accordingly he became crown prince of Sweden. Desiring to compensate his new country for her loss of Finland, he asked for Norway; but Denmark could not be alienated, and the request was denied. Thwarted in this, the sometime Jacobin, but now heir apparent to a throne under the style of Charles John, began immediately after his installation at Stockholm to vent his spleen on Napoleon. The jealous and vigilant Czar offered, in December, 1810, the coveted domain in return for Sweden's alliance. Her steadfastness to the French alliance was thus rendered doubly insecure.

THE INHERITANCE AND THE HEIR.

It would be idle to suppose that during the winter of 1810–11 the Spanish situation was not thoroughly appreciated by the imperial bridegroom at Paris, or that he underrated the ultimate effects of what was taking place in the Iberian peninsula. Joseph was totally disenchanted, and, tormenting his brother with querulous criticism of the French troops, insisted upon a more pacific procedure. Napoleon's reply was to prepare an act of abdication for the King of Spain, and to announce that the country was to be made a French department. The Spanish people were thoroughly roused, and England redoubled her energies. Masséna had shown his brilliant qualities in the highest light throughout the Austrian campaign, and as the greatest of the marshals was appointed to take command in Spain. With him went the imperial guard and other reinforcements, which brought the number of French troops in the peninsula to a total, on paper, of 80,000 men, of which about 50,000 were effective. By the arrival of a corps under Hill to reinforce Wellington, and including about 25,000 Portuguese, the latter had approximately the same number. The Peninsular campaign of 1810 opened in June by Masséna's appearance before Ciudad Rodrigo, which, after a stubborn resistance of about five weeks, surrendered on July 10. The French next beleaguered the strong frontier fortress of Almeida, and that also fell about the beginning of September. Wellington conducted his retreat, which was thus enforced, with great skill, defeating an attack made on his rear-guard at Busaco on September 27. Masséna still pressed on, but on October 9 was, unexpectedly to himself, brought to a stand before the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, long since constructed by Wellington to protect Lisbon.

Soult, having won a decisive victory over the Spaniards at Ocaña on November 19, 1809, had advanced into Andalusia. His orders were to unite with Masséna for an overwhelming effort. But, sullen because superseded by Masséna, he began a weary, ineffectual siege of Cadiz, and remained there until, having received a virtual reprimand from Napoleon, he took half his force and captured Badajoz. Even then he failed to join Masséna. The news that his two greatest marshals had successively come short in their tasks embittered Napoleon to the verge of desperation. But the annexation of the North Sea coast had involved him in a diplomatic conflict with Russia, his domestic affairs occupied him for the moment to the exclusion of everything not immediately pressing, and he failed to reinforce Masséna. Throughout the winter both the French and



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

MARSHAL STOCKPOT ATTACKING A FORAGING DETACHMENT.

the English generals maintained themselves only by the exercise of qualities akin to genius. Soult returned from Badajoz to Cadiz, and in March Masséna began a retreat into Spain. Thereupon the English besieged Badajoz, and on May 5 defeated Masséna at Fuentes de Onoro in one of the bitterest conflicts of the war. The old marshal was recalled in disgrace, and replaced by Marmont. On May 16, Soult, advancing to relieve Badajoz, was defeated in a pitched battle at Albuera; but the victory proved an empty one for the English, since Wellington, hearing that French reinforcements were coming up from Salamanca, felt constrained to withdraw before superior force, and decamped on June 18. The rest of 1811 was a season of inactivity, except for the exploits of Suchet, who annihilated Blake's army, capturing Valencia and occupying Aragon. In the following season Wellington captured both Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; advancing then, he overwhelmed Marmont in the brilliant victory of Salamanca on July 22, 1812, and marched on Madrid to dethrone Joseph. Soult at once abandoned Cadiz and hurried north, while Marmont took possession of Burgos. The British soldiers, finding themselves between two foes, became demoralized. Wellington was forced by the chaos of English politics to retreat into Portugal, and at the close of the year the French held all Spain except the south coast. But in spite of their inglorious successes the soldiers were dispirited; regiments melted away under desertion and sickness, and the military power of France in Spain was annihilated. The peninsula was never to be French.

Yet in some respects the French character appeared in a stronger light throughout the disasters of the Peninsular war than at any other time. Marbot's tale of the beautiful young cantinière, or woman sutler, of the 26th regiment, who after Busaco rushed unhurt through the English outposts to alleviate the sufferings of Simon, the general of her brigade, who had been captured, and who returned on her donkey through the lines without having suffered an insult, reflects equal credit on the unselfish daring of the French, which she typified, and on the pure-minded gallantry of the English. His narrative of the French deserters who, under a leader nicknamed Marshal Stockpot, established themselves as freebooters in a convent not far from Masséna's headquarters at Santarem, and of the general's swift, condign punishment of such conduct, graphically delineates the straits of the French, which led them into the extreme courses which devastated the land, and also displays the quality of the discipline which was exercised whenever possible. Nor should it be forgotten that the two most splendid writers of France's succeeding age were profoundly impressed by the terrible scenes of the French invasion. George Sand was in Madrid as an infant for a considerable portion of 1808; Victor Hugo passed the year 1811 in a Madrid school, fighting childish battles for «the great Emperor,» whom his Spanish schoolmates called Napoladron (Napo the robber). The former was irresistibly drawn to revisit the country; the latter recalled his impressions in some of his noblest verse.

It would be idle to believe that Napoleon did not fully realize the situation in Spain; it is gratuitous to assume that by massing all his resources he could not have made a desert in Spain to call it a peace. But before devastating what he intended to make part of his empire, he thought to cut away the British support from beneath the rebellion. The credit of Great Britain could not long be maintained with her contraband trade paralyzed, and her costly expeditions to Holland, Sicily, and Spain either failures or but partial successes. Her collapse would be assured if the Czar would only remain true to the engagements of Tilsit, since the only channel for British trade to enter the Continent was now through Russia. It is true that the finances of France herself were at a low ebb, but the Emperor had money in abundance. When the legislative assembly met in December, 1809, it was clear that the farce of constitutional imperialism was nearly played out. The members of the senate kept their seats by their own decree; an imperial edict appointed the deputies for the new departments without the form of an election. By an article of the new penal code the confiscation of estates was made the penalty for certain crimes. This was enforced, the public canals were sold to private corporations, and the sanction of legislative ratification was given to such acts. The moneys thus obtained, together with the vast contributions and indemnities received from foreign states, were really a corruption fund. The enormous armies, which covered Europe like swarms of locusts, were admirably maintained; but it was hard to find money for the purpose, because the marshals and generals were insatiate in their demands. The greed of the civil administrators was scarcely less; and thus, in both branches of the public service, every official stood with outstretched palm and hungry eyes.



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. BELLANGÉ AND DAUZATS, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

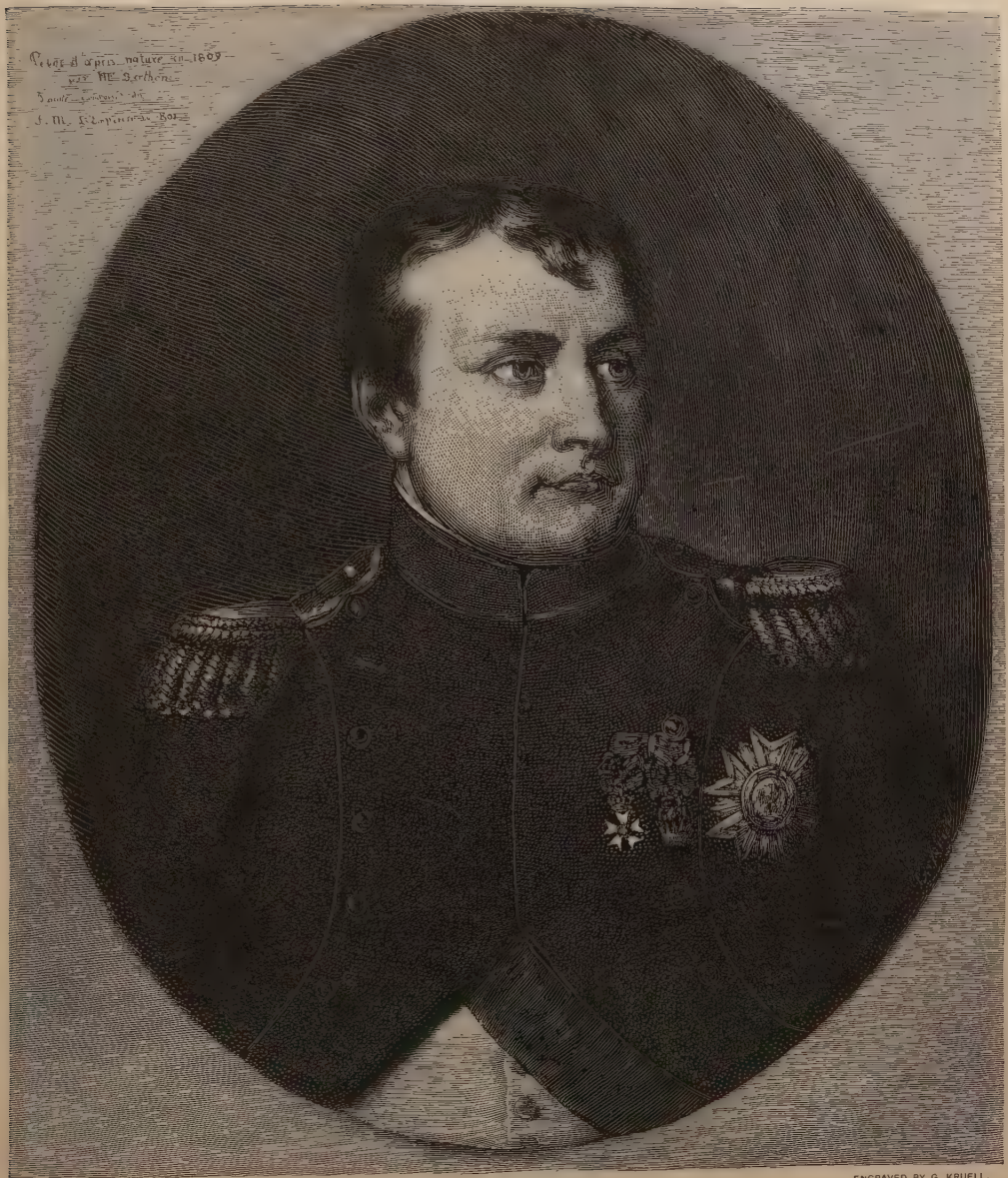
A DAY OF REVIEW UNDER THE EMPIRE, PLACE DU CARROUSEL, JUNE, 1810.

Napoleon had the lavish hand of a parvenu, but his beneficiaries were not grateful, and with ever-increasing insolence were always craving more. The system of private confiscations or forced contributions from individuals had already attained vast dimensions. During the winter of 1809–10 it was extended and regulated; the sums wrung from German princes and Spanish grandees, from English merchants and the Italian clergy, were not entirely exhausted; the remainder, together with what was «accepted» from timorous politicians, crafty ecclesiastics, sly contractors, and unprincipled financiers, was now erected into the dignity of the Emperor's «extraordinary domain.» The term «army chest» had been devised for times of higher public morality; it was now discarded. Confiscated palaces, forests, lands, fisheries, moneys from the sale of American ships—all were now the Emperor's private property. We should not be astonished at the revenues of his great officials. Berthier had 1,350,800 francs a year; Davout, 910,000; Ney, 728,000; and Masséna, 500,000; naturally Soult wished to augment his 305,000, and for that end sought the crown of Portugal. What with the public charities, the public works, and such lavish bribery, the expenditure had risen to 430,000,000; but the receipts by the means enumerated above had been swollen to 760,000,000, so that Napoleon had 330,000,000 in his purse.

Legislative independence extinguished, a privy purse of immense capacity established, the greed of useful supporters temporarily satisfied, the censorship of the press made rigid, there was but one other measure essential to complete tyranny, and that was taken. There were many disaffected persons in the Empire too powerful to be left at liberty, but too dangerous to be tried in open court. Six state prisons were established for this numerous class, and gradually a colony of helpless malcontents, outraged in every human right, was confined in each. Where was the enlightened public opinion of France? Where, indeed? The publishers bought the slender immunities they enjoyed with considerable sums, and this gold was used to pension needy men of letters; other writers were given decorations that carried subsidies with them; some were elevated into the new baronage. The great majority of those who should have formed and molded public opinion were subservient to the government. Even Carnot accepted a pension of 10,000 francs. The standing exception was Mme. de Staël, who, having been scorned, never forgave. Ostracized from Paris as an intriguer by the Committee of Public Safety, kept under surveillance in Switzerland by the Directory, her offers spurned by Bonaparte, she spent the ten years of her banishment in wandering from court to court through England, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, undermining Napoleon's character, and fomenting the coalitions which eventually ruined him. Her study of regenerated Germany was in the main a valuable book; influential as it was, it held up to France as a model the course of her bitterest foe, and the censors heightened its renown by their efforts to suppress it. The decennial prizes, instituted to promote letters and learning, were distributed in 1810. Most of the names of those who were crowned are now known to none except the curious.

During the season of 1810–11 the Emperor's private life was virtually devoted to beneficence. In addition to the favors granted to Carnot, he lavished money on other objects, some not so worthy. Canova, who had been called from Rome to make a portrait-statue of the Empress, obtained a substantial grant for the learned societies of that city. Chénier, like Carnot, had been a pronounced adversary of the Empire. He now sought employment under it, and was made inspector-general of the university, an office which he did not live long to enjoy. All the old favorites were remembered in a general distribution of good things. Talleyrand having just lost an immense sum by the failure of a trusted bank, the Emperor came to his relief by purchasing one of his most splendid palaces for more than 2,000,000 francs. The court resided sometimes at St. Cloud, sometimes at Rambouillet, sometimes at the Trianon, but for the most part at Fontainebleau, where the ceremonious life, to which all concerned were now well accustomed, was marked by none of the old awkwardness, but ran as brilliantly as lavish expenditure could make it. The pregnancy of the Empress was celebrated with great festivities, during which Napoleon performed one of his most applauded acts—the endowment of a vast maternity hospital. The Empress was brought into great prominence as the president of a society consisting of a thousand noble ladies, under whose patronage the charity was placed.

The unconcealed and ecstatic delight of the prospective father found vent in delicate and tender attention to the mother of his child, and until her deliverance he was a gentle, devoted, and considerate husband. His whole nature seemed transformed. When in the early morning of March 20, 1811, word was



FROM THE PAINTING BY RENÉ-THÉODORE BERTHON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DESCENDANTS IN CANADA. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN 1809.

brought that the Empress was in labor, and that a false presentation made it of instant necessity to choose between the life of the mother and that of the child, the feelings of the Emperor can better be imagined than described. If the expected heir should die, his dynasty would be jeopardized, his enemies would once more be making appointments over his grave, the hopes of a lifetime might be shattered. But there was not a moment's wavering. «Think only of the mother,» he cried.

The fears of the attending physicia[illegible]ere vain, after all, and the man-child, coming without a cry into the world, and lying breathless for seven minutes, as if hesitating to accept or decline his destiny, finally gave a wail as he caught the breath of life. Napoleon turned, caught up his treasure, and pressed it to his bosom. A hundred guns announced the birth, and the city burst into jubilations, which were reëchoed throughout Europe from Dantzic to Cadiz. Festival succeeded festival, and for an interval men believed that the temple of J[illegible]s would be again closed. No boy ever cam[illegible] the earthly stage amid such splen-

dors, or seemed destined to honors such as appeared to await this one. The passionate devotion of the father was constant from the beginning. It lasted even after he had been deserted and betrayed by the mother, after the child had been estranged and turned into an Austrian prince.

THE ARRAY OF NATIONS.

MANY addresses were sent congratulating the Emperor on the birth of his child. The most important was that from the Paris chamber of commerce, and to this he made a reply which attracted general attention. Its substance was the assurance that the Continental system had told heavily against England, whose storehouses were glutted with colonial wares and her own products, for which no market could be found. Declaring himself the successor of Charles the Great, Napoleon promised to have a navy in four years, and in ten years to ruin England. He boasted of his success in producing sugar from beets, of his own great wealth, and of Austrian bankruptcy. There are three versions of this famous talk, and in one of them are the words: «I showed mercy to the Emperor of Russia at Tilsit in return for his promises of help; but if those promises are not kept, I will go, if need be, to Riga, to Moscow, to St. Petersburg.» The utterances are both imperial and imperious, typical of dictatorial self-sufficiency.

Three points in the address demand attention: the absence of all reference to French finance, the ignoring of the ecclesiastical situation, and the threat against Russia. Metternich reported that, although France was the richest country in the world, her treasury was empty. There were receipts of 900,000,000 francs in 1811, but a deficit of 54,000,000 was threatened, the appropriations for army and navy having been raised from 510,000,000 to 650,000,000. Determined to make each generation pay its own expenses, the Emperor increased the indirect taxes, and instituted a state monopoly in tobacco. But the summer had been one long drought, and Russia did not import French silks and wines to the usual amount, so that the year closed with an actual deficit of 48,000,000. The wealth referred to by the Emperor was his own. Since his incarceration at Savona, the Pope, having steadily refused to institute the bishops nominated by Napoleon, not only still persisted in this, but now took higher ground, forbidding the chapters of both Italy and France to elect the imperial nominees as vicars during the war. This was a rupture of the Concordat, and pious Catholics were very uneasy lest such a declaration of war should heighten the Emperor's bellicose humor. A church council was summoned, and proving as subservient to the secular authority as the Jewish Sanhedrim had been, its representations brought Pius VII. to terms. It is impossible to determine whether the threat against Russia was really made as represented, or whether the address to the chamber of commerce has not been confused with the speech from the throne made to the legislature when it opened in June. But, in either case, all Europe was convinced at the close of March that Napoleon was contemplating war against Russia.

Yet his position was far from fixed. Moved by paternal tenderness, he appears to have considered the possibility of merely holding what he had gained in order to consolidate his splendid empire for his heir. The mass of his army was withdrawn from central Europe, his demands on Prussia were diminished, and the indemnity fixed; Spain he hoped to pacify, feeling sure that Great Britain was weary of the bloody warfare in the peninsula, since she had finally consented to exchange prisoners on his terms; and he never doubted that his arrangements on the North Sea coast would finally be acceptable to the inhabitants. The indications that he realized his true situation are, however, stronger. He could not pause; too long his motto had been, «More beyond.» Sometimes the expression «Emperor of the Continent» escaped his lips; and in March orders were issued to fit out two naval expeditions, one against Sicily and Egypt, one against Ireland. He is reported to have said: «They want to know where we are going, where I shall plant the new Pillars of Hercules. We will make an end of Europe, and then, as robbers fling themselves on others less bold, we will fling ourselves on India.» About the same time the Bavarian minister, pleading for peace, received the retort: «Three years more, and I am lord of the universe.» Mollien thought war inadvisable on account of the fiscal disorders. «On the contrary,» said Napoleon, «the finances are falling into disorder, and for that very reason need war.»

England, though hard pressed, was still undaunted. The doubtful personage was the Czar of Muscovy. He was now thirty-two. Fourteen years earlier he had associated much with Czartoryski, when undergoing the training for his destined rôle of enlightened despot. This Polish youth had conversed at length

about restoring Poland as a member of the Russian empire, and in 1805 Alexander had seriously contemplated action in that direction. But he soon paused, and Czartoryski retired to his estates. The results of Tilsit were disappointing to Alexander, and the idea of a reconstructed Poland was dismissed for fear of adding another to the European nationalities whose fixed territorial boundaries were a menace to Russia's schemes of aggrandizement. His adhesion to Napoleon's commercial system had proved too high a price to pay for Finland; neither Moldavia nor Wallachia was yet secured, and Oldenburg was incorporated in France. The Franco-Austrian alliance was a menace to all the Czar's schemes for the Balkan Peninsula. Czartoryski was recalled, and found his friend with drawn features and haggard eyes, an evident prey to fright. Beaten at his own game and humiliated, the ambitious philosopher-monarch found himself compelled either to break with France or to keep his promises.

In 1809 Alexander had negotiated, through Caulaincourt, a treaty the terms of which were that Poland should never be restored, and the name never used officially. Probably the idea had no connection with the Russian marriage scheme, but nevertheless it is possible that it had; for, had Napoleon assented, Alexander could then have refused the hand of his sister, and have laughed in his sleeve at his outwitted dupe. As it turned out, Napoleon suggested a counter-proposition, promising «never to give help or assistance to any power, or to any internal rising whatsoever, looking to a restoration of the kingdom of Poland.» A few days after the arrival of his despatch at St. Petersburg came the news of the Austrian marriage. The Czar at once took into consideration his future course. To Prince Galitzin he wrote concerning the expediency of restoring Poland, with himself as king; but after dallying with the idea for a time, he told Czartoryski that he could not consider restoring the Polish provinces already incorporated in Russia,



FROM THE SKETCH BY PIERRE-PAUL PRUD'HON. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE KING OF ROME.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

MARIA LOUISA AND THE KING OF ROME.

but that he might accept the crown of the grand duchy of Warsaw, including Galicia. A secret emissary was then despatched to Vienna to sound Francis: Austria was to be indemnified amply for Galicia in the partition of Turkey. But Francis remained mute, and the fencing between Paris and St. Petersburg was renewed. A rejoinder to Napoleon's counter-project was laid on his desk, which contained the identical words used before, «that the kingdom of Poland shall never be restored.» This persistence infuriated the recipient; he dictated a smooth reply, began to rouse public opinion in favor of war, strengthened certain of his fortresses, and sought a closer rapprochement with Austria. The negotiations with Russia continued, Russia insisting on the obnoxious phrase, France repelling the insinuation it contained.

Meanwhile Metternich, confident that in the partition of Turkey better terms could be obtained for Austria from Napoleon than from Alexander, was doing his utmost to embitter their relations. There was a strong Russian party in Vienna which was in close touch with the numerous Poles in Warsaw who looked to Alexander for the restoration of their country's integrity. In both places there was much talk of the restoration of Poland, in Warsaw especially, and the phrase was constantly in the newspapers. Alexander's ambassador in Paris made urgent representations concerning «a persistent rumor that the Emperor intends to restore Poland.» Napoleon retorted in fury, and threatened war, but immediately wrote a soothing assurance that he was still true to the engagements of Tilsit. On July 1, while the lines were in the copyist's hands, there occurred the incident which many thought at the time changed the course of history. During a magnificent festival given by the Austrian ambassador, the decorations in an open court caught fire, and the conflagration spread, enveloping the entire embassy. All the important guests escaped unhurt except Kourakine, the Russian ambassador, who was so injured that he could no longer perform his official duties. Almost immediately Napoleon's humor seemed to change; he curtly dismissed the Russian chargé d'affaires, and ended the negotiation. It was when this news reached St. Petersburg that Alexander a second time offered Norway to Sweden.

The cause of Napoleon's abrupt manner was the news communicated by Metternich that the Russian army had advanced successfully to the Danube. On July 17 Francis requested his new son-in-law to join him in a protest against the aggressions of the Czar. Napoleon honorably refused thus to rupture the Tilsit alliance, but said significantly to Metternich, «If Russia quarrels with us she will lose Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia»; adding that if the Czar, contrary to his engagement of 1808, should seize anything south of the Danube, then he himself would intervene on Austria's behalf. But all Europe seemed convinced that war was inevitable. In all the watering-places the talk was of nothing else. The Russian party in Vienna grew bolder; Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's life-long foe, who had been temporarily under a cloud in Russia, appeared in Vienna in his Russian uniform, courted and oracular. A French interpreter on his way to Persia was stopped by him, and bribed to enter the Russian service. Kourakine, partly recovered, was leaving Paris for home. Through him Napoleon called the Czar's attention to all the facts, and at the same time orders were sent commanding Caulaincourt to end all negotiation, and the Poles were peremptorily enjoined to silence.

Something of Alexander's secret diplomacy must have leaked out, but he appeared unmoved. He was steadily preparing for war, strengthening his fortresses, and locating fortified camps in the district between the Dwina and the Dnieper. But his chief concern was with Poland. Relying on the Jesuit influence for support against the jailer of the Pope, he again took up his old scheme and wrote to Czartoryski. But that nobleman, after a long residence in his native land, had learned how strong was the conviction of his countrymen that Napoleon would give them a more complete autonomy than the Czar, and accordingly he gave a discouraging reply. Alexander was determined that the coming war should be defensive on his part, and immediately opened communications with England and Sweden concerning the Continental system. Finally, in the closing days of the year, he issued a ukase excluding wines, silks, and similar luxuries from France, but facilitating the entry of the colonial wares in which England dealt. This was an act of open hostility to his old ally, a declaration of commercial war. Prussia immediately made semi-official advances to the Czar, but they were repelled.

It is not easy to estimate Napoleon's responsibility for what had happened and was about to happen. He was persistently domineering, contemptuous of national feeling and dynastic politics, over-confident in the

unswerving devotion of France, inflexible in his policy of territorial aggrandizement, ruthless in applying his infantile conceptions of finance and political economy, and pitiless in his own self-seeking. On the other hand, Alexander, having received Prussia's autonomy as his price, had proved an untrustworthy ally from the outset. Having seized Finland, he evaded the Continental system, and in the latest war between France and Austria had actually wooed the latter's favor. Procrastinating in the marriage affair, he displayed an insulting mistrust concerning Poland, and finally declared diplomatic war by his overtures to England and his secret tampering with Austria. This latter power had done its utmost to bring on a conflict, hoping to find her account in the dissensions of the two empires; and Sweden, under Bernadotte, was ready to do anything to strengthen the hands of Alexander and escape from French protection. On April 2, 1811, Napoleon admitted that war was inevitable. «It is all a scene in an opera,» he wrote, «and the English control the machinery.» A week later he notified Alexander that he was aware of the movement of Russian troops toward Poland, and declared that he, too, was preparing. Lauriston was sent to replace the too pacific Caulaincourt at St. Petersburg, and Champagny was replaced in the foreign office by the fiery Maret.

There was much to be done before the actual outbreak of hostilities. Prussia, with a new vigor born of self-denial, education, and passionate patriotism; Sweden, restless and uneasy under the yoke of Napoleonic supremacy; Denmark, friendly, but independent in her quasi-autonomy; the United States, chafing under the restriction of her commerce; Turkey, sick to death, but then as now pivotal in all European politics—the relation of all these powers to the coming conflict must be prearranged. The impending struggle was to be between two insatiate despotisms, one Western and modern, the other Oriental and theocratic. Napoleon dimly grasped the tendency of his own career; as Goethe said, «He lives entirely in the ideal, but can never consciously grasp it.» Unconsciously, too, Alexander the Great had fought for the extension of Greek culture; Cæsar, to destroy the stifling institutions of a worn-out system; Charles the Great, to realize the «city of God» on earth. Napoleon was fighting for nationality, individual liberty, popular sovereignty; had he been told so, he would have wondered what the words could mean.

English history is the story of her struggles for nationality, for religious, civil, and political liberty, and for mercantile ascendancy. Her inborn longings for the highest civilization were not inconsistent with her grim determination to resist a system that stood on the Continent for progress, but which she had come to believe meant national ruin for her.

In January, 1812, Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo; on April 6 Badajoz fell. On April 18 Napoleon offered terms of peace, Spain to be kept intact under Joseph, Portugal to be restored to the house of Braganza, Sicily to remain under Ferdinand, and Naples under Murat. Considering all the circumstances, the offer was worthy of consideration; but the English cabinet refused it. The possibility of peace with Great Britain being thus extinguished, Napoleon considered what course he should pursue toward the other Protestant land, which felt itself to be still struggling for life. Some well-informed persons asserted that at first the Emperor contemplated destroying the Hohenzollern power utterly. If so, he quickly dismissed the idea as involving unnecessary risk. With the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg successfully accomplished, with her educational system completed and her army reorganized, with her people electrified at last into true patriotism, Prussia was again a redoubtable power. Her influence permeated all Germany, and the secret associations which ramified everywhere labored for German unity, their members already dreaming of the Jura, Vosges, and Ardennes as the western frontier of their fatherland. At first Frederick William made overtures to the Czar, offering an army of 100,000 men. Alexander, desiring a purely defensive war, was cold; but late in 1811 he agreed, in case of an attack on Prussia, to advance as far as the Vistula, «if possible.» Meantime Austria at first contemplated neutrality, but abandoned the policy when convinced that, whichever side should be victorious, Prussia would be dismembered. Francis saw Alexander's continued successes on the Danube with growing anxiety, and, learning that Napoleon would put 400,000 men into the field, determined that France must win. Accordingly, in March, 1812, a treaty was executed, which put 30,000 Austrian troops under Napoleon's personal command, and stipulated for Austria's enlargement by Galicia, Illyria, and even Silesia, under certain contingencies. During these negotiations Frederick William had learned how stupendous Napoleon's preparations were, and, with some hesitancy, he finally sent Scharnhorst to sound Austria. The result was determinative, and on February

24, 1812, a treaty between France and Prussia was signed, which gave Prussia nothing, but exacted from her 20,000 men for active service, with 42,000 for garrison duty, and afforded the French armies free course through her territories, with the right to charge such requisitions as were made to the war indemnity. To this pass Alexander's narrowness had brought the proud, regenerated nation; its temper can be imagined.

French diplomacy, triumphant elsewhere, was less successful with Sweden. Alexander offered Norway as the price of alliance, with hints of the crown of France for Bernadotte somewhere in the dim future. Napoleon temptingly offered Finland for 40,000 Swedish soldiers. But the new crown prince was seemingly coy, and dallied with both. This temporizing was brought to a sudden end in January, 1812, when Davout occupied Swedish Pomerania. On April 12 the alliance between Sweden and Russia was sealed. It carried with it an armistice between Russia and Great Britain. This was essential to the Czar, for he would be compelled to withdraw his troops from the Danube for service in the North, and to that end must make some arrangement with Turkey. He found little or no unwillingness, and offered the most favorable terms; Napoleon, on the other hand, demanded 100,000 men if he were to restore to the Sublime Porte all it had lost. England threatened to bombard Constantinople if the Sultan hesitated, and on May 28, 1812, he closed a bargain with Russia which gave him the Pruth as a frontier.

In spite of Turkey's submission, Great Britain was not to be left passive. The neutrality of the United States had, on the whole, been successfully maintained, but their commerce suffered. On May 1, 1810, Congress enacted that trade with Great Britain should be forbidden if France revoked her decrees, and vice versa. Madison and the Republicans believed that this would relieve the strain under which farmers, as well as merchants, were now suffering. This enabled Napoleon, in those days of slow communication, to make a pretense of relaxing the Berlin and Milan decrees, while continuing to seize American ships as before. England was not for a moment deceived, and enforced the orders in council with added indignities. This conduct so exasperated the American people that they demanded war with the oppressor, and on June 19 the war of 1812 began. Napoleon's diplomatic juggling had been entirely successful.

A year earlier the princes of the Rhenish Confederation had received their orders. Their peoples were unresponsive, but the zeal of the rulers overcame all opposition. The King of Saxony was grateful in a lively sense of favors to come, and his grand duchy of Warsaw became an armed camp, the Poles themselves expecting their national resurrection. The prince primate's realm was erected into a grand duchy for Eugène, whose viceroyalty was destined for the little King of Rome, and under the stimulus of a fresh nationality the people gave more than was demanded. Würtemberg and Baden learned that Napoleon «preferred enemies to uncertain friends,» and both found means to supply their respective quotas. Jerome, true to the fraternal instincts of the Bonapartes, hesitated; but his queen was a woman of sound sense, and both were alive to the uncertainties of tenure in royal office, so that, receiving a peremptory summons, Westphalia fell into line. Bavaria and Switzerland furnished their contingents as a matter of course. Among the Germans, some hated Napoleon for his dealings with the papacy, some as the destroyer of their petty nationalities; some devout Protestants even thought him the antichrist. But the great majority were in a state of expectancy, many realizing that even the dynastic politics of Europe had been vitalized by his advent; others, liberals like Goethe, Wieland, and Dalberg, hoped for the complete extinction of feudalism and dynasticism before his march.

This had already been accomplished in France, and for that reason the peasantry and the townsfolk upheld the Empire. In Paris the upper classes had never forgotten the Terror, and were ready for monarchy in any form if only it brought a settled order and peace. There were still a few radicals and many royalists, but the masses cared only for two things, glory and security. They enjoyed the temporary repose under a rule which protected the family, property, and in a certain sense even religion. Family life at the Tuileries was a model, the Emperor finding his greatest pleasure in domestic amusements, playing billiards, riding, driving, and even romping, with his young wife, while his tenderness for the babe was phenomenal. Still he was no puritan, and the lapsed classes could indulge themselves in vice if only they paid; from their purses fabulous sums were turned into the Emperor's secret funds. Under the Continental system industry was at a standstill, and every household felt the privation of abstaining from the free use of sugar and other colonial wares. There was,

however, general confidence in speedy relief, and there were worse things than waiting. The peasantry were weary of seeing their soldier sons return from hard campaigning with neither glory nor booty, and began to resent the conscription law, which tore the rising generation from home while yet boys. Desertions became so frequent that a terrible law was passed, making, first the family, then the commune, and lastly the district, responsible for the missing men. It was enforced mercilessly by bodies of riders known as «flying columns.» Finally every able-bodied male was enrolled for military service in three classes—ban, second ban, and rear ban, the last including all between forty and sixty. Nevertheless, and in spite of all other hardships, there was much enthusiasm at the prospect of a speedy change for the better. In March, 1812, Napoleon could count 475,000 men ready for the field.

THE CONGRESS OF KINGS.

READY, at least to outward appearance, Napoleon was in truth ready as far as equipment, organization, commissariat, strategic plan, and every nice detail of official forethought could go. But how about the efficiency and zeal of men and officers? There had been murmurings for some years past. His studies in 1808 were the eastern campaigns of Rome; Lannes had warned him in 1809 how ready many of his most trusted servants were to betray him if he continued his careef of conquest; Decrès, another true friend, expressed his anxiety in 1810 lest they should all be thrown into a final horrid elemental crash; and in 1811 Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angely exclaimed, «The unhappy man will undo himself, undo us all, undo everything.» The Emperor heard neither of these last forebodings, but is doubtfully reported to have himself declared, «I am driven onward to a goal which I know not.» Caulaincourt made no secret of how his anxiety increased as he knew Russia better. Poniatowski believed Lithuania would refuse to rise against her despot; Ségur and Duroc foresaw that France, if degraded to be but one province of a great empire, would lose her enthusiasm; even Fouché drew up a memorial against war, and instanced the fate of Charles XII. The contents of Fouché's paper were divulged to Napoleon by a spy, and when the author presented it he was met by contemptuous sarcasm. The Emperor believed Prussia to be helpless, chiding Davout for his doleful reports of the new temper which had been developed. Jomini declared, but long afterward, that the great captain had avowed to a confidential friend his eagerness for the excitement of battle.

But, in spite of the anxiety felt by a few leading Frenchmen, there was general confidence, and it was not until after the catastrophe that details like those enumerated were recalled. In reality the outlook in 1812 was better than in 1809. Napoleon's spirits were higher, his conscripts were not visibly worse than any drafted since the beginning of the Consulate, and the veteran Coignet's remark concerning the march to Russia is that «Providence and courage never abandon the good soldier.» As to the commander-in-chief, he had largely abandoned his licentious courses, partly from reasons of policy, partly because of his sincere attachment to wife and child. Throughout the years of youth and early manhood he had indulged his amorous passions, but not a single woman had been preferred to power, not even Josephine. But Maria Louisa was an imperial consort, for whom no attention, no elevation, was too great. Pliant while an Austrian archduchess, she remained so as empress, apparently without will or enterprise. Men felt, nevertheless, that, remaining an Austrian externally, she was probably still one at heart, perhaps a mere lure thrown out to keep the hawk from other quarry. Certainly Napoleon's domestic happiness had not sapped his moral power; possibly it rendered him over-anxious at times, and, perhaps, in revulsion from anxiety over-confident.

During two years of diplomatic fencing the initiative had been Russian, the instigation French. For the war which followed no single cause can be assigned. Some blamed Napoleon, claiming that with his scheme of universal empire it was inevitable; Metternich said Russia had brought on war in an unpardonable manner. The Tilsit alliance was personal; separation inevitably weakened it. The affiliations of the Russian aristocracy with the Austrian; the smart of both under the Continental system, which rendered their agriculture unprofitable; England's stand under Castlereagh; the Oldenburg question—all these were cumulative in their effect. With Alexander, Poland and the Continental system were the real difficulties; the marriage question was only secondary. In January, 1812, the Czar laid down his ultimatum. To the concentration of Russian troops Napoleon had replied by sending his own to Erfurt and Magdeburg. The Czar declared his readiness to take back his move if the Emperor would withdraw his men; he would even accept Erfurt for Olden-

burg, and permit Warsaw to be the capital of a Saxon province. But he said not a word about the Continental system, and for Napoleon to permit the breach of that would be to abandon all his imperial plans. With the hope, apparently, of securing this last essential concession, as well as those already made, he set his troops in motion toward the Vistula on the very day after his treaty with Prussia was signed.

The natural countermove to Napoleon's advance would be the invasion of Warsaw, and, although the new Poland was fortified for defense, yet it might be overwhelmed before assistance could reach the garrisons. Moreover, there were ominous signs in France at the opening of 1812. Food supplies were scarce, and speculators were buying such as there were. Napoleon felt he must remain yet a little while to check such an outrage and to strengthen public confidence. Ostensibly to avoid a final rupture, but really to prevent the premature opening of war, he therefore summoned Czernicheff, the Czar's aide-de-camp, who, as a kind of licensed spy, had been hovering near him for three years past, and offered to accept every item of the Russian ultimatum, if only an equitable treaty of commerce could be substituted for the ukase of December, 1810; in other words, if Alexander would agree to observe the letter and spirit of the Continental system. During the two months intervening before the Czar's reply Napoleon's armies flowed on, and a temporary remedy for the economic troubles of France was found. When, late in April, the answer came, it was, as expected, a declaration that without the neutral trade Russia could not live; she would modify the ukase somewhat, but, as a condition antecedent to peace, France must evacuate Prussia and make better terms with Sweden. On May 1 the French army reached the Vistula; on May 9 Napoleon and his consort started for Dresden.

The surge of German patriotism had nearly drowned Napoleon in 1809. The Austrian marriage had withdrawn the house of Hapsburg from the leadership of Germany; the imperial progress to Dresden, and the high imperial court held there, were intended to dazzle the masses of Europe, possibly to intimidate the Czar. The French were genuinely enthusiastic; the Germans displayed no spite; princes, potentates, and powers swelled the train; all the monarchs of the coalition, under Francis as dean of the corps, stood in array to receive the august Emperor. Maria Louisa was as haughty as the Western Empress should be, patronizing her father and stepmother, boasting how superior the civilization of Paris was to that of Vienna. It was there she first saw Neipperg, the Austrian chamberlain, who was later her morganatic husband. Napoleon appeared better; self-possessed, moderate, and genial. His vassals and his relatives, his marshals and his generals, all seemed content, and even merry. The King of Prussia had lost his beautiful and unfortunate queen; he alone wore a sad countenance. Yet it was rumored that the Prussian crown prince was a suitor for one of Napoleon's nieces. Beneath the gay exterior were many sad, bitter, perplexed hearts. The Emperor was seldom seen except as a lavish host at public entertainments; most of the time he spent behind closed doors with the busy diplomats. As a last resort, Narbonne was sent, ostensibly to invite Alexander's presence in the interest of peace; actually, of course, to get a final glimpse of his preparations. The Abbé de Pradt was despatched into Poland to fan the enthusiasm for France.

This unparalleled court was dismissed on May 28, Napoleon hastening by Posen and Warsaw to Thorn. The Poles were exuberant in their delight; they little knew that their supposed liberator had bargained away Galicia to Francis. For this betrayal, and his general contempt of the Poles, he was to pay dearly. Had he labored sincerely to organize a strong nucleus of Polish nationality, a coalition of Russia, Prussia, and Austria such as finally overwhelmed him would have been difficult, perhaps impossible. But the founder of an imperial dynasty could not trust a Polish democracy. When the diet, sitting at Warsaw, besought him to declare the existence of Poland, he criticized the taste which made them compose their address in French instead of Polish, and gave a further inkling of his temper by sending his Austrian contingent to serve in Volhynia, so that neither French nor Polish enthusiasm might rouse the Russian Poles. When he reached Vilna he found that the impassive Lithuanians had no intention of rising against Russia, and no attempt was made to rouse them. If, as appears, his first intention had been to wage a frontier campaign, that plan was quickly changed. Retaining Venice and Triest for use against the Orient, with Austria virtually a member of his system, he determined to force Russia back on to the confines of Europe, perhaps into Asia, and then— Who can say? It seems as if Poland was to be divided into French departments instead of erected into another troublesome nation, vassal state or semi-autonomous.

At the opening of the Russian campaign the gradual change which had been steadily going on in Napoleon's physique was complete. He was now plethoric, and slow in all his movements. Occasionally there were exhibitions of quickened sensibility, which have been interpreted as symptoms of hystero-epilepsy; but in general his senses, like his expression, were dull. He had premonitions of a painful disease (dysuria), which soon developed fully. His lassitude was noticeable, and when he roused himself it was often for trivialities. In other campaigns he had stolen away from Paris in military simplicity; this time he had brought the pomp of a court. He planned, too, to bring theater companies and opera troupes to the very seat of war. Above all, he was deeply concerned with his imperial state, having in his trunks the baubles and dress he had worn at his coronation in Notre Dame. His mien was haughty, but there was no sparkle in his eye; he seemed spiritless and ailing; he showed no pride or confidence in his magnificent army. Yet careful study will prove that his sagacity as a great captain was in no way dimmed; his military combinations were greater than any he had ever formed. As no parallel to the numbers engaged in this enterprise can be found except in Oriental story, nothing comparable to its organization can be found in the history of any age. Every corps had its ammunition train, and great reserves of supplies were stored in Modlin, Thorn, Pillau, Dantzic, and Magdeburg. In the two last-named arsenals were siege-trains for beleaguering Dünaburg and Riga. There were pontoons and bridge material in abundance; 1350 field-pieces, and 18,000 horses to draw them. The commissary stores were prodigious, and there were thousands of ox-wagons to transport them. In various convenient strongholds there were, besides, stores for 400,000 men for fifty days. Knowing Russia, he had prepared to conquer streams and morasses, to feed the army without fear of a devastating population, and to trust the seat of war for nothing except forage. His strategic plan was amazing, containing, as it did, the old elements of unexpected concentration, of breaking through the opposing line, of conclusive victory, and occupation of the enemy's capital. It was carried also to successful completion, and against tremendous obstacles. The first season he intended to seize Minsk and Smolensk, winter there, and organize his conquests. If this should not produce a peace, he would advance in the following season in the heart of the country, and there await the Czar's surrender.

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.

When Napoleon left Dresden his force was so disposed that the Russians could not tell whether he meant to strike from north or south, and accordingly they divided theirs, Barclay de Tolly, with 127,000 men, standing before Vilna, Bagration, with 66,000, ensconcing himself behind the swamps of the upper Pripet in Volhynia. Barclay hoped to strike a sharp, swift blow, and open the campaign with a moral victory, but he was soon convinced of the danger in which he was, and called in Bagration, who was to be replaced by an auxiliary force. Napoleon's first move was to cross the Niemen, and seize Vilna. Barclay fell back to the fortified camp established at Drissa in order to cover St. Petersburg. If then Jerome's division had promptly advanced from Grodno, Bagration would have been cut off and annihilated. The plan failed through Jerome's ignorance, slowness, and self-assertion. Bagration turned back, and, descending the Dnieper, placed himself beyond pursuit. For a moment Napoleon contemplated a junction of Ney and Eugène against Barclay, but the former had pushed on to seize Dünaburg, and was out of reach. Both plans failed; Bagration, by a long detour, established communication with Drissa, and seemed likely to effect a junction with Barclay on the road to Smolensk. As in these movements both the Russian commanders had lost many men, there would be only 120,000 in the united force. The Czar could raise no money, Drissa was painfully inadequate as a bulwark, and the Russians grew desperate. The nation attributed its sorry plight to the bad advice of the Czar's German counselors, and such was the demoralization at the capital that Alexander was compelled to hasten thither in order to avert complete disaster. In spite of his personal unpopularity, he met with considerable success. The nobility and burghers of both St. Petersburg and Moscow caught the war fever, opened their coffers, equipped a numerous militia, and by the end of July all Russia was hopeful and eager for battle.

This, too, was the earnest desire of Napoleon. If the Russian army in its own territory shriveled as it did before the summer heat by sickness and desertion, it may be imagined how that of the French dwindled. Their terrible sufferings could be ended only by a battle, and since crossing the Niemen the soldiers longed for a battle as for a festival. Heat, dust, and drought wrought havoc in their columns; the pitiless Northern sun left

men and animals with little resisting power; the flying inhabitants devastated their fields, the horses and oxen gorged themselves on the half-rotten thatch of the abandoned huts, and died by the wayside; the gasping soldiery had no food but flesh. Dysentery raged, and soldiers died like flies. For a time St. Cyr's Bavarian corps lost from 800 to 900 men a day, and it was an exception only in the degree of its losses. Such facts account for the dilatoriness of Napoleon's movements in part; for the rest, his imperial plans demanded that he should organize all the territories in his rear, and he gave himself the utmost pains to do so. Besides, he had never before had a task so heroic in all its dimensions, and every detail of military and political procedure required time and care in fullest measure, the more so when preparing for a decisive, uncommon battle.

Vitebsk and Smolensk occupy analogous positions on the Dwina and Dnieper, the former of which is to the westward and flows north; the latter, farther inland, flows in the opposite direction into the very heart of Russia. Barclay had planned to await Bagration at Vitebsk, and Napoleon, arriving on July 27, hoped for a decisive battle there. But Davout's movements drove Bagration farther eastward, and Barclay, instead of waiting, hurried to Smolensk, where the junction was effected. This compulsory pursuit had, as communications then were, thrown the extreme wings of Napoleon's army virtually out of reach, the Prussians being near Riga, and the Austrians in Volhynia. The long, thin line of his center must be, therefore, drawn in for safety, and since the character of the country had improved, he determined to concentrate near Vitebsk, and recuperate his troops in the comparatively pleasant land which environs it. Both commander and officers were at first so disheartened that they contemplated remaining for the season, Murat alone remonstrating; but Napoleon said three years were necessary for the Russian war. Such counsels did not long prevail; with new strength came the old daring, and orders were sent both to Macdonald and the Prussians on the left, and to the Austrians under Schwarzenberg on the right, which were indicative of a great project. Napoleon's prestige among the Poles had in fact shrunk along with his army. The latter he could not recruit, but the former he must repair at any hazard; this could be done only by what he designated to Jomini as a «good battle.» The success of the minor engagements to right and left, incident to concentration, was encouraging for such a speedy and overwhelming triumph.

The Russians at Smolensk were vainglorious at having outwitted Napoleon, and longed to fight. Barclay alone was uneasy, but, in deference to the prevalent sentiment, he advanced to offer battle, and on August 9 there was a skirmish between pickets. Napoleon at once set his army in motion, but as neither general was really well-informed or prepared, Barclay pushed on to the right, and the two armies lost touch. Once aroused, the French spirit brooked no further delay, and it was determined to seek the «good battle» before Smolensk, which, lying on the right, or north, bank of the Dnieper, could be reached only by crossing the stream. This manœuver was brilliantly executed. Barclay was a day's march distant on the south bank when Ney and Murat deployed on the other side for action on August 16. Bagration, nearer at hand, threw one corps across the river into the town, and then hurried his main force down-stream to oppose its passage by the French. The first attempt of Ney to storm the thick but dilapidated walls of Smolensk failed, and a bombardment was ordered. By evening of the 17th the French army were all drawn up on the north bank between the city and the river; the Russians were opposite on the heights. During the night of the 17th the Russian army began to cross the Dnieper by the permanent bridge, which they held; a fresh garrison was thrown into Smolensk, and at four in the morning of the 18th the van began to retreat toward Moscow. Napoleon, thinking that of course Barclay would offer battle under the walls of the town, waited until afternoon for the expected appearance of his foe, but in vain. Puzzled and uneasy, he determined to force the fighting by a fresh assault. The suburbs were captured late in the evening, but the walls were impregnable. Barclay then set fire to the quarter opposite that attacked by the French, and in the resulting confusion safely drew out his garrison; the next morning saw his rear well beyond Napoleon's reach, with the bridges destroyed behind it. On the 23d he halted and drew up for battle behind the Uscha. Technically Napoleon had won, since an important frontier fortress was captured; but he had not fought his great battle, nor had he cut off his enemy's retreat. Ney and Murat were despatched in pursuit, but they acted recklessly, without concert, and gave the first exhibition of a demoralization destined later to be disastrous. Murat, in fact, had foreseen that an affair at Smolensk would amount to nothing,



MAP OF RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

and had begged Napoleon to avoid a conflict. Rapp came in after the victory, and likewise pleaded with the Emperor to desist, recalling the awful scenes of distress which he had observed at every step since leaving the Niemen. But Napoleon remembered that his transport barges had been wrecked on the river bars, and that his wagon-trains were without horses or oxen to draw them. The counterfeit paper money he had brought from Paris would no longer pass; where was he to find sustenance for his still numerous force of 185,000 men at least? Only by pressing on to some populous city; and on the 24th his army was in motion eastward. If Alexander could be brought to terms he would yield more quickly with one of his capitals in the enemy's grasp. The French base was secure; there were garrisons of about 14,000 men each in Vitebsk, Orscha, and Mohileff; another was left at Smolensk. The line from the Niemen to Moscow was very long, yet Schwarzenberg was on the right to prevent Tormassoff from breaking through, and Wittgenstein on the left was too weak to be a menace. This reasoning proved to be fallacious, because the Russians were constantly increasing their strength, while that of the French, both on the base of operations and on the line of march, was diminishing. The Austrian troops, moreover, behaved toward Russia as the Russian soldiers had behaved toward Austria in the last campaign; that is, as a friendly exploring guard, and not as hostile invaders. It is now easy to say that to lengthen the French line of operation was a military blunder. It was wrong. The reasons are partly strategic, but chiefly moral, and were not so clearly discernible then. The strength of Russian national feeling was unknown to Napoleon, and, in the face of national feeling, a single man, world-conqueror though he may have been during a period of national disorganization, is before the march of national regeneration an object of microscopic size.

Barclay was charged by the old Russians with being too German in feeling, with manœuvering timidly when he ought to fight, and, sacrilege of sacrileges, with leaving the sacred image of the Virgin at Smolensk to fall into hostile hands. Yielding to the storm of popular feeling, Alexander appointed in his stead Kutusoff, the darling of the conservative Slavonic party; but Barclay was persuaded to remain, and his policy was sustained. The Russians withdrew before the French advance, until, on September 3, their van halted on the right bank of the Kalatscha, opposite Borodino, to strike the decisive

blow in defense of Moscow. On the 4th Napoleon's van attacked and drove before it the Russian rear, which was just closing in. He had 128,000 men within reach. That night he issued a ringing address; recalling Austerlitz, he summoned the soldiers to behave so that future generations would say of each, «He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.» Next morning a courier arrived, bringing a portrait of the little King of Rome. The Emperor hung it before his tent, and invited his officers to admire it. But at night the sinister news of Marmont's defeat at Salamanca arrived. Napoleon said nothing, but was heard in self-communing to deplore the barbarity of war. All night he seemed restless, fearing lest the Russians should elude him as they had in other crises; but rising at five, and discerning their lines, he called aloud: «They are ours at last. March on; let us open the gates of Moscow.»

The Russians, roused by religious fervor, and elevated by a fatalistic premonition of success, had thrown up trenches and redoubts at advantageous points on their chosen battle-field. In their first onset they advanced like devotees, with the cry, «God have mercy upon us!» and, as each forward rank went down before the relentless invaders, those behind pressed forward over the bodies of their comrades. But it was all in vain; throughout the 4th and 5th of September one outpost after another was taken, until at ten in the evening of the latter day the whole Russian force was thrown back on its main position, stretching from the bank of the Moskwa on the north, behind the Kalatscha, as far as Utizy on the south, such portions as were not naturally sheltered being protected by strong redoubts. There were 120,000 in all, of which about 17,000 were un-uniformed peasantry. Opposite stood the French, Poniatowski on the right, Davout, with the guard, in the rear, then Eugène. Behind Davout, to the left, Ney, and somewhat behind, in the same line, Junot. The orders were for an opening cannonade, Poniatowski to surround the Russian left, Eugène to cross the Kalatscha by three bridges thrown over during the night, and attack the Russian right, while Morand and Gérard, his auxiliaries, should move on the center, and storm the defenses erected there.

The battle was conducted almost to the letter of these orders, but such was Russian valor that, instead of being a brilliant manœuver, it developed into a bloody face-to-face conflict, determined by sheer force. At six in the morning the artillery opened. Poniatowski advanced, was checked, but, supported by Ney, stood firm until Junot came in; they two then stood together, while Ney and Davout dashed at the enemy's center. Eugène having acted in perfect concert, Poniatowski then advanced alone, and his task was completed by nine. But he was so weakened by his terrific exertions that he could only hold what he had gained. At ten Ney and Davout, reinforced by Friant, seized the central redoubts, but they, too, were exhausted, and could only hold the Russian line, which bent inward and stood without breaking. Eugène then massed his whole division, and charged. The resistance was stubborn, and the fighting terrific, but by three his opponents yielded, his artillery opened, and he held his gains. About the same time Junot reached Poniatowski, and their combined exertions finally overpowered the Russian left. So superhuman had been the exertions of both armies that they rested on their arms in these relative positions all night, the Russians too exhausted to flee, the French too weary to pursue. But early on the 7th the flight of Kutusoff began, and the French started in pursuit. Between the generals of the Russian rear and those of Napoleon's van an agreement was made that if the former were left to pass through Moscow unmolested, the latter should gain the city without a blow. The contracting parties kept their pact; but the governor of Moscow rendered the agreement void. Great crowds of the inhabitants joined the Russian columns, as, six days later, they marched between the rows of inflammable wooden houses, of which the suburbs were composed, and, as they tramped sullenly onward, thin pillars of ascending smoke began to appear here and there on the outer lines. But when, two hours after the last Russian soldier had disappeared, the cavalry of Murat clattered through the streets, the fires attracted little attention, nor at the moment was Napoleon's contentment diminished by them, as, from the «mount of salutation,» whence pious pilgrims were wont to greet the holy city, he ordered his guard to advance and occupy the Kremlin, that fortress which enshrines all that is holiest in Russian faith. Kutusoff, boasting that he had held his ground overnight, had persuaded the inhabitants of Moscow, and even the Czar, that he had been the victor, and that he was withdrawing merely to await the arrival of the victorious and veteran legions from the Danube, when he would choose his field, and annihilate the invaders.

William M. Sloane.

(To be continued.)

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE TODDS.



ISS TODD entered the editorial room of the «Evening Appeal» and came over to my desk. She was from Kentucky, and a «society reporter,» doing work for various papers, the «Appeal» among others. She was pretty, in the fair, rounded, simple way one sees in so many Kentucky girls. Miss Todd's girlishness was a little worn by time and journalism, but her Kentuckyism was delightfully fresh in spots, and showed now even in her toilet, which was too light and too blue and too much decorated to look indigenous.

«Miss Addington, I want to ask you about something,» she said—and for the dearness of it I would like to indicate her Southern speech, her long, flat vowels and clipped consonants, but only Mr. Cable could do it well. «I can't be reading the ‹Appeal› all the time, and Mr. Mattison is always so cross if you don't know everything about his paper. Do tell me, what stand are you taking about that Sam Hartley investigation?»

«We say he stole the railroad and will go to the penitentiary, and that hanging is too good for him. Is he going to give a ball for you to write up?»

«Well,» began Miss Todd, simply, «it 's not exactly that; but I 've found out that his wife would like to be written up, though she has n't known how to go about it. She is a nice, plain, respectable woman, and she feels terribly about all this business. She 's very pious and charitable, and all that; and she feels like it would be something for Mr. Hartley if the papers took some notice of her. No one has ever looked at her in New York, far as I can find out, except to go to her for money. I 'm going to make a feature of her for a Sunday or two. Do you know what papers are on his side?»

I mentioned one in which Mr. Sam Hartley was supposed to have a controlling financial interest, stating that fact.

«She 's so simple I don't reckon she even knows that,» said Miss Todd. «She 's the countriest of the country; the kind of woman who wears white stockings—I saw them myself. I like her, and then I want to get her to do something for a friend of mine.»

«Oh,» I said, «it 's a deal, is it?»

«Yes, I reckon so, specially as I want my friend to do me a good turn too. Have you done your story on the Chinese Bureau of Information yet?»

«Yes, it 's in type; but talking of good turns, I want one of you. Mattison has a notion for a special about how a young woman doctor gets into practice here in New York. It does n't seem very fresh, or as if there were much in it anyway; but it 's his own idea, so it 's got to be brilliant. I don't know any women doctors myself; do you?»

Miss Todd was smiling.

«Why,» she said, «it 's a woman doctor—a young one, too. She 's our doctor, and I 'most know she 'd—»

Miss Todd hesitated, and I asked, «Can she talk?»

«Well, she never does talk, but she 'd be good about answering; and she 's seen a lot, and she 's very nice.»

It further appeared that this medical lady—Parsons was her name—was a frequent visitor of the house of Todd, for Mrs. Todd was an invalid; and it was arranged that I should be at hand the next day, when she was expected upon professional business—this in order that I might judge for myself as to the chance of getting any «stuff» from her.

I was well pleased to take the opportunity of visiting Mrs. Todd. I liked Mrs. Todd, and I was greatly flattered that she liked me; not that I deceived myself with the notion that there was anything very personal about that. Mrs. Todd combined, in a way I have noted as peculiarly Southern, the ability for free thought with a rooted conservatism; and despite all my inevitable modernity, what she liked about me was some appeal I made to her unreflective prejudices—the one in favor of Southerners, to begin with.

The door of her small flat was opened to me, after a period of probation, by Mrs. Todd herself—Mrs. Todd in the clean, loose calico gown that was her usual wear.

«Araminta did n't seem disposed to let you in, so I came myself,» she panted—she was fat and short of breath. «Araminta is uncommonly hard on us to-day»—plaintively—«I 'm sure I don't know what we 've done.»

By way of talk I asked if this was the same person—personage—as the Araminta of the month before—the name was a generic one with Mrs. Todd.

«Yes,» she answered, seating herself in her arm-chair; «she has n't gone *yet*. Sue is out; she was very sorry, and told me to apologize

for her. She had to do something with that Russian princess who is knocking about here now. They have n't been gone ten minutes.»

I was interrupting—«Oh, was she here? What is she like? I have a real curiosity about that woman.»

«Well, I have n't,» Mrs. Todd remarked dispassionately; «I don't think she 's respectable, and I would n't meet her. I lay on my bed—it 's the only place I can retire to—till they were gone. Poor Sue!» she added, with a pitying and humorous smile.

I knew the fine philosophy with which Mrs. Todd resigned herself to the fact that her daughter must know all sorts of people, and the yet finer poise with which she kept the choice of selection for herself, and I understood that exclamation and that smile. She had explained to me before that Sue liked to keep up the fiction, first of all to herself, that all her acquaintances were «lovely,» and her mother never, to her, expressed any serious disapprobation of any of them; she only refused to meet them.

«Did you know my son Jackson was here making us a visit?» the mother asked, after dismissing the daughter thus. «Yes; it does me good to see him, he 's such a piece of the past—a perfect chunk of the old South. He does n't fit in a flat very well, and he nearly dies of Araminta, not because she won't wait on him,—she certainly won't on anybody,—but because he thinks she does—a *white woman*, my dear! He has n't any sense, but he 's very good and very smart, and as long as he can't get along at all anywhere, and might as well be in one place as another, why, it 's a real comfort to me to hear him talk the ideas I was raised on. I don't know what 's going to become of him. He don't believe in Sue working for a living; he objects strongly. He believes in woman being taken care of and protected. Poor Jackson! Sue 's trying to get him something to do. I 'm sure I don't know what it will be. She and Dr. Parsons talk about a pull, and it seems if you can pull a pull it is n't necessary to do anything else. But Jackson is not lazy; he 's only helpless. Yes; Dr. Parsons ought to be here now. I wish she was n't coming at all. I hate women doctors, but it suits Sue's plans to have her. Oh, she 's nice enough, and she 'll look so prompt and businesslike when she gets here you 'll think the sun is wrong about the hour. It 's so tiresome to have that sort of affectation added to all the rest of our petticoat flummery.»

But Dr. Parsons did not make her visit that day. Mr. Todd came in, however, before I left, and I made his acquaintance. He was a tall, sallow young man, handsome in an old-fashioned way, his dark curls a little long and his face clean-shaven. It was noticeable that, despite the curls and the shaving, he escaped the look of an actor—escaped it as completely as did Henry Clay or any other lawyer of his day. This was the odder because his face had nothing of the shrewd strength that marks the man of affairs; it was like a copy of the old-time lawyer type done by a bad artist—smooth and weak, but with something of the original in it. He had fine dark eyes that most of the time seemed to look afar into space—and to see nothing. He wore, of course, a black frock-coat, and he carried, when he entered, a gray soft hat. He made me a bow and kissed his mother's hand. That lady looked equally pleased and amused by this tribute, and remarked to me—her manner suggested that her son was deaf—that she reckoned Jackson was the only man that would ever kiss her hand again in this world. Perhaps this is the place to state that she was a widow.

«Miss Addington 's been waiting a long time to see Dr. Parsons,» she said to her son.

He gave out a faint sound like a groan, and his mother brightened up and resettled herself as if to listen.

«Do you know this—this young lady?» he said to me.

I said I had come there to make her acquaintance; and with an amiable desire to further his mother's obvious intention and draw him out, I added that I was going to write something as to how a young woman arrives at a medical practice in New York.

«She arrives at the idea of practising such a profession through a miserable debasement of the idea of womanhood,» said Mr. Todd, solemnly, adding gently, «Do not think I make any personal reflection on—on Miss Parsons. I have not met the lady, but her acceptance in this household proves her right to that title.»

«Does it?» murmured his mother. Her son was going on, saying:

«She is doubtless a victim—a victim as even my own sister is»—then quickly and emphatically—«though in a much less degree—much less—to the monstrous inversions of order and right that in the North»—«Nawth,» he called it—«are to-day called progress. My sister is imbued with these ideas that she don't understand; she defends her position as a breadwinner—a position that woman should never fill.»

Even Mrs. Todd found this not altogether amusing; an odd, troubled look crossed her

face, and I imagined I knew the kind of conversation in which poor, pleasant, good little Sue tried to be clever to keep from being frank, as frankness must suggest a question as to why this helpless brother did not support her.

«My sister is of course in no such position as Miss Parsons»—Mr. Todd was talking on, unconscious of us except as having ears into which true doctrine might be poured. «Miss Parsons may escape the worst of the natural results of her position; she is the product of sounder conditions than now surround her; but I cannot—as a man who knows the world I feel—» He stopped, with a little slow shake of the head, looking far through the boot his crossed legs brought before him. His silence told what his chivalry forbade him to speak—that in his opinion Miss Parsons was, as it were, a peach that, however fine, had inevitably lost its bloom.

«As a true Southerner you feel this, Miss Addington, I know,» he added, with the kindly intention of relieving me from any imputation of complicity with evil.

«I think there is a great deal of truth in your views; but then, you see,» I went on rather flippantly, «I am not sure that Dr. Parsons *is* a peach. She may be just a common apple, with no bloom to lose.»

I quite forgot for the instant that this valuable simile had not been actually brought out. But it was no matter, for Mr. Todd did not remember either that his thought had remained unspoken. He answered solemnly, if his remark could be called an answer:

«Woman's delicacy is the flower of creation—a flower all things should combine to conserve.»

«Sue ought to be able to get away from her disreputable princess by this time,» said his mother, briskly; «she was going to help her with a list of people who are interested in the Crippled Babies' Hospital. The princess is going to give some amateur theatricals for it. Sue has done a great deal to make the crippled babies fashionable.»

Mr. Todd looked vaguely uncomfortable; he murmured something about womanly compassion.

«The princess is getting a fine social foothold,» said Mrs. Todd; «she knows just how to go to work.» Her blue eyes, still bright in her faded face, sparkled sweetly upon me.

«The Lord seems to cause several things besides the wrath of man to praise him,» I said; «but it 's all too deep for me; it makes my head spin; ‹your society is too stimulating›»—this was Mrs. Todd's frequent plea for seclusion.

«It does n't make Jackson's head spin. That 's the comfort about Jackson: his views are settled.» And his mother's eyes rested on him with affection—and other things.

«A thinking man should understand his reasons for the belief that is in him,» said Jackson, with gentle complacency, rising to open the door for me.

I accomplished my meeting with Dr. Parsons soon, and, in technical phrase, «got a story out of her»—not this one; it accumulated more slowly. It was true she was not a talker, but she did answer questions well. She was a large, buxom, fresh-colored, good-looking young woman, well dressed and well poised, looking on the world through a pair of clear brown eyes that, as you looked into them, seemed peculiarly free from speculation; they saw your clothes and the tables and chairs—the very converse of Mr. Todd's dark, luminous orbs, that never with any distinctness saw the tables and chairs, but were apt to dilate with reflection that omitted consideration of most mundane furniture.

Mrs. Todd, that kindly but rather appallingly overlooking and philosophical humorist, took a notion, as Sue phrased it, to invite Dr. Parsons and me to meet at luncheon.

«Mama used to love to bring nice people together so much,» said the daughter; «and now she hardly ever is well enough to take an interest in company, so I was mighty pleased when she said she wanted you two to come; and she wants you while brother is with us.»

Mrs. Todd was arranging a comedy for herself, and I might have disquieted myself as to what part I was to play; but I was content to let her cast it as she would, pleased to contribute blindly to her pleasure.

«How long is your brother to stay?» I asked idly.

Miss Todd's sunny face clouded a little. «Well, the truth is,» said she, «brother came on with an idea of remaining in New York. Things are so bad in the South, and he can't make the land we 've got pay at all. But I don't know, I 'm sure»—full stop; then: «I 've been trying to get him something to do under the city government, if it was only a very small position. I 've got a cousin here that 's a Tammany man with some influence, and Dr. Parsons has an uncle with a pull—she told you about being a Board of Health doctor one year. But we can't expect to get anything for him right away; things will have to work round to it, and brother talks some about going back home. I don't know how he can do that either.»

Miss Todd spoke the last sentence in a

tone of bothered meditation, and more to herself than to me. Plainly the care of the head of the house was heavy upon her.

When I entered Mrs. Todd's ugly little parlor on the festal day I found Dr. Parsons already there. Mr. Todd was entertaining her.

«Dr. Parsons is telling me about her work of mercy in certain tenement-houses,» he said to me, with a faint stress on the word «doctor,» as if to admonish me not to offend the lady's ears by omitting it, not to do so himself being a point of breeding to which principle must bend.

«I have medical charge of some houses belonging to Mrs. Sam Hartley,» said Dr. Parsons, in her tranquil, impersonal way. «It 's a new kind of charity she is starting; she pays for the medical supervision of some tenements she owns, and I 've got the place.»

Oh, yes; I remembered now Miss Todd's talk the day she came to see if the «Appeal» would let her write up Mrs. Hartley in the society column.

I asked the doctor if she liked the work, and she answered, «I 've just started on it, and there does n't seem much to do; the sanitary arrangements are pretty good; there 's one interesting spinal case among the children.»

«The practice of medicine among little children,» said Mr. Todd—«that seems like it would suit woman best.» He smiled upon the doctor, and at his own gallant insincerity in taking a tolerant tone.

«It does n't seem a very good branch for a specialty,» she replied; «people will call on their family physician too much to make it pay generally.»

Mr. Todd shook his head slowly, looking into space. «Woman ought not to feel that part of the burden of life; she ought not.»

I saw that he was finding it necessary to air his views; he could no longer endure the suppression of truth.

«I wish she did n't,» said Dr. Parsons, evenly, simply, sincerely, as before; «I wish I did n't have to earn my living.»

Like so many of her class, she plainly was attached to no advanced generalizations on the «woman question»; she was prepared to meet «a condition, not a theory.»

«What would you like to do?» I asked, while Jackson Todd turned on her a pitying gaze of new friendliness.

«Well, I don't know; I like medicine, but I 'd rather have an income.»

«Most people would,» I laughingly declared.

«Miss—Dr. Parsons shows her true woman's instinct,» said the man. And Dr. Parsons's clear face gave out the touching information that Mr. Todd's comment, not mine, pleased her. She had had her womanliness questioned on the ground of her profession, even in New York; and now the Southerner's unexpected reading of feminine delicacies into her familiar sentiments gave her a gratification that was weakened by no sense of discrepancy between his view and hers. She had no such sense; the simplest metaphysical cogitation was not a familiar process to her mind.

Mr. Todd sat next her at table, and was particularly deferential to her and especially instructive, as if he felt sorry for her, and wished to show that he did not discount her personally because of her unfortunate position. He told her a great deal about government and society,—he was quite amazingly logical and able when he became sufficiently abstract,—and she listened with just that same flattered, flattering, and non-comprehending indulgence that women usually give when men treat them to such talk. She evidently had not an atom of unfeminine interest in or familiarity with sociology or politics, and the fun of that was that Mr. Todd would have never so far forgotten himself as to launch into such exhaustive researches if he had not felt that Dr. Parsons was inevitably, by virtue of her title, half a man. He assumed that she had fortified herself with much consideration of sociology, and he often accepted her vague assent as a surrender. Mrs. Todd did not miss the entertainment she expected. Sue looked and listened with anxious satisfaction.

«Brother is very smart,» she said in an aside to me as the others left the dining-room; «and I think Dr. Parsons enjoyed hearing him talk, don't you? If she wanted to, I know she could do a heap to help him. I rather reckon she likes him.»

When we were once again in the parlor Mrs. Todd had me sit down by her, and held and patted my hand while she watched the others. They were bending together over an embroidered counterpane some great-grandmother had spun and woven and worked. Sue had never thought of showing it to the doctor till Jackson came—Jackson, redolent of the old South.

«Poor Sue!» said her mother; «her heart 's in her mouth, she 's so dreadfully anxious to get the doctor to help us out with Jackson. M-m-m,» she mused, after a pause; «I wonder if I could help *her* out. Does it strike you»—she began her sentence with unusual emphasis, looked at me suddenly, then stopped—«no, it never would strike you»—she returned to her usual sweet, amused drawl—

«you are too smart ever to have the right things strike you—like Jackson.»

I thought this was very «mean,» and said so, as it was my particular pride that I did grasp realities—that I was not like Jackson.

«Which way do you go from here?» Mrs. Todd asked by way of reply.

«Down-town.»

«So does the doctor. I wish, my dear, if you 'll pardon me and take an explanation later, that you 'd go first, and say you are going up-town. If you don't say that, she 'll go with you.»

I said there was nothing delighted me more than to be part of a plot, even though I knew not what part or what plot; and I took myself off.

Now it so fell out that two weeks later Dr. Parsons and I saw something more of each other. The «Evening Appeal» was always changing hands and policy, and just now Mr. Samuel Hartley bought a controlling share of its stock, and the editorial staff were obliged to find entirely new lights on the question as to whether or not he stole the railroad; and it fell to me to write a «special» on Mrs. Hartley's management of her tenement-houses, particularly illuminating the philanthropic care she showed for her tenants' health. I made a tour of the houses with Dr. Parsons, and we found one case of pneumonia that the doctor pronounced interesting. I thought the patient—a beautiful four-year-old baby girl—interesting; her mother, with a new baby, was lying helpless in the same room, and I was troubled that the child should lack proper nursing. Finally I saw a chance to add new features to my article, and perhaps save a life (it might perhaps better be lost, but to reason at all seems to be to reason too curiously for this world), and I said I 'd sit up that night with the baby. Dr. Parsons promised to call again after I returned.

Mrs. Hartley's tenements were in Leroy street, and into that grimy but fairly well-intentioned quarter I came alone on this raw March evening.

The O'Grady family, whose interests had combined with those of the «Appeal» to bring me here, were a pleasing company, and I feel inclined to stray from my text and tell how «Chimmy,» aged nine, and by profession a bootblack, tended the new baby, and how Mary, my patient, turned her lovely, long-fringed dark eyes here and there to follow it about, as if new babies were as rare and precious as diamonds in Leroy street; but all that went, and more properly, into the «Appeal,» and now my business lies chiefly with other people. Dr. Parsons disappointed me; anxious hours passed, and she did not come. At last, after midnight, she entered the O'Grady front door. She had been called out of town, but had come to Mary's rescue and mine as soon as she could get back; there was another patient in the next house that she wished to see, too. She examined Mary, went out and made her other visit, came back, and said she was going to stay till morning. I protested, but protesting against such impersonal obstinacy as Dr. Parsons's seemed a feeble process. She said her cars had stopped, Mary was in a critical state, another new baby was imminent two floors above, it was snowing, and she was going to stay; also she was going to get all the sleep she could, and she made up the fire in the stove, spread her ulster and mine on the floor, and settled herself for a nap.

Toward daylight she slept soundly, and she was undisturbed till the O'Grady family were astir and Chimmy was again busy with the baby. Then she arose, said Mary was better, and we had better go home; but just then she was called to the case two floors above, and I waited for her—there was a good deal to be done for the O'Gradys if one wished to do it. Chimmy and I made conversation about the weather; it was still snowing.

Well, it was rather an important matter, read in the light of future events, that that baby should have chosen just that time to get himself born. He seemed to be a businesslike baby, and caused no unnecessary delay; but when the doctor and I finally did start home, to start was all we could do. We might have made the journey an hour earlier, but now it was nearly nine o'clock and we were facing the «big blizzard»—the historic blizzard. We did not face it long; we let ourselves be blown back into the entry, and there very thankfully caught the breath that had been knocked out of us.

«What can we do?»

«What will those poor O'Gradys do?»

Chimmy just then blew in upon us; he had started out after milk, had been unable to reach the grocer's, and had crawled home on his hands and knees.

We were a houseful of women, children, and sick persons besieged by the storm. There was no visible male head to the O'Grady family (O'Grady had chosen this time, I understood, for a not unprecedented holiday from domestic cares), and the men who were, so to speak, on duty had departed before the blizzard had shown its true character. We

went back to the O'Grady home and considered. Before we arrived at any conclusion something new happened: Mr. Jackson Todd, snow-plastered and panting, came upon us. I was dumfounded; Dr. Parsons was not; she turned from bending over Mrs. O'Grady's bed, the new baby in her hands.

«Why, Mr. Todd!» she exclaimed quite placidly.

«Angels of mercy!» said Jackson, his voice uneven with feeling. «Now that I know I have found you, I'll go beat some of this snow off.»

«How in the world did he know we were here?» I exclaimed.

«Why, I told them there yesterday that you were going to stay here last night; I suppose they thought you might need help.»

Mr. Todd, as he turned his steaming self about before the rusty cooking-stove, said: «My mother thought you would be here, Dr. Parsons; she said she knew you 'd hate to leave Miss Addington when you got around here—so late, too.»

Dr. Parsons smiled sweetly, remarking to me, «I told Mrs. Todd I had to go out of town; I went from her house.»

I did not conceive that Dr. Parsons had stayed on my account, and I was puzzled, trifling as the matter was, to hear of Mrs. Todd talking such nonsense.

Before we could think of getting away ourselves, something must be done for the people about us. Mr. Todd showed to advantage in his hearty desire to help everybody. He was happy in the whole thing, for he took the storm as a fair example of Yankee weather, and all helplessness against it as evidence of Yankee inefficiency.

«Now there 'll have to be some more coal here pretty soon,» said he, hefting the half-empty sack beside the stove; «and everything is getting blocked up pretty fast. It is a singular thing to me that Yankees don't seem to know how to meet their own climate better.»

«'T ain't never like dis before,» declared Chimmy, showing a remarkable comprehension of English, and a wounded vanity as touching as surprising. But neither Mr. Todd nor Dr. Parsons heard him; they were talking about coal and milk, and canvassing plans for our escape. He buttoned up and wrapped up and tied up to go on errands with winning cheerfulness. He staggered back under a load that won him the patronizing approval of two or three men of the house who had managed to return to their homes. There was a busy hour spent in victualing the garrison, for Mr. Todd stirred up every one with his lurid views of the siege, and organized labor to that end. At first all the aborigines were inclined to «wait till it let up.» Mr. Todd gazed at them with the commiseration of intellect for childishness. «But if it don't abate?» he inquired. And in the teeth of what was going on no one rose to combat his fixed idea that weeks of such weather were to be expected in a Northern winter. All acquiesced finally in his measures for meeting an arctic age. With the help of some borrowed money the house laid in fine supplies, and I suppose neighboring houses, when the time of dearth came, suffered the more for these efforts of ours; but philanthropy never bears examination.

Anyhow, it was all very becoming to Dr. Parsons; she warmed into a human vivacity and sensibility beyond my previous notion of the possible.

«Now you must go and find some way to take care of *us*,» she declared at last, speaking merrily to Mr. Todd. «You remember the way to that block I told you about? I 'm sure I don't know what would become of us if it were n't for you. And while you are gone I 'll get the baby to sleep.» And suiting the action to the word, she took up the baby and began unscrupulously rocking it.

«Of course the baby *was* asleep,» I said to myself, in idle, passing wonderment. «What is there about the study of medicine that takes all the natural woman instinct out of women? She 'll wake that baby next!»

Mr. Todd reconnoitered as far as Greenwich Avenue; that he did not get hopelessly lost down there, where the oldest inhabitant may miss his way in fair weather, is a fact creditable to his inherited instinct for a trail. He returned with a thrilling tale of whitened beings sliding down the columns of the elevated road in escape from snow-bound trains. We—the doctor and I—could not hope to reach our homes, and he had found for us a nearer haven in a lodging-house, a kind of queer hotel, such as might be looked for in that quarter. Mr. Todd proposed to convey us one at a time to this many-odored port.

«Get your things on, Miss Addington; I 'll take you first, if you like.»

I looked at the doctor, as one will in such a case, not replying instantly; and she said promptly:

«I 'll go first, if you 'd rather; I 'd just as soon.»

I had no preference about it, so she did go first.

«I 'll get back as soon as I can, Mrs. O'Grady,» she said, standing by the bed as

she put on her gloves. «I 'll send some medicine by Mr. Todd when he comes back for Miss Addington. Good-by, baby.» And she picked up the infant, and resettled its wrappings, and put it down again, all in a very cuddling way.

«I 'll help her in her good works all I can,» said Mr. Todd, warmly; and he was so preoccupied with this little feminine domestic by-play that he shook hands with me and bade me farewell in sheer momentary obliviousness of my existence. Mrs. O'Grady called the doctor an angel, and prayed that the Blessed Virgin might watch over her. When they were gone she said to me:

«Sure the doctor 's a nice leydy; but it 's wannerful, ain't it, the differ it makes in her whin the man she 's in love wid comes roun'?»

And that was the first I knew about it.

«Indade and indade,» Mrs. O'Grady continued, sitting up, and shifting the baby from one arm to the other, «she niver so much as looked at him before ixcept in consideration of the colic.»

«How could she help loving him!» I exclaimed, in accents touched with indignation, and was rewarded by some further expression of Mrs. O'Grady's observations.

«Well, ye saw yoursel' she niver did,» she answered; «but it 's no harrum I 'm wishin' her. She 's a nice leydy, an' she 's got a good chanct at him now, luck to her! She was aiger to go furrst—ye saw that? It gives her the better chanct whin she 's got him alone over there.»

I asked if she thought Mr. Todd was in love too.

«Och—him!» said Mrs. O'Grady; «it 'll be all the same if she makes 'im think he is, won't it? He 's a nice gintleman, but I don' believe he 'd iver know wan pitticoat from anither onnly as it was p'inted out to 'im.»

A week later I got a note from Sue telling me of the betrothal. She said:

«Brother is so happy that of course we are too.»

But when I saw Mrs. Todd she said:

«Well, we 've got Jackson provided for, have n't we? Sue and the doctor and I made the match, but it was my idea. And now I apologize for sending you away that day with a fib in your mouth. I sent Jackson with the doctor, and I did what I could to keep them together after that. Propinquity is the stronghold of match-making—I know that much, if I have made such a poor hand at it with Sue. I consider I 've redeemed myself with Jackson. After a bit she really wanted him, strange as it may seem; but she was rather helpless about it, if she *is* a Yankee doctress, and I don't know that we ever could have brought it about if it had n't been for the blizzard. That was a mighty help. We had tried to get him to go with her to the train the night before, but he forgot all about it, and when my back was turned he drifted out of the house before she left. She told me that baby was expected and she might stay there all night. That gave us a great chance, and I reckon we both did our part.» Then, quite innocently: «She ought to be grateful to me.»

I suppose I looked queer, for Mrs. Todd added, with a touch of unaccustomed asperity: «Well, she wanted him, did n't she? And Jackson is a gentleman. She comes from very plain people, and he 's as good as he can be. He 'll learn to darn her stockings by way of showing how wives should be subject to their husbands in all things. A girl in that position could n't expect—»

She stopped, looked hard at me, and said grumpily that there was a draft somewhere—I must have left the hall door open. But I had already learned the news that even Mrs. Todd was human, and also that her conscience was not quite easy.

«And Jackson—does he like it?» I said, when I had shown that the hall door was shut.

«Oh, Jackson—» But at that moment Jackson entered.

«I 've been telling about your engagement,» said his mother.

«Congratulate me,» said he, with such a sweet glow on his face that he looked charming. «Yes; you know how unspoiled her womanly nature is, in spite of all corrosive influences; but I think her helplessness that day in the storm brought out her sense of dependence, and helped me to win her. It 's an old simile, but it 's a good one, about the vine and the oak.»

I was ashamed of myself, but I could n't help asking, «Will she give up her profession?»

«Oh, no,» I was pleasantly answered; «not now, anyhow. It gives her room to do a great deal for others, and that makes it dear to her heart, though she feels with me that even this peculiarly sanctified profession is outside woman's ideal sphere—at least as usually practised. But with me to protect her, I know—» He hesitated for his phrase.

«You are sure she will never lose such delicate bloom as she has kept till now,» his mother helped him out.

«Never,» said Mr. Todd, with cordial emphasis.

Viola Roseboro'.

HUMOR AND PATHOS OF PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTIONS.

NO one can examine the records of Presidential Conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more of tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind every great success there is to be seen the somber shadow of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through biography, autobiography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the sixty years which have passed since that method of nominating Presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Not one of those seeking the Presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office, and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.

The practice of nominating Presidential candidates in National Convention began in 1831. The Anti-Masonic party, one of those ephemeral political movements whose birth and death occur in a single campaign, first set the example. The National Republican party, which closed its career in the same campaign, was the first real party to use the new method, nominating Henry Clay unanimously in a convention at Baltimore in December, 1831, and recommending the convening of a national assembly of young men at Washington in May of the following year. When this body, afterward known as «Clay's Infant-school,» came together, it also nominated him unanimously. General Jackson, who was then a virtually unopposed candidate for a Democratic renomination, with that quick instinct for «getting close to the people» which seldom failed him, saw in the new method great elements of popularity, and hastened to attract them to himself. He directed that a convention be called to nominate a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on a ticket with himself, and this was done, the nominee being Van Buren, who was Jackson's choice. It is a curious fact that this first convention of the Democratic party adopted the two-thirds rule, requiring that proportion of votes to effect a nomination, which has since prevailed in that party's conventions in spite of many attempts to repeal it. In the next following campaign the Democrats nominated their candidates in convention, under Jackson's advice and direction; but General Harrison, the chief candidate of the divided opposition, was put forward in the old way; that is, by State meetings of various kinds, including legislatures. By 1840 the convention system had come into full use, and the result was one convention of exceptional interest—that of the Whigs in December, 1839.

CLAY'S DISAPPOINTMENT AND WRATH.

THIS convention was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, Pa., and it is a safe assertion that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political manœuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley. This firm was, indeed, the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention,—«a deeply interested observer,» he styles himself,—little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time, and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went to the convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his «Autobiography» that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison. He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time, and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts, Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, «we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay,» but that, «in the opin-

ion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of those States, and without them he could not be elected.» Mr. Weed makes no mention of the plan which was arranged for preventing Clay's success, but he has always been suspected of having intimate knowledge of it, if he was not its author. It was proposed to the convention by a member of the Massachusetts delegation, in the form of a rule directing each delegation to take informal ballots as to candidates until a majority should be recorded for some one candidate, upon which a report of the result should be made to the convention, and the vote of the majority of each delegation should be reported as the vote of that State. This was the origin of the «unit rule,» which has since been used in Democratic conventions in conjunction with the «two-thirds rule.» The effect of this rule was the defeat of Clay and the nomination of Harrison. Weed admits a bargain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the «final vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate [Harrison] for twenty-four hours» in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, «whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression.» Greeley makes frank admission, in his «Recollections of a Busy Life,» as to the plot, by saying that the parties to it, chiefly Weed, «judged that he [Clay] could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly,» adding, «If politics do not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends, through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them.» This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears; and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for Vice-President, Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the convention that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

Clay's rage at the outcome was unbounded. He had been assuming in the Senate a lofty indifference to the Presidency, his famous saying, «I would rather be right than be President,» having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There was nobody in the Senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed, many years later, made to a congressman who, for the thousandth time, was strutting about in Clay's cast-off garments, «Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness; you 'll never be either.» But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected. When the news from Harrisburg reached him in Washington he lost all control of himself. «He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation,» says Henry A. Wise, who was with him. «He rose from his chair, and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse stringhalted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election.'»

This view of his own fate was confirmed strangely by subsequent events. He was nominated unanimously by the Whigs in 1844, and defeated at the polls, and was again a candidate for the nomination in 1848, failing to secure it, though his party was successful in the election which followed. He took both defeats very much to heart, saying of the first, in a letter to a friend: «The late blow that has fallen upon our country is very heavy. I hope that she may recover from it, but I confess that the prospect is dark and discouraging.» In regard to the second, he refused to support General Taylor, who had been nominated in preference to himself, saying: «Magnanimity is a noble virtue, and I have always endeavored to practise it; but it has its limits, and the line of demarcation between it and meanness is not always discernible. . . . I think my friends ought to leave me quiet and undisturbed in my retirement. My race is run. During the short time that remains to me in this world I desire to preserve untarnished that character which so many have done me the honor to respect and esteem.»

THE FIRST «DARK HORSE.»

THE Democratic convention of 1844 is memorable for several reasons. It was the first con-

vention to develop a «dark horse,» the first to bring about a nomination by means of a «stampede,» and the first to have its proceedings reported by telegraph. Van Buren, who had been President, and had been defeated in 1840 by Harrison, was the leading candidate, and had a majority of twenty-six in the convention. An attempt to defeat the two-thirds rule failed, and from that moment Van Buren's prospects became hopeless. Eight ballots were taken without result, and a great deal of bad feeling was springing up between the supporters of Van Buren and his chief competitor, General Cass. On the eighth ballot forty-four votes were cast for James K. Polk, who had been mentioned modestly up to that time as a possible nominee for Vice-President. His name came before the convention at the moment when the warfare between the rival factions was at its hottest point. A New York delegate had just charged that somebody, name not mentioned, had «thrown a firebrand into the party,» and was, in fact a «Nero who has come among us, and is now probably fiddling while Rome is falling.» Several voices shouted, «John Tyler,» and another cried, «We have three Neros.» Great uproar followed, and when the man who had made the original charge left the hall he was accused of «throwing a firebrand, and then meanly skulking from the room.» A storm of hisses and groans followed, with earnest demands from time to time for the name of the fiddling Nero. In the midst of the din a delegate from New Hampshire arose, and begged to appear before the convention as the «apostle of harmony.» His State had presented to the convention the name of its «favorite son,» but in the interest of harmony she withdrew it and presented that of James K. Polk. A delegate from Maryland, in a voice trembling with emotion, said that «one million people are looking with anxiety to this convention, and if their voices could be concentrated they would demand a nomination irrespective of party faction.» Therefore, Maryland would cast her vote for James K. Polk. The «stampede» now began to move. An editor from Ohio, who was a delegate, said that he was ready to make any sacrifice for union and harmony; that he was a friend of Texas [the annexation of Texas was the «firebrand» alluded to], and that, «should the convention give Ohio a candidate in favor of this object, he would pledge that the Lone Star should be blazoned on the Democratic standard in Ohio, and they would lead on to certain victory.» (Tremendous cheering.)

The ninth ballot was begun while the convention was at this pitch of harmony and enthusiasm. State after State gave its solid vote to Polk. The New York delegation retired for consultation. While they were out the ballot proceeded till Virginia was reached. The chairman said that Virginia resigned her first choice, Mr. Van Buren, «with a bleeding heart,» but that her chief desire was to «defeat that apostate, Henry Clay, with a tail twenty years long, and a pack of hungry expectants of twenty years' standing dragging after it; to defeat that man Virginia yields, and places her heart upon the altar of her country and her principles.» This remarkable specimen of convention oratory—which finds an echo in much of the latter-day contribution to that portion of our political literature—hit the New York delegation square in the face as it returned to the hall with one Benjamin F. Butler in its front. Mr. Butler at once «responded with all his heart» to the noble words of the gentleman from Virginia, and, acting in accordance with a private letter from Mr. Van Buren, took the «responsibility of withdrawing that honored name in the best interests of the Democratic party.» He begged leave to add that it had been his privilege recently to spend «some happy days under the same roof with the venerable patriot, Jackson, at the Hermitage,» where he had found him «with one eye intent on his final home, to which he was doubtless rapidly gliding, and with the other fixed on his country and her hopes of prosperity.» While occupying this trying position, the venerable Jackson had conveyed to Mr. Butler the fact that Van Buren was his «first choice,» and that he viewed the possible failure to nominate him with «despondency»; still, Mr. Butler had received a letter from him since the convention had been in session, containing a postscript with this pious message to the delegates: «May God bless you, my dear friends, and may He guide all the deliberations of the convention, leading them in union and harmony to act for the best interests of my beloved country.» That completed the work. The «stampede» went on till every vote was recorded for Polk, and the first «dark horse» crossed the line a winner, amid «indescribable enthusiasm.» That there was a carefully laid plot behind this «spontaneous» movement was quite generally suspected. In commenting upon the outcome, the New York «Evening Post,» which supported Polk's candidacy later, said: «We believe that if the secret history of the convention, from the adoption of the two-thirds rule through its various proceedings, could be written, a large

number of the delegates would stand disgraced in the eyes of their constituents.»

WEBSTER'S HOPELESS QUEST AND TRAGIC FALL.

WEBSTER was an avowed candidate for the Presidency for twelve years or more, but though he sought the nomination from four successive Whig conventions, he was balloted for in only two, and the highest number of votes that he ever received was only one ninth of the total cast. He fell a victim each time to what, in the bitterness of his defeat in 1848, he called «the sagacious, far-seeing doctrine of availability.» Thurlow Weed had from the beginning told him, with great frankness, that this was his most serious enemy. Mr. Weed says that he called on Webster at Washington in the spring of 1839, and that Webster said to him, «I think I shall be the Whig candidate.» Weed expressed doubt, and when Webster asked who would be the candidate, replied, «It looks to me like Harrison.» Whereupon Webster exclaimed: «You are misinformed. The party will choose a man with larger civic experience, who is better adapted to the place.» To this Weed replied that the real question was, «Who will poll the most votes?» He then asked Webster if he would consent to be the nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with Harrison, but «Webster would not listen to this.» Eight years later Weed records that he again visited Webster, this time at Marshfield, when the latter greeted him with the inquiry: «Well, how do things look now? I suppose the question still is, ‹Who will poll the most votes?›» «Yes,» replied Weed, «and that man is General Taylor, who will be the next President.» Webster broke out in contemptuous surprise: «Why, Taylor is an illiterate frontier colonel, who has n't voted for forty years!» Weed insisted that Taylor was the man, and again asked Webster to take second place, but Webster again refused, saying: «I shall remain in the field as a candidate for President. I am not a candidate for any other place.»

Both Harrison and Taylor were elected, the result giving very strong evidence that Mr. Weed's faith in the popular strength of availability was «well grounded.» Mr. Webster's contempt for both men was openly displayed, but he consented to accept the position of Secretary of State under the former, and composed for him an inaugural address, which Harrison declined to use, saying that the people would know it was not his, but Webster's, and he thought it best to give them the one which he had prepared himself. He submitted this to Webster for revision. It had a great deal in it about the Roman republic and proconsuls, and Webster spent nearly an entire day over it. His friend Peter Harvey says in his «Reminiscences» that when Webster returned to his home, late for dinner, his wife, struck with his worried and tired look, said she hoped nothing had happened, and that Webster replied: «You would think something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!» His opinion of Taylor was no more complimentary, for he spoke of his nomination in a public speech soon after it was announced as one «not fit to be made.» Yet, as Mr. Weed points out, if Webster had humbled his pride and had accepted second place with either of these two men, he would have realized his cherished desire of being President, for each died before the expiration of his term.

Webster's final appearance as a candidate was in 1852. His spokesman in the convention was Rufus Choate, who made a most eloquent speech in support of his candidacy, and did all that could be done to secure his nomination. Yet his highest vote was only 32 in a total of 293. The faithful Peter Harvey, who was at the convention, which sat in Baltimore, went directly to Webster's house in Washington after Scott had been nominated. Webster met him at the door «with an expression of grief,» but said not a word as to the result, merely asking for Mr. Choate. The latter arrived later, and the family sat down to tea. Still not a word was uttered by any one about the convention. Webster and Choate were closeted for an hour or so afterward, and then Choate departed for Boston. Harvey met him there a few days later, when Choate spoke of the interview as one of the most affecting he had ever had, saying that the appearance of the family and everything about the house seemed to remind him of scenes he had witnessed in families which had lost a beloved member, and adding, «and that sad meal which we partook with Mr. and Mrs. Webster reminded me of the first meal after the return from the grave, when the full force of the bereavement seems to be realized.» Upon this funereal household, in the very depths of its gloom, there came strains of jubilant music, and the shouting of an enthusiastic crowd of Washington Whigs, who, in celebrating Scott's nomination, conceived the notion of including Mr.

Webster in their round of visits. They gathered under his windows, and demanded a speech, and would take no refusal, though told repeatedly that he was not well, and had retired for the night. He appeared finally with great reluctance, and in a brief speech, which contained no mention of Scott, said: «Of one thing, gentlemen, I can assure you: that no one amongst you will enjoy a sounder night's sleep than I shall. I shall rise in the morning, God willing, to the performance of my duty with the lark, and though I cannot equal him in sweetness of song, he will not greet the purpling east more joyous and jocund than I.»

He left Washington soon afterward for Marshfield, where a few weeks later he died. Harvey records that he was unable to reconcile himself to Scott's nomination, saying only a few days before his death that Scott, if elected, «would be a mere tool in the hands of the New York Whig regency, headed by William H. Seward»; and adding, «if I had a vote, I should cast it for General Pierce.» His fall was due to himself. He had sought to meet Weed's test of «availability» by abandoning his championship of human freedom, and becoming, not merely the apologist for, but the defender of, slavery. «His character,» says Goldwin Smith, in his «Political History of the United States,» «to which the friends of freedom in the North had long looked up, fell with a crash like that of a mighty tree, of a lofty pillar, of a rock that for ages had breasted the waves. Some minds, willing to be misled, he still drew after him, but the best of his friends turned from him, and his life ended in gloom.»

LAST CONVENTIONS BEFORE THE WAR.

THE conventions of 1860 brought keen personal disappointment to men in both parties. Douglas, after many years of eager pursuit of the Democratic nomination, succeeded in getting it from only one wing of his party, and under circumstances which made it virtually worthless. Seward, supported by as able and powerful a body of followers as ever candidate had before or has had since, failed to get the Republican nomination when it seemed safe within his grasp. Thurlow Weed found himself, in the Republican convention, in the same condition to which his adroit leadership had brought Clay's friend Tyler in the Whig convention just twenty years earlier; for he says, in his «Autobiography,» that when Seward's defeat came he «was completely unnerved,» and «even shed tears.» George William Curtis, whose eloquent plea against striking from the platform the opening words of the Declaration of Independence had taken the convention by storm, carrying away all opposition like chaff, was scarcely less dejected than Weed, his sad appearance prompting his distinguished colleague and fellow-worker, William M. Evarts, to say, as he slipped his hand through his arm while leaving the convention hall, «Well, Curtis, at least we saved the Declaration of Independence.» Seward was more philosophical than his friends. He sat calmly in his library in Auburn, awaiting the news from the convention. His neighbors were assembled in the village telegraph office, confidently expecting his nomination. When the news of Lincoln's came instead, not one of them had the heart to take it to him. His son, in his «Memoir» of his father, says he knew by their failure to bring good news, that «there was no news that friends would love to bring.» Later, when some one mustered courage to visit him, he was told that no Republican could be found in Auburn who felt like writing the customary paragraph in the evening paper announcing and opposing the nomination. He smiled, and, taking up a pen, wrote a few lines commending the platform, and saying that «no truer or firmer defenders of the Republican faith could have been found in the Union than the distinguished and esteemed citizens upon whom the honors of the nomination have fallen.» In a letter to Weed, written on the same day, he said: «I wish that I was sure that your sense of the disappointment is as light as my own.»

There were several manifestations of grim humor about the Democratic convention which had so much difficulty in getting a ticket into the field. When it first met in Charleston, S. C., the Northern delegates received a disagreeable intimation of the way in which their party had come under the domination of the slave power. It is recorded, in Garrison's «Life,» written by his sons, that when they tried to march through the streets at night with a military band at their head, which they had brought from New York, they were told that they came under the municipal law of slavery, which forbade band-playing after ten o'clock at night in the streets, since the drums might be mistaken for the dread alarm-signal of a slave uprising. Later, when the adjourned convention reassembled in Baltimore, the temporary flooring above the parquet of the theater in which the sessions were held gave way in the center, and the delegates found themselves sliding down the shelving

sides of a pit into a human maelstrom, from which they were extricated with much difficulty. This the opposition press of the time commented upon as an ominous sign of the forthcoming dropping out of the bottom of the party. In the same sessions at Baltimore Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts made a charge that forged tickets of admission had been issued, two of which he exhibited, and declared: « We are overwhelmed with outsiders. I do not propose to sit here under this fraud.» The redoubtable Isaiah Rynders asked Mr. Butler, with much eagerness, where he got the tickets, saying he was anxious to get some of his friends into the convention. Before this question was disposed of it caused a violent altercation between a Mr. Randall and another Pennsylvania delegate, in which the « lie was exchanged » with great force and freedom, and after adjournment Randall's son struck his father's opponent a « staggering blow between the eyes,» and the latter responded by « getting one in on young Randall's ear, leveling him to the ground.»

LINCOLN'S CONFIDENCE OF RENOMINATION.

THERE was little of special interest in the conventions of 1864 and 1868. The Democrats were without hope, and the Republican candidates, Lincoln and Grant, were virtually unopposed in the conventions which nominated them. Lincoln was so thoroughly assured of his renomination that he went about his duties as usual, not giving the slightest indication to his associates that he was aware that a convention was in session. He was engaged at the War Department in telegraphic communication with General Grant, who was then in front of Richmond, and the first news which he received from the convention was the announcement that Andrew Johnson had been nominated for Vice-President. « This is strange,» he said reflectively, as recorded by Lamon in his « Recollections.» « I thought it was usual to nominate the candidate for President first.» His informant was astonished. « Mr. President,» said he, « have you not heard of your own nomination? It was telegraphed to you at the White House two hours ago.»

THE GREELEY EPISODE.

PROBABLY no more grievously disappointed men ever left a convention than the Adams contingent of the Liberal movement of 1872. They had gone to the Cincinnati convention, which was really nothing but a national mass-meeting, confident of their ability to nominate Charles Francis Adams for the Presidency. Their chances of doing this had been injured seriously by the publication, a few days before the convention met, of a private letter from Mr. Adams, in which he expressed his indifference to the nomination, and said that if he was expected to give any pledges or assurances of his own honesty « you will please to draw me out of that crowd.» The phrase « that crowd » was regarded as somewhat contemptuous, and was used with great effect by the Republican party press to injure the movement. It undoubtedly brought about the defeat of Mr. Adams, though I am assured by Mr. Schurz, who presided over the convention, that the supporters of Mr. Adams felt so confident of his nomination on the sixth, or final, ballot that they refrained from making special effort to secure it. They were dumfounded when, instead of going for Adams, the convention was « stampeded » for Greeley. There have been many accounts given of their feelings when they realized what had happened, but I do not remember ever having seen in print the explanation of their situation which was given by Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, who was an Adams delegate from Connecticut. Mr. Bromley was sitting with the other dejected ones, and was asked what he was going to do next. Heaving a sigh, he said, « I think I will go over and see the *other* Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.»

BLAINE AND SHERMAN IN DEFEAT.

NEXT to Clay, Blaine was a Presidential candidate for a longer period than any other man in our history. His name was before the conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892, a period of nearly twenty years. He failed of a nomination in four conventions, and was nominated in one, only to be defeated at the polls. Until the last trial he maintained his courage, and if he felt bitterness toward his successful rivals he kept it from the public observation. When, in 1876, he came within a few votes of a nomination only to see the prize captured by Hayes, he did not sulk for a moment, but at once sent a telegraphic message to the nominee, offering his « sincerest congratulations,» and saying it « will be alike my highest pleasure, as well as my first political duty, to do the utmost in my power to promote your election.» He was equally prompt and cordial when Garfield was nominated in 1880, and when Harrison was made the candidate in 1888 he telegraphed from Scotland his « hearty congratulations,» predicting for his campaign the « triumphant en-

thusiasm,» and «victorious conclusion» which followed his grandfather's nomination in 1840. Only in 1892 did his buoyant spirit, which had rallied under so many disappointments, fail him; but then the shadow of death was upon him, and disease had undoubtedly affected his mind. He resigned from President Harrison's cabinet a short time before the convention met, in order that his appearance as a candidate against his chief might be less unseemly; and when Harrison was renominated he was unable to send him a word of congratulation, contenting himself with congratulating the nominee for Vice-President.

John Sherman's conduct in defeat betrays less fortitude and self-restraint than that of any other candidate we have ever had. He is the first to charge his rivals, not only with a «corrupt bargain,» but with the direct purchase of votes. Mr. Sherman was first a candidate in 1880; and when Garfield, who had acted as his champion and spokesman in the convention of that year, was nominated, he did not wait an hour, but telegraphed him instantly congratulating him «with all my heart.» He was not before the convention of 1884, but in 1888 he was the leading candidate, receiving the highest number of votes on six ballots, coming once within sixty-seven votes of a nomination. He says, in his «Recollections,» published only a few months ago, that he expected the nomination, and that he believed then and believes now that he was defeated by one of the delegates from New York, who practically controlled the whole delegation, and who made a «corrupt bargain, which transferred the great body of the vote of New York to General Harrison.» He absolves Harrison of all knowledge of this bargain, and says he refused to carry it into execution. Mr. Sherman goes even further than this, saying that he had «conclusive proof» that the friends of another candidate «substantially purchased the votes of many of the delegates from the Southern States, who had been instructed by their conventions to vote for me.» These extraordinary charges, it should be borne in mind, are not made in the first heat of anger and disappointment, but are set down deliberately in a book and published fully seven years later.

CONVENTION SAYINGS—FAMOUS AND OTHER.

PERHAPS the most famous and enduring of all convention sayings was that of Mr. Flanagan of Texas, who exclaimed, in «amazement and surprise,» when a resolution pledging the party to civil-service reform was offered in the Republican convention of 1880, «What are we here for except to get office?» Four years later General Bragg, in the Democratic convention, made his scarcely less famous declaration of the chief reason why the young men of the country were in favor of Grover Cleveland: «They love him most for the enemies he has made.» These have been adopted into our political language and literature, and are likely to remain there permanently. Colonel Ingersoll's «plumed knight» passage, which so stirred the Republican convention of 1876, and gave Mr. Blaine his most popular political title, is not likely to be so enduring: but it is worth recording, as one of the most perfect specimens of that type of political oratory: «Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.» Another speech, not so famous, but far more powerful at the time of its delivery, was that of Garfield, in the Republican convention of 1880, in which he opposed and defeated Senator Conkling's effort to have the unit rule adopted. Mr. Conkling was seeking to carry his point with an amount of arrogance which has never been equaled in any convention. He had gone so far as to stalk half the length of the huge convention hall, and force a delegate, who was objecting to his proposal, down into his seat by placing his hands upon his shoulders, and roaring at him, «Sit down, sir! sit down!» Garfield, who had not been thought of as a candidate, took the floor against Conkling, closing a brief and ringing speech with the words, «Adopt the unit rule if you will, and I will be bound by it; adopt the individual rule, and I will be bound by that, for two great reasons: first, because you make it the rule; second, because I believe it to be everlastingly right.» This phrase, «everlastingly right,» stirred the convention like the sound of a trumpet, and when the delegates began later to look for a candidate upon whom they could unite, it was still ringing in their ears, and led them to turn to him as the man nearest their hearts. When General Grant received word that Garfield had been nominated in preference to himself, he said, with characteristic brevity and composure: «It 's all right. I am satisfied.»

MODERN «STAMPEDE» TACTICS.

THE great modern convention assemblages: which are at once the most impressive and most tumultuous in the world, date from the

convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860. That was the first to have a special building erected for its use, and the first to bring the telegraph wires and instruments into the building itself. Since then enormous structures, capable of holding from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, have been considered essential, and their use has added greatly to the mass-meeting character of the conventions, while, at the same time detracting seriously from their deliberative character. Indeed, the popular attendance outnumbers many times the size of the real convention, for the delegates and their alternates together do not aggregate 2000. The other 10,000 or 12,000, who nearly or quite surround the convention, and overlook it from the galleries, are said to represent the people, and bring the convention more closely in touch with the popular will. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of them are there in the interest of various candidates, and are prepared to assist, whenever occasion offers, in making a «demonstration» or in starting a «stampede.» Perhaps the most tumultuous convention ever held was that of the Republicans at Chicago in 1880. Fully 15,000 persons were in attendance upon its regular sessions, and «demonstrations» were of frequent occurrence, sometimes as often as twice or three times in a single session. At one of the early evening sessions the mention of General Grant's name started a wild uproar, which lasted for thirty minutes. The whole vast assemblage appeared to take part in it. In the center of the hall, where the New York delegation sat, appeared the majestic figure of Roscoe Conkling, standing upon a chair, and slowly waving to and fro the delegation's banner, which was floating from a tall staff, while from all parts of the hall there came a roar as steady and solid and deep as that of Niagara. In one part of the hall a great body of people could now and then be heard singing «Glory, glory, hallelujah,» and in another part others singing «Marching through Georgia.» Thirty minutes by the watch this pandemonium reigned, and then it died out from sheer exhaustion. Scarcely had calm been restored when the mention of Blaine's name started a fresh outbreak, a great roar rising from all parts of the house at once. Flags, parasols, umbrellas, shawls, and handkerchiefs were waving frantically in all directions, and in the height of the din a well-dressed woman, who was standing on the platform, leaped upon the pedestal of a small statue of Liberty in front of her, and, leaning forward over its head, waved a parasol wildly to and fro, at every swing of which the huge crowd cheered. Then she caught up a flag, and, winding it about her figure, called anew for cheers for Blaine, arousing an indescribable tumult. In the Maine delegation was to be seen the figure of Senator Hale, standing on the shoulders of his colleagues, and holding high in air upon its staff the shield of the State of Maine. All the time the steady roar of thousands of throats continued without a perceptible break, till, having been kept up for thirty-five minutes, five minutes longer than the Grant roar, it died out as suddenly as it had begun. Thus for more than an hour the convention had transformed itself into a howling mob, for no other purpose than to show that one candidate had as many friends present as the other. Previous to these outbreaks there had been a similar one, a day earlier, when Blaine's name was mentioned, and there were still others when the nominating speeches were made; but nothing was accomplished by any or all of them, for neither Grant nor Blaine was nominated. There were similar demonstrations for Blaine and others in the conventions of 1884, 1888, and 1892, lasting from twenty minutes to a half-hour each.

It is a fact that none of the most systematic efforts to «stampede» a convention by these methods has succeeded. Usually the mine has been exploded too soon. The demonstration has been made so far in advance of the balloting that its force has been wasted. Then, too, systematic preparations for «stampeding» have been met by equally systematic efforts to counteract them. Nobody is taken by surprise, and consequently nobody is carried off his feet. The balloting goes on precisely as if the demonstrations had not been made. As a matter of fact, the controlling power in nearly all conventions does not lie either in the delegates, or in the political bosses who direct so many of them, or in the ten or twelve thousand people who get into the convention building. It rests in the people who are outside, but whose influence is exerted during every moment that the convention is in session. The final, deciding question is not, Which candidate do we most desire to nominate? but, Which candidate can we be most certain to elect? To answer that intelligently the most sagacious minds in every convention look beyond the shouting galleries, with their few thousands of personally interested spectators, to the twelve millions of voters scattered over the land, and seek to read in advance their answer at the polls.

Joseph B. Bishop.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Gold the Money of Civilization.

THE most conspicuous fact in the financial history of the world for the last hundred years is the coming, one after another, of all the great nations to the single gold standard of value. Why have they done this? Extreme advocates of free silver say it is due to a conspiracy against silver; but even they do not believe that. It is due rather to a natural process of evolution. Gold has been found by practical experience to be many times superior to any other metal for the purpose in hand. For many years its superiority to silver was formally recognized as about sixteen to one; that is, it was sixteen times as useful as a medium of exchange, sixteen times as stable in value, sixteen times as convenient in weight, sixteen times as valuable in the eyes of the people. At the present time it is regarded as thirty-two times as desirable for all these reasons.

Every nation is merely a collection of individuals. It is the individual who decides this question of a standard of value. Who ever heard of an individual who wished to hoard money who did not select gold for that purpose? Who ever heard of an individual who had money to lend who did not wish to have payment guaranteed in gold? Who ever heard of an individual who had something to sell who did not wish to have payment made to him in the best money known—that is, gold? All trade is conducted through individuals, and the kind of money which individuals prefer is the kind of money which is used in trade. Edward Atkinson has pointed out that all international trade, from its very beginning, has been carried on without any legal tender money, but simply in gold. He contends that if gold were to cease to be coined as money, international trade would still be carried on with it by means of bills of exchange drawn for so many ounces and grains of gold. This would be done, not through hatred of silver, or in accordance with a «gold-bug conspiracy,» but simply as a necessity; for gold, more than any other metal known to man, contains the qualities absolutely essential for a medium of exchange.

We accept the results of human experience extending over many years in other matters; why not accept them in this? Why is all value, even that of silver, estimated or measured in gold? Is that the result of a conspiracy? One by one all the objections against a single gold standard have been refuted by the progress of events. It was said that we must have a double standard, or bimetallism, because there was a scarcity of gold in the world, due to a diminishing supply; that this scarcity had caused an appreciation in the value of gold, and hence a fall in prices; and that, since there was not enough gold in the world to do the business of the world, silver must be called in to help us out. All these assertions fell with a crash when it was shown that, instead of a diminution in the supply of gold, there has been during the last few years a very large increase. The fall in prices could not have been due, therefore, to an appreciation in the value of gold caused by a scarcity of that metal; for the supply has been made, by the increasing annual product, far greater than ever before in the world's history.

What, then, is the matter with the gold standard? Why should gold be made an object of hatred, and silver an object of adoration? To come down to individuals again, what man who has something to sell, either goods or labor, objects to gold in payment, or prefers silver to it? What man who has money to lend prefers payment in silver rather than in gold? If there be any such, why does he hate gold, since he can always be paid in silver if he prefers it? We doubt if there be any such; but if there be, he is a rare exception. An overwhelming majority of the people, not only of this country, but of all civilized countries, not only prefer gold or its equivalent, but insist upon having it. So determined are they about this that if the world were to discard the gold standard to-morrow, its business would still be carried forward on a gold basis; for in that way alone could it be continued. International trade would be conducted upon it, and that would set the standard for all other trade; but aside from that, the necessity for a fixed and stable measure of value would make recourse to gold an absolute necessity. Any man who ever had any dealings with money knows these to be the very rudimental principles of trade, and it seems almost childish to state them here.

But, as a matter of fact, our whole treatment of the money question in this country during the last twenty years has been a reflection upon the national intelligence. We have shut our eyes, or our Congresses have, to the results of human experience throughout the world, —to the results of our own experience even,—and have said, «We will try this matter all over again for ourselves.» We have made a fetish of silver, and a devil of gold, personifying both in a manner worthy of a nation of heathen. But in all this we have not affected one iota the great facts of the case. Silver has not been helped, and gold has not been injured. Our opinions and our Congressional decrees have been powerless in the face of one great fact—the bullion price of the two metals in the markets of the world. So will it be till the end of the chapter. We have rolled up for ourselves many millions of dollars of debt, have done incalculable harm to our business and industrial interests, and have made American intelligence and capacity for government the jest of the world; but gold and silver remain as unaffected as if we had never given them a thought.

Has not this folly gone on long enough? There are many signs that the turning-point has been reached; that the people are realizing the fact that they have been deluded in this matter. For the first time in many

years several of our State conventions have not been afraid to say «gold standard» in their platforms, and to speak of «gold» instead of «coin» or «sound money» merely. This shows an awakening of courage, and the time may soon come when some of our public men can hear themselves called «gold-bugs» without shying or shivering. What is a gold-bug? Simply a man who insists that the people of the country shall have the best possible kind of money in which to transact their business; that the laborer shall be paid in the best money only; that the widow and the orphan who live on the interest of the money which has been left to them shall not be cheated of half their principal and interest by having a fifty-cent silver dollar substituted for a one-hundred-cent gold one. There is not a truer benefactor of all the people in this country to-day than the gold-bug; for he is contending for the maintenance of trade and commerce and industry, for the just dealings of man with his fellow-men—in short, for civilization itself.

The Unavailability of Trimmers.

A FEW months ago the editor of a Western newspaper addressed a request to something like a dozen well-known aspirants for a Presidential nomination, asking each to define the position which he holds on the currency question. As this was then, as it is now, the most important of all issues before the country, it was not unreasonable to suppose that the candidates addressed would be glad of the opportunity to make public their views upon it; but this was not the case. Only two responded at all, and they failed to define their attitude. One said he was in favor of «sound money,» and the other that, «if possible, the unity of the party must be preserved.» All the others kept silent, thus maintaining that attitude of trimmers, which, at the time of this writing, they persist in holding, in spite of all importunities to abandon it.

It is a curious fact that we are on the eve of Presidential nominating conventions with a larger number of candidates whose views upon the leading question of the day are absolutely unknown than we have ever had before in our history. This is all the more surprising since the whole country is looking eagerly for a man who will take a decisive position upon the money question. There has not been a time during the last six months when a Presidential candidate, by placing himself squarely upon the gold standard as his platform, could not virtually have secured a nomination in advance of the meeting of the conventions. In fact, it would be easy to mention several candidates who apparently have lost all chance of a nomination by their persistent trimming or studied silence upon this question. To all appeals of friends and admirers that they should come out boldly and say gold if they mean gold, they have turned a deaf ear, either making no response at all, or so meaningless a one as to create disappointment and even disgust. Conduct of this kind is specially fatal with one great class of voters—the industrial and business men. These are so well aware of the absolute necessity of a sound financial system that they will take no chances about a President. They will not elect him and run the risk of his being a safe man on the money question after election.

Undoubtedly many of the trimmers who are hoping for a nomination think that they can take a position safely after the nomination shall have been won. The campaign is pretty certain to force them to take one side or the other. It will certainly be difficult this year for any candidate to go through the campaign without letting the people know where he stands, for such knowledge is of the first importance to them. They know from experience that Congress cannot be trusted on this question. For the last quarter of a century we have had to depend for the safety of our financial system upon our Presidents. It was President Grant who saved us from the Inflation Bill of 1874; it was President Hayes who vetoed the Bland Silver Bill in 1877, and whose known opposition prevented the contemplated repeal of the Resumption Act in the same year; it was President Cleveland who secured for us the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act, and whose firm stand against all efforts to force this country off the gold standard has preserved the national credit and prevented the wide-spread confusion and industrial and commercial disaster which a descent to the silver standard would have caused. Two Congresses in succession, one Democratic and the other Republican, have refused to sustain the National credit by saying that when we promise to pay all our obligations in «coin» we mean that they will be paid in gold. That refusal would have caused incalculable harm to us had not the whole civilized world known that so long as Mr. Cleveland shall remain President we shall pay our debts in gold.

In view of these facts, it is well-nigh incredible that a National convention should venture to take the risk of nominating for the Presidency a man who is a trimmer upon this subject. Can a man who has not the courage to say before a nomination and election where he stands upon the most vital issue of the day be trusted to develop sufficient courage after election to oppose the wishes of a possible silver Congress which may refuse him all support in case he ventures to antagonize it? Nothing is more insidiously destructive of character than a lifelong habit of trimming. A man who loses the courage of defining his opinions loses also the power of forming definite convictions, and can never be trusted to act decisively and bravely in a great emergency. Then, too, nearly every man who becomes President is susceptible to the desire for reëlection; and to secure that he will inevitably employ the same methods that he employed successfully in getting his first nomination and election. If he succeeded as a trimmer he will be a trimmer throughout his term, and the country can place no sure reliance upon him.

This is preëminently a year when the people demand courage in their candidates. They are anxious about their business affairs, and suspicious also of the great power which the political bosses are wielding. They wish to see in the Presidency some man whose personal character and known views will be a guarantee that he will be a bulwark there against all possible Congressional folly, and against all efforts to deprive the people of their right to self-government. They want a courageous, able, and patriotic man in the White House, and not one who is afraid to define his views lest it may deprive him of a few hundred or a few thousand votes. All the Presidents best loved of the

people have been men who not only had clear convictions, but had also the courage to avow them. At no time have the people been more alive than now to the need of such qualities in a President. They see with alarm the steady deterioration in character and ability of both houses of Congress, and realize that, unless the standard for the Executive be kept high, the public interests may be seriously imperiled. Every man who talks with his fellows knows this to be the case. The National conventions will but poorly represent the feeling of the people if they are not impressed by this view. If one of them shall take the risk of putting forth as a candidate a man whose views, not only upon the currency, but upon all the great questions of the day, are unknown because of his cowardice in failing to reveal them, its members may find long before election day arrives that a serious blunder has been committed. The country cannot afford to take any chances this year; the possibilities of harm are too many and too great. The politicians will be wise to make up their minds to this fact; for, unless they do so, and act accordingly, a great surprise may come to them on the day after election.

A Duty of Englishmen to America.

THAT was a high day in James Boswell's calendar on which he at last succeeded in bringing Dr. Johnson and Jack Wilkes together around Mr. Dilly's catholic dinner-table in the «Poultry.» But another than Jack Wilkes was there, whose meeting with the redoubtable doctor bade fair to prove explosive. «I observed him,» says Boswell, «whispering to Mr. Dilly, ‹Who is that gentleman, sir?›

«DILLY: ‹Mr. Arthur Lee.›

«JOHNSON: ‹Too too too› (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings.

«Mr. Arthur Lee,» adds Boswell, «could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*.»

If any reciprocal feeling toward the great lexicographer ever animated Americans, the lapse of years must long since have assuaged it. We love him none the less that he was so high a Tory, and we can afford to forgive the blindness of his prejudice. There is a fine last-century flavor about it all that appeals to us. But when the presumably educated Englishman of to-day is content with Dr. Johnson's political point of view, and shows an equally indiscriminate prejudice, he seriously compromises either his intelligence, his honesty, or his loyalty to that love of fair play which we like to think our common Anglo-Saxon heritage.

The fact is that the English public men who have understood America, or who have seemed to care to understand her, have, at least until recently, always represented a small minority. During the first century of our national life scarcely an Englishman of eminence was clear-sighted enough to perceive America's real devotion to great ideals. Our British kinsmen thought us a horde of Gradgrinds and nothing else; whereas, in spite of a seeming absorption in material things, the national life was grappling with mighty ethical and political ideas, which the selfishness and irresponsibility of politicians might sometimes distort, but could never stifle. Leigh Hunt, as Lowell used to remind us, could never think of America without seeing in imagination a gigantic counter stretched all along our seaboard: and we bore Hunt's ridicule with a complacency that was the more cheerful because his caliber and weight of metal were scarcely great enough to do much execution over sea. Carlyle sneered: we remembered his dyspepsia, and forgave. Ruskin emptied the vials of his eloquent contempt upon our sacrifice to America's freedom and integrity: we abated no jot or tittle of our veneration for his prophet's message, while we strove to make just allowance for the vagaries of the hyperesthetic temperament. These things it was easy to condone.

But we found it more difficult to excuse the attitude of statesmen whose business it should have been to know us better. Mr. Gladstone's unwillingness or inability to grasp the true issues at stake in our great war has long since been forgiven, if not forgotten. The noble candor and the keen insight of Tom Taylor's tribute to Lincoln were ample apology for «Punch's» sarcasm and misapprehension. But scarce anything could better illustrate the profound ignorance of even eminent Englishmen concerning the elementary problems of our national life than the fact that so liberal and philosophic a statesman as Sir George Cornewall Lewis made bitterly contemptuous reference to our great President as he entered upon his stupendous task in 1861; and that, even three years later, so high-minded and generous a critic as Walter Bagehot repeated and emphasized the gibe.

If we recall these things to-day, it is in no sense to revive any bitterness of feeling which they may once have provoked. Though the Jingo rage and the demagogue imagine a vain thing, the great mass of self-restrained and sober Americans remember them with sorrow rather than with anger. They furnish us, however, with a sufficient pretext for a word of kindly admonition to honest Englishmen.

It has been remarked in America that almost every Englishman one meets seems vastly more intelligent about India, Burma, or Central Africa than about the United States. This prevailing ignorance is unfortunate at all times; in a period of international stress it may prove calamitous. It breeds a factitious contempt on both sides, and contempt, when it is finished, bringeth forth hate. The Englishmen who have understood American life have judged it by something besides the froth of the irresponsible press and the antics of provincial «statesmen.» Cobden's fatal exposure of his life to do us service, and John Bright's brave words in the hour of our distress, can never be forgotten. The memory of Thomas Hughes—alas! that we must write «memory» now—will always remain a rich and fragrant legacy, to which, in a peculiar sense, we are coheirs with Englishmen; while the work of Mr. Bryce has not only won our respect and gratitude, but is bound to leave deep impress on our life. None of these men was blind to the evident foibles, defects, and crudities of the strenuous life of an earnest and virile people. On the other hand, none invited distrust by silly attempts to flatter or cajole. But all were quick to recognize in American aspiration, achievement, and representative character something other and better than mere bigness. They even ventured now and then to speak of

these things as great; but the word sits better on their lips than on ours.

We have heard not a little during the last half-year of England's essential friendliness toward America and pride in her. Is it too much to ask that this good will be put to the simple test of a thoughtful reading of Mr. Bryce's «American Commonwealth» and a candid study of the life of Lincoln? Or if this seem too plain and prosaic fare for palates long tickled by the high-spiced dainties of Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, we may at least suggest that our English friends make better acquaintance with Lowell. In the world of letters he is as typical an American as Lincoln was in the world of politics. Neither sacrificed his sturdy and consistent Americanism to the demands of personal or party policy. Each was quick to discern the distinction between accident and essence in American life. Both represented a great multitude of their most influential countrymen in the depth and earnestness of their convictions, and in the possession of that kindly humor which purges conviction of fanaticism and moroseness. When Lowell made Jonathan say to John in reference to the «Trent» affair,

> We give the critters back, John,
> Cos Abram thought 'twas right,

he felt that the reason assigned was quite sufficient to justify the act, not merely to the world at large, but to the mass of his excited and sorely tried countrymen. And when the voices of wise and sober men in our colleges and churches were raised in the difficult juncture of last winter, demanding a careful and dispassionate consideration of a perplexing question in order that the right might be discovered and done, it was a characteristic assertion of the will of law-abiding and self-respecting America. No one can hope to understand American life who shuts his eyes to the controlling influence of this conservative element, and keeps them open, as too many of our English visitors do, merely to the grotesque, the crude, and the bizarre among us.

A Plea for the Poets.

THE poets have always had a hard time of it, not only because they often beg their bread, and always learn in suffering what they teach in song, but because they receive treatment so unequal, being abused until they conquer recognition, and then worshiped as gods. Perhaps there is a good reason for this. There is an instinctive feeling that the poet is divine; if he is a pretender he should be put down, if he is genuine he is to be adored. But he would, upon the whole, be happier, and perhaps more productive, if at the outset he had somewhat kinder treatment, even if the later recognition were less emphatic. It seems to be regarded as a main function of current criticism to trample poets under foot, and to sweep them out of the way, with utter disregard, not only of generosity, but of economy; for poets come about as do other choice products: there must be many in order to produce one; the whole choir of birds must be suffered to warble in order to secure the nightingale and the lark. It makes one tremble to reflect how narrow an escape from extinction Keats and Wordsworth and Tennyson underwent at the hands of the critics; and there is no telling how many Miltons have been kept mute by unwise repression of their noble rage.

Just now the process is very active. By an unusual conjunction of events there is hardly a great living English-speaking poet, and we are taking our revenge for this spiritual orphanage by abusing the fledglings and young birds of song (some of whom already pipe melodiously) as though they were to blame for the lack of Shelleys and Brownings. The magazines come in for a full share of this unreasoning censure, because they do not give us monthly an «Each and All» or an «Ode to a Water-fowl» or a «Locksley Hall.» To sneer at «magazine poetry,» as it is called in the cant of the day, is virtually to sneer at American poetry in general, which always has found its channel largely through the monthly periodicals and their congeners. To take this magazine as a familiar example,—and THE CENTURY gives more space to verse than any other similar publication,—a careful estimate covering two years shows that five sixths of our contributors have been sufficiently serious in the pursuit of the art to have collected their metrical work into volumes. A review of current American magazine poetry will show, if not great qualities, at least a fine sense of rhythm, and much delicacy, subtlety, intensity, and range. These are qualities to be encouraged, and it is only to be regretted that in these pages the limitations of space do not make practicable a larger hospitality. In no other way can the great poet be brought forward; all the birds must be heard in order to reveal the one supreme singer. Moreover, there is much cheer in the full chorus, and if the single clear note of the robin were hushed we should feel a loss.

We are not entering a protest against criticism, nor asking that it shall abate its high function of intelligent judgment; but we deprecate the discouragement which is cast upon poets and publishers of poetry by the tone of contempt with which the poetry of the day is received. The general attitude is destructive; it should be fostering. The critics and the public do not know what they are doing by discouraging the production of poetry: it is not only like opposing the cultivation of flowers; it is like trampling down wheat, for poetry is the bread of intellectual and spiritual life.

Hardly a better service could be rendered to literature at present than to revive a knowledge of Shelley's «Defense of Poetry,» a work that has been undertaken by Professor A. S. Cook of Yale University, in a thin volume well packed with judicious comment. There are, perhaps, better defenses of poetry than this of Shelley's, but it has an indefinable charm as well as cogency of statement. It is a plea for the value of poetry. As with all other values, the condition of its production and the measure of its worth should be thoroughly understood.

There are many things that we profess to value which are in reality poetry, or draw their charm or power from poetry. We are now redeeming religion from dogma to ethics; but we must learn that religion is also poetry, because it is truer than dogma, and is the soul of ethics, and holds them both, as it were, in a solution of moral beauty. Dr. Bushnell put the matter in a nutshell, and also into a dozen stout volumes, in the title of one of his essays, «Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination.» And Shelley is on the track of the same thought in his remark that «a man, to be greatly good, must imagine

greatly and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.» It is to the poets we must go for our rendering of religion. They are the true theologians, from Dante down to Tennyson and Browning and Whittier, and when the poets cease to sing, religion will perish—if it does not live in the echoes of their songs.

In the same way education and culture lean on poetry. Here also Shelley says a good word: «Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices, whose void forever craves fresh food,»—a remark which puts the poetic function at the root of all growth in knowledge, and falls in with his sayings, that «all high poetry is infinite. Veil after veil may be withdrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never be exposed,» and that «it is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.»

In like manner poetry underlies history and government. No one has said a truer or profounder thing of Homer than Shelley in his remark that «he embodied the ideal perfection of his age in human character,» the very office and highest achievement of history. And as for government, Shelley translates the saying of Andrew Fletcher, that «if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation,» into the assertion that «poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world, because they measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit,» and are thus the very «spirit of the age,» which dominates society and issues in laws.

The part that poetry has played in public events is indeed a matter of familiar knowledge. Aside from the distinctive song-writing which animates all patriotic hearts, one recalls, to cite but a single instance, the glowing work of that band of poets who gave life and power to the anti-slavery cause. Lowell's philippics against the spurious statesmanship of the spoils system have not yet lost their occasion nor their animating force. Such «large utterance» realizes what Milton had in mind in the concluding lines of his sonnet, «To the Lord General Fairfax»:

> O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
> (For what can war but endless war still breed?)
> Till truth and right from violence be freed,
> And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
> Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
> While avarice and rapine share the land.

It is time to take to heart these suggestions, and to open our minds a little more widely to these candidates and aspirants for the highest place the world can offer and the greatest service it can require. They can forego their hopes and miss possible fame, but society cannot go without what the poets can give, and must give, to save it from the slough of misconceived utility.

«Four Lincoln Conspiracies.» A Correction.

In the article with the above title, printed in the April CENTURY, reference was made to Mr. Louis J. Weichmann as having escaped punishment for supposed knowledge of the plot against President Lincoln, through his services as «the most important government witness at the trial of the assassin conspirators.»

In refutation of the imputation contained in that statement, Mr. Weichmann has referred us to General H. L. Burnett, who was Special Judge Advocate of the commission which tried the conspirators. General Burnett says that Mr. Weichmann at the time was a clerk in the War Department, and, as a college-mate of three years' standing and friend of John H. Surratt, became a boarder in Mrs. Surratt's house nearly three months before Booth's advent there. Mr. Weichmann voluntarily explained his connection with the Surratt household, was at once sent by Secretary Stanton to Canada with the party searching for John H. Surratt, and on his return and during the trial conducted himself like a person innocent of wrong-doing, and willing to state the facts within his knowledge. Also, in a letter dated January 27, 1867, General Burnett said to Mr. Weichmann: «I have always believed that in that trial of Mr. Lincoln's assassins you enacted an honorable and truthful part, and did our struggling country great service.»

In a letter inclosing copies of other letters from officers connected with the trial, Mr. Weichmann says: «I was appointed to an honorable position in the government service at Philadelphia on April 15, 1869, which I retained until the first day of October, 1886, when I resigned. During the early part of 1886 I was President of the Civil Service Board in the Philadelphia custom-house. My position was given me not as a reward, but as a measure of justice for what I had been compelled to suffer by reason of my testimony in the conspiracy trials.»

To quote from a few of these letters, Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt wrote to Congressman W. D. Kelley on March 30, 1869: «Referring to our conversation this evening in regard to Mr. Louis J. Weichmann, a constituent of yours, I write to say that ever since this young man gave his testimony on the trial of the assassins of the President, he has been subjected to the most malignant proscription and persecution. . . In giving his testimony on that occasion, which I verily believe he did with entire truthfulness, he performed a public duty imposed upon him with a conscientious faithfulness which entitles him to the support of the government, and to the commendation of all loyal and honorable men. . . He has fine intelligence and culture, and sustains an irreproachable character.»

General Lew Wallace, a member of the commission which tried the conspirators, wrote November 8, 1865: «Friend Weichmann: Please accept my regards and consider me your friend.» General James A. Ekin, another member, wrote, June 7, 1876: «It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to your integrity of character. It was never questioned by me, and you were on several occasions favorably mentioned in conversation both by the late Secretary Stanton and General Joseph Holt. During the memorable trial of the conspirators your testimony was considered by the court as conclusive and clear, and your evidence was regarded as truthful in every particular. It stood the test of cross-examination, and remained unshaken on the record.» General R. S. Foster, another member, wrote, July 30,

1885: «Your evidence was of great value to us in determining the guilt of those parties. You were unimpeached, and came off the cross-examination leaving the conviction in our minds that you had told the truth.» Judge George P. Fisher, who presided in the trial of John H. Surratt, wrote, under date of February 3, 1892: «Your letter of the 12th ult. was duly received, in which you request from me an opinion as to your testimony and conduct in the trial of John H. Surratt for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. I have no hesitation in saying that your conduct on the witness-stand all through on that occasion was that of a perfectly honest and truthful witness.»

We take pleasure in printing these extracts, which show the estimation in which Mr. Weichmann was held by officers and members of the trial commission.

OPEN LETTERS

President Lincoln and the Widow of General Helm.

THE following appeared in THE CENTURY for December, 1895, under «Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency»:

Mr. Lincoln's absolute impartiality when dealing with affairs wherein he was personally interested is well illustrated in the following despatch to a Union general:

«WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 8, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURBRIDGE, Lexington, Ky.:

Last December Mrs. Emily T. Helm, half-sister of Mrs. L., and widow of the rebel general Ben. Hardin Helm, stopped here on her way from Georgia to Kentucky, and I gave her a paper, as I remember, to protect her against the mere fact of her being General Helm's widow. I hear a rumor to-day that you recently sought to arrest her, but was prevented by her presenting the paper from me. I do not intend to protect her against the consequences of disloyal words or acts spoken or done by her since her return to Kentucky, and if the paper given her by me can be construed to give her protection for such words or acts, it is hereby revoked *pro tanto*. Deal with her for current conduct just as you would with any other. A. LINCOLN.»

This despatch is a surprise to me, since I was never arrested and never had any trouble with the United States authorities. The circumstances of the protection paper given to me by President Lincoln were these: I had lost two of my brothers: one was killed at Corinth, the other died at Vicksburg from a wound received at Baton Rouge; at the battle of Chickamauga my husband had fallen. I had accompanied my husband South, and after his death I received from Mr. Lincoln a permit to return to Kentucky under flag of truce. Upon reaching Fort Monroe, a United States officer came on the boat and told me he had orders to require an oath of allegiance to the United States from every one who landed. I asked for permission to proceed to Washington on parole, stating that I would return in case I was called upon to take the oath. I had just left the friends in arms of my husband and brothers, with tears in their eyes and hearts for me in my great bereavement, and they would have felt, if I had taken the oath, that I had deserted them and had not been true to the cause for which my husband had given up his life. My refusal was therefore not bravado.

Soon after my conversation with the officer I was allowed to go on to Washington, and I immediately called on President Lincoln. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln (who was my half-sister) received me with every sign of affection and kindness. Since I had last seen them they had buried from the White House a little son who had loved me very much; on each side we had had overwhelming sorrow, which caused our meeting to be painful and agitating.

I told Mr. Lincoln my object in coming, explained my position, and stated that I did not intend to embarrass him or make myself conspicuous in any way, in case he allowed me to proceed to my home in Kentucky. I was his guest for several days; when I left he gave me a paper worded to protect me in person and property (except as to slaves), and as I thanked him he said, «I have known you all your life, and I never knew you to do a mean thing.»

After I arrived in Kentucky I was careful that no act or word of mine should make him regret being so considerate of me. Every one was kind to me in Kentucky, irrespective of opinions; and I do not think I made any enemies on account of my opinions. I had no occasion to use the paper except once, when asking a Federal officer to keep his soldiers, who were camped near me, from trespassing upon the grounds and taking our meals as they were cooked from our kitchen, which he did in the kindest manner. It is possible that he reported the fact of the protection paper to General Burbridge, who was his superior officer; and the latter, perhaps, desired orders from President Lincoln as to what he ought to do in case I made myself conspicuous. I was not arrested; I gave no cause; I could never have been so lost to my sense of obligation to President Lincoln. That he did not believe that I had been imprudent is shown by the fact that in March, 1865, under the escort of his son (my nephew), with Mrs. Bernard Pratt, a relative of General Zachary Taylor and General Singleton of Illinois, I was allowed to go South on some private business of my own; but finding it impossible to go farther than Richmond, Virginia, and being advised by friends, I returned to Baltimore, where I had been only a short time when Richmond fell.

Emily Todd Helm.

Remington's «Bronco Buster.»

«THE CENTURY'S» AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES. (SEE PAGE 265.)

A GOOD deal has been said and written about American subjects for American artists, and some fault has been found with such of our painters and sculptors as prefer

to live in foreign lands or to visit them in search of the picturesque when there is so much at home that ought to attract them. While the artist's choice of subject concerns nobody but the artist himself, and all that we may ask of him is that whatever he chooses to interpret shall be well rendered, we may agree with the contention that there is no lack of material to inspire the artist in our native land. To those who delight in things purely American, not as trees, fields, and skies are American, but as scenes of life and manners are, Mr. Remington's «Bronco Buster» will give much satisfaction.

The cow-man is an American product. He is neither a «greaser» nor a peasant. He is not a planter, a mountaineer, a trapper, or a shepherd. When the cowboy undertakes to break in a bucking bronco, he takes upon himself a task that will amply satisfy his desire for excitement, and provide an interesting spectacle for bystanders. In the spirited group modeled by Mr. Remington, the horse, rearing on his hind legs, his body arched, and with his fore legs bent inward from the knees in a fashion that suggests the power of a tightly coiled spring, appears ready to snap forward. The rider, with the bridle-rein in his left hand, one foot out of the stirrup, and his right hand high in the air with the whip in it, is at the crisis of the action. The movement and force of both horse and rider are given with a strength and grasp that impress by their truth at first glance. The group is so good, and its aspect so attractive, that it deserves praise not only for its technical qualities, but also for its power to please those who care as much for subject as for treatment.

Frederic Remington, who before bringing out this excellent piece of character sculpture was most widely known as an illustrator and painter, was born in St. Lawrence County New York, in 1861. He studied drawing for a year in the Yale School of Fine Arts at New Haven, and went West in 1880. With the exception of this single year of instruction, he has derived all his knowledge from constant observation and study. He has written entertainingly and cleverly of life in the West, as well as illustrated it in his drawings and pictures. Of «The Bronco Buster» he speaks in characteristic fashion: «I have always had a feeling for 'mud,' and I did that—a long work attended with great difficulties on my part. I propose to do some more, to put the wild life of our West into something that burglar won't have, moth eat, or time blacken. It is a great art and satisfying to me, for my whole feeling is for form.»

William A. Coffin.

The Berthon Napoleon.

THE Berthon portrait of Napoleon I, which appears on page 285 of this number of THE CENTURY, is now published for the first time. It was painted from sittings given to Berthon in 1809, and represents the Emperor at the summit of his career. Although no mention is made of it in any published list of Berthon's works, its authenticity is beyond question. It was given by the artist to his son, George-Théodore Berthon, on the latter's departure from France in 1841, and was by him brought to Canada.

René-Théodore Berthon was a pupil (Lady Morgan says the «favorite pupil») of David, and the influence of that master is perceptible in his works. He exhibited in all the Salons from 1806 to 1842, and many of his works, notably those painted to commemorate the victories of Napoleon, were executed at the command of the Emperor or of the state. The portrait of Napoleon as emperor is still in the possession of his granddaughters at Toronto. He also painted the portrait of Pauline Bonaparte. He died at Paris in 1859. His son, also an artist, died at Toronto in 1892.

H. F. Mackintosh.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Secret.

YOU will not tell it? Nay, what need?
Like timid bird, whose soft nest, made
Low beneath grass and bending weed,
Is by her watchful care betrayed,
You do but make your secret clear,
Trying so hard to hide it, dear.

Madeline S. Bridges.

Discovered.

SEEN you down at chu'ch las' night—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
What I mean? Oh, dat 's all right—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Oh, you 's sma't ez sma't kin be,
But you could n't hide f'om me;
Ain't I got two eyes to see?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you 's awful keen—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Evaht'ing you done I seen—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so,
When you got outside de do'—
Ah, I know dat man 's yo' beau,—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha' 'd he say?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Keep yo' sec'uts—dat 's yo' way—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;
Won't tell me, an' I 'm yo' pal!
I 'm gwine tell his othah gal—
Know huh, too—huh name is Sal—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The War of the Roses.

'T WAS a brave battle, fought on holy ground.
How long it waged no mortal may declare;
For Time, plunged in a sea of doubt, was drowned:
Eternal souls hung in the balance there.

The cause of all was just one word, said low,
But at that word the Red Rose took the field;
Lancastrian banners flamed, a brilliant show:
Now Heaven forbid that Lancaster should yield!

A moment, and the hosts of York advance;
With their pale pennants all the field grows white.
The red flag wavers. Oh, ill-starred mischance!
The day is lost, the Red Rose put to flight!

Yet see, a wave of color creeps along!
Closely embattled now the White and Red;
The drums beat victory, Red Roses throng,
Lancaster wins, and pallid York has fled!

A bloodless battle, crowned with brave defeat,
This war of Roses—in my lady's face.
What joy to see Fear's conquered rose retreat,
And the red rose of Love possess the place!

Emily Shaw Forman.

The Passing of Abraham Shivers.

«I TELL ye, boys, hit hain't often a feller has the chance o' doin' so much good jes by *dyin'*. Fer 'f Abe Shivers air gone—shorely gone—the rest of us—every durn one of us—air a-goin' to be saved. Fer Abe Shivers—you hain't heerd tell o' *Abe?* Well, you must be a stranger in these mountains o' Kaintuck, shore.

«I don't know, stranger, as Abe ever was borned; nobody in these mountains knows it 'f he was. The fust time I ever heerd tell o' Abe he was a-hollerin' fer his rights one mawnin' at daylight, endurin' the war, jes outside o' ole Tom Perkins' door on Fryin' Pan. Abe was left thar by some home-gyard, I reckon. Well, nobody air ever turned out'n doors in these mountains, as you know, an' Abe got his rights that mawnin', an' he 's been a-gittin' 'em ever sence. Tom already had a houseful, but 'f any feller got the bigges' hunk o' corn-bread, that feller was Abe; an' ef any feller got a whalin', hit was n't Abe.

«Abe tuk to lyin' right naterally—looked like—afore he could talk. Fact is, Abe nuver could do nothin' but jes whisper, an' I 've al'ays said the Lawd—jes to even things up—fixed Abe so he could n't lie on more 'n one side o' the river at a time. Still Abe could manage to send a lie furder with that rattlin' whisper than ole Tom could with that big horn o' hisn what tells the boys the revenoos air comin' up Fryin' Pan.

«Did n't take Abe long to get to braggin' an' drinkin' an' naggin' an' hectorin'—everything, 'mos', 'cept fightin'. Nobody ever drawed Abe Shivers into a fight. I don't know as for that he was afeerd; looked like Abe was a-havin' sech a tarnation good time with his devilmint he jes did n't want to run no risk o' havin' hit stopped. An' sech devilmint!

«The boys was a-goin' up the river one night to git ole Dave Hall fer trickin' Rosie Branham into evil. Some feller goes ahead an' tells ole Dave they 's comin'. Hit was Abe. Some feller finds a streak o' ore on ole Tom Perkins' land, an' racks his jinny down to town, an' tells a furriner thar, an' Tom comes might' nigh sellin' the land fer nothin'. Now Tom raised Abe, but, jes the same, the feller was Abe.

«One night somebody guides the revenoos in on Hell-fer-Sartain, an' they cuts up four stills. Hit was Abe. The same night a feller slips in among the revenoos while they 's asleep, and cuts off their hosses' manes an' tails—muled every durned critter uv 'em. Stranger, hit was Abe. An' as fer women-folks—well, Abe was the ill-favoredest feller I ever see, an' he could n't talk; still, Abe's whisperin' come in jes as handy as any feller's settin' up; so 'f ever you seed a man with a Winchester a-lookin' fer the feller who had cut him out, stranger, he was a-lookin' fer Abe.

«Somebody tells Harve Hall, up thar at a dance on Hell-fer-Sartain one Christmas night, that Rich Harp had said somep'n ag'in' him an' Nance Osborn. An' somebody tells Rich that Harve had said somep'n ag'in Nance an' *him*. Hit was one an' the same feller, stranger, an' the feller was Abe. Well, while Rich an' Harve was a-gittin' well, somebody runs off with Nance. Hit was Abe. Then Rich an' Harve jes draws straws fer a feller. Stranger, they drawed fer Abe. Hit 's purty hard to believe that Abe air gone, 'cept that Rich Harp an' Harve Hall don't never draw no straws fer nothin'; but 'f by any kind o' grace Abe air gone, why, as I was a-sayin', the rest of us air a-goin' to be saved, shore. Fer Abe 's gone fust, an' ef thar 's only one Jedgemint Day, the Lawd 'll nuver git to us.»

John Fox, Jr.

Tracings.

«I LOVE to look in the mirror,» remarked Vanity. «Yes; but you never see yourself,» said Truth.

«WHY do you limp?» asked a maiden, as Love walked slowly on a pleasant path. «I always stumble when the road is smooth,» he answered.

MISERY sought an abode. She chose an empty heart.

«WHERE,» asked one woman of another, «is the best place to keep a man's heart?» «Away from his head,» she replied.

A BIRD sang a beautiful song, which was echoed again and again. «I would have had to listen to shrieks,» said the bird, «had I first uttered them.»

A WOMAN battled with a man. He disarmed her. «I am now at your mercy,» said the man.

«WHY can't I break the chains you weave?» asked Love of a clever woman. «Because I make them so light,» she answered.

«WHAT helped you over the great obstacles of life?» they asked a successful man. «The other obstacles,» he answered.

«Do you not regret the follies of the past?» asked a monk of an aged sinner. «Yes—that they are of the past,» he answered.

«WHY are you not more glad to see me?» asked Pleasure of one of her favorites. «Because you call so often,» answered the spoiled girl.

E. Scott O'Connor.

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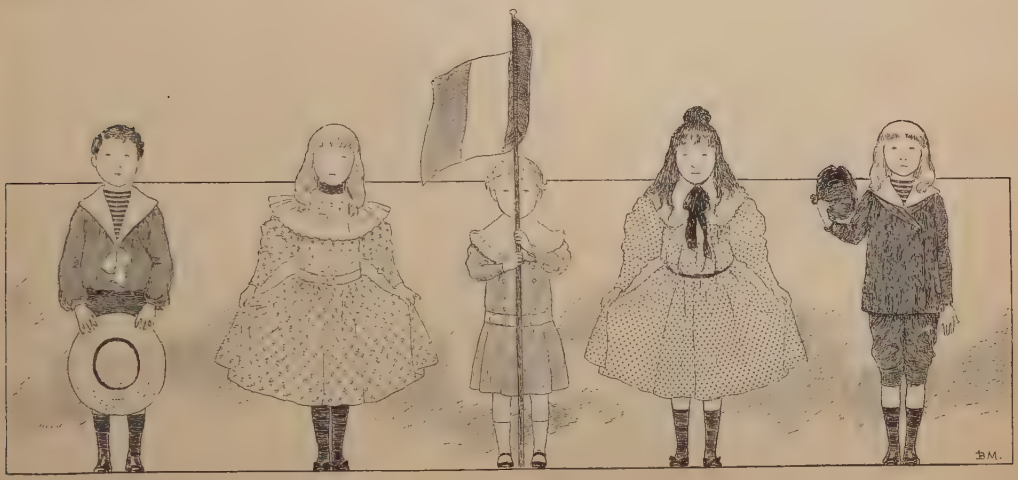
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ABOUT FRENCH CHILDREN.

WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.[1]

WASHINGTON IRVING has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time inevitably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children, I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries; but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in America than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a country whose past is very short, and whose present is a period of high-pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars, or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired precocious sense, vivacity of mind, quiet determination, and capacity for self-government, qualities which I should wish for all ours.

[1] For a biographical and critical paper by Will H. Low on Maurice Boutet de Monvel, see THE CENTURY for June, 1894. This artist is distinguished not only for his masterly portrayal of children, on their humor-

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I would now beg you to consider the less pronounced persons of our little boys and girls, who are required, above all else, to be *aimable* in the sense the word has in France, where it means lovable, having nothing of the lukewarm and hollow meaning of the English word «amiable.» The aim of their education differs in the two countries. In America good parents have but one thing in view—the rational development of individuality and of responsibility; while this, in the girls' case as well as in the boys', is the constant labor of parents in France—to keep their children in tutelage, to prevent them from seeing what is going on outside, and to give discipline and complete submission the first place. In fact, their children are being more specially trained for the exigencies and the accomplishments of a social life whose machinery has been running on for centuries, while Americans are being prepared for individual struggles such as they must necessarily make in a new country.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

In France every young mother, to whatever class she belongs, may say, in speaking of her baby's outfit:

> Au poids des écheveaux usés
> J'avais mesuré ma pensée
> Sereine entre les fils brisés
> Et chaque fois recommencée.[1]

ous side, as in «Nos Enfants,» etc., but he has shown himself to be a strong and original portrait-painter, and a faithful and masterly depicter of the charm and pathos of peasant life, in his illustrations for «Xavière,» and in his forthcoming illustrations of the life of Jeanne d'Arc. The next number of THE CENTURY will contain examples of Boutet de Monvel's treatment of the principal scenes in the life of the Maid of Orleans.—EDITOR.

[1] And by the weight of all the skeins I wrought
I kept the measure of my loving thought;
Among the broken threads serene it ran
And, interrupted oft, anew began.

I know nothing more perfectly French than this little piece of humble and exquisite poetry, showing the stitches that keep a dream imprisoned so purely in snowy linen; nothing more motherly than the last wish of the careful embroiderer, who bids a bird building its nest pick up bits fallen from the finished work, and mix them with its own materials, so as to keep and protect the impatient wing that is growing. That growing wing is threatened with many an embroidered and beribboned bond both in the present and in the future, yet less hedged in than in the past, since people have begun to bring up their children more according to English notions. The swaddling-clothes are no longer as tight-fitting as a sheath; the cap which covered the bald little head, and framed it so prettily with its ruche, has been given up; the lace pillow for the lolling head to rest on has been banished: yet, in spite of all this, the infant in the early stages of its life is a sort of bundle, very much like a bolster, from which two arms and a wrinkled little face protrude. The advantage of this system is that the child is very easy to handle; but it has its critics, who maintain that the natural condition of the spinal column is not a straight and stiff line. Paris has made many



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN 1810.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

CHILD WITH PADDED CAP IN A PERAMBULATOR.

concessions, and the swaddling is less rigid; but the provinces have not followed suit, while in the country everywhere new-born infants are tied up as hard and fast as ever. In the south of France they go to the length of putting this papoose in the bottom of a basket, where it is kept in place by strong bands passed zigzag from head to foot. This is how we prepare our sons for making use of their liberty. However, leading-strings have been given up; that is one step toward progress. Twenty years ago they were still considered indispensable,—at least, country people thought so,—and there was no end to their intricacies.

It is quite remarkable that swaddling-cases, bands, and various other fetters are the only essentially French contributions that have ever been made to a baby's equipment. Although fashions in general have for centuries been promulgated in France, clothing every one *à la Française*, yet the fertile imagination which could do this stopped short at children's clothes. Look at the paintings and engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

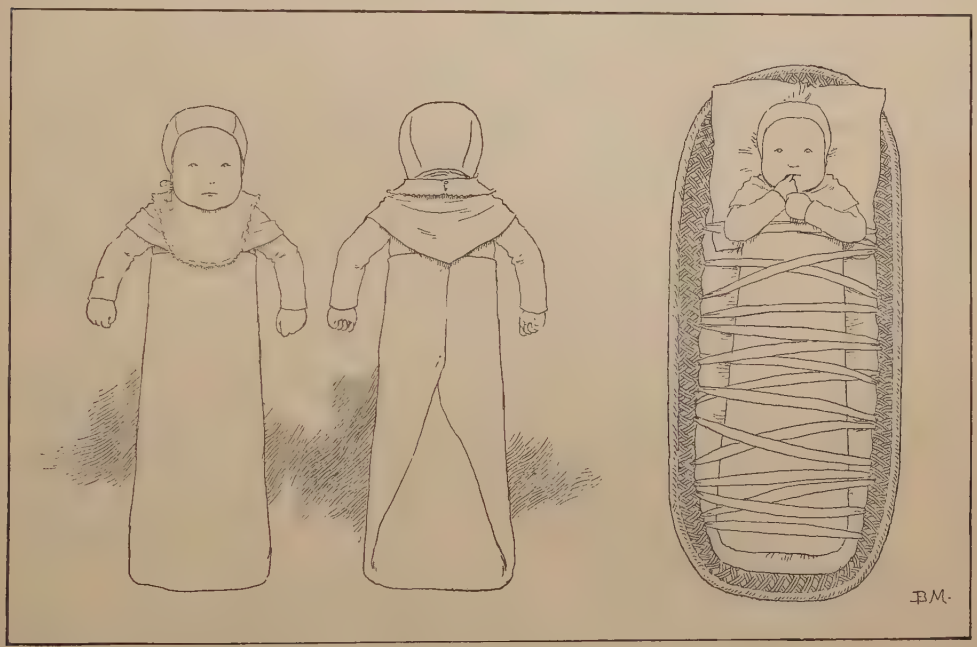
COSTUME OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN 1835.

centuries, and see the little creatures who, as soon as they gave up their plumed *bourrelets*[1] and long tulle aprons over a blue or pink dress, against which a jewel hung instead of a teething-ring, had to wear uncomfortable costumes, the miniature reproductions of their parents' clothes. Little girls, particularly, were put into whaleboned bodices and sumptuous robes, which necessitated lessons in deportment to be properly worn, and consequently the dancing-master was one of the first professors employed. It needed the revolution of simplicity brought about by the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau before children could be comfortably clothed—girls in muslin slips and heelless shoes, boys in short jackets borrowed from English styles. Ever since then we have followed English fashions for our children, and now America lays down the law, with its blouses; its quilted, somewhat oldish winter coats reaching to the ankles; its pretty Puritan caps trimmed with fur, a thousand times preferable to the immense, caricature-like bonnets copied after Kate Greenaway. But I am anticipating; we are still at the swaddled infant's long cloak. In every Catholic family infants are consecrated to wear white; that is to say, placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin by a vow which does not permit the child to wear any colors but blue and white, those of the patron saint, for a fixed period, usually a year or two, sometimes longer in the case of a girl. This must be some remnant of chivalrous times, of service professed by a knight for his lady when he wore her colors, for it is not, properly speaking, a religious tradition.

The birth of a new citizen in France at once gives rise to countless formalities, and an avalanche of legal scribblings, which would teach him, could he but understand, that his country is *par excellence* the home of legal ceremony and administration. Within the first twenty-four hours notice of the birth must be sent to the mayor's office (there is such an office in every village in France), so that the official physician may call and make the necessary legal statement. I suppose he wants to convince himself that the declaration already made was correct, and that the family, when it announced the birth of a girl, was not trying to screen a future soldier from his compulsory service. Then the father, accompanied by two witnesses, goes to fill out the birth certificate, and give his child its legitimate, documented position, to which he or she will be obliged to have recourse in all the great, and frequently in the minor, circumstances of life, from one end of it to the other. Without it the child could not enter a school, nor draw lots on entering the army, nor get married, nor be buried. The least

[1] Padded head-protectors for infants.

mistake of form would have most serious consequences; the baptismal names declared must always be placed in the same order on all future deeds. These are usually saints' names. I recall the amusing anger of a young American father of my acquaintance, who wished to give his son born in Paris the name of the great sailor Duquesne, in remembrance of the avenue where the baby had seen the light of day, and in addition the family name of one of his friends, which no Frenchman could pronounce. All this seemed so shocking and incongruous to the registrar that the certificate was made out only after an interminable discussion.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

1 AND 2—A CHILD IN LONG CLOTHES. 3—A CHILD OF SOUTHERN FRANCE TIED IN ITS BASKET.

At last our bantling is labeled, registered, catalogued, classed in its place in that closed and guarded society where each one of us stands on his square like a figure on a chessboard. It has not yet breathed the fresh air; its first outing is usually for the sacrament of baptism. Carried to church in sumptuous robe, its sponsors renounce Satan's works and pomps in its name, while its forehead is all wrinkled by crying as the holy water trickles on it, and its little face all screwed awry by the salt laid on its tongue. This ceremony, performed before the assembled family, is a very simple one in Paris and all large cities. The godfather gives the godmother a present, another to the young mother, and invariably presents his godchild with a silver mug, fork, and spoon. Sugared almonds in ornamented and gilded boxes bearing the child's name are distributed to friends, but that is all. The plainest peasant baptism has a much more solemn stamp. It never takes place without a great feast; the file of guests walking to church behind the godparents, arm in arm and two by two, is as imposing as a wedding procession. And in this respect matters take the same course at the château as they do on the farm. There is great ringing of bells, a feast, and showers of sugared almonds mingled with pennies for the village urchins. The baby's nurse, overwhelmed with gifts that day, is the heroine of the festival.

There is nothing more aristocratic, and at bottom more inhuman, than the institution of the hired wet-nurse. Institution is the correct word, as the office for nurses is under official management, and controlled by the Board of Public Charities; but this does not prevent private undertakings of the same nature. The peasant woman who wishes to make a business of nursing comes to town with her infant, and goes to one of these offices. Her employer pays for the forsaken baby's journey home.

As to what becomes of the nurse's family during her absence,—in order to appreciate it, one must visit the poorest part of



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

NURSES IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES

Morvan,[1] where this peculiar profession is principally carried on. When one sees the squads of superb, buxom Burgundian peasants on the Champs Élysées, adorned with dazzling white aprons, crowned with brilliant ribbons, dragging their long cloaks in the dust, one little dreams what they have left behind them: a sordid hovel, where, while the father drinks more and more in the public house to forget his loneliness, the neglected children crawl about, not only dirty and un-

[1] A part of Nivernais, near Burgundy.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

A BAPTISM IN BRITTANY.

washed, but ridiculously tricked out in old Parisian finery, belonging once to their foster-brothers (*frères de lait*), and which they wear even in tatters, hind side before, and upside down, the «looped and windowed raggedness» of former magnificence—the worst of all!

Formerly children of the best families were sent out to nurse, as shopkeepers' children are now. The sons of country landowners, nursed on their own estates by farmers' wives, often stayed on a year or two after they were weaned, sharing the rough life around them, which if they could bear it made them very vigorous. I form my opinion of this by the samples I saw in my youth of men born before the Revolution. Once the child returned from the country to its family, it was placed, according to its sex, in the hands of either a governess or an abbé, such as are still found in the old families of the Faubourg St. Germain. More frequently then than nowadays little girls began to study Latin with their brothers. Now we have the foreign nursemaid, who takes the child when it is just beginning to lisp, and before it knows how to speak its own language well. At present an English or German nursemaid is to be found in every well-to-do family.

Physically the French baby resembles the American much more than the English baby. Ours are not magnificent lumps of pink-and-white flesh dimpled all over; being agile, wide-awake, and mischievous, they are not as shy as English children; still, they lack the precocious assurance of the American child, who is afraid of nothing. No one goes into ecstasies over them, although, in fact, they are adored; they do not feel that they are the rulers of the household. They soon learn to keep their place, and seem to understand that though their mama may give herself up to them entirely, they are not equally interesting to the remainder of the world. If called to the drawing-room, they come in washed and combed, bow politely, and leave before becoming tiresome. They are not allowed to come to the table, even in the strictest intimacy, until they can behave properly,



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN OF THE NURSES «RIDICULOUSLY TRICKED OUT IN OLD PARISIAN FINERY.»

be silent, and commit no awkward blunders. They are forbidden to ask for anything, but this does not prevent them from getting whatever they want.

It is needless to say that we teach our children not to sop up their sauce with bits of bread, not to gulp down their soup audibly, and not to eat with their knife; but we specially require that they should not leave anything on their plate after having accepted it from the dish. It is not the waste alone; it is the absolute impoliteness of the act, which consists in a guest leaving half of what he has been helped to untouched, under the anxious gaze of the hostess, who naturally supposes that nothing is to his taste. From the moment our children know how to handle a knife and fork they are told never to express an opinion, favorable or the reverse, as to what they are eating, and to eat everything put before them. The habit clings through life. In general they do not try to attract attention, do not express opinions, are not as loud and noisy as American children. Their sayings, their clever tricks, are not quoted, and what is feared more than all is to make them consider themselves important. Although their health is carefully watched, yet their guardians do not constantly experiment upon them with the newest hygienic methods. Instead of trying to develop the principles of causality as early as possible, we usually advise them not to be asking questions perpetually. Passive obedience is indispensable, without questioning the command, and extreme politeness toward servants is strictly enforced. Needless to say, there are many breaches of the law, but there are also many punishments, which, I must admit, they sometimes take with a certain amount of cynicism. Here is a quite recent example. A young gentleman of five followed his mother, who was looking at an apartment with the view of hiring it. «I think,» said the lady, after her examination, «that this will suit me.» «Oh, no, mama,» said the little boy, breaking in, «it 's impossible; there 's no dark

closet! Where could you put me when I 'm naughty?»

If I wanted to show off an assemblage of French children to their greatest advantage, it would be neither at one of those fancy-dress balls where, once a year, during carnival week, the favored ones make the most of their dancing-lessons, nor at a Christmas or New Year's gathering, to which they bring that frank but prettily disciplined gaiety, preferred by us to overflowing animal spirits, which, indeed, do not form a part of our national character at any age. I would rather have them seen on some fine, balmy spring day in the Champs Élysées, in front of Guignol's booth.

It is rare for little boys and girls, even when they have been taught together, to continue associated after they are eight or ten years old, and this period is often shorter. The former play with soldiers, the latter with dolls; the various rights and duties of the two sexes begin to assert themselves. After the first communion, when girls are eleven, boys twelve years old, the separation grows wider day by day. This is the time when religious fervor begins to dominate a young girl's life, while with boys it frequently begins to lessen under the influence of secular instruction, and, above all, by the father's example, so often most unconsciously set.

Innocence, meaning absolute ignorance, is preserved in children as long as possible. As for myself, I believe that the veil of mystery systematically thrown over too many natural things serves only to stimulate curiosity, just as lessons in modesty and propriety in speech at an age when the very knowledge of evil does not as yet exist are often dangerous. We wish our children to have eyes and not see, to have ears and not hear; we forget that the very precautions we are constantly taking as regards them, by means of smiles and implied meanings, may teach them much, and in an unfavorable way, by making them think that certain secrets most important for them to discover are hidden under the falsehoods we tell them, whose absurdity they perceive much sooner than we suppose.

Reading the Bible seems to me, in many ways, a very happy initiation for Protestant children; they gain by learning the Old Testament directly, instead of the rather childish narration given in the greater number of our abridgments of sacred history. In the Bible, by means of elevated poetry whose austere candor enlightens without exciting their



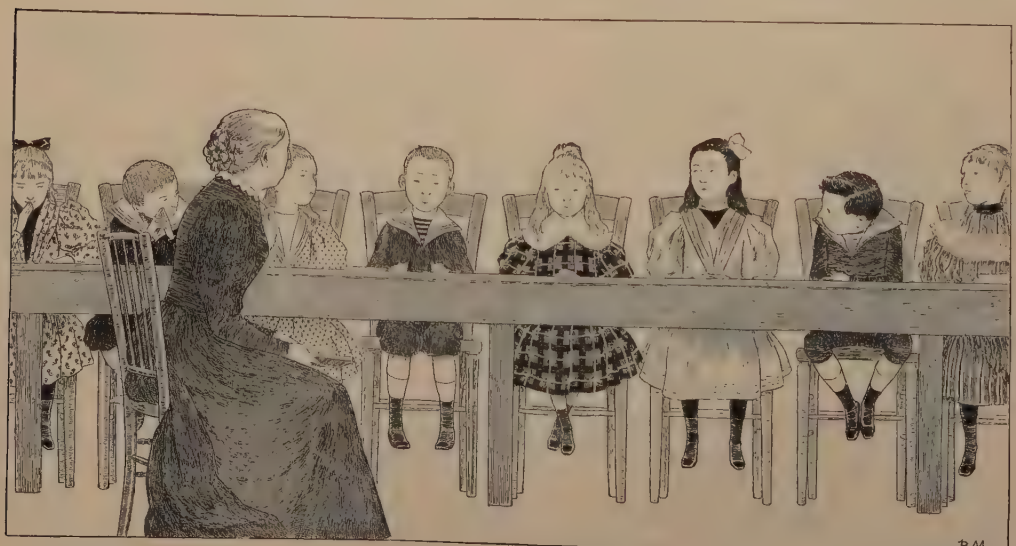
DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

GUIGNOL'S BOOTH—THE FRENCH PUNCH AND JUDY.

imagination, God is forever present between them and the facts that from all times have represented life.

However innocent she may be, a little French girl is much more of a little woman than a child of any other nationality. She does not romp; she is demure and quiet in her games, which are often imitations of a grown person's life. She is trying to learn how to be the mistress of her house by means of her dolls, furniture, kitchen, and dishes. Feminine arts are still a part of every well-arranged French education. Men really care more for these accomplishments than for others, as they make stay-at-home wives who look after their households; and as a Frenchwoman's principal aim is to please her future husband, every mother prepares her daughter for this end. This is why she does not permit too close an intimacy with little boy-cousins, because ten years later a jealous husband would take a dislike to these friendly cousins; nor would he like his wife's bosom friends, in whom she confides, and who never leave her any better. Mothers, therefore, permit few if any intimacies, and these are all winnowed and selected with the greatest care. One advantage of this system is that the name of friend is not carelessly bestowed right and left; it takes time and good reasons for simple acquaintances to rise to that rank. The mother not only wards off little boy-cousins and intimate girl-friends, but she discourages the little girl in showing off her knowledge out of the class-room, for she is fully aware that nothing could be less attractive in the eyes of the expected lord and master than a blue-stocking. A bright little girl I could name had, by chance, picked up some astronomical scraps, together with other scientific facts, which allowed her to shine now and then. One evening, while playing in the garden, she heard a friend of her father's exclaim, «What a dazzling star!» «That is not a star, sir,» she said; «it is a planet.» Her mother was in despair, for she would rather a hundred times have found her ignorant than have seen her «show off,» or capable of committing the enormity of contradicting an older person. «I hope,» she said jestingly, as a sort of excuse, «that when she is eighteen the poor little thing will have forgotten a great part of what she knows to-day!»

Among us it is not only a woman's duty to please: she does it by instinct; the tiniest girls do it unconsciously. Just watch them as they walk in the avenues of our public parks; they have all the unstudied grace and ease of real ladies, and, indeed, they fully suspect that approving eyes watch them as they skip the rope; for coquetry, which is much more subtle and more delicate than flirtation, less direct, too, in its aim, is innate with them. They are not ambitious of winning the admiration of boys of their own age; they look down with disdain on such admirers; they aspire to please big people. In their intercourse with little playmates there is a great deal of ceremony. Nothing could be more amusing than the manner of a little girl who, having come to the conclusion by



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

A MIXED PRIMARY CLASS.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

COUNTRY CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL.

the general appearance of another little girl that she is worthy of the honor she is about to confer on her, finally asks her to play at hide-and-seek. If some brave young person walks up to a group of players with the time-honored phrase, «Mademoiselle, will you allow me to play with you?» a sharp and comprehensive glance at once decides either the reserve or the warmth of the reply. Matters would hardly take a different form in a

drawing-room in the case of a more serious introduction. The gestures, the bows, the little looks, the smiles, are copies of their mama's; and yet they are all perfectly natural in the sense that they are merely following their own nature, without a trace of that self-consciousness that « puts on airs » of any kind. This Anglo-Saxon quality of self-consciousness, in both its good and bad points, is incompatible with the French temperament.

Our boys do not take the social polish until much later. I have heard Americans express surprise at the childishness of big boys whom they saw playing at marbles or with tops at an age when their boys play foot-ball. It is because these boys allow themselves to be watched, restrained, and reprimanded by timid mothers much longer than theirs, and the boys themselves are not generally inclined to the daring undertakings that tempt young Americans. Their affection for Robinson Crusoe is very Platonic; they do not long to run away to sea, nor even to get on the roof to learn their lessons, like a little fellow I met in the country out West while visiting his parents, and who, when I expressed my surprise at his perch, said, « Well, if I slip, I can hold on to the chimney by my legs! » And saying this, he made the gesture of clasping the big chimney between his bare and extremely short legs, more scratched than words can tell, under their torn knickerbockers. Our boys are evidently girlish in comparison. On the other hand, a French youth of eighteen is stupefied, on making the acquaintance of English or American youths of his age, to meet with something that seems to him another kind of childishness: I mean that boyishness which, up to a certain point, lasts for life in all Anglo-Saxons. He finds himself much more of a man, because he really has a greater intellectual fund, more general information, a more highly developed critical sense, a riper mind already much refined, and quite enfranchised from the simple instruction given at the *lycée*.

Literature in our country, not having as its aim either instruction or amusement, but the production of works of art, is forbidden to French children. I except fairy-tales. Perrault has written masterpieces; Mme. d'Aulnoy and others have followed him; the fairies of other countries may have been more poetic, but they have never been as witty as the French. Leaving fairy-tales aside, children were obliged for a long time to be satisfied with the very slight collection bequeathed by Berguin, Bouilly, Mme. de Genlis, those clever people who know how to coat a moral lesson with a thin layer of pictures, as bitter pills are coated with sugar. In fact, this is the French parents' very ideal in the matter of story-books, and to please them the lesson must not be too well coated, or hard to find, for the spirit of investigation is not encouraged in young readers.

During the past twenty years, however, the meager library at their disposal has grown wonderfully; celebrated pens have contributed toward it; we need but mention Jules Verne, whose scientific fairy-tales have, alas! almost completely dethroned those that appealed to the imagination alone. But neither in his books, nor in those of any of his competitors, will you ever find what both English and American writers currently permit themselves to do, namely, to arraign a relative, as, for instance, the wicked uncle in « Kidnapped,» or to make teachers hateful, or merely ridiculous, as is the case in Dickens's works. This would be an outrage upon the respect due them in the aggregate. For this reason translations are nearly always expurgated. The friendly adoption of poor Laurie by the four girls in « Little Women » would be considered very unseemly. Yet, for all that, they were good little New England girls. T. B. Aldrich's « Story of a Bad Boy » was deprived of one of its prettiest chapters, the one about his childish love for a big girl. « It is useless,» they say, « to draw attention to that kind of danger.» Authors and editors are often greatly perplexed before this severe tribunal of French parents. The difference between the books children are allowed to read in France and those sought by their elders, the contrast between the tasteless pap on one side and the infernal spiciness on the other, must greatly astonish both English and American readers, who nearly all accept the same literary diet, young and old, parents and children.

As in all other countries, I suppose, French boys lag a few years behind the girls, at least during childhood, so far as intelligence and industry are concerned. In the mixed primary classes boys and girls meet twice a week before a lady teacher, who gives them elementary instruction. As a rule, the girls carry off all the prizes; this causes their masculine comrades to long, with a vague feeling of humiliation, for the day when they can go to a *lycée*, where there will be no girls, and where they will be led by men, and think and speak and act like men themselves. These classes (*cours*) for little children of both sexes have been in

existence only a few years, and are the nearest approach to co-education that has ever been made in France, at least among people in easy circumstances; for certain poor villages have had, and still have, mixed schools, and even in the villages where there is both a male and a female teacher, one always sees the school children come and go along the roads together; little brothers and sisters, as well as little neighbors, both boys and girls, carrying baskets on their arms, and bowing

As a general thing, however, all our future voters know how to read. In consequence, the picturesqueness of rustic life is fast disappearing, although there is still much left.

There are always a few foundlings among these little country school children. They are sent to farm-houses by the directors of asylums, and they continue to look after them so as to assure them proper treatment. Most frequently these poor little waifs scattered



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

SCHOOL BOYS AND TUTOR OUT FOR A WALK.

politely, even though they do not know you, saying, «Good day, sir,» «Good day, madam.» They often have to go great distances to reach their school, which they must attend until they are twelve years old. Our French peasants would never dream of dotting the country with school-houses, and keeping them up at their own expense, as the farmers do in America. It is even hard enough to get them to do without their children's help during the summer months, when the harvest needs as many arms as possible. As soon as he can walk, the little peasant, armed with a switch, takes care of the geese and turkeys in the fields; next he is advanced to the grade of cowherd, with the result that, even in this era of supposed compulsory instruction, he is not much more learned than his parents, who were never taught anything at all.

through France come to be considered members of the family, and they have had the honor of being immortalized under the old name meaning «forsaken in the fields» by the greatest of pastoral novelists, George Sand. If you care to know them well, read «François le Champi.» This might be the place, if there were room, to show the working of those nurseries where the children of the poor are suckled by an army of wet-nurses, and of the Society for Maternal Charity, which goes back to Marie Antoinette's time. One ought to make a picture of that clean and rosy multitude which crowds the infant asylum from the time the little ones are three days old, and then the infant school to their sixth year, while their mothers, all industrious workers, are earning their day's wages. One ought to mention the orphanages, the best of which in these times

of unwholesome centralization are the agricultural orphan asylums directed for the greater part, as well as those of the cities, by religious brotherhoods and nuns, the latter frequently having the charge even of boys. In spite of the growing emulation of the lay element in the last twenty years, the good sisters still hold the first rank. There can be no better directresses of industrial schools and women's work bureaus, of asylums of all kinds. Their influence in reformatories and houses of correction for the young is incomparable. And this influence does not depend alone upon their wide experience, or the absolutely disinterested motives which make them serve without pay or human ambition, but on the authority their dress lends them, a dress that represents centuries of devotion to the same task. Among them all the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul stands out in most brilliant relief—those white-hooded angels who move about the streets of Paris in such numbers in the service of the sick and the poor. Their popularity has remained as great as ever through the clash of revolutions and the progress of free-thinking.

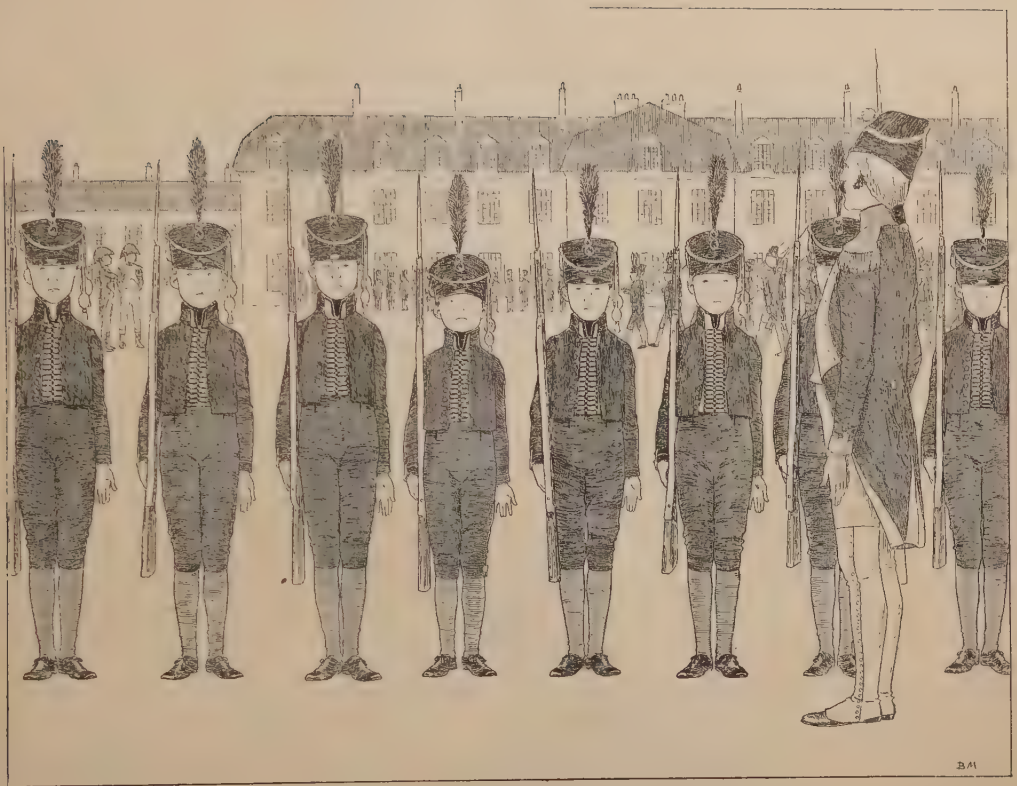
Nothing must seem stranger to Americans, accustomed to see school-boys of all ages come and go freely through the streets, dressed according to their parents' taste and means, than to watch those long lines of French boys, sometimes nearly grown to manhood, wearing a school uniform of semi-military coats and caps, and led out for a walk like a flock of sheep by a shepherd. Their uniform is worn without any pretension to strict regimental regulation; the little fellows look ridiculous, as their brass-buttoned coats are generally too long and ill-fitting. Their sole care seems to be directed toward playing the worst tricks they can on the usher who is leading them. School-boy slang dubs this overseer a *pion*, a chess pawn, and there is no more perfect example of a butt than this subaltern functionary. His tyrannical supervision, his power to inflict punishment for the slightest peccadillo, necessarily make him hated by those whose words and least actions he watches during recess as well as during study hours. If the usher is vulgar or coarse at times, the boys are in general far from having good manners.

These young fellows, varying from eight to eighteen years of age, are shut up all the week in a real barrack, a most rigorously closed one at that—«a great stone box, entered by a single hole, provided with an iron grating and a porter,» as Taine has said. Here Latin, Greek, history, and mathematics are poured into them without respite eleven hours at a stretch, and with very short intervals for recreation in almost treeless yards, darkened by high walls, and affording too little space for their games.

Strangers, when informed of this kind of life, begin to notice a peculiar pallor, and the look that comes to children and plants deprived of sunshine. The greater number of our most powerful men, from the intellectual point of view, were formed under this school régime, and at a time when it was much harder than it is now; for the quality of the food is better, without yet being quite sufficient—if one may judge by the avidity with which the present school-boy falls upon the supplies brought him by maternal solicitude on visiting-days. As of yore, the roll of a drum awakens the poor wretches at five in the morning in the long dormitory, where forty or fifty beds face each other in two long lines from opposite walls. There are as many beds as pupils in a class. No one, of course, has ever thought of warming a French dormitory. The boys dress hastily, shivering the while, and one may suppose that their ablutions are somewhat summary. In our schools little thought is spent on anything but the brain, and one must grant that the seclusion they offer favors its development. English and American youths have more robust bodies, and this gives tone to their character; they are more harmoniously balanced, and much happier. They are vigorous plants grown in the open air. A young Frenchman is a forced and precocious hothouse growth.

The colleges under the control of priests, leaving aside all question of knowledge, have always been celebrated for the care given to hygiene, bodily exercise, and a semi-paternal education. They have gone ahead of the revolution now being slowly brought about in other colleges. The greater part of them are systematically located a little way out of town, so as to obtain the best sanitary conditions. The Jesuits were the first to inaugurate vacation trips for their pupils.

Boys' schools, both secular and religious, differ among themselves, both in spirit and in tendency, far more than they do in the United States, and the stamp each one gives is deeply impressed upon all who receive it. For instance, the pupils of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and those of the district schools, are drawn from the lower classes. While the district-school boys assert the principles of equality, with which they are imbued, by their monumental insolence, the



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL, PRYTANÉE DE LA FLÈCHE, UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

others still have a notion of what is meant by deference and respect.

While speaking of disciplined and regimental schools, it would not be quite fair to omit the Prytanée de la Flèche, the only one of the many military schools of the pre-revolutionary period still extant. Here the sons of officers who have died in service, or who are simply poor, are gratuitously prepared for St. Cyr, the military college. They are miniature soldiers, like the children of the troop,[1] with this difference, that they receive a good classical education. I remember the anecdote my stepfather, Count d'Aure, who entered La Flèche [2] before the regulation age of eight, used to tell me. It was the first time he had left his mother, and he was somewhat bewildered by the roughness of his comrades, who affected the airs of old troopers. To make sure that he was not a milksop, one of them, a veteran of twelve, made him lay his hand flat on the ground, stepped on it, and crushed one of his fingers. This tormentor was the future General Baraguay d'Hilliers. The victim, who nearly fainted, bore it bravely, however. «And this was the beginning,» my stepfather used to add, half a century later, when showing his deformed finger, «of a friendship that lasted all our lives.» This happened shortly after the First Empire, when Roman virtues were emulated; but one must not infer from this isolated fact that stoicism flourishes vigorously in the French educational system. During many centuries it was not its aim to prepare either pioneers or those great business men who are more tossed about on the ocean of speculation than a vessel by a tempest. With the exception of the roughness and servitude of barrack life, the sequel of the inflexible discipline of the college, a Frenchman leads the easiest kind of life, one that demands the least amount of effort. Even while quite young our children know, or think they know, that their lot in life will, if they choose, be the same as their father's, who, being the guardian of an inherited fortune, will surely leave them a prearranged position.

This father has full and complete authority

[1] Children of the troop, if they belong to military families, are educated to be good non-commissioned officers at the State's expense.

[2] La Flèche is a pretty, small town in Maine, with the Prytanée for its prominent feature.

over them, and demands strict forms of respect. In France a good son subordinates the important acts of his life to his father's consent, even more than he should in some cases. On the other hand, the blind and tender desire that all parents, without exception, have of keeping their children near them, of not letting their sons wander about the world, or risk the patrimony of their ancestors, has brought about a mania for finding employment in government offices in preference to embracing a liberal career. The whole nation has the same stay-at-home and exclusive tastes. This permits foreigners to bring France all that is worst among them, while it does not send her sons to seek the great and good things there may be in other countries. If a life of perpetual wandering finally becomes useless and sterile, it is equally true that it is debilitating and unwholesome never to have a change of air. Frenchmen do not seem to notice this.

These bonds are still more closely drawn about young girls. How many mothers say to you, when speaking of their twenty-year-old daughters, «I have never left her for an hour either by day or night»? And there is scarcely an exaggeration in the statement. But how about school years? Most frequently nowadays there is no school. The friction of public life, considered so necessary for boys, is in general found harmful for girls. I have already said that in the harmonious and complicated play of French society, men and women have two very distinct parts to play; they are separately introduced to it, the son by his father, the daughter by her mother, who guides her in the path she has pursued herself. The exaltation, I might almost say the exaggeration, of maternal self-sacrifice is especially frequent in the great middle class. In the higher ranks, the Frenchwoman remembers that she has social duties to perform, that she must keep up the reputation of the salons of her country, which the trivial custom of reception-days has so much lessened, and that if she is forever busy directing and correcting her daughter, she runs the risk of being no more than a nursemaid at first, and a governess after that. Besides, it is proved that in all aristocracies, whether of wealth or birth, women are not disposed to give up worldly pleasures, and the governess-mother is obliged to sacrifice these pleasures for the greater part.

When the mother who educates her daughter by means of the private classes (cours) almost universally adopted here has been busy with two or three children of different ages, or even with a single one, rushing from a music to a drawing class, from a singing to a gymnastic class, and thence to a dancing class,—when she has been regularly present at the weekly lectures on history and literature, not to mention the catechism class, where religious instruction is indefinitely prolonged for years after the first communion,—she is worn out with fatigue, and at night, instead of going into society, is quite ready to stay at home with her daughter, whom she would not leave alone under any pretext. And to whom could she trust her? Sometimes there comes to relieve the mother a governess in the form of a perambulating teacher, in whose company the big or little girl goes walking, visits historical monuments and museums, meanwhile gathering some knowledge of English or German on each trip. There may happen to be a grandmother in the house, or some old relative whose duty it is to watch over the daughter; but, at all events, social life is much hampered for the mother by her presence, as it kills conversation, which in France is rarely intended for juvenile ears—not so much on account of the license which it would be better to suppress (as people in whose countries conversation does not exist in an artistic form take pleasure in saying), but for reasons of quite a different kind. The liberty of discussion and thought, the vivacity of repartee which constitutes so much of its merit, presuppose minds at once ripe, enlightened, and alert, and equal to the acceptance of paradoxes—a plane which young girls are not supposed to have reached, and will reach but gradually, things coming to them, as it were, filtered by maternal circumspection. If this mother who molds her daughter in her image is a remarkable woman, the result may be perfect; otherwise it would be preferable to send her to boarding-school. But one must believe that there are many able women in France, for if you succeed in making that almost mute little person who can listen so well talk to you, you will often be surprised to find that, although she has not traveled much, not read everything,—far from it,—not been to the theater, except to see a classical piece or hear some music, she nevertheless has guessed or understood very much. You will be specially apt to notice how few silly things she says. No doubt there is but little method in this style of education; much has been done by fits and starts; but the public lectures at the Sorbonne will crown the edifice and fill up many gaps, as these lectures are of the highest order, and

are well attended. I am willing to grant that even the most complete home education is not the best means for winning a diploma; but diplomas do not dazzle us. Even those who recognize their utility admit that there is another essential point, and that an abiding taste for study is better than all else. Without it a diploma is but vanity and her!» This is indisputably true. «And what of charitable works—public works? What place do they hold in all this? You have told us nothing about the interest taken in philanthropic or sociological questions by this mother and her daughter.» As for charity, it is still taught our children under the simple form of almsgiving.



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

FRENCH MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HASTENING FROM CLASS TO CLASS.

sham. Besides, there are many girls brought up at home or in convents who pass their examinations victoriously, too. In France one is not graduated in one's own college, but at the University, by unknown examiners, who do not ask you where you learned what you know, provided you know it. I hear clamors raised: «But all comradeship is missing! The mother and daughter must become too indispensable to each other by this means! There must be much egoism in the tender dependence of the daughter who is so accustomed to turn to this maternal providence for everything that concerns

To show the transformation that woman's education has undergone in France, and to indicate as clearly as possible what still remains of the old forms, and what new ones the future promises, I ask permission to go back to the last century, when a little girl, far from being her mother's inseparable companion as she is now, was merely brought to her once a day by her governess. When eleven or twelve years old she was taken to a convent, where, we are told, she acquired «the accomplishments necessary to the status of a woman who is to live in society, hold a certain place there, and even manage a household.»

This may seem very extraordinary to those who imagine a convent as a prison or a tomb, but it is certain that the unchanging convent has remained just what it was when Rousseau was both praising and blaming it. The boarding pupils still play many games and have plenty of exercise, and the result is that they are usually in very good health; the calm serenity of the moral atmosphere surrounding them seems to preserve them from all nervous excitement. Besides, the convents—and I refer to the great convents such as the Sacred Heart, the Roule, or Les Oiseaux—are still the places where women are best prepared for appearing well in society. How is this done? By keeping up old traditions, the special formulas of a fortunately vanished period when a young girl left the convent only to be married. She was then at once supposed to ignore no single shade of etiquette, to do nothing awkward, to be armed from head to foot for the grand ceremony of her presentation at court. These may be puerile formulas, but they separated one, once for all, from the common people, and they are still preserved behind those great walls that immure the past. In addition, the nuns who are the guardians of these traditions frequently belong to aristocratic families. This atmosphere of hostility to all progress, this silent protest against both the good and the evil of modern times confounded in the same tacit reproach, are the convent's worst features. It would seem like a scene from the middle ages if an American Protestant could see the parlor of the celebrated convent of the Visitandines, where little girls come to talk on Sundays to their relations behind a double set of narrow gratings. Not all convents are cloistered; there are some where no grating separates parents and children; but there is always a nun walking up and down, discreetly present at all interviews, and all letters sent or received must be read by the superior. Save during the two months of vacation, the separation between mother and daughter is complete, and this is why in the present time, when home education seems to prevail, the convents are less in favor than formerly.

They, however, have numerous partizans in the provinces, which—and one cannot make this too clear—are not at all like Paris, and even in Paris, where nearly all the young girls of the Faubourg St. Germain spend some time *au couvent*, if only for the sake of tradition. I am ashamed to say that in republican France many vain people, who wish grand acquaintances and a certain style for their children, place their daughters in these «nurseries for great ladies» just as they elect to intrust their sons to the Jesuits. To this double category we can add the militant Catholics who consider it their duty to protest against college instruction because it is said to be godless, and the many others who are behind the times, and think that high instruction is for men alone. Let me add that the nuns are now obliged to have their diplomas before they may teach, just as well as simple laywomen.

If I say less about lycées for girls than about convents, it is because they are so much more like the schools in America and England. They are day boarding-schools, where the most skilful professors lead young girls up to taking their degree of B. A., if they choose, the study of dead languages being optional. There is still much prejudice against them, but about thirty years ago there was just as much against the Sorbonne lectures, founded for girls by the great minister of public instruction, Victor Duruy; eighty bishops thundered against them, yet to-day everybody accepts them.

The gravest accusation against girls' lycées by the group of retrograde thinkers is that they are «badly made up.» Good society still holds aloof, but begins to understand that the absence of religious instruction does not by any means imply systematic hostility to faith; for parents, and the church they belong to, are at liberty to develop this, and the necessary time is allowed for it. The war on these recent establishments is, in short, a partizan war. Lycées are destined to take the place of the boarding-schools of former days; for the latter are gradually disappearing or transforming themselves into daily cours (classes), where women absorbed by their social duties, or fortunate enough to be wanted as companions by their husbands, will wisely send their daughters. The day when girls' colleges triumph in France, there will be many more analogies between French and American women than there are now.

There is one establishment which, in spite of all, it will be difficult to make democratic, and that is the once imperial house of the Legion of Honor. I mentioned the Prytanée a while ago; this is also a special school, where the daughters and granddaughters of officers alone have the right of gratuitous admission, to the number of four or five hundred. Napoleon founded it in 1809, when he transferred his military school to the St. Cyr buildings, where in other days, under Mme. de Maintenon's rule, the daughters of



DRAWN BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

VISITING DAY AT THE CONVENT OF THE VISITANDINES.

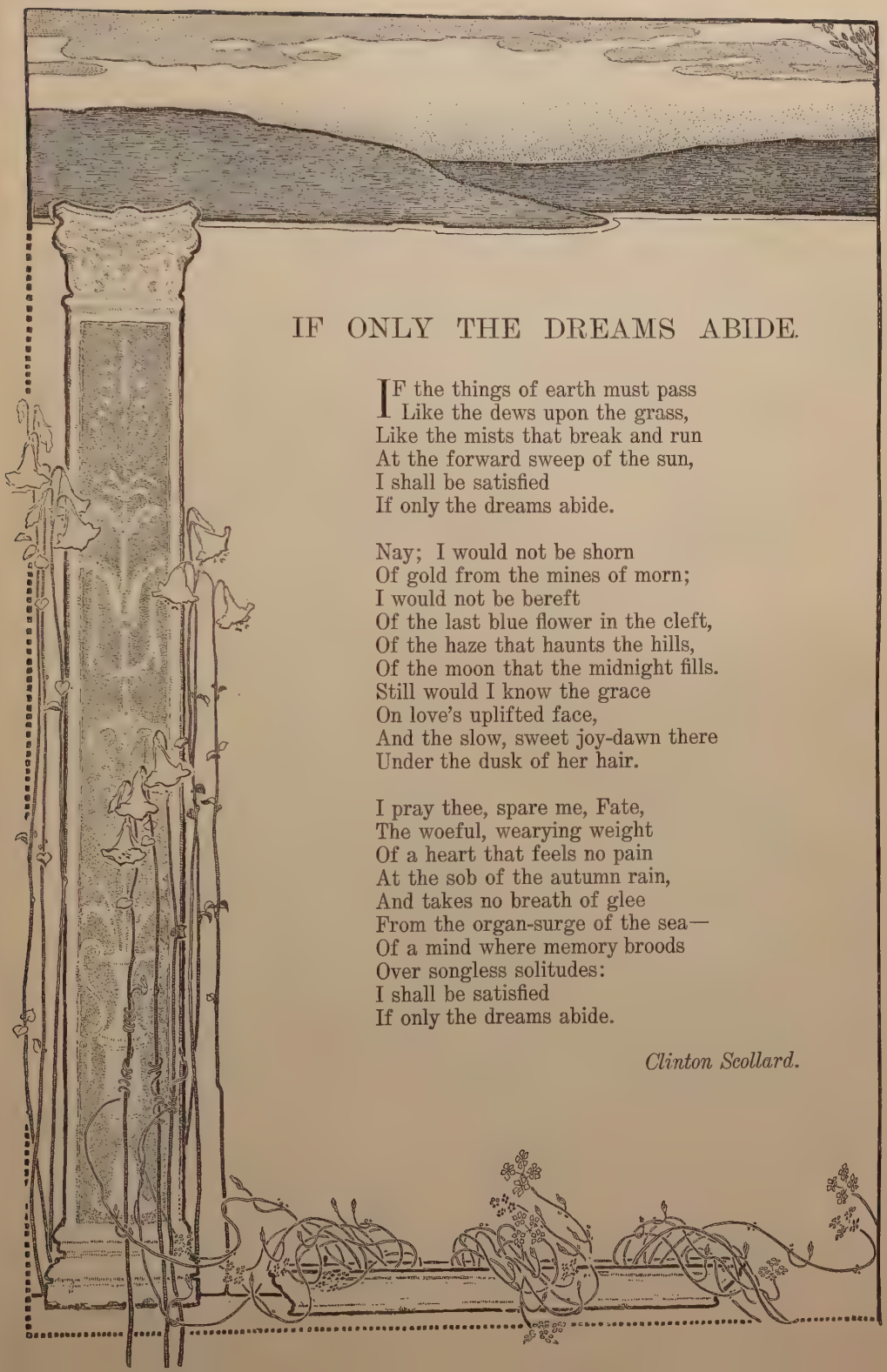
poor noblemen were educated. The Emperor wanted to emulate Louis XIV in securing a good education for the daughters of those of his companions in arms who had fallen on the field of honor. He intrusted the reins of government to Mme. Campan, that honored pedagogue who had educated Queen Hortense, Josephine's daughter. The setting is imposing. The Abbey of St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, one of our principal historical monuments, casts its great shadow on these young creatures. No instruction could be more thorough than that given them, nor could there be more rigorous regulations than those to which they are subjected. The house is strictly closed, and opens its doors only to visitors provided with a pass furnished by the Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, who controls it. The boarding-school has been located in immense, damp, vaulted halls that cannot possibly be warmed, and they are, besides, separated by long cloisters; the regulations are more severe than those of any convent, being almost military; the feeling of honor is inculcated in these children as it would be in all soldiers. All taste in dress is stoically repressed. The hideousness of their black costume is carried to exaggeration; their hair is cut short; they never go out. But how proud they are to form a part of that élite. This feeling begins at the superintendent, who wears the great ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and it extends to the professors called «dames de St. Denis,» all of them former pupils. Although unmarried, they have the right to be addressed as «madam.» This historical and military setting develops most peculiar individualities and characters. A St. Denis pupil is often recognized by her superiority, and not less frequently by her pretensions; but she will never be found commonplace.

It is quite clear that, whether it be for better or for worse, we are gradually approaching an order of things more American than French, in the old sense of the word. As regards children, the prison-like school has opened its doors, boarding lycées seem to be losing favor, and scholars can enjoy all the bodily exercise that tempts schoolboys on the other side of the Atlantic. At the same time, the number of those who finish their course in the «humanities,» that splendid name that nothing else can replace, is growing smaller; some are content to follow merely the so-called modern course. The hurried and curtailed education which permits an early entrance into practical life has numerous partizans.

I trust, however, that we may never lose sight of the fact that education does not consist in a more or less vast and varied instruction, documented and secured by a greater or less number of diplomas, but that it is what was so excellently said by a Frenchman of the good old time, Montaigne, «the moral institution of man.»

Th. Bentzon.





IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE.

IF the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay; I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn;
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Of the moon that the midnight fills.
Still would I know the grace
On love's uplifted face,
And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ-surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes:
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Clinton Scollard.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

«HE TOOK OUT HIS EYEGLASS TO STUDY IT.»

(SEE PAGE 829.)

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A LITTLE FOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «OUR TOLSTOI CLUB.»

«WHAT, my dear Marian! And do you really and truly mean to say you thought of taking the girl without going to ask her character?»

«There are so many difficulties about it. You see, she lived last with Mrs. Donald Craighead for two years, and that would be quite enough for a character. They all went abroad in a great hurry on account of Mr. Craighead's health, and Mrs. Craighead promised to give her one, but forgot it, and she could n't bear to bother them when they were all in such trouble. I know myself that all that about them is true.»

«So do I; but that does not prove that she ever lived with them. Cannot she refer to any of the family?»

«No; she did nothing but laundry-work there, and never saw any of their friends, I fancy; but she does have a written character from the family she lived with before them, very nice people in South Boston.»

«What 's their name?»

«I don't remember,» said Miss Marian Carter, blushing, «but I have it written down at home.»

«I should certainly go there if I were you.»

«It is so far off, and I never went there in my life.»

«Well, you ought. It sounds very suspicious. Of course there are a few nice people in South Boston; they have to live there because they own factories and things, and have to be near them; but then, again, there are such dreadful neighborhoods there. Most likely she depends on your not taking the trouble, and you will find the number she gave you over some low grog-shop.»

«Oh, I should be so frightened! I really do not think I can go!»

«You surely ought not to risk taking her without, and very likely have her turn out an accomplice of burglars, like that Norah of mine, through whom I lost so much silver.»

«I thought you had a character with her.»

«So I did, or I should not have taken her. I make it a principle not to. It only shows how great the danger is with a character; without one it amounts to a certainty.»

«She was such a nice-looking girl!»

«That makes no difference. I always mistrust maids who look too nice. They are sure to have some story, or scrape, or something, like that Florence of mine, who looked so much of a lady, and turned out to be a clergyman's daughter, and had run away from her husband—a most respectable man. He came to the house after her, and gave no end of trouble.»

«But this girl did not look at all like that; not a bit above her place, but so neatly dressed, and with a plain, sensible way about her; and her name is Drusilla Elms—such a quaint, old-fashioned, American-sounding name, quite refreshing to hear.»

«It sounds very like an assumed name. The very worst woman I ever had was named Bathsheba Fogg; she turned out to have been a chorus girl at some low theater, and must have picked it up from some farce or other.»

«Then you really think I ought to go to South Boston?»

«I should do so in your place,» replied Mrs. William Treadwell.

This gave but scant encouragement, for Marian could not but feel that the result of her friend's going, and that of her own, might be very different; and Mrs. Treadwell, as she watched her visitor off, smiled good-humoredly, but pityingly. «Poor dear Marian! What a little fool she is to swallow everything that she is told in that way! It is a wonder that the Carters ever have a decent servant in their house.»

However much of a wonder it might be, it was still a fact; but it did not occur to Marian, as she bent her way homeward, to revive her feeble self-confidence, crushed flat by her friend's scorn, with any recollection that such fearful tales as she had just heard were without a parallel in her own experience. It is to be feared that she was a little fool, though she kept her mother's house very well and carefully, if, indeed, it were her mother's house. Nobody but the tax-gatherer knew to whom it really belonged, and he forgot between each assessment. It stood on Burroughs street, Jamaica Plain, a neighborhood that still boasts an air of dignified repose. It was

without the charm of a really old-fashioned house, or even such as may be possessed by a modern imitation of one; indeed, it bore the stamp of that unfortunate period which may be called the middle age of American architecture, extending, at a rough estimate, from 1820 to 1865; but it was a well-built house, and looked, as at present inhabited, a pleasant abode enough, of sufficient size to accommodate a numerous female flock—Marian's grandmother and her great-aunt, her mother and her aunt, her widowed sister and two children, a trained nurse who was treated as one of the family, three servants, and Marian herself to make up the round dozen. The grandmother had lost the use of her limbs, and the great-aunt that of her mind; the mother and the trained nurse were devoted to them, and the aunt to philanthropic objects, and the sister to her children; so the housekeeper's duties devolved on Marian, though she was still but a child in her elders' eyes, and were well discharged, as they all allowed, though qualifying their praise with the remark that it was «easy enough to keep a house without a man in it.»

As Marian Carter passed along bustling, suburban Centre street, she looked a very flower of the Western world of feminine liberty; fine and fair, free and fearless, coming and going at her own pleasure, on foot or by the horse-cars, those levelers of privilege; no duenna to track her steps, no yashmak or veil to hide her charms. Yet the fact was that she knew less of men than if she had lived in a harem or a convent. She had no sultan, no father confessor. She could not, like Miss Pole of Cranford memory, claim to know the other sex by virtue of her father having been a man, for Marian's father had died before she was born. Her sister Isabel and she had had friends, and had gone into society in a mild way, and being pretty girls, had met with a little general attention, but nothing ever came of it. The family never entertained, except now and then an old friend to tea, their means and opportunity being small; nor could young men venture to call. The grandmother had been a great invalid before she lost the use of her limbs, and the great-aunt a formidable person before she lost that of her mind, while Aunt Caroline from her youth upward had developed a great distaste for the society of men, even when viewed as objects of philanthropy.

When Isabel was four-and-twenty she went to New York to visit some cousins, and though they lived very quietly, she made the acquaintance of a young civil engineer, at home on a vacation from his work in the United States of Colombia, who had married and borne her off after the briefest possible courtship, never to see her old home again till she came back, ten years after, a widow with two children, to eke out her small means by the shelter of the family abode. I cannot delay the humiliating confession, postponed as long as may be for the sake of the artistic unity of my picture, that the youngest of these children was a boy, if, as his mother was wont to plead, «a very little one.» He was dressed in as unboyish a fashion as possible, and being christened Winthrop, was always called Winnie. He was a quiet, gentle child, kept down by his position; but though thus made the best of, he was felt to be an inconvenience and an encumbrance, if not now, certainly in the future. There was no end to the trouble it would make when Winnie grew older, and required a room to himself, and would be obliged to go to a boys' school, which might even lead up to the direful contingency of his «bringing home other boys.»

After Isabel's departure, Marian, though the prettier of the two, found it dull to go about alone. No one asked her to New York; the cousin had died, and the cousin's husband had married again; and when she grew past the dancing age, perhaps earlier than she need, she went nowhere where she had any chance of meeting any men but the husbands of one or two married friends, and she was such a little fool that she fancied they despised her for being an old maid. She knew she was five-and-thirty on her last birthday, and was foolish enough to be afraid and ashamed of owning to it. She need not have done so, for she did not look a day older than twenty-five; but the memories of her contemporaries were pitiless.

She enjoyed her housekeeping, which gave her life some object, and her intercourse with her butcher, a fine young fellow who admired her hugely, was the nearest approach to a love-affair in which she had ever indulged, so much sentiment did he contrive to throw about the legs of mutton and the Sunday roast. Though honestly thinking herself happy, and her position a fortunate one, she relished a change, which seldom came, and was glad of the prospect of a visit to South Boston, now that she could conscientiously say she ought to go since Emma Treadwell had ordered it. The excitement of going off the beaten track was heightened by the mystery which invested the affair. Marian had not dared to confess to her managing

friend that the «written character» to which she referred had struck her rather oddly when the neat, civil, young, but not too young woman whose appearance had so favorably impressed her had handed it to her with an air which seemed to indicate that nothing more need be said on the subject, although it only said, «Drusilla Elms refers by permission to —— Hayward, City Point, South Boston,» in a great, scrawling, masculine-looking hand. The name was easy enough to read, a painful effort having evidently been made to write thus much legibly; but the title, be it Mr., Mrs., or Miss, was so utterly unreadable that Marian, who dreaded, like most timid people, to put a direct question, ventured upon an indirect one:

«Is—Mr. Hayward a widower?»

«Oh, dear, no, ma'am!» replied Drusilla, emphatically.

«And—they—still live there?»

«Oh, dear, yes, ma'am!»

MARIAN was very glad that the Saturday she chose for her expedition was Aunt Caroline's day for the Women's and Children's Hospital, and that Isabel had taken Minna and Winnie for a holiday trip into town to see the Art Museum, which left fewer people at home to whom to explain her errand, and to whose comments to reply. Mrs. Curtis said it was silly to go so far, and if she could n't be satisfied to take the girl without, she had better find some one near by. The trained nurse, who was slowly but surely getting the whole household under her control, said that Miss Carter's beautiful new spring suit would be ruined going all the way to South Boston in the horse-cars; and Mrs. Carter, who would never have thought of this herself, seconded her. Marian did not argue the point, but she wore the dress nevertheless. She never felt that anything she wore made any impression on any one she knew, but she could not help fancying that if she had the chance she might impress strangers. No one she knew ever called her pretty, and perhaps five-and-thirty was too old to be thought so; and yet, if there was any meaning in the word, it might surely be applied to the soft, shady darkness of her hair and eyes, and the delicate bloom of her cheeks and lips, set off by that silver-gray costume, with its own skilfully blended lights and shades of silk and cashmere, and the purple and white lilacs that were wreathed together on her small bonnet. She made a bad beginning, for while still enjoying the effect of her graceful draperies as she entered the horse-car for Boston, she carelessly caught the handle of her nice gray silk sunshade in the door, and snapped it short in the middle. She could have cried, though the man who always mended their umbrellas assured her, with a bow and smile, that it should be mended, when she called for it on her way back, «so that she would never know it»; but it deprived her costume of the finishing touch, and she really needed it on this warm sunny day; then, it was a bad omen, and she was foolish enough to believe in omens. Her disturbance prevented her from observing much of the route after she had drifted into a car for South Boston, and had assured herself that it was the right one. Perhaps this was as well, as the first part of the way was sufficiently uninviting to have frightened her out of her intention had she looked about her. When at last she did, they were passing along a wide street lined with sufficiently substantial brick buildings, chiefly devoted to business, crossed by narrower ones of small wooden houses more or less respectable in appearance; but surely no housemaid who would suit them could ever have served in one of these. Great rattling drays squeezed past the car, and Chinese laundrymen noiselessly got in and out. The one landmark she had heard of in South Boston, and for aught she knew the reason of its existence, was the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which her Aunt Caroline sometimes visited. But she passed the Institution, and still went on and on. That the world extended so far in that direction was an amazement in itself; she knew there must be something there to fill up, but she had had a vague idea that it might be water, which is so accommodating in filling up the waste spaces of the terrestrial globe. Finally the now nearly empty car came to a full stop at the foot of a hill, the track winding off around it, and the conductor, of whom she had asked her way, approached her with the patronizing deference which men in his position were very apt to assume to her: «Lady, you 'll have to get out here, and walk up the hill. Keep straight ahead, and you can't miss it.»

«And can I take the car here when I come back?» asked Marian, clinging as if to an ark of refuge.

«Oh, yes,» said the man, encouragingly; «we 're along every ten minutes. It ain't far off.»

Marian slowly touched one little foot, and then another, to the unknown and almost foreign soil of South Boston. She looked wistfully after the car till it turned a corner, and left her stranded, before she began slowly

to climb the hill. It was warm, and she missed her sunshade. «I shall be shockingly burned!» she thought. She looked about her, and acknowledged that the street was a pleasant, sunny one, and that its commonplace architecture gained in picturesqueness by its steep ascent. As she neared the top the houses grew larger, scattered among garden grounds, and she at last found the number she looked for on the gate-post of one of the largest. She walked up a brick-paved path to the front door between thick box borders, inclosing beds none too well weeded, but whose bowery shrubs and great clumps of old-fashioned bulbs and perennials had acquired the secure possession of the soil that comes with age. Behind them were grape-vines trained on trellises, over which rose the blossoming heads of tall old cherry-trees, and through the interstices in the flowery wall might be caught glimpses of an old garden where grass and flowers and vegetables mingled at haphazard. It dated from the days when people planted gardens with a view to what they could get out of them, regardless of effect; and the house, in like manner, had been built to live in rather than to look at. No one could say how it had looked before trees had shaded it and creepers enveloped it so completely. The veranda which ran around it was well sheltered from the street, fortunately, thought Marian, for the bamboo chairs and sofas, piled up with rugs and cushions, with which it was crowded, were heaped with newspapers, and hats, and tennis-rackets, and riding-whips, and garden tools, and baskets, tossed carelessly about. On the door-mat lay a large dog, who flopped his tail up and down with languid courtesy as she approached. She was terribly afraid of him, but thought it safer to face him than to turn her back upon him, and edging by him, gave a feeble pull at the door-bell. No one came. She rang again with more energy, and then, after a brief pause, the door was opened by a half-grown boy.

Marian only knew a very few families who aspired to have their doors opened by anything more than a parlor-maid, and these had butlers of unimpeachable respectability. But this young person had a bright, but roguish look, which accorded better with the page of farce than with one of real life. He seemed surprised to see her, though he bowed civilly.

«Is Mrs. Hayward at home?» asked Marian, in the most dulcet of small voices; and as he looked at her with a stare that seemed as if it might develop into a grin, she added, «or any of the ladies of the family? I only wish to see some one of them on business.»

«Walk in, please, ma'am, and I 'll see,» faltered the porter, appearing perplexed; and he opened the door, and ushered Marian across a wide hall with a great, old-fashioned staircase at the further end—a place that would have had no end of capabilities about it in a modern decorator's eyes, but which looked now rather bare and unfurnished, save for pegs loaded with hats and coats, and stands of umbrellas—into a long, low room that looked crowded enough. Low bookcases ran round the walls, and there were a great many tables heaped with books and magazines, and a piano littered with music in a most slovenly condition; a music-stand or two, and a violin and violoncello in their cases clustered about it. The walls over the books were hung with old portraits, which looked as if they might be valuable; among them were squeezed in whips, and long pipes on racks, and calendars, and over them were hung horns and heads of unknown beasts, whose skins lay on the floor. Over the fireplace hung a sword and a pair of pistols in well-worn cases, but they were free from dust, which many of the furnishings were not. The long windows at the side opened on to the veranda, which was even more carelessly strewed with the family possessions than at the front door, and from which steps led down to a tennis-court in faultless trim, the only orderly spot on the premises.

What a poor housekeeper Mrs. Hayward must be! She must let the men of the family do exactly as they pleased, and there must be at least half a dozen of them, while not a trace of feminine occupation was to be seen. No servant from here could hope to suit the Carter household, no matter how good a character she brought. But somehow the intensely masculine air of the place had a wild fascination for Marian herself, in spite of warning remembrances of how much her family would be shocked. There was something delicious in the freedom with which letters and papers were tossed about, and books piled up anywhere, while their proper homes stood vacant, and in the soothing, easy tolerance with which persecuted dust was allowed to find a quiet resting-place. A pungent and pleasing perfume pervaded the premises, which seemed appropriate and agreeable to her delicate senses, even though she supposed it must be tobacco-smoke. She had smelled tobacco only as it exhaled from passers in the street, and surely this fine, ineffable aroma came from a different source than theirs! While she dain-

tily inhaled it as she looked curiously about, her ears became aware of singular sounds—a subdued scuffling and scraping at the door at the further end of the room, and a breathing at its keyhole, which gave her an unpleasant sensation of being watched; and she instantly sat stiffly upright and looked straight before her, her heart beating with wonder and affright lest the situation might prove actually dangerous. The sounds suddenly ceased, and in a moment more a halting step was heard outside, and a gentleman came in at the other door—a tall man, whose hair was thick, but well sprinkled with gray; whose figure, lean and lank, had a certain easy swing about its motions, in spite of a very perceptible limp; and whose face, brown and thin, and marred by a long scar right across the left cheek, had something attractive in its expression as he came forward with a courteous, expectant look. Marian could only bow.

«I beg your pardon; did you wish to see me?» inquired the stranger, in a deep, low voice that sounded as if it might be powerful on occasion.

«Oh, I am very sorry to trouble you! I only wanted to see the mistress of the house, if she is able—»

«I am afraid I am the only person who answers to that description.» There was a good-natured twinkle in his eye, and he had a pleasant smile, but his evident amusement abashed her. «I keep my own house,» he went on.

«Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought there was a Mrs. Hayward!»

«I am sorry to say that there is none. But I am Mr. Hayward, and shall be very glad if I can be of any service to you.»

«I don't want to disturb you,» said Marian, blushing deeply, while Mr. Hayward, with, «Will you allow me?» drew up a chair and sat down, as if to put her more at her ease. «It is only—only—» here she came to a dead stop. «I do not want to take up so much of your time,» she confusedly stammered.

«Not at all; I shall be very happy—» he paused too, not knowing how to fill up the blank, and waited quietly, while Marian sought frantically in her little bag for a paper which was, of course, at the very bottom. «It is only,» she began again—«only to ask you about the character of a chambermaid named Drusilla—yes, Drusilla Elms. I think it must be you she refers to; at least I copied the address from the reference she showed me; here it is,» handing him the slip of paper, and as he took out his eyeglass to study it, «only I could n't tell,—I did n't know,—whether it was Mr., or Mrs., or what it was before the name. I am very sorry.»

«So am I. It has been the great misfortune of my life, I assure you, that I write such a confounded—such an execrable hand. Pray accept my apologies for it.»

«Oh, it was not a bad hand!—not at all! It was my own stupidity! I suppose you really did give her the character, then?»

«In spite of your politeness, I am afraid I too plainly recognize the bewildering effect of my own scrawl. I think I must have given her the reference, though I don't remember doing so.»

«The name is so peculiar—»

«Yes; but the fact is that our old Catherine, who has been cook here for a longer time than I can reckon, generally engages our other maid for us, and she dislikes to change the name, and calls them all Margaret. I think we had a very nice Margaret two years ago, but I will go and ask Catherine; she may recollect.»

«Oh, don't trouble yourself! I have no doubt that you are quite right—none at all!»

«But I have so many doubts, I should like to be a little surer; and if you will excuse me for a moment—well! *What*, in the devil's name, are you up to now?»

It must be explained that by this time he had reached the further door, and that the sudden close of his speech was addressed, not to Marian, but to some invisible person, or rather persons; for the subdued laughter which responded, the very equivalent to a girlish giggle, surely came from more than one pair of boyish lungs. Some stifled speech, too, was heard, to which the master of the house replied, «—— ——-——, then, and be quick about it!» as he closed the door behind him, leaving Marian trembling with apprehension lest he might be mad or drunk. And yet if this were swearing, and she feared it was, there was something gratifying in the sound of a good, round, mouth-filling oath, especially when contrasted with the extreme and punctilious deference of his speech to her. He came back in a moment, and, standing before her with head inclined, said, as if apologizing for some misdeed of his own:

«I am very sorry, but Catherine is out, doing her marketing. She will probably return soon, if you do not mind waiting.»

«Oh, no!» said Marian, shocked with the idea that her presence might be inconvenient; «I could not possibly wait! I am in a very great hurry.»

«Then, if you will, allow me to write what she says. I promise,» he added, with another

humorous twinkle in his eye, «to try and write my very best.»

«Thank you, if it is not too much trouble,» said Marian, rising, and edging toward the door as if she had some hopes of getting off unnoticed. It was confusing to have him follow her with an air of expectation, she could not imagine of what, though she had a consciousness, too, of having forgotten something, which made her linger, trying to recollect it. He slowly turned the handle of the outer door, and, opening it for her exit, seemed waiting for her to say something—what, she racked her brains in vain to discover. He looked amused again, and as if he would have spoken himself; but Marian, with a sudden start, exclaimed, «Oh, dear, it rains!» She had not noticed how dark the sky was growing, but to judge by the looks of the pavement, it had been quietly showering for some time.

«So it does!» said he. «That is a pity. I fear you are not very well protected against it.»

«Oh, it does n't matter!» cried Marian, recklessly; «it is only a step to the horse-cars.»

«Enough for you to get very wet, I am afraid.»

«It is n't of the least consequence. I have nothing on that will hurt—nothing at all!»

Mr. Hayward looked admiringly and incredulously at the lilacs on her bonnet. «I can hardly suppose your flowers are real ones, though certainly they look very much like them; if they are not, I fear a shower will scarcely prove of advantage to them. You must do me the honor of letting me see you to the car.» As he spoke he extracted from the stand an enormous silk umbrella with a big handle, nearly as large as Marian herself.

«I could not think of it!» she cried, and hurried down the wet steps, sweeping them with the dainty plaiting round the edge of her silvery skirt.

«Oh, but you must!» he went on in a tone of lazy good humor, yet as one not accustomed to be refused. There was something paternal in his manner gratifying to her, for as he could not be much over fifty, he must think her much younger than she really was.

«Don't hurry; there is a car every ten minutes, and a very good place to wait in; there—take care of the wet box, please, with your dress, and take my arm, if you don't mind.»

«Oh, no, thank you! Really, I am very well covered!» protested Marian, squeezing herself and her gown into the smallest possible space. The big umbrella was up before she knew it, and he was hobbling along the brick path by her side, in an old pair of yellow leather slippers as ill fitted to keep out the wet as her own shining little shoes.

«I am very sorry you should have been caught in this way,» he said apologetically.

«Don't mention it.»

«I hope you have not far to go.»

«Oh, no, indeed! That is—yes, rather far; but when I get into the car, I am all right, because it meets—I mean, I can take a cab. It is very easy to get about in town, you know.» She turned while he opened the gate, and caught sight of the front windows, thronged, like the gates of Paradise Lost, with faces which might, indeed, have served as models for a very realistic study, in modern style, of cherubim, being those of healthy boys of all ages from twelve to twenty, each wearing a broad grin of delight.

«Confound 'em!» muttered her conductor in a low tone, but Marian caught the words, and the accompanying grimace which he flung back over his shoulder. Could his remarkable house be a boys' school? If so, he was the very oddest teacher, and his discipline the most extraordinary, she had ever heard of; it was too easy of egress, surely, to be a private lunatic asylum, a thought which had already excited her fears.

«Please lower your head a little, Miss—» he paused for the name, but she did not fill up the gap; «the creepers hang so low here,» and he carefully held the umbrella so as best to protect her from the dripping sprays.

«How very pretty your garden is!» she said as he closed the gate.

«It is a sad straggling place; we all run pretty wild here, I am afraid.»

«But it is so picturesque!»

«Picturesque it may be, and we get a good deal of fruit and vegetables out of it; it is n't a show garden, but it is a comfort to have any breathing-place in a city.»

«This seems a very pleasant neighborhood.»

«Hum! well, yes; I think it pleasant enough. It is my old home; near the water, too, and the boys like the boating. It 's out of the way of society, but then, we have no ladies to look after. It is easy enough, you know, for men to come and go anyhow.»

«Coming and going anyhow» rang with a delicious thrill of freedom in Marian's ears, and in the midst of her alarm at possible consequences she reveled in her adventure, such a one as she had never had before, and probably never should again; and there was the car tinkling on its early way. Mr. Hay-

ward signed to it to stop, and waded in his slippers through the wet dust, for it could not be called mud yet, to hand her deferentially in.

«You are sure you can get along now?» he asked, as the car came to a stop.

«Oh, yes, indeed! Thank you so much; I am very sorry—»

«No need of it, I assure you. I am sorry I cannot do more.» He looked at the big umbrella doubtfully, and so did she; but the idea of offering it to her was too absurd, and they both laughed, which Marian feared was improperly free and easy for her. Then, as she turned on the step to bow her farewell, he added, «I beg your pardon; but you have forgotten to leave me your address. I should be very glad to write in case Catherine—»

«Mrs. W. Cracker, 40 Washington street,» stammered Marian, frightened out of her little sense, and rattling off the first words that came into her head, suggested in part by a baker's cart which passed at the moment. She should never dare to give her real address! Anything better than to have those dreadful boys know who she was! He looked puzzled, then laughed; but it was of no use for him to say anything, for the car had started, and swept her safely beyond his reach at once. She could see him looking after it till it turned out of sight, and was thankful he had not followed her, as he might perhaps have done if he had not had on those old slippers.

Marian did not go directly home, but stopped at Mrs. William Treadwell's till the spring shower was over, that she might be able to tell her family that she had been there, and thus avoid over-curious questioning as to where she had been caught in it. She briefly informed them that she could obtain no satisfactory account of Drusilla Elms—the people to whom she referred seemed to have forgotten her—and wrote to the girl that she had made other arrangements. She waited in fear for a few days, lest something might happen to bring her little adventure to light; but nothing did, and her fears subsided, with a few faint wishes as well. What a pleasant world, she wistfully thought, was the world of men—a world where conventionalities and duty calls gave way to a delicious, free, Bohemian existence of boating and running about; where even housekeeping was a thing lightly considered, and where dogs jumped on sofas, and people threw their things around at pleasure—nay, even smoked and swore, regardless of consequences temporal or eternal!

About a fortnight after her wild escapade, the household of Freeman-Robbins-Carter-Dale, to use the collective patronymic of the female dynasty which reigned there, was agitated by the unusual phenomenon of an evening visitor who called himself a man, though but in his freshman year at Harvard University. It was the son of their deceased cousin in New York, whose husband, though married again, retained sufficient sense of kinship to insist that the boy should call on his mother's relatives, which duty the unhappy youth had postponed from week to week, and from month to month, until the awkwardness of introducing himself was doubled. He had struggled through this ordeal, and now sat, the center of an admiring female circle who were trying to hang upon his words. Winnie, whose presence might have given him some support, had been sent to bed; but his sister was privileged to remain up longer, and being a serious child, and wise beyond her years, she fixed him with her solemn gaze, while one great-aunt remarked over and over again on his resemblance to his grandfather, and the other as often inquired who he was, though his name and pedigree were carefully explained each time by the nurse. Mrs. Carter addressed him as «Freddy, dear!» and Miss Caroline asked what he was studying at college, and his cousin Isabel pressed sweet cake upon him. Only his cousin Marian sat silent in the background. He thought her very pretty, and not at all formidable, though so old—not that he had the least idea how old she really was.

«Did you bolt the front door, Marian, when you let Trippet out?» asked her mother. Trippet was the family cat, who had shown symptoms of alarm at the aspect of the unwonted guest.

«I—I think so.»

«You had better go and look,» said her sister. «It would be no joke if Freddy's nice overcoat and hat were to be taken by a sneak-thief. They are very troublesome just now in the suburbs,» she continued; «but we never leave anything of value in our front hall, and we always make it a rule to bolt as well as lock the door as soon as it grows dusk. There is no harm in taking every precaution.»

«Sneak-thieves and second-floor thieves have quite replaced the old-fashioned midnight burglar,» said Miss Caroline.

«They are just as bad,» said Mrs. Dale.

«Women—ladies—are taking to it now,» said Master Frederick. «I heard the funniest story about one the other day.» He paused, and grew red at the drawing upon himself the fire of eight pairs of eyes, but plucked up his

courage and resumed the theme, not insensible to the possible delight of terrifying those before whom he had quailed. «It was in Ned Hayward's family, my classmate; he and his brother Bob—he 's a junior—live in South Boston with their uncle, Colonel Hayward—the celebrated Colonel Hayward, you know, who was so distinguished in the war, and—and everything; perhaps you know him?»

«We have heard of him,» said Mrs. Carter, graciously.

«Well, I 've been out there sometimes with him, and it 's no end of jolly—I mean, it is a pleasant place to visit in. The colonel 's an old bachelor, and brings his nephews up, because, you know, their father 's dead.» He stopped short again, overwhelmed with the sound of so long a speech from himself.

«But about the thief? Oh, do tell us,» murmured the circle, encouragingly.

«Well,» began Fred, seeing his retreat cut off, and gathering courage as the idea struck him that the topic, if skilfully dwelt on, might last out the call, «it happened this way. Bob was at home a few weeks ago to spend Sunday, and took a lot of fellows—I mean a large party of his classmates; and there were some boys there playing tennis with his brothers, —it was on Saturday morning,—and a woman came and asked for the lady of the house; that 's a common dodge of theirs, you know. Well, of course the colonel went in to see her. The boys wanted to see the fun, so they all took turns in looking through the keyhole; and Bob says she was stunning,—I mean very pretty,—and looked like a lady, and dressed up no end; but she seemed very confused and queer, and as if she hardly knew what to say, and she pretended to have come to ask for the character of a servant with the oddest name, I forget what; but most likely she made it up, for none of them could remember it. Well, she hung on ever so long, looking for a chance to hook something, I suppose, and at last, just as she was going, it began to rain, and she seemed to expect him to lend her an umbrella. But he was n't as green as all that comes to; he said he would see her to the car himself; so off he walked with her as polite as you please. Bob says it 's no end of fun to see his uncle with a lady; he does n't see much of them, and when he does he treats 'em like princesses. He took her to the car, and put her in, and just as it started he asked her address, and she told him—» here an irrepressible fit of laughter interrupted his tale—«she told him that it was Mrs. W. Cracker, 40 Washington street. Did you ever hear such stuff? Of course there 's no such person, for the colonel wasted lots of time taking particular pains to find out. Bob says they 're all sure she was a thief, except his uncle, who was awfully smashed on her pretty face, and he sticks to it that she was only a little out of her head. They poke no end of fun at him about it, but it really was no joke for him, for he walked with her down to the car in his old slippers in the wet, and caught cold in the leg where he was wounded; he 's always lame in it, and when he takes cold it brings on his rheumatic gout. He was laid up a fortnight; he 's always so funny when he 's got the gout; he can't bear to have any of the boys come near him, and flings boots at their heads when they do, for of course they have to wait on him some, and he swears so. Bob says he 's sorry for him, for of course it hurts, but he can't help laughing at the queer things he says. He always swears some when he 's well, but when he 's sick it fairly takes your head off.»

«Dear me! dear me!» said Mrs. Carter; «swearing is a sad habit. I hope, Freddy, dear, that you will not catch it. Colonel Hayward is a very distinguished officer, and they have to, I suppose, on the battle-field; but there is no war now, and it is not at all necessary.»

«Oh, he won't let the boys do it! He swears at them like thunder if they do, but they don't mind it. He 's awfully good-natured, and lets them rough him as much as they please, and they 've done it no end about the pretty little housebreaker. Bob has made a song about her to the tune of ‹Little Annie Rooney›—that 's the one his uncle most particularly hates. Phil had a shy at her with his kodak, but what with the rain and the leaves, you can't see much of her.»

«It is a pity,» said Miss Caroline; «it might be shown to the police, who could very likely identify her. I dare say she has been at Sherborne prison, and there we photograph them all. If it were not that Mary Murray is in for a two years' sentence, I should say it answered very well to her description.»

Some more desultory conversation went on, while the hands of the clock ran rapidly on toward eleven. The youthful Minna silently stole away at a sign from her mother, without drawing attention upon herself. Ten o'clock was the latest hour at which these ladies were in the habit of being up; but how hint to a guest that he was staying too long? They guessed that it might not seem late to him, and feared that he was acquiring bad habits in college.

The poor fellow knew perfectly well that

he was making an unconscionably long call; but how break through the circle? And then he was remembering with affright into how much slang he had lapsed in the course of his tale, and was racking his brains for some particularly proper farewell speech which should efface the recollection of it. Suddenly his eyes were caught by Marian's face. Her look of abject misery he could attribute only to her extreme fatigue, and he made a desperate rally:

«I 'm afraid, Miss Dale, I mean Mrs. Robbins, that I 'm making a terribly long call. I am very sorry.»

«Oh, not at all! Not at all! Pray do not hurry! You must come often; we shall be delighted to see you.»

«It seems a very long way,» murmured Freddy, conscious that he was saying something rude, but unable to help himself; and he finally succeeded in escaping, under a fire of the most pressing invitations to «call again,» for, as Mrs. Carter said, «we must show some hospitality to poor Ellen's boy. Marian, you look tired. I hope you did not let him see it. Do go to bed directly. I must confess I feel a little sleepy myself.» But the troubles which Marian bore with her to the small room which she shared with her little niece were of a kind for which bed brought no solace, and she lay awake till almost dawn, only thankful that Minna slumbered undisturbed by her side.

To Marian every private who had fought in the war was an angel, and every officer an archangel *ex officio*. That she should have been the cause of an attack of rheumatic gout to a wounded hero filled her with remorse, especially as this particular hero was the most delightful man she had ever met. She wept bitterly from a variety of emotions,—pity, and shame, too,—for what must he think of her? That last misery, at any rate, she could not and would not endure, and before breakfast she had written the following letter:

BURROUGHS STREET, JAMAICA PLAIN.

DEAR COLONEL HAYWARD,

I was very, very sorry to hear that you had taken cold and been ill in consequence of that unfortunate call of mine on Saturday, three weeks ago. I really came on the errand I said I did; but I don't wonder you thought otherwise, after I had behaved so foolishly. I did not know who you were, nor where I had been, and I gave the wrong name because I was frightened. But I cannot let you think so poorly of me, or believe I had the least intention of giving you so much pain and trouble. I can remember the war [this was a mortifying confession for Marian to make, but she felt that the proper atonement for her fault demanded an unsparing sacrifice of her own feelings], and I know how much gratitude I, and every other woman in our country, owe to you. Begging your pardon most sincerely, I am,

Yours very truly,

May 5th, 1885. MARIAN R. CARTER.

Marian found no time to copy this letter over again before she took it with her on her morning round of errands, to slip into the first post-box, and she would not keep it back for another mail, although she feared by turns that it was improperly forward, and chillingly distant. Posted it was, and she could not get it back. She did not know whether she wanted him to answer it or not. It would be kind and civil in him to do so, but she felt that she could hardly bear the curiosity of the family, as his letter was passed from hand to hand before it was opened to guess whom it could be from, or handed round again to be read. There was no more privacy in the house than there was in an ant-hill.

She had not long to speculate, for the very next afternoon, as the family were all sitting in grandmama's room down-stairs, their common rallying-ground, as it was the pleasantest one in the house, and the old lady, who disliked being left alone, rarely went into the drawing-room till evening, the parlor-maid brought in a card, which went the rounds immediately:

MR. ROBERT HAYWARD,

City Point, South Boston.

«What can he want?» said Mrs. Dale.

«Very likely to see me on business,» said Aunt Caroline.

«It must be Colonel Hayward,» said Isabel, remembering Frederick's tale.

«It was Miss Marian he wanted to see,» said Katy.

«How very strange!» said Miss Caroline. But Mrs. Carter, dimly remembering Marian's South Boston errand, till now forgotten, and bewildered with the endeavor to weave any coherent theory out of her scattered recollections, was silent; and Marian glided speechless out of the room, and up the back stairs to her own for one hasty peep at her looking-glass, and then down the front stairs again.

«Aunt Marian!» shouted Winnie from a front upper window, and she started at his tone, grown loud and boyish in a moment; «the gentleman came on a horse, and tied it to a post, and it is black, and it is stamping on the sidewalk; just hear it!» But Marian, whose pet he was, passed him without a word.

She lingered so little that the colonel had no more time to examine her abode than she had had his, and here the subject was more complex. The room was not very small, but it was very full, and everything in it, so to speak, was smothered. The carpet was covered with large rugs, and those again with small ones, and all the tables with covers, and those with mats. Each window had four different sets of curtains, and every sofa and chair was carefully dressed and draped. The very fireplace was arrayed in brocaded skirts like a lady, precluding all possibility of lighting a fire thereon without causing a conflagration, and, indeed, those carefully placed logs were daily dusted by the parlor-maid. Every available inch of horizontal space was crowded with small objects, and what could not be squeezed on that was hung on the walls. The use of most of them was an enigma to the colonel; he had an idea that they might be designed for ornament, and some, as gift books and booklets and Christmas cards, appealed to a literary taste; but he was a little overwhelmed by them, especially as there were a number of little boxes and bags and baskets about, trimmed and adorned in various fashions, which might contain as many more. There were a great many really pretty things there, if one could have taken them in; but they were utterly swamped, owing to the fatal habit which prevailed in the family of all giving each other presents on every Christmas and birthday.

The colonel felt terribly big and awkward among them. He sat down on a little chair with gilded frame and embroidered back and seat. It cracked beneath him, and he sprang hastily up and took another, from which he could see out of a window, and into a trim little garden where plants were bedded out in small beds neatly cut in shaved green turf. A few flowers were allowed in the drawing-room, discreetly quarantined on a china tray, though there were any number of empty vases, and from above he could hear the cheerful warble of a distant canary-bird, which woke no answering life in the stuffed corpses of his predecessors standing about under glass shades.

The room looked stuffy, but it was not; the air was very sweet and clean and clear, and the colonel felt uncomfortably that he was scenting it with tobacco. There could be no dust beneath those rugs, no spot on the glass behind those curtains. There was a feminine air of neatness, and even of fussiness, that pleased him; everything was so carefully preserved, so exquisitely cared for. It would be nice to have some one to look after one's things like that; he knew that the rubbish at home was always getting beyond him somehow.

And now came blushing in his late visitor, even more daintily pretty than he had thought her before.

The colonel made a long call, as all the family, anxious to see the great man, dropped in one after the other; but the situation was not unpleasing to him, and he even exerted himself to win their liking, which was the easiest thing in the world. He told Mrs. Carter that he had come on behalf of his quondam servant, Drusilla Elms, whose name, he was sorry to say, his cook had forgotten; but now she remembered it, and could give her the very highest character, and he should be sorry if their carelessness had lost the poor girl so excellent a place. He listened to the tale of the grandmother's rheumatism, and even made some confidences in return about his own. He talked about the soldiers' lending libraries with Aunt Caroline, and promised to write to a friend of his in the regulars on the subject. In his imposing presence the great-aunt sat silently attentive. He had met Isabel's late husband, and he took much notice of her children. He said Winnie was a fine little lad, but would be better for a frolic with other boys. Could not he come over and spend a Saturday afternoon with them at South Boston, and his boys would take him on the water. Oh, yes; they were very careful, and quite at home in a boat. Yes, he would go with them himself, if Mrs. Dale would prefer it; and then the invitation was given and accepted—no unmeaning, general one, but a positive promise for Saturday next, and the one after if it rained. Of course, he should be charmed to have some of the ladies come, too. Miss Carter would, perhaps, for she knew the way. He did not take leave till his horse, to Winnie's ecstatic delight, had pawed a large hole in the ground; and a chorus of praise arose behind him from every tongue but Marian's.

Colonel Hayward said nothing about his visit at home; but as he stood after returning from his long ride, for which the boys had observed that he had equipped himself with much more than ordinary care, smoking a meditative cigar before the crackling little fire which the afternoon east wind of a Boston May rendered so comfortable, he was roused by his nephew Bob's voice:

«Really, Uncle Rob, our bachelor housekeeping is getting into a hopeless muddle!» Then, as his uncle said nothing: «I am afraid

—I am really afraid that one of us will have to marry.»

«Marry yourself then, you young scamp, and be hanged to you; you have my full consent if you can find a girl who will be fool enough to take you.»

«Of course, I could not expect *you* to make the sacrifice; but though I am willing, —entirely for your sake, I assure you, —I shall not render it useless by asking some giddy and inexperienced girl. I shall seek some mature female, able and willing to cope with them—»

«Them?»

«The spiders. I have long known that they spun webs of immense size in and about our unfortunate dwelling; but I was not prepared to find that they attached them to our very persons.» As he spoke he drew into sight a fabric hanging to the back of his uncle's coat. It was circular in shape, about the size of a dinner-plate, white in color, and ingeniously woven out of thread in an open pattern with many interstices, by one of which it had fastened itself to the button at the back of the colonel's coat as firmly as if it grew there.

«What the —!» I spare my readers the expletives which, with the offending waif, the colonel hurled at his nephew as the young man and his brothers exploded in laughter.

«I NEVER was so surprised!» cried Mrs. Treadwell.

«I did not think anything in the matrimonial line could surprise you,» cried her husband.

«Not often; but Colonel Hayward and Marian Carter! I could hardly believe it. Mrs. Carter herself seems perfectly amazed, though of course she 's delighted. I suppose she had given up all idea of Marian's marrying.»

«She is a sweet little thing,» said Mr. Treadwell; «I wonder she has not been married long ago.»

«I thought he was a confirmed old bachelor,» said the lady; «I wonder where he met her! I wonder whatever made him think of her! I hope they 'll be happy, but I don't know. Marian is a good girl, but she has so little sense!»

«I should think any man ought to be happy with Miss Carter,» said the gentleman, warmly; «I only hope he 'll make her happy. Hayward 's a very good fellow, but he 'll frighten that little creature to death the first time he swears at her.»

«Colonel Hayward is a *gentleman*, William; he would never swear before a lady.»

«I would n't trust him—when she 's his wife.»

NEVERTHELESS, Mrs. Robert Hayward has not yet been placed in danger of such a catastrophe, not even when her husband has been laid up with rheumatic gout. To be sure, her ministrations on those occasions were more soothing than those of the boys. Perhaps she was even a little disappointed in her craving for excitement, and her new household ran almost too smoothly. The boys gave no trouble, though they were aghast on first hearing that the colonel really contemplated matrimony, and Bob reproached himself in no measured terms for having drawn attention to the «work of Arachne,» and driven his uncle to rush madly upon fate. But Marian made it her particular request that things should go on as before, which pleased her bridegroom, though he had never dreamed of any change; and when they came to know her, she pleased the boys as well.

«It 's easy enough to get on with Aunt Marian,» Bob would say; «she 's such a dear little fool! She swallows everything men tell her, no matter how outrageous, and thinks if we want the moon, we must have it. If only Minna would turn out anything like her! But no; they are ruining all the girls now with their colleges. I doubt if Aunt Marian is n't the last of her day and generation.»

Agnes Blake Poor.

THE SILENT ONES.

IT is not granted all to sing;
Some must be silent and give ear.
The lark links heaven to earth in spring;
The mute trees bless us all the year.

Julie M. Lippmann.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
Author of «Their Wedding Journey,» «The Rise of Silas Lapham,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

XV.

THERE was to be a hop at the Grand Union that night, and I had got tickets for it in virtue of my relation to «Every Other Week.» I must say the clerk who gave them me was very civil about it; he said they were really only for the hotel guests, but he was glad to give them to outsiders who applied with proper credentials; and he even offered me more tickets than I asked for.

Miss Gage was getting a dress for the hop, and it was to be finished that day. I think women really like the scare of thinking their dresses will not be done for a given occasion, and so arrange to have them at the last moment. Mrs. March went with the girl early in the afternoon to have it tried on for the last time, and they came home reporting that it was a poem. My wife confided to me that it was not half done,—merely begun, in fact,—and would never be finished in time in the world. She also assured Miss Gage that she need not be the least uneasy; that there was not an hour's work on the dress; and that the dressmaker's reputation was at stake, and she would not dare to fail her. I knew she was perfectly sincere in both these declarations, which were, indeed, merely the expression of two mental attitudes, and had no relation to the facts.

She added to me that she was completely worn out with anxiety and worry, and I must not think of her going to the hop. I would have to do the chaperoning for her, and she did hope that I would not forget what I was sent for, or get talking with somebody, and leave Miss Gage altogether to Kendricks. She said that quite likely there might be friends or acquaintances of his at the hop—such a large affair—whom he would want to show some attention, and I must take charge of Miss Gage myself, and try to find her other partners. She drilled me in the duties of my position until I believed that I was letter-perfect, and then she said that she supposed I would commit some terrible blunder that would ruin everything.

I thought that this was very likely, too, but I would not admit it.

The dress came home at nine o'clock, and operated a happy diversion from my imaginable shortcomings; for it appeared from Mrs. March's asides to me that it was a perfect horror in the set, and that everybody could see that it had been simply *slung* together at the last moment, and she would never, as long as the world stood, go to that woman for anything again.

I must say I could not myself see anything wrong about the dress. I thought it exquisite in tint and texture; a delicate, pale-greenish film that clung and floated, and set off the girl's beauty as the leafage of a flower heightens the loveliness of a flower. I did not dare to say this in the face of Mrs. March's private despair, and I was silent while the girl submitted to be twirled about for my inspection like a statue on a revolving pedestal. Kendricks, however, had no such restrictions upon him, and I could see him start with delight in the splendid vision before he spoke.

«*Is n't* it a poem?» demanded Mrs. March. «Is n't it a perfect *lyric?*»

«Why should you have allowed her to be transported altogether into the ideal? Was n't she far enough from us before?» he asked; and I found myself wishing that he would be either less or more articulate. He ought to have been mute with passion, or else he ought to have been frankly voluble about the girl's gown, and gone on about it longer. But he simply left the matter there, and though I kept him carefully under my eye, I could not see that he was concealing any further emotion. She, on her part, neither blushed nor frowned at his compliment; she did nothing by look or gesture to provoke more praise; she took it very much as the beautiful evening might, so undeniably fine, so perfect in its way.

She and the evening were equally fitted for the event to which they seemed equally ded-

icated. The dancing was to be out of doors on a vast planking, or platform, set up in the heart of that bosky court which the hotel incloses. Around this platform drooped the slim, tall Saratogan trees, and over it hung the Saratogan sky, of a nocturnal blue very rare in our latitude, with the stars faint in its depths, and by and by a white moon that permitted itself a modest competition with the electric lights effulgent everywhere. There was a great crowd of people in the portico, the vestibule, and the inner piazzas, and on the lawn around the platform, where «the trodden weed» sent up the sweet scent of bruised grass in the cool night air. My foolish old heart bounded with a pulse of youth at the thought of all the gay and tender possibilities of such a scene.

But the young people under my care seemed in no haste to mingle in it. We oldsters are always fancying youth impatient, but there is no time of life which has so much patience. It behaves as if it had eternity before it, —an eternity of youth, —instead of a few days and years, and then the frosty pow. We who are young no longer think we would do so and so if we were young, as women think they would do so and so if they were men; but if we were really young again, we should not do at all what we think. We should not hurry to experience our emotions; we should not press forward to discharge our duties or repair our mistakes; we should not seize the occasion to make a friend or reconcile an enemy; we should let weeks and months go by in the realization of a passion, and trust all sorts of contingencies and accidents to help us out with its confession. The thoughts of youth are very long, and its conclusions are deliberate and delayed, and often withheld altogether. It is age which is tremulously eager in these matters, and cannot wait with the fine patience of nature in her growing moods.

As soon, even, as I was in the hotel I was impatient to press through to the place where the dancing was, and where I already heard the band playing. I knew very well that when we got there I should have to sit down somewhere on the edge of the platform with the other frumps and fogies, and begin taking cold in my dress-coat, and want to doze off without being able to, while my young people were waltzing together, or else promenading up and down ignoring me, or recognizing me by the offer of a fan, and the question whether I was not simply melting; I have seen how the poor chaperon fares at such times. But they, secure of their fun, were by no means desirous to have it over, or even to have it begin. They dawdled through the thronged hotel office, where other irresponsible pairs were coming and going under the admiring eyes of the hotel loungers, and they wandered up and down the waste parlors, and



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE HOP.

sat on tête-à-têtes just to try them, apparently; and Miss Gage verified in the mirrors the beauty which was reflected in all eyes. They amused themselves with the extent of the richly carpeted and upholstered desolation around them, where only a few lonely and aging women lurked about on sofas and ottomans; and they fell to playing with their compassion for the plebeian spectators at the long veranda windows trying to penetrate with their forbidden eyes to the hop going on in the court far beyond the intermediary desert of the parlors.

When they signified at last that they were ready for me to lead them on to the dance, I would so much rather have gone to bed that there are no words for the comparison. Then, when we got to the place, which I should never have been able to reach in the world if it had not been for the young energy and inspiration of Kendricks, and they had put me in a certain seat with Miss Gage's wraps beside me where they could find me, they went off and danced for hours and hours. For hours and hours? For ages and ages! while I withered away amid moldering mothers, and saw my charges through the dreadful half-dreams of such a state whirling in the waltz, hopping in the polka, sliding in the galop, and then endlessly walking up and down between the dances, and eating and drinking the chill refreshments that it made my teeth chatter to think of. I suppose they decently came to me from time to time, though they seemed to be always dancing, for I could afterward remember Miss Gage taking a wrap from me now and then, and quickly coming back to shed it upon my lap again. I got so chilled that if they had not been unmistakably women's wraps I should have bundled them all about my shoulders, which I could almost hear creak with rheumatism. I must have fallen into a sort of drowse at last; for I was having a dispute with some sort of authority, which turned out to be Mrs. March, and upbraiding her with the fact that there were no women's wraps which would also do for a man, when the young people stood arm in arm before me, and Miss Gage said that she was tired to death now, and they were going.

But it appeared that they were only going as far as the parlors for the present; for when they reëntered the hotel, they turned into them, and sat down there quite as if that had been the understanding. When I arrived with the wraps, I was reminded of something, and I said, «Have you two been dancing together the whole evening?»

They looked at each other as if for the first time they now realized the fact, and Kendricks said, «Why, of course we have! We did n't know anybody.»

«Very well, then,» I said; «you have got me into a scrape.»

«Oh, poor Mr. March!» cried the girl. «How have we done it?»

«Why, Mrs. March said that Mr. Kendricks would be sure to know numbers of people, and I must get you other partners, for it would n't do for you to dance the whole evening together.»

She threw herself back in the chair she had taken, and laughed as if this were the best joke in the world.

He said hardily, «You see it *has* done.»

«And if it would n't do,» she gasped, «why did n't you bring me the other partners?»

«Because I did n't know any,» I said; and this seemed to amuse them both so much that I was afraid they would never get their breath.

She looked by and by at her dancing-card, and as soon as she could wipe the tears from her eyes, she said, «No; there is no other name there»; and this seemed even a better joke than the other, from the way they joined in laughing at it.

«Well, now,» I said, when they were quiet again, «this won't do, my young friends. It 's all very well for you, and you seem to like it; but I am responsible for your having passed a proper evening under my chaperonage, and something has got to be done to prove it.» They saw the reasonableness of this, and they immediately became sober. «Kendricks,» I asked, «can't you think of something?»

No, he said, he could n't; and then he began to laugh again.

I applied to her in the same terms; but she only answered, «Oh, don't ask *me*,» and she went off laughing, too.

«Very well, then,» I said; «I shall have to do something desperate, and I shall expect you both to bear me out in it, and I don't want any miserable subterfuges when it comes to the point with Mrs. March. Will you let me have your dancing-card, Miss Gage?» She detached it, and handed it to me. «It 's very fortunate that Mr. Kendricks wrote his name for the first dance only, and did n't go on and fill it up.»

«Why, we did n't think it was worth while!» she innocently explained.

«And that 's what makes it so perfectly providential, as Mrs. March says. Now then,» I went on, as I wrote in the name of a rising young politician who happened just then to have been announced as arriving in Saratoga

to join some other leaders in arranging the slate of his party for the convention to meet a month later, «we will begin with a good American.»

I handed the card to Kendricks. «Do you happen to remember the name of the young French nobleman who danced the third dance with Miss Gage?»

«No,» he said; «but I think I could invent one.» And he dashed down an extremely probable marquis, while Miss Gage clapped her hands for joy.

«Oh, how glorious! how splendid!»

I asked, «Will you ever give me away the longest day you live?»

«Never,» she promised; and I added the name of a South American doctor—one of those doctors who seem to be always becoming the presidents of their republics, and ordering all their patients of opposite politics to be shot in the plaza.

Kendricks entered a younger son of an English duke, and I contributed the hyphenated surname of a New York swell, and between us we soon had all the dances on Miss Gage's card taken by the most distinguished people. We really studied probability in the forgery, and we were proud of the air of reality it wore in the carefully differenced handwritings, with national traits nicely accented in each.

XVI.

THE fun of it all was that Mrs. March was not deceived for an instant. «Oh, nonsense!» she said, when she glanced at our pretty deception, which we presented with perhaps too perfect seriousness. «Then you danced only the first dance?»

«No, no!» Miss Gage protested. «I danced every dance as long as I stayed.» She laughed with her handkerchief to her mouth and her eyes shining above.

«Yes; I can testify to that, Mrs. March,» said Kendricks, and he laughed wildly, too. I must say their laughter throughout was far beyond the mirthfulness of the facts. They both protested that they had had the best time in the world, and the gayest time; that I had been a mirror of chaperons, and followed them round with my eyes wherever they went like a family portrait; and that they were the most exemplary young couple at the hop in their behavior. Mrs. March asked them all about it, and she joined in their fun with a hilarity which I knew from long experience boded me no good.

When Kendricks had gone away, and Miss Gage had left us for the night, with an embrace, whose fondness I wondered at, from Mrs. March, an awful silence fell upon us in the deserted parlor where she had waited up.

I knew that when she broke the silence she would begin with, «Well, my dear!» and this was what she did. She added, «I hope you're convinced *now!*»

I did not even pretend not to understand. «You mean that they are in love? I suppose that their we-ing and us-ing so much would indicate something of the kind.»

«It is n't that alone; everything indicates it. She would hardly let go of him with her eyes. I wish,» sighed Mrs. March, and she let her head droop upon her hand a moment, «I could be as sure of him as I am of her.»

«Would n't that double the difficulty?» I ventured to suggest, though till she spoke I had not doubted that it was the case.

«I should make you speak to him if I were sure of him, but as it is I shall speak to her, and the sooner the better.»

«To-night?» I quaked.

«No; I shall let the poor thing have her sleep to-night. But the first thing in the morning I shall speak, and I want you to send her up to me as soon as she 's had her breakfast. Tell her I'm not well, and shall not be down; I shall not close my eyes the whole night. And now,» she added, «I want you to tell me everything that happened this evening. Don't omit a word, or a look, or a motion. I wish to proceed intelligently.»

I hope I was accurate in the history of the hop which I gave Mrs. March; I am sure I was full. I think my account may be justly described as having a creative truthfulness, if no other merit. I had really no wish to conceal anything except the fact that I had not, in my utter helplessness, even tried to get Miss Gage any other partners. But in the larger interest of the present situation, Mrs. March seemed to have lost the sense of my dereliction in this respect. She merely asked, «And it was after you went back to the parlor, just before you came home, that you wrote those names on her card?»

«Kendricks wrote half of them,» I said.

«I dare say. Well, it was very amusing, and if the circumstances were different I could have entered into the spirit of it too. But you see yourself, Basil, that we can't let this affair go any further without dealing frankly with her. *You* can't speak to her, and *I must.* Don't you see?»

I said that I saw, but I had suddenly a wild wish that it were practicable for me to speak to Miss Gage. I should have liked to have a peep into a girl's heart at just such a moment,

when it must be quivering with the unconfessed sense of love, and the confident hope of being loved, but while as yet nothing was assured, nothing was ascertained. If it would not have been shocking, if it would not have been sacrilegious, it would have been infinitely interesting, and from an esthetic point of view infinitely important. I thought that I should have been willing to undergo all the embarrassment of such an inquiry for the sake of its precious results, if it had been at all possible; but I acquiesced that it would not be possible. I felt that I was getting off pretty lightly not to have it brought home to me again that I was the cause of all this trouble, and that if it had not been for me there would have been, as far as Mrs. March was concerned, no Miss Gage, and no love-affair of hers to deal with. I debated in my mind a moment whether I had better urge her to let me speak to Kendricks after all; but I forbore, and in the morning I waited about in much perturbation, after I had sent Miss Gage to her, until I could know the result of their interview. When I saw the girl come away from her room, which she did rather trippingly, I went to her, and found her by no means the wreck I had expected the ordeal to leave her.

«Did you meet Miss Gage?» she asked.

«Yes,» I returned with tremulous expectation.

«Well, don't you think she looks perfectly divine in that gown? It 's one of Mme. Cody's, and we got it for thirty dollars. It would have been fifty in New York, and it *was here* earlier in the season. I shall always come here for some of my things; as soon as the season 's a little past they simply *fling* them away. Well, my dear!»

«Well, what?»

«I did n't speak to her after all.»

«You did n't! Don't you think she 's in love with him, then?»

«Dead.»

«Well?»

«Well, I could n't somehow seem to approach the subject as I had expected to. She was so happy, and so good, and so perfectly obedient, that I could n't get anything to take hold of. You see, I did n't know but she might be a little rebellious, or resentful of my interference; but in the little gingerly attempts I did make she was so submissive,—don't you understand,—and she was very modest about Mr. Kendricks's attentions, and so self-depreciatory, that, well—»

«Look here, Isabel,» I broke in, «this is pretty shameless of you. You pretend to be in the greatest kind of fidge about this girl; and you make me lie awake all night thinking what you 're going to say to her; and now you as much as tell me you were so fascinated with the modest way she was in love that you could n't say anything to her against being in love on our hands in any sort of way. Do you call this business?»

«Well, I don't care if I *did* encourage her—»

«Oh, you even encouraged her!»

«I *did n't* encourage her. I merely praised Mr. Kendricks, and said how much you thought of him as a writer.»

«Oh! then you gave the subject a literary cast. I see! Do you think Miss Gage was able to follow you?»

«That does n't matter.»

«And what do you propose to do now?»

«I propose to do nothing. I think that I have done all my duty requires, and that now I can leave the whole affair to you. It was your affair in the beginning. I don't see why I should worry myself about it.»

«It seems to me that this is a very strange position for a lady to take who was not going to close an eye last night in view of a situation which has not changed in the least, except for the worse. Don't you think you are rather culpably light-hearted all of a sudden?»

«I am light-hearted, but if there is any culpability, it is yours, Basil.»

I reflected, but I failed to find any novelty in the fact. «Very well, then; what do you propose that *I* should do?»

«I leave that entirely to your own conscience.»

«And if my conscience has no suggestion to make?»

«That 's your affair.»

I reflected again, and then I said, more than anything to make her uncomfortable, I 'm afraid: «I feel perfectly easy in my conscience, personally, but I have a social duty in the matter, and I hope I shall perform it with more fidelity and courage than you have shown. I shall speak to Kendricks.»

She said, «That is just what you ought to do. I 'm quite surprised.» After this touch of irony she added earnestly, «And I do hope, my dear, you will use judgment in speaking to him, and tact. You must n't go at it bluntly. Remember that Mr. Kendricks is not at all to blame. He began to show her attention to oblige us, and if she has fallen in love with him it is our fault.»

«I shall handle him without gloves,» I said. «I shall tell him he had better go away.»

I was joking, but she said seriously, «Yes; he must go away. And I don't envy you having to tell him. I suppose you will bungle it, of course.»

«Well, then, you must advise me,» I said; and we really began to consider the question. We could hardly exaggerate the difficulty and delicacy of the duty before me. We recognized that before I made any explicit demand of him I must first ascertain the nature of the whole ground, and then be governed by the facts. It would be simple enough if I had merely to say that we thought the girl's affections were becoming engaged, and then make an appeal to his eager generosity, his delicate magnanimity; but there were possible complications on his side which must be regarded. I was to ascertain, we concluded, the exact nature of the situation before I ventured to say anything openly. I was to make my approaches by a series of ambushes before I unmasked my purpose, and perhaps I must not unmask it at all. As I set off on my mission, which must begin with finding Kendricks at his hotel, Mrs. March said she pitied me. She called me back to ask whether I thought I had really better do anything. Then, as I showed signs of weakening, she drove me from her with, «Yes, yes! You must! you must!»

XVII.

It was still so early that I had my doubts whether I should find Kendricks up after the last night's revelry, but he met me half-way between our hotel and his. He said he was coming to see how Mrs. March was bearing Miss Gage's immense success at the ball; but perhaps this was not his sole motive. He asked frankly how the young lady was, and whether I thought Mrs. March would consider a lunch at the restaurant by the lake a good notion. When I said I had very little doubt she would, and proposed taking a turn in the park before I went back with him, he looked at his watch, and laughed, and said he supposed it *was* rather early yet, and came very willingly with me.

We had the pretty place almost to ourselves at that hour. There were a half-dozen or so nursemaids, pushing their perambulators about, or standing the vehicles across the walk in front of the benches where they sat, in the simple belief of all people who have to do with babies that the rest of the world may be fitly discommoded in their behalf. But they did not actively molest us, and they scarcely circumscribed our choice of seats. We were by no means driven to the little kiosk in the lake for them, and I should rather say that we were fatefully led there, so apt were the associations of the place to my purpose. Nothing could have been more natural than that I should say as we sat down there, «This



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

IN THE KIOSK.

was where I first saw Miss Gage with her friends»; and it was by a perfectly natural transition that I should go on to speak, in a semi-humorous strain, of the responsibility which Mrs. March and myself had incurred by letting our sympathy for her run away with us. I said I supposed that if we had not been willing from the first to try to realize for her some of the expectations we imagined she had in coming to Saratoga, she never would have fallen to our charge; that people really brought a great many more things upon themselves than they were willing to own; and that fate was perhaps more the fulfilment of our tacit ambitions than our overt

acts. This bit of philosophy, which I confess I thought fine, did not seem to impress Kendricks. He merely said that it must be great fun to have the chance of baffling the malice of circumstance in a case like that, and I perceived that he felt nothing complex in the situation. In fact, I doubt whether youth perceives anything complex in life. To the young life is a very plain case. To be sure, they are much more alarmed than their elders at getting tangled up in its web at times, but that is because they have not our experience in getting untangled, and think they are never going to get out alive. When they do, they think that is the only tangle they are ever going to be in, and do not know that they are simply going on from one to another as long as there is enough of them left to be caught in a mesh. To Kendricks we Marches were merely two amiable people, who had fancied doing a pleasant thing for a beautiful girl that accident had thrown it into our power to befriend, and were by no means the trembling arbiters of her destiny we felt ourselves to be. The difference between his objective sense and my subjective sense was the difference between his twenty-seven years and my fifty-two, and while this remained I saw that it would be useless to try to get on common ground with him, or to give him our point of view. If I were to speak to him at all, it must be with authority, with the right of one who stood in the place of the girl's parents, and had her happiness at heart. That is, it was something like that; but my words say it too bluntly. I found myself beginning, «I have rather had a notion that her father might come on, and take the enterprise off our hands,» though, to tell the truth, I had never imagined such a thing, which came into my head at that moment through an association with the thought of parents.

«Have you any idea what sort of man he is?» asked Kendricks.

«Oh, some little local magnate, president of the village, and president of the village bank; I fancy the chief figure in the place, but probably as ignorant of our world as a Cherokee.»

«Well, I don't know,» said the young fellow. «Do you think that follows because he does n't live in it?» I could see that he did not quite like what I had said. «I suppose ours is rather a small world.»

«The smallest of all worlds,» I answered. «And in the eyes of Papa Gage, if they could once be focused upon it, our world would shrivel to an atom.»

«Do you think,» he asked, with a manifest anxiety, «that it would in hers?»

«No; she is not the American people, and her father is, as I fancy him. I make out from the vague hints that Brother Deering (as Fulkerson would call him) dropped when he talked about him that Papa Gage is a shrewd, practical, home-keeping, business man, with an eye single to the main chance, lavish, but not generous, Philistine to the backbone, blindly devoted to his daughter, and contemptuous of all the myriad mysteries of civilization that he does n't understand. I don't know why I should be authorized to imagine him personally long and lank, with possibly a tobacco habit of some sort. His natural history, upon no better authority, is that of a hard-headed farmer, who found out that farming could never be more than a livelihood, and came into the village, and began to lend money, and get gain, till he was in a position to help found the De Witt Point National Bank, and then, by weight of his moneyed solidity, imposed himself upon the free and independent voters of the village, —a majority of them under mortgage to him,—and became its president. It is n't a pleasant type, but it 's ideally American.»

«Yes,» said Kendricks, ruefully.

«But his daughter,» I continued, «is probably altogether different. There is something fine about her—really fine. Our world would n't shrivel in her eye; it would probably swell up and fill the universe,» I added by an impulse that came from nowhere irresistibly upon me; «that is, if she could see *you* in it.»

«What do you mean?» he asked with a start.

«Oh, now I must tell you what I mean,» I said desperately. «It 's you that have complicated this case so dreadfully for us. Can't you think why?»

«No, I can't,» he said; but he had to say that.

His fine, sensitive face flamed at once so fire-red that it could only turn pale for a change when I plunged on: «I 'm afraid we 've trifled with her happiness»; and this formulation of the case disgusted me so much that I laughed wildly, and added, «unless we 've trifled with yours, too.»

«I don't know why you call it trifling with happiness,» he returned with dignity, but without offense. «If you will leave her out of the question, I will say that you have given me the greatest happiness of my life in introducing me to Miss Gage.»

«Now,» I demanded, «may I ask what *you* mean? You know I would n't if I did n't feel

bound for her sake, and if you had n't said just what you have said. You need n't answer me unless you like! It 's pleasant to know that you 've not been bored, and Mrs. March and I are infinitely obliged to you for helping us out.»

Kendricks made as if he were going to say something, and then he did not. He hung his head lower and lower in the silence which I had to break for him:

«I hope I have n't been intrusive, my dear fellow. This is something I felt bound to speak of. You know we could n't let it go on. Mrs. March and I have blamed ourselves a good deal, and we could n't let it go on. But I 'm afraid I have n't been as delicate with you—»

«Oh! delicate!» He lifted his head and flashed a face of generous self-reproach upon me. «It 's *I* that have n't been delicate with *you*. I 've been monstrously indelicate. But I never meant to be, and—and—I was coming to see you just now when we met—to see you—Miss Gage—and ask her—tell her that we—I—must tell you and Mrs. March— Mr. March, at the hop last night I asked her to be my wife, and as soon as she can hear from her father— But the first thing when I woke this morning, I saw that I must tell Mrs. March and you. And you—you must forgive us—or me, rather; for it was my fault—for not telling you last night—at once—oh, thank you! thank you!»

I had seized his hand, and was wringing it vehemently in expression of my pleasure in what he had told me. In that first moment I felt nothing but pure joy and an immeasurable relief. I drew my breath, a very deep and full one, in a sudden, absolute freedom from anxieties which had been none the less real and constant because so often burlesqued. Afterward considerations presented themselves to alloy my rapture, but for that moment, as I say, it was nothing but rapture. There was no question in it of the lovers' fitness for each other, of their acceptability to their respective families, of their general conduct, or of their especial behavior toward us. All that I could realize was that it was a great escape for both of us, and a great triumph for me. I had been afraid that I should not have the courage to speak to Kendricks of the matter at all, much less ask him to go away; and here I had actually spoken to him, with the splendid result that I need only congratulate him on his engagement to the young lady whose unrequited affections I had been wishing him to spare. I don't remember just the terms I used in doing this, but they seemed satisfactory to Kendricks; probably a repetition of the letters of the alphabet would have been equally acceptable. At last I said, «Well, now I must go and tell the great news to Mrs. March,» and I shook hands with him again; we had been shaking hands at half-minutely intervals ever since the first time.

XVIII.

I SAW Mrs. March waiting for me on the hotel veranda. She wore her bonnet, and she warned me not to approach, and then ran down to meet me.

«Well, my dear,» she said, as she pushed her hand through my arm and began to propel me away from the sight and hearing of people on the piazza, «I hope you did n't make a fool of yourself with Kendricks. They 're engaged!»

She apparently expected me to be prostrated by this stroke. «Yes,» I said, very coolly; «I was just coming to tell you.»

«How did you know it? Who told you? Did Kendricks? I don't believe it!» she cried in an excitement not unmixed with resentment.

«No one told me,» I said. «I simply divined it.»

She did n't mind that for a moment. «Well, I 'm glad he had the grace to do so, and I hope he did it before you asked him any leading questions.» Without waiting to hear whether this was so or not, she went on, with an emphasis on the next word that almost blotted it out of the language, «*She* came back to me almost the instant you were gone, and told me everything. She said she wanted to tell me last night, but she had n't the courage, and this morning, when she saw that I was beginning to hint up to Mr. Kendricks a little, she had n't the courage at all. I sent her straight off to telegraph for her father. She is behaving splendidly. And now, what are *we* going to do?»

«What the rest of the world is—nothing. It seems to me that we are out of the story, my dear. At any rate, I sha'n't attempt to compete with Miss Gage in splendid behavior, and I hope *you* won't. It would be so easy for us. I wonder what Papa Gage is going to be like.»

I felt my thrill of apprehension impart itself to her. «Yes!» she gasped; «what if he should n't like it?»

«Well, then, that 's his affair.» But I did not feel so lightly about it as I spoke, and from time to time during the day I was over-

taken with a cold dismay at the thought of the unknown quantity in the problem.

When we returned to the hotel after a tour of the block, we saw Kendricks in our corner of the veranda with Miss Gage. They were both laughing convulsively, and they ran down to meet us in yet wilder throes of merriment.

«We 've just been comparing notes,» he said, «and at the very moment when I was telling you, Mr. March, Julia was telling Mrs. March.»

«Wonderful case of telepathy,» I mocked. «Give it to the Psychical Research.»

They both seemed a little daunted, and Miss Gage said, «I know Mr. March does n't like the way we 've done.»

«Like it!» cried Mrs. March, contriving to shake me a little with the hand she still had in my arm. «Of course he likes it. He was just saying *you* had behaved splendidly. He said *he* would n't attempt to compete with you. But you must n't regard him in the least.»

I admired the skill with which Isabel saved her conscience in this statement too much to dispute it; and I suppose that whatever she had said, Miss Gage would have been reassured. I cannot particularly praise the wisdom of her behavior during that day, or, for the matter of that, the behavior of Kendricks either. The ideal thing would have been for him to keep away now till her father came, but it seemed to me that he was about under our feet all the while, and that she, so far from making him remain at his own hotel, encouraged him to pass the time at ours.

Without consulting me, Mrs. March asked him to stay to dinner after he had stayed all the forenoon, and he made this a pretext for spending the afternoon in our corner of the veranda. She made me give it up to him and Miss Gage, so that they could be alone together, though I must say they did not seem to mind us a great deal when we were present; he was always leaning on the back of her chair, or sitting next her with his hand dangling over it in a manner that made me sick. I wondered if I was ever such an ass as that, and I quite lost the respect for Kendricks's good sense and good taste which had been the ground of my liking for him.

I felt myself withdrawn from the affair farther and farther in sympathy since it had now passed beyond my control; and I resented the strain of the responsibility which I had thrown off, I found, only for a moment, and must continue to suffer until the girl's father appeared and finally relieved me. The worst was that I had to bear it alone. It was impossible to detach Mrs. March's interest from Miss Gage as a girl who had just been made love to long enough to enable her to realize her as a daughter with filial ties and duties. She did try in a perfunctory way to do it, but I could see that she never gave her mind to it. I could not even make her share my sense of my own culpability, a thing she was only too willing to do in most matters. She admitted that it was absurd for me to have let my fancy play about the girl when I first saw her until we felt that I must do something for her; but I could not get her to own that we had both acted preposterously in letting Mrs. Deering leave Miss Gage in our charge. In the first place, she denied that she had been left in our charge. She had simply been left in the hotel where we were staying, and we should have been perfectly free to do nothing for her. But when Kendricks turned up so unexpectedly, it was quite natural we should ask him to be polite to her. Mrs. March saw nothing strange in all that. What was I worrying about? What she had been afraid of was that he had not been in love with the girl when she was so clearly in love with him. But now!

«And suppose her father does n't like it?»

«Not like Mr. Kendricks!» She stared at me, and I could see how infatuated she was.

I was myself always charmed with the young fellow. He was not only good and generous and handsome, and clever,—I never thought him a first-class talent,—but he was beautifully well bred, and he was very well born, as those things go with us. That is, he came of people who had not done much of anything for a generation, and had acquired merit with themselves for it. They were not very rich, but they had a right to think that he might have done nothing, or done something better than literature; and I wish I could set forth exactly the terms, tacit and explicit, in which his mother and sisters condoned his dereliction to me at a reception where he presented me to them. In virtue of his wish to do something, he had become a human being, and they could not quite follow him; but they were very polite in tolerating me, and trying to make me feel that I was not at all odd, though he was so queer in being proud of writing for my paper, as they called it. He was so unlike them all that I liked him more than ever after meeting them. Still, I could imagine a fond father, as I imagined Miss Gage's father to be, objecting to him, on some grounds at least, till

he knew him, and Mrs. March apparently could not imagine even this.

I do not know why I should have prefigured Miss Gage's father as tall and lank. She was not herself so very tall, though she was rather tall than short, and though she was rather of the Diana or girlish type of goddess, she was by no means lank. Yet it was in this shape that I had always thought of him, perhaps through an obscure association with his fellow-villager, Deering. I had fancied him saturnine of spirit, slovenly of dress, and lounging of habit, upon no authority that I could allege, and I was wholly unprepared for the neat, small figure of a man, very precise of manner and scrupulous of aspect, who said, «How do you do, sir? I hope I see you well, sir,» when his daughter presented us to each other, the morning after the eventful day described, and he shook my hand with his very small, dry hand.

I could not make out from their manner with each other whether they had been speaking of the great matter in hand or not. I am rather at a loss about people of that Philistine make as to what their procedure will be in circumstances where I know just what people of my own sort of sophistication would do. These would come straight at the trouble, but I fancy that with the other sort the convention is a preliminary reserve. I found Mr. Gage disposed to prolong, with me at least, a discussion of the weather and the aspects of Saratoga, the events of his journey from De Witt Point, and the hardship of having to ride all the way to Mooer's Junction in a stage-coach. I felt more and more, while we bandied these futilities, as if Mr. Gage had an overdue note of mine, and was waiting for me, since I could not pay it, to make some proposition toward its renewal; and he did really tire me out at last, so that I said, «Well, Mr. Gage, I suppose Miss Gage has told you something of the tremendous situation that has developed itself here?»

I thought I had better give the affair such smiling character as a jocose treatment might impart, and the dry little man twinkled up responsively so far as manner was concerned. «Well, yes, yes. There has been some talk of it between us,» and again he left the word to me.

«Mrs. March urged your daughter to send for you at once because that was the right and fit thing to do, and because we felt that the affair had now quite transcended our powers, such as they were, and nobody could really cope with it but yourself. I hope you were not unduly alarmed by the summons?»

«Not at all. She said in the despatch that she was not sick. I had been anticipating a short visit to Saratoga for some days, and my business was in a shape so that I could leave.»

«Oh!» I said vaguely, «I am very glad. Mrs. March felt, as I did, that circumstances had given us a certain obligation in regard to



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE MEETING OF MR. GAGE AND MR. MARCH.

Miss Gage, and we were anxious to discharge it faithfully and to the utmost. We should have written to you, summoned you, before if we could have supposed—or been sure; but you know these things go on so obscurely, and we acted at the very first possible moment, I wish you to understand that. We talked it over a great deal, and I hope you will believe that we studied throughout—that we were most solicitous from beginning to end for Miss Gage's happiness, and that if we could have foreseen or imagined—if we could have taken any steps—I trust you will believe—» I was furious at myself for being so confoundedly apologetic, for I was thinking all the time of the bother and affliction we had had with the girl; and there sat that little wooden image accepting my self-inculpations, and

apparently demanding more of me; but I could not help going on in the same strain: «We felt especially bound in the matter, from the fact that Mr. Kendricks was a personal friend of ours, whom we are very fond of, and we both are very anxious that you should not suppose that we promoted, or that we were not most vigilant—that we were for a moment forgetful of your rights in such an affair—»

I stopped, and Mr. Gage passed his hand across his little meager, smiling mouth.

«Then he is not a connection of yours, Mr. March?»

«Bless me, no!» I said in great relief; «we are not so swell as that.» And I tried to give him some notion of Kendricks's local quality, repeating a list of agglutinated New York surnames to which his was more or less affiliated. They always amuse me, those names, which more than any in the world give the notion of social straining; but I doubt if they affected the imagination of Mr. Gage, either in this way, or in the way I meanly meant them to affect him.

«And what did you say his business was?» he asked, with that implication of a previous statement on your part which some people think it so clever to make when they question you.

I always hate it, and I avenged myself by answering simply, «Bless my soul, he has no business!» and letting him take up the word now or not, as he liked.

«Then he is a man of independent means?»

I could not resist answering, «Independent means? Kendricks has no means whatever.» But having dealt this blow, I could add, «I believe his mother has some money. They are people who seem to live comfortably.»

«Then he has no profession?» asked Mr. Gage, with a little more stringency in his smile.

«I don't know whether you will call it a profession. He is a writer.»

«Ah!» Mr. Gage softly breathed. «Does he write for your—paper?»

I noted that as to the literary technicalities he seemed not to be much more ignorant than Kendricks's own family, and I said tolerantly, «Yes; he writes for our magazine.»

«Magazine—yes; I beg your pardon,» he interrupted.

«And for any others where he can place his material.»

This apparently did not convey any very luminous idea to Mr. Gage's mind, and he asked, after a moment, «What kind of things does he write?»

«Oh, stories, sketches, poems, reviews, essays—almost anything, in fact.»

The light left his face, and I perceived that I had carried my revenge too far, at least for Kendricks's advantage, and I determined to take a new departure at the first chance. The chance did not come immediately.

«And can a man support a wife by that kind of writing?» asked Mr. Gage.

I laughed uneasily. «Some people do. It depends upon how much of it he can sell. It depends upon how handsomely a wife wishes to be supported. The result is n't usually beyond the dreams of avarice,» I said with a desperate levity.

«Excuse me,» returned the little man. «Do you live in that way? By your writings?»

«No,» I said with some state, which I tried to subdue; «I am the editor of 'Every Other Week,' and part owner. Mr. Kendricks is merely a contributor.»

«Ah,» he breathed again. «And if he were successful in selling his writings, how much could he probably make in a year?»

«In a year?» I repeated to gain time. «Mr. Kendricks is comparatively a beginner. Say fifteen hundred—two thousand—twenty-five hundred.»

«And that would not go very far in New York?»

«No; that would not go far in New York.» I was beginning to find a certain pleasure in dealing so frankly with this hard little man. I liked to see him suffer, and I could see that he did suffer; he suffered as a father must who learns that from a pecuniary point of view his daughter is imprudently in love. Why should we always regard such a sufferer as a comic figure? He is, if we think of it rightly, a most serious, even tragical figure, and at all events a most respectable figure. He loves her, and his heart is torn between the wish to indulge her, and the wish to do what will be finally best for her. Why should our sympathies, in such a case, be all for the foolish young lovers? They ought in great measure to be for the father, too. Something like a sense of this smote me, and I was ashamed in my pleasure.

«Then I should say, Mr. March, that this seems a most undesirable engagement for my daughter. What should you say? I ask you to make the case your own.»

«Excuse me,» I answered; «I would much rather not make the case my own, Mr. Gage, and I must decline to have you consult me. I think that in this matter I have done all that I was called upon to do. I have told you what I know of Mr. Kendricks's circumstances

and connections. As to his character, I can truly say that he is one of the best men I ever knew. I believe in his absolute purity of heart, and he is the most unselfish, the most generous—»

Mr. Gage waved the facts aside with his hand. «I don't undervalue those things. If I could be master, no one should have my girl without them. But they do not constitute a livelihood. From what you tell me of Mr. Kendricks's prospects, I am not prepared to say that I think the outlook is brilliant. If he has counted upon my supplying a deficiency—»

«Oh, excuse me, Mr. Gage! Your insinuation—»

«Excuse *me!*» he retorted. «I am making no insinuation. I merely wish to say that, while my means are such as to enable me to live in comfort at De Witt Point, I am well aware that much more would be needed in New York to enable my daughter to live in the same comfort. I'm not willing she should live in less. I think it is my duty to say that I am not at all a rich man, and if there has been any supposition that I am so, it is a mistake which cannot be corrected too soon.»

This time I could not resent his insinuation, for since he had begun to speak I had become guiltily aware of having felt a sort of ease in regard to Kendricks's modesty of competence from a belief, given me, I suspect, by the talk of Deering, that Mr. Gage had plenty of money, and could come to the rescue in any amount needed. I could only say, «Mr. Gage, all this is so far beyond my control that I ought not to allow you to say it to me. It is something that you must say to Mr. Kendricks.»

As I spoke I saw the young fellow come round the corner of the street, and mount the hotel steps. He did not see me, for he did not look toward the little corner of lawn where Mr. Gage and I had put our chairs for the sake of the morning shade, and for the seclusion that the spot afforded us. It was at the angle of the house farthest from our peculiar corner of the piazza, whither I had the belief that the girl had withdrawn when she left me to her father. I was sure that Kendricks would seek her there, far enough beyond eyeshot or earshot of us, and I had no doubt that she was expecting him.

«You are Mr. Kendricks's friend—»

«I have tried much more to be Miss Gage's friend; and Mrs. March—» It came into my mind that she was most selfishly and shamelessly keeping out of the way, and I could not go on and celebrate her magnanimous impartiality, her eager and sleepless vigilance.

«I have no doubt of that,» said the little man, «and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken on my daughter's account. But you are his friend, and I can speak to you much more fully and frankly than I could to him.»

I did not know just what to say to this, and he went on: «In point of fact, I don't think that I shall speak to him at all.»

«That is quite your affair, my dear sir,» I said dryly. «It is n't to be supposed that you would seek an interview with him.»

«And if he seeks an interview with me, I shall decline it.» He looked at me defiantly and yet interrogatively. I could see that he was very angry, and yet uncertain.

«I must say, then, Mr. Gage, that I don't think you would be right.»

«How, not right?»

«I should say that in equity he had a full and perfect right to meet you, and to talk this matter over with you. He has done you no wrong whatever in admiring your daughter, and wishing to marry her. It 's for you and for her to decide whether you will let him. But as far as his wish goes, and his expression of it to her, he is quite within his rights. You must see that yourself.»

«I consider,» he answered, «that he *has* done me a wrong in that very thing. A man without means, or any stated occupation, he had no business to speak to my daughter without speaking to me. He took advantage of the circumstances. What does he think? Does he suppose I am *made* of money? Does he suppose I want to support a son-in-law? I can tell you that if I were possessed of unlimited means, I should not do it.» I began to suspect that Deering was nearer right, after all, in his representations of the man's financial ability; I fancied something of the anxiety, the tremor of avarice, in his resentment of poor Kendricks's possible, or rather impossible, designs upon his pocket. «If he had any profession, or any kind of business, I should feel differently, and I should be willing to assist him to a reasonable degree; or if he had a business training, I might take him in with me; but as it is, I should have a helpless burden on my hands, and I can tell you I am not going in for that sort of thing. I shall make short work of it. I shall decline to meet Mr. Hendricks, or Kendricks, and I shall ask you to say as much to him from me.»

«And I shall decline to be the bearer of any such message from you, Mr. Gage,» I answered, and I saw, not without pleasure, the bewilderment that began to mix with his arrogance.

«Very well, then, sir,» he answered, after

a moment; «I shall simply take my daughter away with me, and that will end it.»

The prim little, grim little man looked at me with his hard eyes, and set his lips so close that the beard on the lower one stuck out at me with a sort of additional menace. I felt that he was too capable of doing what he said, and I lost myself in a sense of his sordidness, a sense which was almost without a trace of compassion.

It seemed as if I were a long time under the spell of this, and the sight of his repugnant face; but it could really have been merely a moment, when I heard a stir of drapery on the grass near us, and the soft, rich voice of Miss Gage saying, «Papa!»

We both started to our feet. I do not know whether she had heard what he said or not. We had spoken low, and in the utmost vehemence of his speech he did not lift his voice. In any case, she did not heed what he said.

«Papa,» she repeated, «I want you to come up and see Mrs. March on the piazza. And—Mr. Kendricks is there.»

I had a wild desire to laugh at what followed, and yet it was not without its pathos. «I—I—hm! hm! I—cannot see Mr. Kendricks just at present. I—the fact is, I do not want to see him. It is better—not. I think you had better get ready to go home with me at once, daughter. I—hm!—cannot approve of any engagement to Mr. Kendricks, and I—prefer not to meet him.» He stopped.

Miss Gage said nothing, and I cannot say that she looked anything. She simply *clouded up*, if I may so express the effect that came and remained upon her countenance, which was now the countenance she had shown me the first evening I saw her, when I saw the Deerings cowering in its shadow. I had no need to look at the adamantine little man before her to know that he was softening into wax, and in fact, I felt a sort of indecency in beholding his inteneration, for I knew that it came from his heart, and had its consecration through his love for her.

That is why I turned away, and do not know to this moment just how the change she desired in him was brought about. I will not say that I did not look back from a discreet distance, and continue looking until I saw them start away together, and move in the direction of that corner of the piazza where Kendricks was waiting with Mrs. March.

It appeared, from her account, that Mr. Gage, with no uncommon show of ill-will, but with merely a natural dryness, suffered Kendricks to be presented to him, and entered upon some preliminary banalities with him, such as he had used in opening a conversation with me. Before these came to a close Mrs. March had thought it well to leave the three together.

Afterward, when we knew the only result that the affair could have, she said, «The girl has a powerful will. I wonder what the mother was like.»

«Yes; evidently she did n't get that will from her father. I have still a sense of exhaustion from it in our own case. What do you think it portends for poor Kendricks?»

«Poor Kendricks?» she repeated thoughtfully. «Yes; in that sense I suppose you might call him poor. It is n't an equal thing as far as nature, as character, goes. But is n't it always dreadful to see two people who have made up their minds to get married?»

«It 's very common,» I suggested.

«That does n't change the fact, or lessen the risk. She is very beautiful, and now he is in love with her beautiful girlhood. But after a while the girlhood will go.»

«And the girl will remain,» I said.

W. D. Howells.



A STUDY OF MENTAL EPIDEMICS.

IN looking back to the medieval ages, we find them to be times in which abnormal social phenomena were displayed on a grand scale—times teeming with mobs, riots, revolts; with blind movements of vast human masses; with terrible epidemics that ravaged Europe from end to end. They were ages peculiar for the strange, striking fact that whole cities, extensive provinces, great countries, were stricken by one disease. Men went mad in packs, by the thousands. An obscure individual in some remote country place had fits of hysterics, and soon all Europe was wriggling and struggling in convulsions of hysterical insanity. The dark ages were strange, peculiar—so, at least, do they appear to us, who consider ourselves vastly superior to the poor, ignorant medieval peasant, burgher, knight, with their superstitious, religious fervor, and recurrent epidemic insanities. I am afraid, however, that a similar fate may overtake us. May not a future historian look back to our own times with dismay, and perhaps with horror? He will represent our age as dark and cruel—an age of the blind, senseless Napoleonic wars, of great commercial panics, industrial crises, Black Fridays, Coxey armies, and mobs and crazes of all sorts and descriptions.

The sentinel posted by wasps becomes agitated at the sight of danger, and flies into the interior of the nest, buzzing violently; other wasps raise a buzzing, and are thus put into the same state of emotion which the sentinel experiences: they become uneasy, angry, aggressive. Susceptibility to the movements of his companions by passing through the same motor processes is the only way by which the social brute can become aware of the emotions that agitate his comrades. Susceptibility is the cement of the herd, the very soul of the primitive social group. A herd of sheep stand packed close together, looking stupidly into space; frighten them, and if one begins to run, frantic with terror, the rest are sure to follow, and a stampede ensues, each sheep scrupulously reproducing the identical movements of the one in front of it. Now, this susceptibility is nothing but what we, in relation to man, call suggestibility, which consists in the impressing on the mind of an idea, image, movement, which the person reproduces voluntarily or involuntarily. Suggestibility, then, is natural to man as a social animal. Under certain conditions this suggestibility, which is always present in man, may increase to an extraordinary degree, and the result is a stampede, a mob, an epidemic.

«I protest,» says Dr. Moll, a great authority in hypnotism, «against the terminology which has been to a great extent adopted, and which many doctors have helped to propagate, but which is none the less erroneous. It is often said that hypnotized persons are ‹asleep,› and the two states have been partly identified. I think this a misuse of words, since there are a whole series of hypnotic states in which not one symptom of sleep appears, and mistaken conclusions are often drawn from the mistaken terminology, with resulting confusion. *Susceptibility to suggestion is the chief phenomenon of hypnosis.*» And he goes on to say that, «however strange and paradoxical the phenomena of hypnosis may appear to us at first sight, we may be sure that there is no absolute difference between hypnotic and non-hypnotic states.» Man carries within him the germ of the possible mob, of the epidemic. As a social being he is naturally suggestible; but when this susceptibility to suggestion becomes under certain conditions abnormally intense, we may say that he is thrown into a hypnotic state. We know that a limitation of voluntary move-

ments induces light hypnosis, which is characterized by inhibition of the will; the memory is unaffected; self-consciousness remains intact, and the subject is perfectly aware of all that goes on: a loss of voluntary movements is one of its chief phenomena. Keeping this in mind, we can understand to a certain extent medieval life. *The medieval man was in a state of light hypnosis.* This was induced in him by the great limitation of his voluntary movements, by the inhibition of his will, by the social pressure which was exerted on him by the great weight of authority to which his life was subjected. The life of the medieval man was regulated down to its least detail. The order, the guild, the commune, the church, had minute regulations for all exigencies of life. Nothing was left to individual enterprise. Even love had its rules: there were laws governing love-making, and the treatment by a man of the lady of his heart. There were curious love trials, one of the lovers accusing the other of having trespassed some fixed rule of love. Society was divided and subdivided into numerous parts, each having its own fixed rules, each leading its own secluded, narrow, dwarfish life. Bound fast by the strings of authority, medieval men were reduced to the state of hypnotic automata.

The religious ecstasy that animated the medieval man was especially favorable to his spontaneous self-hypnotization; for, as Ribot points out, ecstasy is mono-ideism, the intense concentration of attention on one object, an essential condition of hypnosis.[1]

The most striking phenomenon in medieval history is that of the crusades, which agitated European nations for about two centuries, and cost them about seven million men. People were drawn by an irresistible longing toward the Holy Sepulcher, which fascinated their mental gaze, just as the butterfly is blindly drawn toward the candle. This attraction of devout Christians by the Holy Sepulcher manifested itself in pilgrimages, which at first were rare, but gradually spread, and became a universal mania. Bishops abandoned their dioceses, princes their dominions, to visit the tomb of Christ. At the time of its highest tide, the flood of pilgrims was suddenly stopped by the Seljukian Turks, who conquered Palestine about 1076. As a maniac, when thwarted in his purpose, becomes raving and violent, so did Europe become when the flood-gates of the pilgrim torrent were stopped, and only drops were let to trickle through. European humanity fell into a fit of acute mania, which expressed itself in the savage ecstasy of the first crusade. Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban II were the heroes who first broke the ice, and directed the popular current to the conquest of the Holy Land. The fiery appeals of the emaciated, dwarfish hermit Peter carried everything before them. The frenzy which had unsettled the mind of the hermit was by him communicated to his hearers, and they became enraptured, entranced with the splendid schemes he unfolded. Meantime Pope Urban II convoked two councils, one after another; at the second council, that of Clermont, the pope addressed a multitude of thousands of people. His speech was at first listened to in solemn silence. Gradually, however, as he proceeded, sobs broke out. «Listen to nothing,» he exclaimed, «but the groans of Jerusalem! . . . And remember that the Lord has said, ‹He that will not take up his cross and follow me is unworthy of me.› You are soldiers of the cross; wear, then, on your breasts or on your shoulders the blood-red sign of him who died for the salvation of your soul!» Leaving the fields and towns, agricultural serfs and petty traders displayed intense eagerness to reach the Holy City. If a rational individual interfered with a word of warning, their only answer was the suggestion of the pope: «He who will not follow me is unworthy of me.» Heinrich von Sybel, in speaking of the first crusade, tells us that «we can hardly understand such a state of mind. It was much as if a large army were now to embark in balloons, in order to conquer an island between the earth and the moon, which was also expected to contain the paradise.» Swarms of men of different races, with their wives and daughters, with infants taken from the cradle, and grandsires on the verge of the grave, and many sick and dying, came from every direction, all of them ready to be led to the conquest of the Holy Land. Peter the Hermit, Walter the Penniless and Gottschalk became the heroes, the ringleaders of the mobs, which were cut to pieces before they reached Palestine. Then followed an army led by pilgrim princes, who succeeded in conquering the Holy Land, and founded there a Christian kingdom; but this kingdom

[1] In my experiments in suggestion made in the Psychological Laboratory of Harvard College I found that when the attention, in perfectly normal people, was concentrated on one point for some time, say twenty seconds, commands suddenly given at the end of that time were very often immediately carried out by the subjects. Concentration of attention on one point is highly favorable to suggestibility.

was unstable, and it fell again and again into the hands of the unbelievers, and crusade after crusade was organized, each being a weaker copy of the preceding, until 1272, when the crusade epidemic was completely at an end. During the same period of time there were also Western crusades against the Arabians in Spain, and against the unfortunate Albigenses in southern France. In the crusade against the Albigenses, according to Albert von Stade, a peculiar religious mania broke out among women: thousands of them, stark naked, and in deep silence, as if stricken with dumbness, ran frantically about the streets; in Lüttich many of them fell into convulsions of ecstasy.

The abnormal suggestibility of medieval society was most clearly seen in the crusades of children. About 1212, between the fourth and fifth crusades, Stephen, a shepherd boy at Cloyes, in imitation of his elders, began to preach to children of a holy war. Stephen soon became the rage of the day; the shrines were abandoned to listen to his words. He even worked miracles. The appeal of Stephen to the children to save the Holy Sepulcher aroused in the young a longing to join him in the holy pilgrimage. The crusade epidemic rapidly spread among the little ones. Everywhere there arose children of ten years, and some even as young as eight, who claimed to be prophets sent by Stephen in the name of God. When the «prophets» had gathered sufficient numbers, they began to march through towns and villages. Like a true epidemic, it spared neither boys nor girls: according to the statements of the chroniclers, there was a large proportion of little girls in the multitudes of hypnotized children. The king, Philip Augustus, by the advice of the University of Paris, issued an edict commanding the children to return to their homes; but the religious suggestions were stronger than the king's command, and the children continued to assemble unimpeded. Fathers and mothers brought to bear upon the young all the influence they had to check this dangerous migration mania, but of no avail. Persuasions, threats, punishments, were as futile as the king's command. Bolts and bars could not hold the children. If shut up, they broke through doors and windows, and rushed to take their places in the processions which they saw passing by. If the children were forcibly detained so that escape was impossible, they pined away like migratory birds kept in seclusion. In a village near Cologne, Nicholas, a boy of ten, began to play at crusade-preaching. Thousands of children flocked to him from all sides. As in France, all opposition was of no avail. Parents, friends, and pastors sought to restrain them by force or appeal; but the young ones pined so that, as the chroniclers say, their lives were frequently endangered, as by disease, and it was necessary to allow them to depart. Hosts of children assembled in the city of Cologne to start on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. There they were divided into two armies, one under the leadership of Nicholas, the boy-prophet, the other under some unknown leader. The armies of the little crusaders, like Coxey's army of our own times, were soon reduced in numbers by mere lack of food. After many tribulations, the army led by Nicholas, considerably reduced in size, reached Rome, where the pope, Innocent III, succeeded in diverting this stream of little pilgrims back to Germany. Ruined, degraded, and ridiculed, the poor German children reached their homes; and when asked what they in reality wanted, the children, as if aroused from a narcotic state, answered that they did not know. The other German army had a worse fate. After untold sufferings and enormous loss of numbers, they reached Brindisi, where they were treated with extreme cruelty. The boys were seized by the citizens and sold into slavery, and the girls were maltreated and sold into dens of infamy. The French little crusaders met with a similar fate. When, after a long and fatiguing journey, they at last reached Marseilles, two pious merchants voluntarily offered to provide vessels to convey the children to Palestine. Half of the vessels suffered shipwreck, and the rest were directed to the shores of Africa, where the little pilgrims fell into the hands of the Turks and Arabians. The two pious merchants were slave-dealers.

The medieval ages present us with an uninterrupted chain of epidemics. No sooner did the crusade mania abate than another epidemic took its place—that of the flagellants. The initiator, the hero of the solemn processions of the flagellants, is said to have been St. Anthony. In 1260 the flagellants appeared in Italy. «An unexampled spirit of remorse,» writes a chronicler, «suddenly seized on the minds of the Italians. The fear of Christ fell on people noble and ignoble, old and young; and even children of five marched through the streets with no covering but a scarf round the waist. All carried a scourge of leathern thongs, which they applied to their bodies, amid sighs and tears, with such violence that the blood flowed from

the wounds. The flagellant epidemic spread into Germany, and penetrated even into Poland. As it was slowly dying out, there arose another terrible epidemic, the «black death,» with its horrible persecutions of the Jews. No sooner was the black death over than another epidemic, the dancing-mania, began to spread. In the year 1374, at Aix-la-Chapelle, men and women began suddenly to dance in public, on the streets and in the churches. In wild delirium, and for hours together, they continued dancing, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions. From Aix-la-Chapelle the epidemic spread to the Netherlands. A few months later it broke out at Cologne and at Metz. Peasants left their plows, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties, to join the wild revels; girls and boys quitted their parents, and servants their masters, to look at those strange scenes, and greedily imbibed the poison of mental infection. In the year 1418 Strasburg was visited by this plague. St. Vitus was the patron saint of the dancing-mania, and his name was used as a contra-suggestion. The dancers were conducted to the chapels of St. Vitus, where they were usually cured of the disease. St. Vitus's dance attacked people of all stations. The virulence of this plague decreased as time went on, until the great movement of the Reformation absorbed the attention and energy of Northern nations.

In Italy the dancing-mania took a somewhat different form. There a belief was widely spread that he who was bitten by a tarantula —a species of spider whose sting is no more harmful than that of the ordinary wasp—fell dangerously ill, and could be cured only by dancing. By the end of the fifteenth century tarantism became the plague of Italy. Crowds of affected persons thronged the streets of Italian cities, and danced to the merry tune of the tarantella. Foreigners of every color, negroes, Gipsies, Spaniards, Albanians, were attacked by this plague. So irresistible was the power of social suggestion that even they who fully denied the effects of the tarantula's bite had to succumb to the prejudice of the age.

The following chronological table may, perhaps, show best the unbroken chain of

MEDIEVAL EPIDEMICS.

	A. D.
Pilgrimage mania	1000–1095
Crusade mania	1095–1272
Flagellant mania	1260–1348
Black Death	1348–1350
Persecutions of the Jews	–1383
Dancing-mania: St. John's dance	1374
Dancing-mania: St. Vitus's dance	1418
Dancing-mania: Tarantism	1470

(Dancing-mania: To the end of the 15th century.)

Social suggestibility is individual hypnotization written large. *The laws of hypnotism work on a great scale in society.* No hypnotic suggestion is effective unless it accords with the character, with the subconscious nature, of the subject. The same holds true in the case of social hypnotization. Each nation has its own bent of mind, and suggestions, to be effective, must work in that direction. The Jew is a fair example. Religious emotions are at the basis of his character, and he is also highly susceptible to religious suggestions. The list of Jewish Messiahs is inordinately long. It would take too much space to recount the names of all the «saviors» who appeared among the Jews from the second destruction of the temple down to our own times. A few strong cases, however, will suffice. In the year 1666, on Rosch Haschana (Jewish New Year), a Jew, by name Sabbathai Zevi, declared himself publicly as the long-expected Messiah. The Jewish populace was full of glee at hearing such happy news, and in the ardor of its belief, in the insanity of its religious intoxication, shouted fervently, «Long live the Jewish king, our Messiah!» A maniacal ecstasy took possession of the Jewish mind. Men, women, children fell into fits of hysterics. Business men left their occupations, workmen their trades, and devoted themselves to prayer and penitence. The synagogues resounded with sighs, cries, and sobs for days and nights together. The religious mania became so furious that all the rabbis who opposed it had to save their lives by flight. Among the Persian Jews the excitement ran so high that all the Jewish husbandmen refused to labor in the fields. Even Christians regarded Sabbathai with awe, for this event took place in the apocalyptic year. The fame of Sabbathai spread throughout the world. In Poland, in Germany, in Holland, in England, the course of business was interrupted on the exchange by the gravest Jews breaking off to discuss this wonderful event. The Jews of Amsterdam sent inquiries to their commercial agents in the Levant, and received the brief and emphatic reply, «It is he, and no other!»

Wherever the messages of the Messiah came, there the Jews instituted fast-days, according to the cabalistic regulations of Nathan the prophet, and afterward abandoned themselves to gross intemperance.

The Jewish communities of Amsterdam and Hamburg were especially conspicuous for their absurd religious extravagances. In Amsterdam the Jews marched through the streets, carrying with them rolls of the torah, singing, leaping, and dancing as if possessed. Scenes still more turbulent, licentious, and wild occurred in Hamburg, Venice, Leghorn, Avignon, and in many other cities of Italy, Germany, France, and Poland. The tide of religious mania rose so high that even such learned men as Isaac Aboab, Moses de Aguilar, Isaac Noar, the rich banker and writer Abraam Pereira, and the Spinozist Dr. Benjamin Musaphia, became ardent adherents of the Messiah. Spinoza himself seemed to have followed these strange events with great interest. The tide of religious mania rose higher and higher. In all parts of the world prophets and prophetesses appeared, thus realizing the Jewish belief in the inspired nature of Messianic times; men and women, boys and girls, wriggled in hysterical convulsions, screaming praises to the new Messiah; many went raving about in prophetic raptures, exclaiming, «Sabbathai Zevi is the true Messiah of the race of David; to him the crown and kingdom are given!» The Jews seemed to have gone mad. From all sides rich men came to Sabbathai, putting their wealth at his disposal. Many sold out their houses and all they possessed, and set out for Palestine. So great was the number of pilgrims that the price of passage was considerably raised. Traffic in the greatest commercial centers came to a complete standstill; most of the Jewish merchants and bankers liquidated their affairs. The belief in the divine mission of Sabbathai was made into a religious dogma of equal rank with that of the unity of God. Even when Sabbathai was compelled by the sultan to accept Mohammedanism, the mystico-Messianic epidemic continued to rage with unabated fury. Many stubbornly rejected the fact of his apostasy — it was his shade that had turned Mussulman.

After Sabbathai's death a new prophet appeared, by name Michael Cordozo. His doctrine, in spite of its manifest absurdity, spread like wildfire. «The Son of David,» he said, «will not appear until all Israel is either holy or wicked.» As the latter was by far the easier process, he recommended all true Israelites to hasten the coming of the Messiah by turning Mohammedans. Great numbers, with pious zeal, complied with his advice.

Turning now to the American, who somewhat resembles the Hebrew both in business ability and religiousness, we find social suggestion working in him on a larger and grander scale. The American is highly suggestible, and the short history of his national existence is full of instructive cases of mental epidemics. A few instances will, perhaps, suffice for our purpose. At the beginning of the present century a mania of religious revival swept over the continent of northern America, and reached its acme in the camp-meetings of the «Kentucky revivals.» The first camp-meeting in Kentucky was held at Cabin Creek, and continued four days and three nights. The scene was awful beyond description. The preaching, the praying, the singing, the shouting, the sobbing, the fits of convulsions, made of the camp a pandemonium. Religious suggestion soon affected the idle crowd of spectators, and acted with such virulence that those who tried to escape were either struck by convulsions on the way, or impelled to return by some unknown, irresistible power. The contagion spread with great rapidity, and spared neither age nor sex. The camp-meeting of Indian Creek, Harrison County, is especially interesting and instructive for its bringing clearly to light the terrible power of suggestion. The meeting was at first quiet and orderly. There was, of course, a good deal of praying, singing, and shouting, but still nothing extraordinary occurred. The suggestion, however, did not fail to come, and this time it was given by a child. A boy of twelve mounted a log, and raising his voice, began to preach. In a few moments he became the center of the religious mob. «Thus, O sinners,» he shouted «shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord!» At that moment some one fell to the ground in convulsions, and soon the whole mob was struggling, wriggling, writhing, and «jerking.» In some camp-meetings the religious mob took to dancing, and at last to barking like dogs. Men, women, and children assumed the posture of dogs, moving on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth, and barking.

It would take volumes to recount all the mental epidemics, religious manias, political plagues, speculative insanities, financial crazes and economical panics from which society in general and democracy in particular continually suffer. One thing, however, stands out clear and distinct before the student of Social Psychology, and that is the extreme suggestibility of gregarious man. Man is a suggestible animal, *par excellence*.

Boris Sidis.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.

(A STORY OF SHETLAND.)

BY AMELIA E. BARR,
Author of «Friend Olivia,» «Jan Vedder's Wife,» «The Bow of Orange Ribbon,» etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

III. (continued).

DURING these awful days David did not come near Nanna. It was the last bitter drop in her bitter cup. She was sure that no town ordinance would have kept her from David's side in such an hour, and she despised that obedience to law which could teach him such cowardly neglect. Vala had been in the grave a week when David once more entered Nanna's presence. She was sitting still and empty-handed, and her white face and the quivering of her lips pierced him to the heart. Then she looked round the vacant room, and David understood what she meant. He could not tell what to say; he had no words fit for such sorrow. But there was the truth to speak, and that might have some comfort in it. So he put his hand on her shoulder gently, and said:

«Nanna, dear Nanna, your husband is dead.»

«I am glad,» she answered; «he killed my child twice over.» Her voice was low and weary, and she asked no question about the matter.

«Did you think I had forgotten you, Nanna? Forgotten you and Vala?»

«Well, then, it did look like it.»

«No wonder men think ill of God, whom they do not know, when they are so ready to think ill of men, whom they do know.»

«Oh, David! How could you desert me? Neither words of man nor of law could have kept me from your dying bed. No, indeed! Where were you at all?»

«I was on the *Sea Rover* nursing your husband.»

«My God!»

«That is the truth, Nanna. The minister came to me with the order, and I could not win by it and face God or man again. ‹David Borson,› he said, ‹there are four men ill with typhus this morning on the *Sea Rover*. The man that is yet well is broken down with fright and fatigue. The doctor says some one ought to go there. What do you think?› And I said, ‹Minister, do you mean me?› And he smiled a bit, and answered, ‹I thought you would know your duty, David. You are a lone man, and you fear God; so then you need not fear the fever.›»

«And he knew that you hated Sinclair—knew that Sinclair had come to my house with the fever on him, that he might lift my poor bairn and give her the death kiss.»

«No, no! He would never be as bad as that, Nanna.»

«How could the minister send you such a hard road?»

«It was made easy to me; it was indeed, Nanna. But I was troubled about you and Vala, and I was on my way here when I was turned back. ‹Nanna will see to her child,› said the minister; ‹but there is a strong man required by Nicol Sinclair.› And then he minded me of the man's sinful life, and said maybe it was God's purpose to give him another opportunity for repentance through me. It is an awful thing to die eternally—if perchance I might save even my worst enemy—what should I have done, Nanna?»

«You did right, David. Yes; though the man killed Vala, you did right. Did he have one good thought at the last?»

«He went out in darkness and delirium, and the sea carried him away. So there is no more to be said about him.»

AFTER this the winter came on rapidly and severely. The seas were dangerous, and the fishing poor, and there were many cases of fever as far northward as Yell. Suffering, death, and poverty filled the short days, and made twice as long the stretched-out nights of the dark season. The old cloud gathered again around David, and when the minister preached of «the will and purposes of God» it seemed to him that they were altogether penal.

The sunshine that had brightened his life during the past year was gone; for he had found out that all his happiness was bound up

in his cousin Nanna, and Nanna was on the verge of despair. Day by day she grew thinner and whiter, more melancholy and more silent. She did only work enough to supply the barest needs of life, and for the most part sat hour after hour with dropped hands and closed eyes. Or she was seized with a restlessness that drove her to motion, and then she walked the small bounds of her room until physical exhaustion threw her into a deep sleep.

David watched her with a sad patience. He had felt severely the loss of Vala, and he did not presume to measure Nanna's sorrow by his own. He knew it was natural that for some weeks she should weep for a child so dear, whose little life had been so pitifully wronged, so bound to suffering, so cruelly cut short. But when this natural sorrow was not healed by time, when Nanna nursed her grief to despair, and dwelt with it in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he thought it time to reason with her.

«You will kill yourself, Nanna,» he said.

«I hate life, David; but I am afraid to die. I know that I am sinning every day in weeping for my poor lost bairn, and yet I am that way made that I cannot help but weep for it. For it is my fault, David, all my fault. Why then did He pursue the child with His anger from the first hour of its life to the last? And where is she now? Oh, David, if He would only let me go to her!»

«Nanna, you know not what you are saying. You might be wishing yourself away from His presence.»

«I would rather be with Vala. If that be sinful, let me thole the wages of my sin. Where is my dear bairn? Elder Kennoch says we may have a hope that God will eventually take pity on those babes who have done no actual sin, but when will he take pity? And until he does how can the wee souls endure his anger? Oh, David, my heart will break! My heart will break!»

«When Elga Wick's child died, the minister said there was a benign interpretation of the doctrines which taught none but elect infants died. It would not be just, unless the child were elect, not to give it the offer of salvation.»

«What good would eighty years of ‹offers› do if there was no election to eternal life?»

«Nanna, your father was a child of God, and you have loved him from your youth upward. Well, then, he keeps his mercy for children's children, to the third and fourth generations of them that fear him. Vala was in the succession of faith; surely she was.»

«You know what her father and his folk have been. Oh, why did my father let me marry the man? He should rather have tied me hands and feet, and cast me into the depths of the sea. If he had said to me, ‹Nanna, you may have a bairn, and it may be a child of sin, and thus foreordained to hell fire,› do you think I would have wed Nicol Sinclair?»

«Ay, I think you would. You had set your heart on Nicol at all risks, or else your father's ‹no› would have been sufficient. If we heed not fathers and mothers and teachers, we would not heed, Nanna, no, not if one came from the dead to warn us.»

«That is an awful truth, David.»

«And one must speak truth to heal a wounded soul. If there be a canker in the body you know well the doctor must not spare the sharp knife. But I would not put away hope for Vala; she has kindred in his presence. Will he not remember his promise to them?»

«David, I will tell you the last awful truth. I never could get the poor baby baptized,—things aye went so against it,—and she died without being signed and sealed to his mercy; that is the dreadful part of her death. I was ashamed and afraid to tell you before. Oh, David! If you had stayed by Vala instead of going to that man, you might have won her this saving grace; but it was not to be.»

David almost fainted with the shock of this intelligence. He understood now the anguish which was driving Nanna into the grave. And he had no comfort to offer her, for Nanna seemed to make out a terribly clear case of rejection and foreordained refusal. «I was feared to ask Nicol to stand with the child when it ought to have been presented in the kirk,» she said; «and I was feared to ask my father to stand in Nicol's place, lest it should make Nicol harder to me than he was. And,» she continued, weeping bitterly as she spoke, «I thought not of Vala dying, and hoped that in the future there might be a way opened. If father had lived he would have seen to the child's right, but he was taken just when he was moving in the matter; and then Nicol grew harder and harder, and as for kirk, he would not go there at all, and I had no kin left to take his place. Then the child was hurt, and I was long ill, and Nicol went away, and my friends grew cold, fearing lest I might want a little help, and even the minister was shy and far off; so I came out here with my sorrow and waited.»

«You should have told me this before, Nanna. I would have made the promises for Vala. I would have done so gladly.»

«I thought of that, and then I feared for

Nicol finding it out. How could I set you to do his duty? He would have raged like a roaring lion, and blackened my good name, and yours also, and maybe made it a cause for the knife he was so ready to use. And, David, there are folks—kirk folks, and plenty of them—who would have said, 'There must be something wrong to set Nicol Sinclair to blood-spilling.' And Matilda Sabiston would have spoke out plainly: 'There is something wrong—and this and that, and more to it'; and, being Matilda, no one would have thought of contradicting her; for she gives money to the kirk and the societies, and has left all she has to free slaves. No, there was nothing to be done but thole and be quiet.»

«That might do when Vala was not in danger; but when her life was going why did you not send for the minister?»

«This is what happened; for, David, God's will must be done. No one came here but the doctor. He said on the second day, 'She is not very ill.' At his next visit he said, 'She will die.' And I prayed him to go for the minister, and he said he would certainly do so. Then he was called here and there, and he forgot that day; and the next morning early he went to the manse, and the minister had gone away, and the great storm kept him there three days; so when he got back the message had been overlaid by many others. But after the storm the doctor came again, and Vala was dying, and he rode like a man riding for his life, and spoke harshly to the minister, who was not to blame at all, and the minister was hurt at his words; but he came that afternoon, and it was too late. So he was angry with me for my delays, and he spoke the truth to me, and every word went to my soul like a sword. I thought I should die that night, and I longed to die. There was no friend by me to say a word of comfort, and I did not dare to pray. I was feared that God would ask me, 'Where is your child?' Oh, David, what for at all did God make us?»

David took her hand, and a tear dropped upon her slender brown fingers; but he did not answer her question. Indeed, he could not. The same bewildering inquiry had haunted his own sad life. So much sorrow and pain, and at the end, perhaps, to be «hardly saved,» while all around innumerable souls were going down without hope or helper to eternal wrath. Why at all had God made man for such a fate?

For that he had *not* made man for such ends was a fact outside their understandings even as a possibility, and its very suggestion at this hour would have appeared to both an impiety of the worst kind. So they consoled each other in the only way possible to souls at once so miserable and so submissive. With clasped hands they wept together over the inscrutable fate which had set them so hard a lesson to learn as life, with so little light to learn it by.

IV.

NATURAL events deepened the gloom of this spiritual thraldom; storms of unusual severity swept over the bare, brown land, and the fishing was dangerous, and often impossible. But David regarded frost and snow, stormy winds and raging seas, poverty, pestilence, and death, as part of the eternal necessity pursuing its never-ending work through discord and imperfection. When there was a possibility of casting the fifty fathom of ling-lines, David and his helpers were sure to venture out; when it was impossible, he went to Nanna's, and sat with her.

To the ordinary observer there did not seem to be pleasure enough in these visits to reward him for the stormy walk over the moor. His clothing was often wet, or stiff with frost, or he was breathless with fighting the strong wind, and not unfrequently he lost himself in the bewildering snow: but, with some trifle in his pocket, he always managed to reach Nanna. It might be only a fish, or a loaf of bread which Barbara had baked for her, or a little fresh milk in a bottle: but it was an offering made rich by that true affection which counted weariness rest for her sake.

He generally found her sitting brooding by her peat fire. Now peat is cheap in Shetland, and Nanna had no stint of the fuel, but it does not make a cheerful fire. Its want of flame, and its dull red glow, stimulate sorrowful musing; and as there is little radiation of heat from it, those whom it warms must sit close to its embers. Thus David and Nanna passed many hours of that sad winter. The snow often veiled what light of day there was, and the great sea winds shrieked around the hut, and blew the peat smoke down the chimney into their faces, and there was likely little warmth or comfort, and none of the pretty accessories that love generally delights in. But David's love was not dependent on accidentals. He had seen Nanna when he thought her very finely dressed; he had watched her when she was happy with her child and contented with his friendship: but she was not then more beautiful than she was now, when her eyes were haunted by despairing thoughts, and her face white and sad, and her noble form was shrouded rather than dressed in the black gown of her loss and woe.

To David she was ever Nanna. It was the woman beneath the outward form he desired—the woman whose tears and fears and wounded love were part of his own sufferings; whose despair was his despair; whose personality, even, affected something far deeper and chaster than that physical emotion too often misnamed love. He knew that he could live for her, however sorrowful life might be; he knew that he could gladly die for her if his death could bring her spiritual peace or hope.

Thus, in the red light of the glowing peats, with the stormy world around them, to David and Nanna the winter months wore away. When Nanna was able to weep, she was then at her best—the most companionable, the most grateful, and the most affectionate. And few would think such circumstances favorable to the growth of love: but that is the great mistake. Love is not perfect love until it has been watered again and again with tears.

Of the growth of this affection it is not likely either was quite unaware; but there is an instinctive dislike in a pure heart to investigate the beginnings of love. It is like laying bare the roots of a flower to see how it grows. And in Nanna's case there was even a fear of such a condition. Love had brought to her only heartbreak and despair. Without deliberate intention, she yet grew a little more shy with David; she began to restrain spiritual confidence, and to weep alone. He was not slow to feel the change, and it depressed him, and made Barbara wonder at Nanna's ingratitude and womanish unreason.

«A good man fretting for her love, when there are hearts and hearts full waiting for his asking,» she said to her neighbor Sally Groat; and Sally answered, «Well, well, there is a fool in every one's sleeve sometimes; and David Borson is that daft about blood kin, there is no talking to him. But this is what I say: for all your kindred, make much of your friends—and a friend you have been to him, Barbara.»

«Well, then, I have done my best, and friends are to be taken with their faults. To-day I shall talk to David, for the spring comes on quickly, and I heard that my son's ship had been ‹spoke› in the Iceland seas.»

David had been at sea all night, and was then sleeping; but in the afternoon, as Barbara saw him preparing to go to Nanna's, she said: «I had good news early this morning. My son's ship was met not so far away, and he may get home at any time, and me not thinking of it.»

«Then you want the room, Barbara? I am glad for you, but I must look for a new place to live, and that is bad for me.»

«I was thinking of Nanna Sinclair,» said Barbara, in a musing manner. «People do talk about you and her. I have heard say—»

«‹I have heard say› is half a lie,» answered David.

«I think that, too. But Nanna's good name is to be thought of, and a man does not go every day to see a woman for nothing.»

Then David leaped to his feet with a face like a flame. «The shortest answer is doing the thing,» he muttered, and he walked straight to Nanna's house. The door stood open, and the spring wind, full of the sharp salt savor of the sea, blew life into the little room. Nanna was busy with her knitting, and the soft, lace-like shawl lay upon her knee. David shut the door, and went to her side. His heart was too full to hesitate or choose words; the simplest were the best. He said, «Nanna, I have found out that I love you. Nanna, dearest woman, do you hear me?»

Then her cheeks burned rosy, and she looked at David, and her hands trembled, and the work fell from them.

«Love me a little, my dear! Love me, Nanna.»

«I do love you, David. Who in all the world have I but you?» And the beautiful woman stood up, and he took her within his arms and kissed her.

For a moment or two David was happy; his large, fair face shone; he laughed softly as he drew Nanna to his breast; he was really as intoxicated with joy as some men are with wine. «We will be married next week, Nanna,» he said; «this week—to-morrow, if you will. It has come to this: I must leave Barbara, and there is a house empty close to the quay, and it shall be our home, Nanna; for I have sixty pounds, my dear woman, and at last—at last—»

Before he reached this point he was sensible of some chill, or dissent; but he was not prepared for Nanna's answer: «David, why do you talk of marrying? It is ever that. I will not marry.»

«Not yet? Is it too soon? But why for a dead man will you keep me waiting?»

«I think not of any dead man.»

«Is it Vala? Vala would rejoice in our happiness.»

«I will not marry—no, not any man living!»

«Why did you say that you loved me?»

«I do love you.»

«No; you do not.» He put her gently away from him, and looked at her with a somber sternness. «You do not love me,» he continued; «if you did, you would put me first. You would say, ‹I will be your wife.› You

would delight to make me happy—I, who have never been happy but in sharing your joys and sorrows! But you treat me as light, vain women treat the men who love them, to make slaves of them, and bring them back and back to be hurt. It is not to be so with me. No, indeed! Farewell, Nanna!»

His voice failed him; he turned toward the door, and for a moment Nanna could not realize that he was actually bidding her a final farewell. When she did, she flew to his side, and arrested his hand as it was opening the door.

«Come back! Come back, David!» she entreated. «You are all wrong; you are cruel to me. If you leave me, I shall break my heart. It will be the last blow, David. It is the very truth.»

He hesitated enough to make Nanna weep with passionate distress, and this emotion he was not able to bear. He took her within his arm again, led her to a chair, and sat down at her side, and as he kissed the tears from her face said, «If you do love me—»

«If I do love you!» she interrupted. «I love none but you. You are heart of my heart, and soul of my soul. I hear you coming when you are half a mile away. I have no joy but when you are beside me. I shall die of grief if you leave me in anger. I would count it heaven on earth to be your wife, but I dare not! I dare not!»

She was sobbing piteously when she ended this protestation, and David comforted her with caresses and tender words. «What fears you, Nanna?» he asked. «Oh, my dear, what fears you?»

«This is what I fear,» she answered, freeing herself from his embrace, and looking steadily at him. «If we were married, David, I might have another child. I might have many children.» Then he clasped her hand tightly, for he began to see where Nanna was leading him, as she continued with slow solemnity: «Can you, can the minister, can any human being, give me assurance they will be elect children? If you can, I will be your wife to-morrow. If you cannot, as the God of my father lives, I will not bring sons and daughters into life for sin and sorrow here, and for perdition hereafter. The devil shall not so use my body. To people hell? No; I will not—not even for your love, David!»

Her words, so passionate and positive, moved him deeply. He was the old David again—the light, the gladness, all but the tender, mournful love of the past, gone from his face. He held both her hands, and he looked down at them in his own as he answered:

«Both of us are His children, Nanna, by generations and by covenant. He has promised mercy to such. Well, then, we may have a reasonable hope—»

«Hope! No, no, David! I must have something better than hope. I hoped for Vala, and my hope has been my hell. And as for the child—my God, where is the child?»

«We love God, Nanna; and the children of the righteous—»

«Are no safer than the children of the wicked, David. I have thought of this continually. There was John Beaton's son; he killed a man, and died on the gallows, to the shame and heartbreak of his good father and mother. The lad had been baptized, too,—given to God when he drew his first breath,—and God must have rejected him. Minister Stuart's son forged a note, and was sent with felons over the sea. His father and mother had prayed for him all the days of his life. He was brought to the kirk, and given to God in baptism, and God must have rejected him. Think of good Stephen and Anna Blair's children! Their daughter's name cannot be spoken any more, and their sons are bringing their gray hairs down to the grave with sorrow and shame. Go through the whole kirk, the whole town, the islands themselves, and you will be forced to say, David, that it is the children of the righteous that go to the devil. How the good God can treat his bairns so, I know not; but you and I may also deserve his wrath in like way. I am feared to hope different. Oh, David, I am feared to be a mother again!»

«Nanna! Nanna! What can I say?»

«There is nothing to say. If I should meet Vala in that place where infants (earnestly desire to see and love God, and yet are not able to do so,) I should cover my face before the child. If she blamed me, I should shiver in speechless agony; if she did not blame me, it would be still harder to bear. Were we only sure—but we are not sure.»

«*We are not sure.*» David repeated the words with a sad significance. Nanna's argument, evolved from her own misery and illustrated by that misery, had been before David's eyes for months. He could not escape from such reasoning and from such proof; and his whole life, education, and experience went to enforce the pitiful dilemma in which their love had placed them.

«It is His will, and we must bear it to the uttermost,» continued Nanna, with sorrowful resignation. «I used to think monks and nuns, and such as made a merit of not marrying, were all wrong; maybe they are nearer right

than we think for. Doubtless they have a tender conscience toward God, and a tender conscience is what he loves.»

Then David rose from Nanna's side, and walked rapidly to and fro in the room. Motion helped him to no solution of the tremendous difficulty; and Nanna's patient face, her fixed outward gaze, the spiritual light of resolute decision in her eyes, made him feel as if this offering up of their love, and all its earthly sweetness, was a sacrifice already tied to the horns of the altar, and fully accepted. He sat down again, and covered his face with his hands, and began to weep—to sob as strong men sob when their sorrow is greater than they can bear—as they never sob until the last drop, the bitterest drop of all, is added—the belief that God has forsaken them. This was the agony which tore David's great, fond heart in two. It forced from him the first pitiful words of reproach against his God:

«I was sure that at last I was going to be happy, and God is not willing. From my youth up he has aye laid upon me the rod of correction. I wish that I had never been born!»

«My poor lad! but you are not meaning it!» And Nanna put her arms around his neck, and wept with him. For some minutes he let her do so, for he was comforted by her sympathy. But at last he stood up, passed his hand across his eyes, and said as bravely as he could:

«You are right, Nanna. If you feel in this way, I dare not force your conscience. I must go away until I get over the sore disappointment; for if I was seeing you I might get to feel hard at God. Pain and cold and hunger and weariness and loneliness I have borne with a prayer and a tight mouth, and I never said before that I thought him cruel hard.»

«No, David! His ways are not cruel; they are only past our finding out. We must just believe that they are the best of all ways. And do not leave me, David. I can bear all sorrow if you are near me.»

«Ay, ay! but women are different. I cannot fight the temptation when I am in it. I must run away from it. Farewell! Farewell, Nanna!»

He kissed the words upon her lips, and went hastily out of the house; but when he had walked about one hundred yards, he returned. Nanna had thrown herself despairingly upon the rude couch made for Vala, and on which the child had spent most of her life. There Nanna lay like one dead. He knelt down by her, took her within his arms, kissed her closed eyes, and murmured again on her lips his last words of love and sorrow. Her patient acceptance of her hard lot made him quiver with pain; but he knew well that for a time they must each bear their sorrow alone.

Nanna's confession of her love for him had made everything different. In her presence now he had not the power to control his longing for reciprocal affection. He felt already a blind rebellion against fate, a sense of wrong, which it was hard to submit to. But how could he fight circumstances whose foundations were in eternity? At this hour, at least, he had come to the limit of his reason and his endurance. Again and again he kissed Nanna farewell, and it was like tearing his life asunder when he put away her clinging arms, and left her alone with the terrible problem that separated their lives.

A dismal, sullen stillness succeeded to his angry grief. He avoided Barbara, and shut himself in his room, and his strong and awful prepossession in favor of the Bible led him, first of all, to go to the book; but he found no help there, for his soul was tossed from top to bottom, and he was vanquished by the war in his own bosom. Over and over he brought his dogmas to the Scriptures, and was crushed spiritually between them; so that at last, worn out with the mental and heart struggle, he submitted to the fatality he could not alter. «I will go the right road,» he said, «however cruel that road may be. Then death may give me back to God a miserable man, but not a guilty one.»

Nanna did not suffer so much; her battle was practically over; she had been in the van of it for months, and had come gradually to that state of submission which fears to resist, lest resistance might be found to be fighting against God. While David was yet in an agony of struggle with his love and desires, his tender conscience, and his dread of offending the Deity, Nanna had washed away her tears, and was strengthening her heart by saying continually, as her glancing needles glided to and fro:

> Do as Thou wilt: I ask not why;
> Keep hold of me; content am I.

V.

THE Bay of Biscay is bad quarters in any weather; in a storm it defies adequate description. When the wind has an iron ring, and calls like a banshee, and the waves rise to its order as high as the masthead, then God help the men and the ships on the Bay of Biscay! And one day, in the early spring of the year, the *Ann Semple*, bound from Glasgow to the Mediterranean ports, was sorely

in need of such potential help. The waves were doubling over her, the fires were drowned out, and her plunges were like the dive of a whale.

At the wheel there was a man lashed,—for the hull was seldom above water,—and this man was David Borson. He was the only sailor left strong enough for the work, and he was at the last point of endurance. The icy gusts roared past him, the spray was like flying whip-lashes, and it was pitiful to see David, with his bleeding hands on the wheel, stolidly shaking his head as the spray cut him. He had been on deck for forty hours, buffeted by the huge waves, and he was covered with salt-water boils. His feet were flayed and frozen, and his hands so gashed that he dared not to close or rest them, lest the agony of unclasping or moving them again should make him lose his consciousness. He feared also that his feet were so badly frozen that he would never be able to walk on them any more. These miseries others were sharing with him; but David had been struck by a falling spar at the beginning of the gale, and there was now an abscess forming on his lung that tortured him beyond his usual speechless patience. «God pity me!» he moaned. «God pity me!»

When the storm broke the *Ann Semple* was as bare as a newly launched hull, and wallowing like a soaked log. David had fallen forward on his face, and was asleep or insensible. He did not hear the handspike thumped on the deck, and the cry, «On deck! On deck! Lord help us! She 's going down!» But some one lifted him to a raft which had been hastily lashed together, and the misery that followed was only a part of some awful hours when physical pain from head to feet drove him to the verge of madness. He never knew how long it was before they were met by the *Alert*, a large steamer going into the port of London, and taken on board. Four of the men were then dead from exhaustion, and the physician on the *Alert* looked doubtfully at David's feet. «But he is dying,» he said; «and why give him further pain?»

Then a young man stepped forward, and looked at David. There were both pity and liking in his face, and he stooped, and said something in the dying man's ear. A faint smile answered the words, and the youth spoke to the doctor, and both of them went to work with a will. The effort, even then so desperate, was ere long complicated by fever and delirium; and when David came to himself, it was almost like a new birth. He was weaker than an infant—too weak, indeed, to wonder or speculate, or even remember.

He only knew that he was in a large room, and that two men were with him. One was at his bedside, quiet and drowsy; the other was reading in a Bible, sitting close by the shaded candle. David knew it was a Bible: who does not know a Bible even afar off? No matter how it is bound, the book has a homely and familiar look that no other book has. David shut his eyes again after seeing it; he felt as safe and happy as if a dear friend had spoken to him. And in a few days the man with the Bible began to come near him, and to read softly the most tender and gracious words he could find in that tenderest of all books.

This was the beginning of an interval of delicious rest to David. It was as if some strong angel swung and hushed and wrapped him in a drowsy, blissful torpor. He felt no pain, not even in his tortured feet, and his hands lay at rest upon the white coverlet, healed of all their smarting and aching. For once in his hard life, they were not tired or sore. He knew that he was fed and turned, that his pillows were made soft and cool, and that there was the vague sense of kind presence about him; that sometimes he heard, like a heavenly echo, words of comfort that he seemed to have heard a long time ago; that he slept and wakened, and slept again, with a conscious pleasure in the transitions. And he asked no questions. He was content to let life lie in blissful quiescence; to be still, and keep his eyes closed to the world, and his ears deaf to its cries.

Gradually these sensations increased in strength. One day he heard his nurse say that he might be removed into an entirely fresh room. And he knew that he was lifted in strong arms, and anon breathed a clearer atmosphere, and slept a life-giving sleep. When he awoke he had new strength; he voluntarily opened his eyes, and saw a tree waving branches covered with fresh, crinkly leaves before his window. It was like a glimpse of heaven. And that afternoon his preserver came to his side, and said:

«Thee is much better. Can thee listen to me now?»

Then David looked at the young man, and smiled. And their eyes met, and their hands met, and the well man stooped to the sick man, and kissed his cheek. «I am Friend John Priestly,» he said; «what is thy name?»

«David—David Borson, Shetland.»

«David, thee is going to live. That is good news, is it not?»

«No. Life is hard—cruel hard.»

«Yes; but thee can say, ‹The Lord is mine helper›? Thee can pray now?»

«I have no strength.»

«If thee cannot speak, lift up thy hand. He will see it, and answer thee.» And David's face shadowed, and he did not lift up his hand; also, if the whisper in his heart had been audible, John Priestly would have heard him say, «What is the use of prayer? The Lord has cast me off.»

But John did not try the strength of his patient further at that time. He sat by his side, and laid his hand upon David's hand, and began to repeat in a slow, assuring voice the one hundred and third psalm. Its familiar words went into David's ears like music, and he fell sweetly asleep to its promises. For though men in their weakness and haste are apt to say, «The Lord hath forgotten to be gracious,» they who have but once felt his love, though dimly and far off, cannot choose but trust in it, even to the grave.

And souls fraternize in their common exile. John Priestly loved the young man whom he had saved, and David felt his love. As he came fully back to life, the past came clearly back to memory. He remembered Nanna as those who love white jasmine remember it when its starry flowers have gone—with a sweet, aching longing for their beauty and perfume. He remembered those terrible days when physical pain had been prodigalized in every limb and every nerve, when he had fainted with agony but never complained. He remembered his lonely journey to the grave's mouth, and the dim human phantoms who had stood, as it were, afar off, and helped and cheered him as best they could; and he understood that he had really been born again; a new lease of life had been given him; and he had come back to earth, as so many wish to come back, with all his old loves and experiences to help him in his future.

If only God would love him! If only he would give him ever so small a portion of his favor, and let him live humbly before him, with such comfort of home and friends as a poor fisherman might have! He wondered, as he lay still, what he or his fathers had done that he should be so sorely punished. Then he remembered the drowning of Bele Trenby, and he blamed himself that he had not sought out Bele's friends, and made confession and such recompense as he could. As soon as he was able he resolved to go to Shetland and do so; also he wanted to see Nanna. Oh, how he wanted to see her! Just to hold her hand, and kiss her face, and sit by her side for an hour or two! He did not wish either her conscience or his own less tender, but he thought that now, perhaps, they might be cousins and friends, and so comfort and help each other in the daily trials of their lives.

One day, when he was much stronger, as he sat by the open window thinking of these things, John came to read to him. John had a faculty of choosing the sweetest and most comfortable portions of the Book in his hand. This selection was not without purpose. He had learned from David's delirious complainings the intense piety of the youth, and the spiritual despair which had intensified all his suffering. And he hoped that God, through him, would say a word of comfort to the sorrowful heart. So he chose, with the sweet determination of love, the most glorious and the most abounding words of the Divine Father.

David listened with a reserved acceptance. It was in a measure a new Scripture to him. It appeared partial. When John read, with a kind of triumph, that the Lord «is long-suffering to us-ward; not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance,» David made a slight movement of dissent; and John asked:

«Is not that a noble love? Thee believes in it, David?»

«No.» The word was softly but positively uttered. «Some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.» And David quoted these words from the Confession of Faith with such confidence and despair that John trembled at them.

«David! David!» he cried. «Jesus Christ came to seek and save the lost.»

«It is impossible for the lost to be saved,» answered David, with somber confidence; «only the elect, predestined to salvation.»

«And the rest of mankind, David?»

«God has been pleased to ordain to wrath, that his justice may be glorified.»

«David, who made thee such a God as this? Where did thee learn about him? How can thee love him?»

«It is in the Confession of Faith. And, oh, John Priestly, I do love him! Yes, I love him, though he has hid his face from me, and, I fear, cast me off forever.»

«Dear heart!» said John, «thee is wronging thy best Friend. And as we are inquiring after God, and nothing less, it is but fair to take him at his own word, and not at what men priests, long ago dead, have said of him.» And then, one after another, the golden verses full of God's love dropped from John's lips in a gracious shower, and David was amazed, and

withal a little troubled. John was breaking up all his foundations for time and eternity. He was using the Scriptures to grind to powder the whole visible church as David understood it. It was a kind of spiritual shipwreck. His slow nature took fire gradually, and then burned fiercely. Weak as he was, he could not sit still. John Priestly was either a voice in the wilderness crying «Peace!» and «Blessing!» to him, or he was the voice of a false prophet crying «Peace!» where there was no peace. He looked into the frank, glowing face of this new preacher with inquiry not unmixed with suspicion.

«Well, then,» he cried, «if these things be so, let God speak to me. Bring me a Bible with large letters. I want to see these words with my eyes, and touch them with my fingers.»

The conversation thus begun was constantly continued, and David searched the Scriptures from morning to night. Often, as the spring grew fairer and warmer, the two young men sat with the Bible between them, and while the sunshine fell brightly on its pages they reasoned together of fate and free will, and of that divine mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting. For where young men have leisure, spiritual things employ them much more frequently than is supposed. Indeed, it is the young who are most earnestly troubled about the next life: the middle-aged are too busy with this one, and the aged do not speculate, because they will soon *know*.

Thus, daily, little by little, through inlets and broader ways known only to God and to himself, the light grew and grew unto perfect day, and flooded not only the great hills and promontories of his soul, but also shone into all its secret caves and gloomy valleys and lonely places. Then he knew how blind and ignorant he had been. Then he was penetrated with loving amazement, and humbled to the dust with a sense of the wrong he had done the Father of his spirit. And he locked himself in his room, and fell down on his face before his God. But into that awful communing, in which so much was confessed and so much forgiven, it is not lawful to inquire.

After this the thought of Nanna became an irresistible longing. He could not be happy until she sat in the sunshine of God's love with him. He went into the garden, and tested his strength; and as soon as he was in the open air he was smitten with a homesickness not to be controlled. He wanted the sea. He wanted the great North Sea; he longed to feel the cradling of its salt waves under him; and the idea of a schooner reefed down closely, and charging along over the stormy waters, took possession of him. Then he remembered the fishermen he used to know—the fishermen who peopled the desolate places of the Shetland seas.

«I must go home!» he said with a soft, eager passion. «I must go home to Shetland.»

When he saw John next he told him so, and they began to talk of his life there. John had never asked him of his past. He knew him to be a child of God, however far away from his Father, and he had accepted his spiritual brotherhood with trustfulness. He understood that it had been David's modesty that had made him reticent. But when David was ready to leave he felt, also, that John had a right to know what manner of man he had befriended. So, as they sat together that night, David began his history.

«I was in the boat at six years old,» he said; «for there was always something I could do. During the night-fishing, unless I went with father, I was all alone, and I had hours of such awful terrors that I am sad yet only to remember them. It was better to freeze out on the sea, if father would let me go with him. I was often hungry and weary. I had toothaches and earaches that I never spoke of. I was frequently so sleepy that I fell down in the boat, and I had no mother to kiss me or pity me, and the neighbors were shy and far off. Father was not cross; he just did not understand. Even in those days I wondered why God made little lads to be so miserable, and to suffer so much.» He spoke also, in a guarded way, of that revelation in the boat, for he felt rebuked by his want of faith in it, and he said sorrowfully, as he left the subject:

«Why, then, should God send angels to men? They are feared of them while they are present, and they doubt them when they go away. He sent one to comfort me, and I denied it to my own heart; yes, even though I sorely needed the comfort.»

Then he took John to Shetland with him. He showed him, in strong, simple words, the old Norse town, with its gray skies and its gray seas, and its fishing-smacks hanging to the rushing sides of foaming mountains. He described the hoary cliffs and their world of sea-birds, the glorious auroras, the heavenly summers, and the deadly chillness of the winter fogs as one drift after another passed in dim and desolate majesty over the sea and land.

Slowly, and with some hesitation, he got to Nanna in her little stone hut, braiding her straw and nursing her crippled baby. The tears came into his eyes, he clasped his knees with his hands as if to steady himself, while he spoke rapidly of her marriage with Sin-

clair, the drowning of her father and brothers, the cruelty of her husband, his desertion, his return, Nanna's terror of losing Vala, the fatal typhus, her desolation, and her spiritual anguish about Vala's condition. All these things he told John with that powerful eloquence born of intense feeling.

John was greatly moved by the whole simple, tragic story, but he spoke only on the last topic. This roused his indignation, and he said it was a holy anger. He wondered how men, and especially mothers, could worship a God who was supposed to damn little children before they were born. He vowed that neither Moloch nor Baal, nor any pagan deity, had been so brutal. He was amazed that ministers believing such a doctrine dared to marry. What special right had they to believe their children would all be elect? And if there was a shadow of doubt on the subject, how awful was their responsibility! Nanna's scruples, he said, were the only possible outcome of a conscientious, unselfish soul believing the devilish doctrine; and he cried out with enthusiasm:

«Nanna is to be honored! Oh, for a conscience as tender and as void of offense toward God! I will go to Shetland, and kiss the hem of her garment. She is a woman in ten thousand!»

«Well, then,» said David, softly, «I shall take comfort to her.»

«To think,» cried John, who was still moved by a holy anger—«to think that God should have created this beautiful world as a nursery for hell; that he should have made such women as Nanna only to suckle devils! No, no, David!» he said, suddenly calming himself; «thee never could believe such things of thy God.»

«I was taught them early and late. I can say the Confession of Faith backward, I am sure.»

«Never thee mind catechisms and confessions. The Word of God was before them; and the Word will be the Word when confessions and catechisms are cast into the dusty museums of ancient things, with all the other shackles of the world in bondage. Oh, David, be sure that thee knows well the Children's Portion in the Scriptures! Nanna must be shown that 'theirs is the kingdom,' and no distinction of elect or non-elect, as I read the title.»

«I count the hours until I am able to travel. I long for the sea that stretches nor'ard to the ice, and the summer days when the sunset brightens the midnight. No need to egg me on. I am all the time thinking of the old town growing out of the mist, and I know how I shall feel when I stand on the pier again among the fishers, when I hurry through the clean, quiet streets, while the kind people nod and smile, and call to each other, 'Here be David Borson come back again!'»

«And Nanna?»

«She is the heart of my longing. I like not to sit in the sunshine and know that Nanna is weeping in the dark.»

«Thee must not be discouraged if she be at first unable to believe thy report.»

«The hour will come. Nanna was ever a seeker after God. She will listen gladly. She will take the cup of salvation, and drink it with thanksgiving. We shall stand together in the light, loving God and fearing God, but not afraid of him.»

«Would thee like to have a less dangerous way of earning thy bread? My father has a great business in the city, and thee could drive one of the big drays that go to the docks.»

«I could not. I can carry a ship through any sea she can live in. I could not drive a Shetland shelty down an empty street. I am only a simple sea-dog. I love the sea. Men say for sure it is in my blood and in my heart. I must live on the sea. When my hour comes to die, I hope the sea will keep my body in one of her clean, cool graves. If God gives me Nanna, and we have sons and daughters, they shall have a happy childhood and a good schooling. Then I will put all the boys in the boats, and the girls shall learn to grow like their mother, and, if it please God, they shall marry good men and good fishers.»

«It seems to me that the life of a fisher is hard, and withal that it hath but small returns.»

«Fishers have their good and their bad seasons. They have their loves and joys and sorrows. Birth and marriage and death come to them. They have the same share of God's love, the same Bible, the same hope of eternal life, that the richest men and women have. It is enough. A fisher's life is a life as free from temptation as a life can be. He *has* to trust God a great deal. If he did not, he would very seldom go into the boats at all. I never feel so surely held in the hollow of his hand as when the waves are as high as my masthead, and my boat smashes into the black pit below. There is none but God then! Thank you, Friend John, but I shall live and die a fisherman.»

«Would thee care to change Shetland for some warmer and less stormy climate?»

«Would a man care to change his own father and mother for any other father and mother? Stern and hard was my poor father, and he knew not how to love; but his memory is dear to me, and I would not break the tie

between us—no, not to be the son of a king! My native land is a poor land, but I have thought of her green and purple moors among gardens full of roses. Shetland is my home, and home is sweet and fair and dear.»

«Traveling Zionward, David, we have often to walk in the wilderness. You have dwelt in Skye and in Shetland; what other lands have you seen?»

«I have been east as far as Smyrna. I sat there, and read the message of the ‹first and the last› to its church. And I went to Athens, and stood where St. Paul had once stood. And I have seen Rome and Naples and Genoa and Marseilles, and many of the Spanish and French ports. I have pulled oranges from the trees, and great purple grapes, and even while I eat them longed for the oat-cakes and the fresh fish of Shetland.»

«Rome and Naples and Athens! Well, David, thee has been in the fairest cities on earth.»

«And yet, Friend John, what hells I saw in them! I was taken through great buildings where men and women die of dreadful pain. I saw other buildings where men and women could eat and sleep, and could not think or love or know. I saw drinking-hells and gambling-hells. I saw men in dark and awful prisons, men living in poverty and filth and blasphemy, without hope for this world or the next. I saw men die on the scaffold; and, John, I often wondered if this world were hell. Are we put here in low, or lower, or lowest hell, to work out our salvation, and so at last win our weary way back to heaven?»

John Priestly was silent for some moments ere he answered. «If that were so, there is still comfort, David. For if we make our bed in such hells,—mind, *we* make it,—even there we are not beyond the love and pity of the Infinite One. For when the sorrows of hell compassed David of old, he cried unto his God, and he delivered him from his strong enemy, and brought him forth into a large place. So, then, David, though good men may get into hell, they do not need to stay there.»

«I know that, John. Have I not been in ‹the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps,› in that lowest hell of the soul where I had no God to pray to? For how could I pray to a God so cruel that I did not dare to become a father lest he should elect my children to damnation? A God so unjust that he loved without foresight of faith or good works, and hated because it was his pleasure to hate, and to ordain the hated to dishonor and wrath?»[1]

[1] Confession of Faith, 3, secs. v–vii. Chap. 16, sec. vii.

«And yet, David?»

«And yet, John, even while I so wronged him, he sent from above—he sent you, John; he took me; he drew me out of many waters, for great was his mercy toward me; and he delivered my soul from the lowest hell.»

VI.

A WEEK after this conversation David was near Lerwick. It was very early in the morning, and the sky was gray, and the sea was gray, and through the vapory veiling the little town looked gray and silent as a city in a dream. During the voyage he had thought of himself always as hastening at once to Nanna's house; but as soon as his feet touched the quay he hesitated. The town appeared to be asleep; there was only here and there a thin column of peat smoke from the chimneys, and the few people going about their simple business in the misty morning were not known to him. Probably, also, he had had some unreasonable expectation, for he looked sadly around, and, sighing, said:

«To be sure, such a thing would never happen, except in a dream.»

After all, it seemed best that he should go first to Barbara Traill's. She would give him a cup of tea, and while he drank it he could send one of Glumm's little lads with a message to Nanna. There was nothing of cowardice in this determination; it was rather that access of reverential love which, as it draws nearer, puts its own desire and will at the feet of the beloved one.

Barbara's door stood open, and she was putting fresh fuel under the hanging tea-kettle. The smell of the peat smoke was homely and pleasant to David; he sniffed it eagerly as he called out:

«Well, then, mother, good morning!»

She raised herself quickly, and turned her broad, kind face to him. A strange shadow crossed it when she saw David, but she answered affectionately:

«Well, then, David, here we meet again!» And as she hastened the morning meal she asked question after question about his own welfare and adventures, until David said:

«There is enough of this talk, mother. Speak to me now of Nanna Sinclair. Is she well?»

«Your aunt Sabiston is dead. There was a great funeral, I can tell you, for much money she has left to the kirk and the societies; and a white stone as high as two men has come from Aberdeen for her grave. Well, so it is! And you must know, also, that my son



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

«IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.»

has married, and not to my liking, and so he is gone from me, and your room is empty and ready, if you wish it so; and—»

«Yes. Barbara, keep your room for me, and I will pay you the price of it.»

«I will do that gladly, and we shall have no words about the price.»

«The room is well enough; but, mother! mother! what is there to hide from me? Speak with a straight tongue. Where is Nanna?»

Then Barbara said plainly, «Nanna is dead!»

With a cry of amazed anguish, David leaped to his feet, instinctively covering his ears with his hands, for he could not bear such words to enter them. «*Dead!*» he whispered; and Barbara saw him reeling and swaying like a tottering pillar. She pushed a chair toward him, and was thankful that he had strength left to take its support. But she made no outcry, and called in none of the neighbors. Quietly she stood a little way off, while David, in a death-like silence, fought away the swooning, drowning wave which was making his heart stand still, and his limbs fail him. For she knew the nature of the suffering man—knew that when he came to himself there would be none but God could intermeddle in his heart's bitterness and loss.

After a sharp struggle, David opened his eyes, and Barbara gave him a draught of cold water; but she offered neither advice nor consolation; only when David said, «I am sick, mother, and I will go to my room and lie down on my bed,» she answered, «My dear lad, that is the right way. Sleep, if sleep you can.»

About sunsetting David asked Barbara for food, and as she prepared it he sat by the open window, silent and stupefied, dominated by the somber inertia of hopeless sorrow. When he began to eat, Barbara took from a china jar two papers, and gave them to him. «I promised Nanna to put them in your hands,» she said.

«When did she die?»

«Last December, the fourteenth day. I went to her early in the morning, for I saw that there was snow to fall. She was dead at the noon hour.»

«And you saw her go?»

«No; I was afraid of the storm. I left her about ten o'clock. She could not then speak, but she gave me the papers. We had talked of them before. I went into the next cottage, and told Christina Yell that it was the last hour for Nanna, and she said, ‹I will go to her.› Already the snow was falling, so I hasted across the moor, as there was good reason to do.»

Then David went out, and Barbara watched him take the road that led to Nanna's empty cottage. The door opened readily to the lifted latch, and he entered the forsaken room. The peat fire had long ago burned itself to ashes, and the rose-plant which had been Nanna's delight had withered away on its little shelf by the window; but the neighbors had swept the floor, and put the simple furniture in order. David drew the bolt across the door, and opened the papers which Nanna had left for him. The first was a simple bequest to him of the cottage and all within it; the second was but a little slip on which the dying woman had written her last sad messages to him.

Oh, my love! my love! Farewell forever! I am come to the end of my life. I am going away, and I know not where to. All is dark. But I have cast myself at His feet, and said, «Thy will be done!»

. . . . .

I am still alive, David. I have been alone all night, and every breath has been a death pang. How can His eternal purpose need my suffering? Oh, that God would pity me! His will be done!

. . . . .

My love, it is nearly over. *I have seen Vala!* At last it is peace! peace! His will be done—mercy—mercy—

. . . . .

These pitiful despairs and farewells were written in a large, childish hand, and on a poor sheet of paper. David spread this paper upon Vala's couch, and, kneeling down, covered it with tears and kisses; but anon he lifted it up toward heaven, and prayed as men pray when they feel prayer to be an immediate and veritable thing; when they detain God, and clasp his feet, and cling to his robe, and will not let him go until he bless them.

Christina Yell had seen David enter the cottage, and after an hour had passed she went to the door, intending to speak to him. But she heard the solemn, mysterious voice of the man praying, and she went away and called her neighbors, Margaret Jarl and Elga Fae, and Thora Thorson and her father-in-law, Magnus Thorson, and they talked of David a little; and then Magnus, being a very old man, went alone to see him. And after a while the women were called, and Christina took with her a plate of fish and bread which she had prepared, and David was glad of their sympathy.

They sat down outside the door. The tender touch of the gray gloaming softened the bleak cliffs and the brown moorland, and the heavens were filled with stars. Then softly and solemnly Christina spoke of Nanna's long

suffering, and of the spiritual despair which intensified it.

«It was in season and out of season she was at Vala's grave,» said Christina, «and kneeling and lying on the cold ground above her; and the end was a cough and fever and the slow consumption that wasted her away. For it is true the child was never baptized, and there was no comfort for her. And then she began to think God had never loved her. He had let her meet and marry Nicol Sinclair, and by this and that prevented the baptism of her child. She lost all hope, and was too ill to go to the ordinances, and too feared to open her Bible, lest she should see her own condemnation in it. And folk wearied of her complaining, I think. The elders stopped coming to see her, for they could not answer the questions she put to them, and she angered the minister by the same thing. He said women had ‹no call to speir after the «why» of God's purposes,› and she told him plainly one day—for she was fretful with pain and trouble—that she was ‹not thankful to go to hell for the glory and honor of God's justice›; and, moreover, she said she did not wish to go to heaven if Vala was not there; and she wondered ‹how fathers and mothers could be happy, even in the very presence of God, if their sons and daughters were wandering in the awful outer darkness.› And the minister did not think of her pain and her woman's heart,—what men do?—and he was angry with her, as he thought he ought to be; and Nanna said she wished they would all leave her alone with her sorrow, and so they did.»

Then, suddenly and swiftly as a flash of light, a word came to David. His heart burned, and his tongue was loosened, and he then and there preached to the old man and the three women the unsearchable riches of the cross of Christ. He glorified God because Nanna had learned Christ at the radiant feet of Christ, in the joy and love of the redeemed. He took his Bible from his pocket, and repeated all the blessed words he had marked and learned. Until the midnight moon climbed cold and still into the zenith he spoke, and old Magnus Thorson stood up, leaning on his staff, full of holy wonder, and the women softly sobbed and prayed at his feet. And when they parted there was in every heart a confident acceptance of David's closing words:

«Whoever rests, however feebly, on the eternal mercy shall live forever.»



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

PEAT-GATHERERS.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«HE REPEATED THE BLESSED WORDS.»

After this «call» sleep was impossible to David. He was too happy. That insight which changes faith into knowledge had comforted him concerning his dead. He lay down on Vala's couch, and he felt sure that Nanna's smile filled the silence like a spell. He was so still that he could hear the beating of his own heart, but clear and vivid as light his duty spread out before him. He had found his vocation, and oh, how rapidly men grow under the rays of that invisible sun!

But it was a vocation that came as the kingdom of God very frequently comes—without observation. To preach a sermon! That was a thing far outside David's possibilities. The power of the church, and its close and exclusive privileges, were at that day in Shetland papal in prerogative. David never dreamed of encroaching on them, nor, indeed, would public opinion have permitted him.

As it was, there grew gradually a feeling of unrest about David. Though he was humble and devout in all kirk exercises, it was known that the people gathered round him at Barbara Traill's and in his own cottage, and that he spoke to them of the everlasting gospel as never man had spoken before to them. It was known that when the boats lay stilly rocking on the water waiting for the «take,» David, sitting among his mates, reasoned with them on the love of God until every face of clay flushed with a radiance quite different from mere color—a radiance that was a direct spiritual emanation, a shining of the soul through mere matter. And as these men were all in a measure theologians, with their «creed» and «evidences» at their tongue's end, it was a wonderful joy to watch their doubts, like the needle verging to the pole, tremble and tremble into certainty.

In about three years such opposition as David roused was strong enough to induce the kirk to consider his behavior. The minister sent for him, and in the privacy of his study David spoke so eloquently and mightily of the mercy of the Infinite One that the minister covered his face; and when the young man ceased speaking, he looked tenderly at him, and sent him away with his blessing. And afterward he said to the elders, «There is nothing to call a session anent. David Borson has been to the school of Christ, and he is learned in the Scriptures. We will not silence him, lest haply we be found to be fighting against God.»

Thus for many a year David went in and out among his mates and friends, living the gospel in their sight. The memory of Nanna filled his heart; he loved no other woman, but every desolate and sorrowful woman found in him a friend and a helper. And he drew the little children like a magnet. He was the elder brother of every boy and girl who claimed his love; his hands were ever ready to help them, his heart was ever ready to love them, and in such blessed service he grew nobly aged. He had come to Shetland when the islands were afar off, when the Norse element ruled them, and the Christianized men and women of the sagas dwelt alone in the strong, quaint stone houses they had built. He lived to see the influx of the Southern race and influences, the advent of modern travel and civilization; but he never altered his life, for in its simple, pious dignity it befitted any era.

It is noticeable that good men very often have their desire in the manner of their death, and God so favored his servant David Borson. He went out alone one day in his boat, and a sudden storm came from the northeast. He did not return. Some said there had been no time to take in the boat's sail, and that she must have gone down with her canvas blowing. Others thought she had become unmanageable, and drifted into some of the dangerous «races» near the coast.

But, this manner or that manner, David went to heaven, as he desired, «by the way of the sea,» and God found his body a resting-place among its cool, clean graves—a sepulcher that no man knoweth of, nor shall know, until the mighty angel sets his right foot upon the sea, and swears that there shall «be time no longer.»

Amelia E. Barr.



A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OF 1852.

(JOHN P. HALE.)

BY HIS ASSOCIATE ON THE FREE-SOIL TICKET.

THE leaders of the Free-soil revolt of 1848 were eminently practical and clear-sighted men. Their sole reliance was upon constitutional methods and absolute devotion to the Union. While they wisely disclaimed any right to intermeddle with slavery as the creature of local law, their position was equally impregnable in asserting the right and duty of Congress to forbid its introduction into our national Territories. This principle had been settled by the action of the Government from the beginning, and upon it the whole controversy between the free and the slave States was focalized. When it was finally decided against the slaveholders, they entered upon the work of secession, and upon no other issue could the people of the Northern States have been so effectively rallied in the war for the Union, while the Union itself would in all probability have perished if a more sweeping and aggressive antislavery policy had been demanded in the beginning of the struggle.

Among the statesmen and reformers of his time, history will accord to John P. Hale a high rank. He was graduated with honors at Bowdoin College, and after a course of thorough preparation was admitted to the bar, and entered upon a successful practice. To the present generation, which knows him only as a famous antislavery leader, and as the Free-soil candidate in 1852, it may appear surprising that he began his political career as a Democrat, and that at the age of twenty-eight he was appointed district attorney for New Hampshire by President Jackson. Jacksonian Democracy was certainly not a very fructifying soil for the growth of abolitionism, nor was New Hampshire. Of all the States of the North, she was the most crouchingly subservient to the demands of slavery. She had not, however, then reached the bad eminence which she afterward attained, and in 1843 Mr. Hale was chosen as the representative of his district in Congress. He was a real Democrat. In his mind the word stood for a principle, and not for a mere party cognomen. He believed religiously in the people, and his devotion to their interests was a passion which never cooled. When he took his seat in the House of Representatives, Adams and Giddings were in the thick of their fight for the right of petition and the freedom of debate, and they had already sounded the cry of danger respecting the annexation of Texas. Charles G. Atherton, a representative from Mr. Hale's own State, had fathered the «gag» resolution, which became known as the twenty-first rule of the House. Mr. Hale, with his fertile brain and clear moral vision, must have taken note of the trend of public affairs, and duly considered the question of duty. He avowed his hostility to the «gag» rule, and to the scheme of Texas annexation, and his votes were so recorded. His position on the Texas question gave no offense to his Democratic constituents, for in the beginning New Hampshire, in common with all the Northern States, was opposed to the measure. Accordingly, in anticipation of the expiration of his term, he was renominated for Congress. But in 1844 the Democrats in the Northern States changed front. Van Buren was thrown overboard because of his opposition to annexation. The legislature of New Hampshire having passed resolutions instructing her senators and representatives to vote for it, Mr. Hale addressed a public letter to his constituents opposing it on antislavery grounds. This kindled the wrath of the Democratic leaders of his State, and a convention of the party, called together for the purpose in February, 1845, rescinded his nomination and struck his name from the ticket. He continued in the field as an independent candidate, but was defeated. His friends now rallied around him, and asked him to take the field and canvass the State as their leader. This was asking him to face political death, for to all human appearances Democratic ascendancy in New Hampshire was impregnably established. But he yielded to the importunities of his friends, and became the knight-errant of a holy cause. His whole heart was given to the work, and he addressed the

people in every nook and corner of the State where an audience, large or small, would listen to him. His figure was commanding, and his features were marked by manly beauty. His face beamed with benignity and goodwill. His voice was full, clear, and musical. He had readiness, self-possession, tact, quickness of perception, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. His speeches abounded in wit, humor, and repartee, but he never indulged in personalities. Self-righteousness and malignity were utterly hateful to him, and his utterances were characterized by a simplicity and naturalness which won the hearts of old and young. His sincerity and moral earnestness found expression in impassioned appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, who became the delighted captives of his power. In referring to him, Theodore Parker spoke of «the masterly eloquence which broke out from his great human heart, and rolled like the Mississippi in its width, its depth, its beauty, and its continuous and unconquerable strength.» But the grand secret of his power as an orator was singleness of purpose. In this memorable campaign Mr. Hale illustrated the saying, «If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.» He carried the people of New Hampshire triumphantly with him, and his canvass was known then, and has been ever since remembered, as the «Hale storm» of 1845. Its result was the overthrow and humiliation of the pro-slavery Democracy of the State, and the election of Mr. Hale to the United States Senate two years afterward.

When Hale took his seat in the Senate, he was the only member of that body who defied the discipline of both the old parties, and dared assert his absolute political independence. He stood alone until 1849, when he was joined by Chase and Seward, who were reinforced in 1851 by Sumner. There was something dramatic in his solitary appearance in the Senate as an avowed antislavery man. That body then contained more able and eminent men than it had had for more than a generation, and it was completely under the domination of the slave interest. That interest dictated the policy of the Government at home and abroad, as it had done from its beginning, and made and unmade politicians. Hale knew that his single-handed warfare against it would invite ridicule, sneers, insults, and threats. He knew that he must face the scorn and contempt of the South and the chilling neglect of the North. But he bravely stood in the breach. He took no counsel of his fears, and would not be bullied into silence. When he was denied a place on senatorial committees on the pretext that he «did not belong to a healthy political organization,» he ridiculed the proceeding, and made it tell in his favor. One of the finest exhibitions of his courage was given soon after he took his seat in the Senate, when he cast the only vote against a resolution thanking Generals Scott and Taylor for their victories in Mexico. This vote was sure to be misunderstood and misrepresented, and all parties regarded it as suicidal; but it was sufficient for him to know that no other honest and consistent course was possible for those who had condemned the Mexican war in all its stages. He would not belie his convictions to avoid any personal consequences of his act; and when he pleaded the high authority of Chatham, Burke, and Fox, who refused to vote thanks to the commanders of the British army for their services in America in our revolutionary struggle,—a strictly analogous case,—no senator successfully answered him.

Mr. Hale's humanity was equal to his courage. While a member of the House, he moved an amendment to the naval appropriation bill, abolishing the spirit ration and prohibiting flogging in the navy. The amendment prevailed, but failed in the Senate. This motion was renewed in the Senate in 1849, and in 1850, after an impassioned appeal by Mr. Hale, flogging was abolished; but the spirit ration continued till 1862. He was justly proud of these achievements, and they are appropriately commemorated on the pedestal of the statue recently erected in the State-house yard at Concord.

As an antislavery leader, Hale followed his own methods of warfare. While Seward, Sumner, and Chase were forging their antislavery thunderbolts, and firing them at the enemy at long range through the press of the Northern States, Mr. Hale was using his lighter artillery on the skirmish-line, and in well-executed flank movements. In 1850 he was prompted by the presence of a pro-slavery mob in Washington to introduce a resolution providing for the reimbursement of persons whose property should be destroyed by riotous assemblages. Foote of Mississippi denounced this resolution as intended to protect «negro-stealing.» Addressing Mr. Hale, he said: «I invite him to visit the good State of Mississippi, in which I have the honor to reside, and will tell him beforehand in all honesty that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest with a rope around



ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY BRADY.

JOHN P. HALE.

his neck, with the approbation of every virtuous and patriotic citizen; and that, if necessary, I should myself assist in the operation.» Mr. Hale answered: «The senator invites me to visit the State of Mississippi, and kindly informs me that he would be one of those who would act the assassin and put an end to my career. . . . Well, in return for his hospitable invitation, I can only express the desire that he should penetrate into one of the ‹dark corners› of New Hampshire; and if he do, I am much mistaken if he would not find the people in that ‹benighted region› would be very happy to listen to his arguments and engage in an intellectual conflict with him, in which the truth might be elicited.» The popular instinct at once labeled the Mississippi senator as «Hangman Foote,» and the epithet is still instantly recalled by the mention of his name.

Mr. Hale, however, did not confine himself to the brief speeches and occasional sharpshooting into which he was drawn by the current debates. In 1850 he made an able and carefully prepared speech, which occupied two days, in reply to Mr. Webster's famous speech of the 7th of March. Among other things, he said: «The senator says he would not reënact the laws of God. Well, sir, I would. When he tells me that the law of God is against slavery, it is a most potent argument for our incorporating it with any Territorial bill.» His most telling speeches, however, were brief, and seemed to be inspired by the immediate occasion which called them forth. In his defense of the rescuers of the slave Shadrach, he said:

«John Debree claims that he owns Shadrach. Owns what? Owns a man! Suppose, gentlemen, John Debree should claim an exclusive right to the sunshine, the moon, or the stars! Would you sanction the claim by

your verdict? And yet, gentlemen, the stars shall fall from heaven, the moon shall grow old and decay, the sun shall fail to give its light, the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; but the soul of the despised and hunted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God himself. I wonder if John Debree will claim that he owns him then!»

In speaking of the Mexican war, Hale referred to the Western man who said he «got caught by opposing the last war, and he did n't mean to get caught again; he intended now to go for war, pestilence, and famine.» Not less amusing was his reference to President Polk's backdown on the Oregon treaty, in which he said: «The President exhibited a Christian meekness in the full scriptural degree; but he did n't inherit the *blessing* of the meek—he did n't get the land.» The Congressional records abound in such examples of Mr. Hale's pleasantries. They always embodied some truth which could thus be more impressively told than in the form of a serious argument.

During his sixteen years of service in the Senate he was known to the whole country for his knightly courage in facing the embattled hosts of slavery. He was equally well known by his sallies of ready wit and his abounding good nature, without which he would not have been able to stand in his place as the representative of a hated cause. They softened the asperities of debate, and perhaps averted personal assaults. He kept down the ire of his enemies by compelling them to laugh at the moral grotesqueness of the attitude in which he placed them. He was anything but a fanatic on the slavery question; he never gave countenance to any scheme of disunion or any form of revolutionary action. His whole public life was guided by his strong common sense. He had no desire to be singular. He loved the approbation of his fellows, and would have lived in peace with all men. But he had convictions and followed them, and for the sake of those convictions he would have been ready to lay down his life.

Of the old Free-soil leaders of 1848 and 1852 who stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Hale in Congress, one only survives.

> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

The men who so gallantly unfurled the flag of freedom in their day and generation, and shouted for «Free soil, free speech, free labor, and free men,» are now rarely mentioned; but what they wrought endures. The question which so stirred their blood and kindled the wrath of their opponents is lifted out of the tangle and jargon of debate into the clear light of accomplished facts. They played a grand part in completing and crowning the work begun by our fathers in 1776, and history will so make the record; but none of them will be more deservedly honored or more lovingly remembered than John P. Hale.

George W. Julian.

«OH, WASTE NO TEARS.»

OH, waste no tears on Pain or Fate,
Nor yet at Sorrow's dire demand;
Think not to drown Regret with weight
Of weeping, as the sea the strand;
When was Death's victory less elate
That Grief o'er-sobbed his grasping hand?

Not for the flaws of life shall fall
The tear most exquisite—ah, no;
But for its fine perfections all:
For morning's joyous overflow,
For sunset's fleeting festival,
And what midwinter moons may show;

For wild-rose breath of Keats's line;
For Titian's rivalry of June;
For Chopin's tender notes that twine
The sense in one autumnal tune;
For Brunelleschi's dome divine,
In wonder planned, with worship hewn.

Save them for heroes—not their blood,
But for the generous vow it sealed;
For babes, when mothers say, «This bud
Will be the blossom of the field»;
For women, when to Vengeance' flood
They hold for Guilt a stainless shield.

And when two hearts have closer come,
Through doubts and mysteries and fears,
Till in one look's delirium
At last the happy truth appears,
When words are weak and music dumb,
Then perfect love shall speak in tears.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

SONNY «KEEPIN' COMPANY.»

BY THE AUTHOR OF «SONNY'S DIPLOMA.»

HELLO, doc'; come in! Don't ask me to shake hands, though, at least not tell I can drop this 'ere piece o' ribbin.

I never reelized how much shenanigan it took to tie a little bow o' ribbin tell I started experimentin' with this here buggy-whup o' Sonny's.

An' he wants it tied *thess so*. He 's a reg'lar Miss Nancy, come to taste.

All the boys nowadays they seem to think thet ez soon ez they commence to keep company they must have ribbin bows tied on their buggy-whups—an' I reckon it 's in accordance ef anything is.

I thess called you in to look at his new buggy, doctor. You 've had your first innin's, ez the base-ball fellers says, at all o' his various an' sundry celebrations, from his first appearance to his gradjatin', and I 'll call your attention to a thing I would n't mention to a' outsider.

Sence he taken a notion to take the girls out a-ridin', why, I intend for him to do it in proper style; an' I went an' selected this buggy myself.

It is sort o' fancy, maybe, for the country; but I knew he 'd like it fancy—at his age. I got it good an' high, so 's it could straddle stumps good. They 's so many tree-stumps in our woods, an' I know Sonny ain't a-goin' to drive nowhere *but* in the woods so long ez they 's a livin' thing to scurry away at his approach, or a flower left in bloom, or a last year's bird's nest to gether. An' the little sweetheart she 's got so thet she 's ez anxious to fetch home things to study over ez he is.

Yas; I think it is, ez you say, a fus'-class little buggy.

Sonny ain't never did nothin' half-ways,—not even mischief,—an' I ain't a-goin' in, at this stage o' his raisin', to stint him.

Listen at me sayin' «raisin'» ag'in, after all Miss Clark has preached to me about it! She claims thet folks has to be fetched up,—or «brung up» I believe she calls it,—an' I don't doubt she knows.

She allows thet pigs is raised, an' potaters, an' even chickens; an' she said, one day, thet ef I insisted on «raisin'» child'en, she 'd raise a row. She 's a quick hand to turn a joke, Miss Clark is.

Nobody thet ever lived in Simpkinsville would claim thet rows could n't be raised, I 'm shore, after all the fuss thet 's been made over puttin' daytime candles in our 'piscopal church. Funny how folks 'll fuss about sech a little thing when, ef they 'd stop to think, they 's so many mo' important subjec's thet they could git up diffe'nces of opinion on.

I did n't see no partic'lar use in lightin' the candles myself, bein' ez we did n't need 'em to see by, an' shorely the good Lord thet can speak out a sun any time he needs a' extry taper could n't be said to take no pleasure in a Simpkinsville home-dipped candle. But the way I look at it, seem like, ef some wants 'em, why not?

Th' ain't nothin' mo' innercent than a lighted candle,—kep' away up on the wall out o' the draft, the way they are in church,—an' so, when it come to votin' on it, why, I count peace an' good-will so far ahead o' taller thet I voted thet I was good for ez many candles ez any other man would give. An' quick ez I said them words, why, Enoch Johnson up an' doubled his number. It tickled me to see him do it, too.

Enoch hates me thess because he 's got a stupid boy—like ez ef that was any o' my fault. His Sam failed to pass at the preliminar' examination, an' was n't allowed to try for a diplomy in public; an' Enoch an' his wife, why, they seem to hold it ag'in' me thet Sonny could step in at the last moment an' take what their boy could n't git th'oo the trials an' tribulations of a whole year o' bein' teached lessons at home an' wrestled in prayer over.

I ain't got a thing ag'in' Enoch, not a thing—not even for makin' me double my number o' candles. Mo' 'n that, I 'd brighten up Sam's mind for 'im in a minute ef I could.

I never was jealous-hearted. An' neither is Sonny.

He sent Sam a special invite to his gradjatin' party, an' give him a seat next to hisself, so 's he could say «Amen» to his blessin', thess because he had missed gittin' his

diplomy. Everybody there knowed why he done it.

But talkin' about Sonny bein' «raised,» I told Miss Clark thet we 'd *haf* to stop sayin' it about *him*, right or wrong, ez a person can't raise nothin' higher 'n what he is hisself, an' Sonny 's taller 'n either wife or me, an' he ain't but sixteen. Ef we raised 'im partly, we must 'a' sent 'im up the rest o' the way. It 's a pleasure to pass a little joke with Miss Clark, she 's got sech a good ear to ketch their p'ints.

But, come to growin', Sonny never asked nobody no odds. He thess stayed stock-still ez long ez he found pleasure in bein' a little runt, an' then he humped hisself an' shot up same ez a sparrer-grass stalk. It gives me pleasure to look up to him the way I haf to.

Fact is, he always did require me to look up to 'im, even when I looked down at 'im.

Yas, sir; ez I said, Sonny has commenced keepin' company—outspoke—an' I can't say thet I 'm opposed to it, though some would say he was a little young, maybe. I know when I was his age I had been in love sev'al times. Of co'se these first little puppy-dog loves, why, th' ain't no partic'lar harm in 'em—'lessen they 're opposed.

An' we don't lay out to oppose Sonny—not in nothin' thet he 'll attemp'—after him bein' raised an' guided up to this age.

There goes that word «raisin'» ag'in!

He 's been in love with his teacher, Miss Clark, 'most three years—an' 'cep'n' thet I had a sim'lar experience when I was sca'cely out o' the cradle, why, I might 'a' took it mo' serious.

That sort o' fallin' in love, why, it comes same ez the measles or the two-year-old teeth, an' th' ain't nothin' sweeter ef it 's took philosophical.

It 's mighty hard, though, for parents, thet knows thess how recent a child is, to reconcile the facts o' the case with sech things ez him takin' notice to the color o' ribbin on a middle-aged school-teacher's hair.

Sonny was worse plegged than most boys, because, havin' two lady teachers at that time, it took him sort o' duplicated like.

I suppose ef he 'd had another, he 'd 'a' been equally distributed on all three.

The way I look at it, a sensible, serious-minded woman thet starts out to teach school—which little fellers they ain't got no sense on earth, nohow—ain't got no business with ribbin-bows an' ways an' moles on their cheek-bones. An' ef they 've got knuckles, they ought to be like wife's or mine, pointed outward for useful service, instid o' bein' turned inside out to attract a young child's admiration—not thet I hold it against Miss Clark thet her knuckles is reversed.

'T ain't none o' her fault, I know. But Sonny has seen the day that seem like he could n't talk about another thing but her an' her dimpled knuckles—them an' that little brown mole on the aidge of her eyebrow.

I think myself thet that mole looks right well for a blemish, which wife says it is, worst kind. But of co'se a child could n't be expected to know that. It did seem a redic'lous part o' speech the first time he mentioned sech a thing to his mother, but a boy o' twelve could n't be expected to know the difference between a mountain an' a mole-hill.

I ricollec' he used to talk in his sleep consider'ble when he was a little chap, an' it always fretted wife turrible. She 'd git up out o' bed thess ez soon ez he 'd begin to hold fo'th, an' taller him over. Whenever she did n't seem to know what else to do, why, she 'd taller 'im; an' I don't reckon they 's anything less injurious to a child, asleep or awake, *than* taller.

She 's tallered him for his long division, an' she 's tallered him for that blemish on Miss Clark's cheek, an' she 's tallered him for clairin' of his th'oat. His other lady teacher, Miss Alviry Sawyer, she was a single-handed maiden lady long 'bout wife 's age, an' she did n't have a feature on earth thet a friend would seem to have a right to mention, she not bein' to blame; but she had a way o' clairin' her th'oat, sort o' polite, befo' she 'd open her mouth to speak. Sonny he seemed to think it was mighty graceful the way she done it, an' he 's often imitated it in his little sleep—nights when he 'd eat hot waffles for his supper.

An' wife she 'd always jump up an' git the mutton taller. I never took it serious myself, 'cause I know how a triflin' thing 'll sometimes turn a level-headed little chap into a drizzlin' ejiot. I been there myself.

But th' ain't no danger in it, not 'lessen he 's made a laughin'-stalk of—which is cruelty to animals, an' should n't be allowed.

I know when I went to school up here at Sandy Cri'k, forty year ago, I was teached by a certain single lady thet has subsequently died a nachel death of old age an' virtuous works, an' in them days she wo'e a crocheted collar, an' long curls both sides of her face; an' I 've seen many a night, after the candle was out, thet she 'd appear befo' me. She 'd seem to come an' hang over my bed-canopy same ez a chandelier, with them side curls

all a-jinglin' like cut-glass dangles. It 's true, she used mostly to appear with a long peach-switch in her hand, but that was nachel enough, that bein' the way she most gen'ally approached me in life.

But of co'se I come th'oo without taller. My mother had thirteen of us, an' ef she 'd started anointin' us for all our little side-curled nightmares, she 'd 'a' had to go to goose-raisin'.

You see, in them days they used goose-grease.

I never to say admired that side-curled lady much, though she 's made some lastin' impressions on me. Why, I could set down now, an' make a drawin' of a crocheted collar she used to wear, an' it over forty year ago. I ricollec' she was cross-eyed, too, in the eye todes the foot o' the class, where I 'd occasionally set; an', tell the truth, it was the strongest reason for study thet I had—thess to get on to the side of her certain eye. Th' ain't anything much mo' tantalizin' to a person than uncertainty in sech matters.

She was mighty plain, an' yet some o' the boys seemed to see beauty in her. I know my brother Bob he confided to mother oncet thet he thought she looked thess precizely like the Queen o' Sheba must 'a' looked, an' I ricollec' thet he cried bitter because mother told it out on him at the dinner-table. It was turrible cruel, but she did n't reelize.

I reckon, ef the truth was known, most of us nine has seen them side curls in our sleep. An' nobody but God an' his angels will ever know how many of us passed th'oo the valley o' the shadder o' that singular-appearin' lady, or how often we notified the other eight of the fact, unbeknowinst to his audience, while they was distributed in their little trundle-beds.

I sometimes wonder ef they ain't no account took of little child'en's trials. Seems to me they ought to be a little heavenly book kep' a-purpose; an' 't would n't do no harm ef earthly fathers an' mothers was occasionally allowed to look over it.

My brother Bob, him thet likened Miss Alviry to the Queen o' Sheba, always was a sensitive-minded child, an' we all knowed it, too; and yet we never called him a thing for months after that but Solomon. We ought to 've been whupped good for it.

Bob ain't never married, an' for a bachelor person of singular habits, he 's kep' ez warm a heart ez ever I see.

I 've often deplo'ed him not marryin'. In fact, sence I see what comfort is to be took in a child, why, I deplo' all the singular numbers—though the Lord could n't be expected to have a supply on hand thess like Sonny to distribute round on demand.

But I doubt ef parents knows the difference.

I 've noticed thet when they can't take pleasure in extry smartness in a child, why, they make it up in tracin' resemblances. I suppose they 's parental comfort to be took to in all kinds o' babies. I know I 've seen some dull-eyed ones thet seemed like ez ef they was n't nothin' for 'em to do *but* resemble.

But talkin' about Sonny a-fallin' in love with his teachers, why, they was a time here when he wanted to give away everything in the house to first one an' then the other. The first we noticed of it was him tellin' us how nice Miss Alviry thought his livers an' gizzards was. Now, everybody knows thet they ain't been a chicken thet has died for our nourishment sence Sonny has cut his eye-teeth but has give up its vitals to him, an' give 'em willin'ly, they bein' the parts of his choice; an' it was discouragin', after killin' a useless number o' chickens to git enough to pack his little lunch-bucket, to have her eat 'em up—an' she forty year old ef she 's a day, an' he not got his growth yet. An' yet a chicken liver is thess one o' them little things thet a person could n't hardly th'ow up to a school-teacher 'thout seemin' small-minded.

I never did make no open objection to him givin' away anything to his teachers tell the time he taken a notion to give Miss Clark the plush album out o' the parlor. We was buyin' it on instalments at twenty-five cents a week, and it was n't fully installed at the time, an' I told him it would n't never do to give away what was n't ourn.

When it comes to principle, why, I always take a stand. I thought likely by the time it was ourn in full he 'd 've recovered from his attackt, an' be willin' for his ma to keep it; an' he was.

An' besides, sence his red squir'l has done chawed the plush clean off one corner of it, he says he would n't part with it for nothin'. Of co'se a beast could n't be expected to reelize the importance o' plush. An' thet 's what seems to tickle Sonny so.

We had bought it chiefly on his account, so ez to git 'im accustomed to seein' handsome things around, so thet when he goes out into the world he won't need to be flustered by finery.

Wife she 's been layin' by egg-money all spring to buy a swingin', silver-plated ice-pitcher, so 's he 'll feel at home with sech

things, an' be capable of walkin' up to one an' tiltin' it unconcerned, which is more 'n I can do *to this day*. I always feel like ez ef I ought to go home an' put on my Sunday clo'es befo' I can approach one of 'em.

Sech ez that has to be worked into a person's constitution in youth. The motions of a gourd-dipper, kep' in constant practice for years, is mighty hard to reverse.

How does that look now, doctor? Yas; I think so, too. It 's tied in a right good bow for a ten-thumbed man, which I shorely am, come to fingerin' ribbin.

He chose blue because she 's got blue eyes —pore little human! Sir? Who is she, you say? Why, don't you know? She 's Joe Wallace's little Mary Elizabeth—a nice, well-mannered child ez ever lived.

Wife has had her over here to supper sev'al nights lately, an' Sonny he 's took tea over to the Wallaces' oncet or twicet, an' they say he shows mighty good table manners, passin' things polite, an' leavin' proper amounts on his plate. His mother has always teached 'im keerful. It 's good practice for 'em both. Of co'se Mary Elizabeth she 's a year older 'n what Sonny is, an' she 's thess gittin' a little experience out o' him, though she ain't no ways conscious of it, an' he 'll gain a good deal o' courage th'oo keepin' company with a ladylike girl like Mary Elizabeth. That 's the way it goes, an' I think th' ain't nothin' mo' innercent or sweet.

How 'd you say that, doctor? S'posin' it was n't to turn out that-a-way? Well, bless yo' heart! ef it was to work out in all seriousness, what could be sweeter 'n little Mary Elizabeth? Sonny ain't got it in his power to displease us, don't keer what he was to take a notion to, 'lessen, of co'se, it was wrong, which it ain't in him to do—not knowin'ly.

You know, Sonny has about decided to take a trip North, doctor—to New York State. Sir? Oh, no; he ain't goin' to take the co'se o' lectures thet Miss Clark has urged him to take—at least, that ain't his intention.

No; he says thet he don't crave to fit hisself to teach. He says he feels like ez ef it would smother him to teach school in a house all day. He taken that after me.

No; he 's goin' a-visitin'. Oh, no, sir; we ain't got no New York kin. He 's a-goin' all the way to thet strange an' distant State to call on a man thet he ain't never see, nor any of his family. He 's a gentleman by the name o' Burroughs—John Burroughs. He 's a book-writer. The first book thet Sonny set up nights to read was one o' hisn—all about dumb creatures an' birds. Sonny acchilly wo'e that book out a-readin' it.

Yas, sir; Sonny says thet ef he could thess take one long walk th'oo the woods with him, he 'd be willin' to walk to New York State ef necessary. An' we 're a-goin' to let 'im go. The purtiest part about it is thet this here great book-writer has invited him to pay him a visit. Think o' that, will you? Think of a man thet could think up a whole row o' books a-takin' sech a' int'res' in our plain little Arkansaw Sonny. But he done it; an' 'mo' 'n that, he remarked in the letter thet it would give him great pleasure to meet the boy thet had so many mutual friends in common with him, or some sech remark. Of co'se, in this he referred to dumb brute, an' even trees, so Sonny says. Sir? Oh, cert'n'y; Sonny writ him first. How would he 've knew about Sonny first? Miss Clark she encouraged him to write the letter, but it was Sonny's first idee. An' the answer, why, he 's got it framed an' hung up above his book-shelves between our marriage c'tif'cate an' his diplomy.

He 's done sent Sonny his picture, too. He 's took a-settin' up in a' apple-tree. You can tell from a little thing like that thet a person ain't no dude, an' I like that. We 've put thet picture in the front page of the plush album, an' moved the bishop back one page.

Sonny has sent him a photograph of all our fam'ly took together, an' likely enough he 'll have it framed time Sonny arrives there.

When he goes, little Mary Elizabeth, why, she has offered to take keer of all his harmless live things tell he comes back, an' I s'pose they 'll be letters a-passin' back and fo'th. It does seem so funny, when I think about it. It seems thess the other day thet Mis' Wallace fetched little Mary Elizabeth over to look at Sonny, an' he on'y three days old. I ricollec' when she seen 'im, she took her little one-year-old finger an' teched 'im on the forehead, an' she says, says she, «Howdy?»—thess that-a-way. I remember we all thought it was so smart. Seemed like ez ef she reelized thet he had thess arrived—an' she had thess learned how to say «Howdy,» an' she up an' says it.

An' she 's ap' at speech yet, so Sonny says. She don't say much when wife or I are around, which I think is showin' proper respec's.

Th' ain't nothin' purtier, to my mind, than for a young girl to set up at table with her elders, an' to 'tend strictly to business. Mary Elizabeth 'll set th'oo a whole meal, an' sca'cely look up from her plate. I never did see a little girl do it mo' modest.

Of co'se Sonny, he bein' at home, an' she bein' his company, why, he talks constant, an' she 'll glance up at him sort o' sideways occasional. Wife an' me, we find it ez much ez we can do, sometimes, to hold in; we feel so tickled over their cunnin' little ways together. To see Sonny politely take her cup o' tea an' po' it out in her saucer to cool for her so nice, why, it takes all the dignity we can put on to cover our amusement over it. You see, they 've only lately teethed together, them child'en.

I reckon the thing sort o' got started last summer. I know he give her a flyin' squir'l, an' she embroidered him a hat-band. I suspicioned then what was comin', an' I advised wife to make up a few white-bosomed shirts for him, an' she did n't git 'em done none too soon. 'T was n't no time befo' he called for 'em.

A while back befo' that I taken notice thet he 'd put a few idees down on sheets o' paper for her to write her compositions by. Of co'se he would n't *write* 'em. He 's too honest. He 'd thess sugges' idees promiscu'us.

She 's got words, so he says, an' so she 'd write out mighty nice compositions that-a-way. I taken notice thet in this world it 's often that-a-way: one 'll have idees, an' another 'll have words. They ain't always bestowed together. When they are, why, then, I reckon, them are the book-writers. Sonny he 's got purty consider'ble o' both for his age, but of co'se he would n't never aspire to put nothin' he could think up into no printed book, I don't reckon; though he 's got three blank books filled with the details of «outdoor housekeepin',» ez he calls it, the way it 's kep' by varmints an' things out o' doors under loose tree-barks an' in all sorts of outlandish places. I did only last week find a piece o' paper with a po'try verse on it in his hand-write on his little table. I suspicioned thet it was his composin', because the name «Mary Elizabeth» occurred in two places in it, though, of co'se, they 's been other Mary Elizabeths.

He 's a-goin' to fetch that housekeepin' book up North with him, an' my opinion is thet he 's a-projec'in' to show it to Mr. Burroughs. But likely he won't have the courage.

Yas; take it all together, I 'm glad them two child'en has took the notion. It 'll be a good thing for him, whilst he 's throwed in with all sorts o' travelin' folks goin' an' comin', to reelize thet he 's got a little sweetheart at home, an' thet she 's bein' loved an' cherished by his father an' mother du'in' his absence.

Even after they 've gone their sep'rate ways, ez they most likely will in time, it 'll be a pleasure to 'em to look back to the time when they was little sweethearts.

I know I had a number, off an' on, when I was a youngster, an' they 're every one hung up—in my mind, of co'se—in little gilt frames, each one to herself. An' sometimes, when I think 'em over, I imagine thet there 's sweet bunches of wild vi'lets a-settin' under every one of 'em—all 'cep'n' one, an' I always seem to see pinks under hers.

An' she 's a grandmother now. Funny to think it all over, ain't it? At this present time she 's a tall, thin ol' lady thet fans with a turkey tail, an' sets up with the sick. But the way she hangs in her little frame in my mind, she 's a chunky little thing with fat ankles an' wrisses, an' her two cheeks they hang out of her pink caliker sunbonnet thess like a pair o' ripe plumgranates.

She was the pinkest little sweetheart thet a pink-lovin' school-boy ever picked out of a class of thirty-five, I reckon.

Seemed to me everything about her was fat an' chubby, thess like herself. Ricollec', one day, she dropped her satchel, an' out rolled the fattest little dictionary I ever see, an' when I seen it, seem like she could n't nachelly be expected to tote no other kind. I used to take pleasure in getherin' a pink out o' mother's garden in the mornin's when I 'd be startin' to school, an' slippin' it on to her desk when she would n't be lookin'; an' she 'd always pin it on her frock when I 'd have my head turned the other way. Then when she 'd ketch my eye, she 'd turn pinker 'n the pink, but she never mentioned one o' them pinks to me in her life, nor I to her.

Yas; I always think of her little picture with a bunch o' them old-fashioned garden pinks a-settin' under it, an' there they 'll stay ez long ez my old mind is a fittin' place for sech sweet-scented pictures to hang in.

They 've been a pleasure to me all my life, an' I 'm glad to see Sonny 's a-startin' his little picture-gallery a'ready.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

THE ECLIPSE OF NAPOLEON'S GLORY.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL EMPIRE—LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS—WATERLOO—THE SURRENDER—ST. HELENA.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN A COAT OF WHITE PIQUÉ.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL EMPIRE.

THE supreme effort of the dynasties to outlaw Napoleon, and restore France to the Bourbons, was nominally an alliance of eight members—Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. The last was, however, absorbed in her struggle with Norway and, though Spain and Portugal were signatories, the real strength of the coalition arranged at Vienna lay in a virtual renewal of the treaty of Chaumont; Austria, Prussia, and Russia were each to put 180,000 men in the field. Great Britain was to continue her subsidies.

On April 4, the sovereigns of Europe were notified that the Empire meant peace; they retorted by the mobilization of their forces, and by denouncing in a joint protocol the treaty of Paris. In his extremity Napoleon appealed to Talleyrand, but that minister knew too well the temper of the congress at Vienna, and declined. The versatile Fouché thereupon initiated a new plot, this time against Napoleon, and sounded Metternich; but Metternich was dumb. The other diplomats asseverated that they did not wish to interfere with the domestic affairs of France; but they prevaricated, intending nothing less than the complete restoration of the Bourbons.

Under the shadow of this storm-cloud Napoleon regulated his domestic affairs of state with intrepid calmness. He had no easy task. It was the revived hatred of the masses for priests and nobles to which he had appealed on his progress from Grenoble, and, observing the wild outbursts of the populace at Lyons, he had whispered, «This is madness.» It was with studied deliberation, therefore, that in Paris he cast himself completely upon the moderate liberals. This alienated the Jacobin elements throughout the country, and they, in turn, stirred up the royalists. When it became clear that neither Marie Louise nor the King of Rome was to be crowned, and that there was no help in Austria, even the imperialists displayed a dangerous temper. Such was the general uneasiness about war that the first measures of army reorganization were taken almost stealthily. It was easy enough to establish the skeleton of formation, and not very difficult to find trustworthy officers, commissioned and non-commissioned; but to call for recruits was to announce the coming war. Of the 300,000 veterans now returned home, less than a fifth responded to the call for volunteers; the Emperor had reckoned on four fifths at least. The National Guard was so surly that many felt it would be bravado for Napoleon to review them. But he was determined to do so, and on April 16 the hazardous ceremony took place. Until at least half had been reviewed not a cheer was heard; then there were a few scattering shouts here and there in the ranks; at last there was some genuine enthusiasm.

By the middle of May the national deputies summoned at Lyons began to arrive. They were to meet, after the fashion of Charles the Great's assemblies, in the open field. Their task was to be the making of a new constitution. It was not reassuring news that they brought from their various homes, and their accounts disturbed public opinion in Paris sadly. Before long it was known that civil war had again broken out in Vendée; the consequences would have been most disastrous had not La Rochejaquelein, the insurgent leader, been killed on June 4. As it was, the ignoble slaughter of one of their order intensified the bitterness of the nobles. Worse still, it had been found that of the 629 deputies 500 were pronounced constitutionalists indifferent to Napoleon, and that only fifty were his de-

voted personal friends; there were even between thirty and forty who were Jacobins, and at Fouché's command. Under these circumstances the Emperor dared not hold the promised national congress. What could be substituted for it? The great dramatic artist was not long at a loss. He determined to summon the electoral deputies to a gorgeous open-air ceremony on June 1, and have them stamp with their approval the Additional Act. A truly impressive spectacle would pass muster for the promised «field of May,» and profoundly affect the minds of all present. But, unfortunately, though Ségur made the plan, and though every detail was carefully studied by Napoleon, the affair was not impressive. About 18,000 persons assembled on the benches, and there was a vast crowd in the field. The cannon roared their welcome, and the people cheered the imperial carriage, the marshals, the body-guard, and the procession. But when Napoleon and his brothers stepped forth, clad like actors in theatrical costumes of white velvet, wearing Spanish cloaks embroidered with the imperial device of golden bees, and with great plumed hats on their heads, there was a hush of disappointment. The populace had expected a soldier in uniform; many had felt sure «he» would wear that of the National Guard.

There was, however, no sign of disrespect while the ministers and the reconstituted corps of marshals filed to their places. Among the latter were familiar faces—Ney, Moncey, Kellermann, Sérurier, Lefebvre, Grouchy, Oudinot, Jourdan, Soult, and Masséna. A committee of the deputies then stood forth, and their chairman read an address declaring that France desired a ruler of her own selection, and promising loyalty in the coming war. Napoleon arose, and in spite of his absurd clothes commanded attention while he set forth his reasons for offering a ready-made constitution instead of risking interminable debate. Although he declared that what was offered could, of course, be amended, there was no applause, except from a few soldiers. When the chambers met, a week later, Lanjuinais, one of Napoleon's lifelong opponents, was chosen president of the House of Deputies. The speech from the throne was clever and conciliatory, and in spite of evident distrust both houses promised all the strength of France for defense—but for defense only. The peers declared that under her new institutions France could never be swept away by the temptations of victory; the deputies asserted that nothing could carry the nation beyond the bounds of its own defense, not even the will of a victorious prince.

The anxieties and exertions of two months were manifest in Napoleon's appearance. His features, though impassive, were drawn, and his long jaws grew prominent. He lost flesh everywhere except around the waist, so that his belly, hitherto inconspicuous, looked almost pendulous. When standing, he folded his hands sometimes in front, sometimes behind, but separated them frequently to take snuff or rub his nose. Sometimes he heaved a mechanical sigh, swallowing as if to calm inward agitation. Often he scowled, and looked out through half-closed lids as if growing far-sighted; the twitching of his eye and ear on the left side grew more frequent. With thickening difficulties and increasing annoyance, serious urinary and stomach troubles set in; there was also a persistent hacking cough. Recourse was again had to protracted warm baths in order to alleviate the accompanying nervousness; but as the ailments were refractory, a mystery soon attached to the malady, and his enemies said it was a loathsome disease. This is highly improbable, for he was surrounded all his life by malignant attendants, and among the sweepings of their minds, which in recent years have been scattered before the public, there would be some proof of the fact. In the utter absence of any reliable information, some have guessed that the trouble was the preliminary stage of the disease by which he died; and others, again, in view of his quick changes of mood, his depressions, exaltations, sharpened sensibilities, and abrupt rudeness, have explained all his peculiarities in disease and health by attributing them to a form of hystero-epilepsy. Exhausted and nervous, he might well, as was the case, be found in tears before the portrait of his son; he might well lift up his voice, as he was heard to do, against the destiny which had played him false. But he was quite shrewd enough to see that during his absence no regency could be trusted, and he arranged to conduct affairs by special messengers. Joseph was to preside and give the casting-vote in the council of state; to Lucien was given a seat in the same body: but the supreme power rested in Napoleon.

When Wellington replaced Castlereagh at the congress of Vienna, it was quickly apparent that he was greater in the field than at the council-board. Both he and Blücher desired to assume the offensive quickly; but inasmuch as Alexander was determined to retain his ascendancy in the coalition, and each power insisted on its due share in the strug-

gle, it was arranged to begin hostilities on June 27, the earliest date at which the Russian troops could reach the confines of France. There were to be three armies: Schwarzenberg, with 250,000 men, comprising the Austrian, Russian, and Bavarian contingents, was to attack across the upper Rhine; Blücher, with 150,000 Prussians, was to advance across the lower Rhine; and Wellington in the Netherlands was to collect an army of 150,000, compounded of Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, and some 38,000 British, who could be there assembled. The two latter armies were in readiness by the first of June, but Wellington was dissatisfied with the quality of his motley force; even the English contingent was not the best possible, for his Peninsular veterans had been sent to find their match in Jackson's riflemen at the battle of New Orleans.

On the eve of hostilities Napoleon had 124,000 effectives, with 3500 in his camp train; Wellington had 106,000, but of these 4000 Hanoverians were left in garrison; Blücher had about 117,000. Neither of the two allied generals dreamed that Napoleon would choose the daring form of attack upon which he decided,—that of a wedge driven into the scattered line nearly a hundred miles in length upon which his enemy lay,—for to do so he must pass the Ardennes. But he did choose it, and selected for the purpose the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse. Allowing for the differences in topography, the idea was identical with that which, nineteen years before, he had executed splendidly in Piedmont.

LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS.

THE opening of the campaign was sufficiently auspicious. By a superb march during the night of June 14, Napoleon's first and second corps, under d'Erlon and Reille respectively, advanced to Solre on the Sambre, and formed the left wing; the third corps, under Vandamme, moved from the outskirts of the Ardennes, by Philippeville, to constitute the right; the fourth and sixth, under Gérard and Lobau respectively, with the guard and the reserve cavalry under Grouchy, concentrated from the line of the Moselle, and marched through Philippeville to form the center. In front a broad turnpike led almost direct to Brussels, thirty-four miles due north; another turned eastward toward Liège. Ten miles distant on this was Sombreffe, somewhat farther on that, Quatre Bras, both on the highway running east and west between Namur and Nivelles. To have accomplished such marches as it did the French army must have been fine; to have secured such a brilliant strategic position its general must have been almost inspired. He commanded the operating lines of both Wellington and Blücher, while they were far distant from each other, separated by serious obstacles, and instinct with a centrifugal tendency. The same high qualities distinguished the subordinate French commanders as shone in their general. Though many of the famous names are absent from the list,—Mortier, for instance, having fallen ill on the frontier,—yet Soult was present as chief of staff, and Ney was coming up to take a corps. Reille, d'Erlon, and Foy were veterans of the Peninsular war; what twenty-two years of service had done for the «wild Hun.» Vandamme, is known. Kellermann was made famous by Marengo, Lobau was noted for daring, Gérard had earned distinction in Russia, and though Grouchy's merit has been the theme of much discussion, yet he had been famous under Jourdan and Moreau, and nothing had occurred in the long interval to tarnish his reputation.

Nearly half of Blücher's troops were irregular reserves, and many of the regulars were recruits, but all were thoroughly drilled and well equipped. The passion of hatred which animated them was comparable only to the «French fury» with which Napoleon's army would fight for national existence. Such was the reverence for routine among the Prussian officers, and so bitter were the jealousies of the petty aristocracy from which they sprang, that the King dared not promote on any basis except that of seniority. In order to make Gneisenau second in command, York, Kleist, and Tauenzien were stationed elsewhere, and Bülow was put in command of a reserve to hold Belgium when Blücher should advance to Paris. The aged but fiery marshal had not mended his health by the self-indulgence of a year; the three division generals, Ziethen, Pirch, and Schielemann, were capable men of local renown. Gneisenau and Bülow were the only first-rate men among the Prussian commanders, but Blücher's name was a word to conjure with in rousing enthusiasm. Wellington was felt by his officers and soldiers to be a man of real power; his British recruits were well drilled, and his veterans were good. His associate generals were no more famous than those of Gneisenau, but they were, for the most part, English gentlemen with a high sense of duty and much executive ability. One of his corps was commanded by the Prince of Orange, a respectable soldier, whose name, however, was more valuable than the experience he had gained in the Peninsula as

aide-de-camp; the other corps was under Lord Hill, an admirable subordinate and an excellent commander. The only English general whose name is a familiar one abroad was Picton, who died on the field. As to the quality of the respective armies, it has become the fashion of each nation to decry that of its own and overrate the other two. Thus it condones its own blunders, and yet heightens the renown of victory. Napoleon was superior in organization, in cavalry, and in artillery to either Wellington or Blücher, but he was inferior to both in infantry. He was in wretched health, and he had a desperate cause. Taking fully into account his consummate ability and personal prestige, it yet remains true that the odds against him were very high, certainly as eight to five.

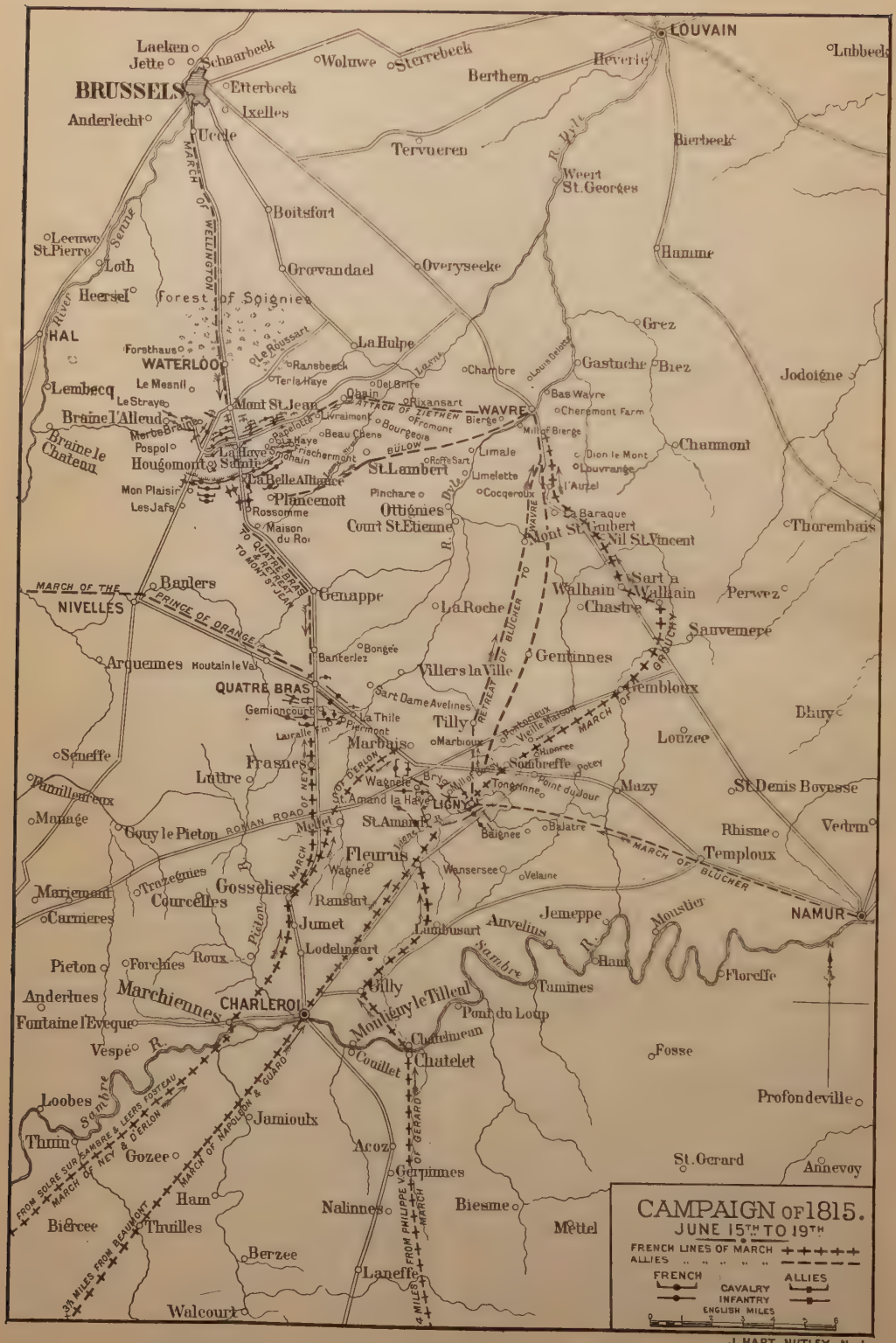
Zieten's posts before Charleroi saw the French camp-fires in the early hours of June 14; that evening they began to withdraw toward Fleurus, whither the remainder of the Prussian army was gradually set in motion. It seems incredible that this should have been the first move of the allies toward concentrating their widely scattered forces, for neither Wellington nor Blücher was surprised. Both commanders had for two days been aware, in a general way, of Napoleon's movements, but they were awaiting developments. It was Wellington's opinion, carefully set forth in his old age, that it would have been better strategy for the French to have advanced so as to turn his right, seize his munitions, and cut off his base; but as this would have rolled up the entire allied force, ready to deliver battle with odds of two to one, the statement may be accepted as an explanation, but not as a justification. In the dawn of the 15th a ringing, rousing proclamation, like those of the olden time, was read to the French soldiers; it was in high spirits that the three columns began their march. The left, under Reille, dislodged the Prussian outposts from Thuin, and, forcing them back through Marchiennes, seized the bridge at that place, and crossed to the left bank of the Sambre. The movement was complete by ten in the morning. The center under Napoleon comprised the mass of the army: Pajol, Vandamme, Lobau, the guard, Excelmans, Kellermann, and Milhaud. Soult despatched his orders by a solitary aide, who was killed by the enemy. Though at equally critical moments before both Eylau and Wagram, Berthier had done this very thing with identical results, yet Soult was severely blamed. His ill success was, as Napoleon called it, a «deplorable mischance,» and it was high noon before Pajol, with the van, reached Charleroi and, after a smart engagement, drove out the Prussians. The right wing, under Gérard, was in motion at five in the morning, but it also was detained by a serious disaster. Shortly after starting it was found that Bourmont, the commander of its best division, a man who had been Chouan, imperialist, and royalist by turns, had deserted with his chief of staff and eight soldiers. Having been at the council of war, he had the latest information of Napoleon's secret plans, and his treason demoralized the troops he so basely abandoned. It was long before Gérard could restore confidence, and it was nightfall when he reached Châtelet, four miles below Charleroi, where the bridge was secured, and half his men crossed over.

For four hours after his arrival at Charleroi, Napoleon, uneasy as to the whereabouts of his detachments, stood in idleness waiting for news. During this interval the Prussians reached Fleurus unmolested, all except a small body, which gathered at Gosselies, on the Brussels road, but was easily dispersed by Reille. It seemed as if the road to Quatre Bras was open, and when, at half-past four, Ney appeared, he was put in command of the left, with verbal instructions, as Napoleon asserted some years later, to seize that strategic point. Within these limits he was to act independently. If Quatre Bras were surprised, the second move could be attempted, the surprise likewise of Sombreffe. Since the highway between the two was the only line by which the two allied armies could unite, the possibility of attacking them separately would be assured even if the successive attacks should follow each other so closely as to be substantially one battle. Either Ney misunderstood, or Napoleon recorded what he intended to say, not what he actually said. The former declared that the Emperor's final words were, «Go, and drive back the enemy»; the latter that his orders were positive, to go and hold Quatre Bras. It is also a matter of dispute whether or not Napoleon had hoped, after seizing the bridges and crossing the Sambre, to complete his movement by surprising both Quatre Bras and Sombreffe on that same day, the 15th. Whatever may have been Napoleon's intention, Ney hurried to Gosselies, stationed Reille to hold the place, and then, despatching one division to pursue the Prussians, and another, with Piré's cavalry, toward Quatre Bras, put himself at the head of the cavalry of the guard to help in seizing this latter important point. But at seven his force, to their astonishment, was confronted by a

strong body of Nassauers from Wellington's army, who, having passed Quatre Bras, had seized Frasnes, a village two and a half miles in advance. The Germans made no stand, but Ney, instead of proceeding immediately to attack Quatre Bras itself, left his men to hold the position at Frasnes, and hurried away to consult his superior. For this he had excellent reasons: his staff was not yet organized, and d'Erlon's corps was not within call; he was therefore too weak for the movement contemplated by his orders. At the same moment Napoleon, who had been in the saddle since three in the morning, and who had become convinced that the retreating Prussians would not halt at Fleurus, but would rejoin their main army, turned back to Charleroi, and on reaching his quarters an hour later, flung himself in utter exhaustion upon his couch. In fact, he was in exquisite torture from the complication of urinary, hemorrhoidal, and other troubles which his long day's ride had exasperated, and, as he declared at St. Helena, probably with truth, he had lost his assurance of final success. The day had been fairly successful, but at what a cost of energy! No one, he least of all, could feel that there had been any buoyancy in the movements, or favoring fate in the combinations.

Throughout the day Blücher had displayed a fiery zeal. Since early in May he had had no serious consultation with Wellington, and in a general conversation held at that time there had been merely a vague understanding as to a union at some point south of Sombreffe. That point was accordingly selected by him for concentration, and in general his orders had been well executed. Why the bridges of Marchiennes and Châtelet were not undermined and blown up by the Prussians has never been explained. Moreover, the language of Gneisenau's orders to Bülow being vague, the latter misinterpreted it, and his much-needed force was not brought in as expected. Wellington's conduct is a riddle. About the middle of the afternoon he was informed, through the Prince of Orange, as to his enemy's movements. With perfect calm, he commanded that his troops should be ready in their cantonments; at five he issued orders for the divisions to march with a view to concentration at Nivelles, the easternmost point that he intended to occupy; at ten, just as he was setting out for the Duchess of Richmond's ball, he gave definite instructions for the concentration to begin. About twenty minutes after the Prince of Orange had reached the ball-room Wellington sent him away quietly, and then, summoning the Duke of Richmond, who was to have command of the reserve when formed, he asked for a map. The two withdrew to an adjoining room. Wellington closed the door, and said, with an oath, «Napoleon has humbugged me.» He then explained that he had ordered his army to concentrate at Quatre Bras, adding, «But we shall not stop him there; and if so, I must fight him here,» marking Waterloo with his thumb-nail on the map as he spoke. It was not until the next morning that he left for the front. Twenty-seven years later he made the unsupported assertion that he had ordered the Anglo-allied army to concentrate to the left, as Blücher had ordered the Prussians to concentrate to the right. Though Napoleon, on the evening of the 15th, had neither Quatre Bras nor Sombreffe, he held all the debatable ground; and if, next morning, he could seize the two towns simultaneously, the first move in his great game would be won. It seems as if he must risk everything to that end.

What passed between Napoleon and Ney during the long watches of the night is unknown, but Ney was again at his post long before dawn, and not a soldier moved from Charleroi until nearly noon! It seems that Napoleon, or Ney, or both, must have been stubbornly convinced that Wellington could not concentrate within twenty-four hours. That Napoleon was not incapacitated by prostration is proved by his acts: about five he sent a preliminary order to Ney; very early, also, he took measures to complete Gérard's crossing at Châtelet; and then, having considered at length the alternatives of pushing straight on to Brussels, or of taking the course he did, he had reached a decision as early as seven o'clock. It seems almost certain that he delayed because he wished his men, who had been seventeen hours afoot the previous day, to get a thorough rest. Toward nine, when finally assured of Ney's strength, he sent an order commanding the marshal to seize Quatre Bras, and stating that a semi-independent command, under Grouchy, would push on to Sombreffe, while he would content himself with holding Gembloux. This done, he settled into apparent lethargy. To Grouchy he wrote that he intended to attack the enemy at Sombreffe, and «even at Gembloux,» and then to operate immediately with Ney «against the English.» His scheme was able, for if at either salient angle his presence should be necessary, he could, at need, quickly join either Ney or Grouchy; but his senses were dulled, or his assurance was over-


LOUVAIN
BRUSSELS
Laeken
Jette
Schaarbeek
Woluwe
Sterrebeek
Berthem
Heverlé
Lubbeek
Etterbeek
Ixelles
Anderlecht
Uccle
Tervueren
Bierbeek
Weert St. Georges
Boitsfort
Leeuw St. Pierre
Senne
Loth
Groenendael
Overyseecke
Hamme
Heersel
Forest of Soignies
HAL
Grez
Forsthaus
WATERLOO
La Hulpe
Ransbeck
Terlaye
Chambre
Gastuche
Biez
Jodoigne
Lembecq
Le Mesnil
Le Strayc
Mont St. Jean
Rixensart
WAVRE
Bas Wavre
Cheremont Farm
Braine l'Alleud
Merbe Braine
Livraimont
Fromont
Bierge
Braine le Chateau
Pospol
Haye
Beau Chene
Bourgeois
Chamont
Hougomont
Frischermont
Limale
Dion le Mont
Louvrange
St. Lambert
Limelette
Mon Plaisir
Les Jafs
La Belle Alliance
Plancenoit
Pinchare
Cocqueroux
l'Autel
Rossomme
Ottignies
La Baraque
Court St. Etienne
Mont St. Guibert
Nil St. Vincent
Thorembais
Baulers
Genappe
La Roche
Walhain
Wallain
Sart a
Perwez
NIVELLES
Chastre
Sauvemere
Arquennes
Houtain le Val
Bonsee
Villers la Ville
Gentinnes
Banterlez
QUATRE BRAS
Sart Dame Avelines
Tilly
Sombreffe
Dhuy
Gemioncourt
La Thile
Marbais
Marbioux
Louzee
Seneffe
Frasnes
Lutre
Vieille Maison
Mazy
St. Denis Bovesse
Pamillerieux
Wagnelee
Tongrinne
Point du Jour
Manage
Gouy le Pieton
ROMAN ROAD OF NEY
St. Amand la Haye
LIGNY
Balatre
Rhisme
Verdrm
Fleurus
Wagnee
Wansersee
Velaine
Temploux
Marchienne
Gosselies
Courcelles
Trazegnies
Ransart
Jumet
Lambusart
Auvelais
Jemeppe
NAMUR
Carnieres
Pieton
Lodelinsart
Roux
Forchies
Haut
Floreffe
Anderlues
Marchiennes
CHARLEROI
Gilly
Tamines
Fontaine l'Eveque
Monigny le Tilleul
Pont du Loup
Vespé
Chatelet
Fosse
Loobes
Jamioux
Profondeville
Thuin
Gozee
Acoz
St. Gerard
Annevoy
Ham
Nalinnes
Biesme
Biercee
Thuilles
Meuet
Berzee
Laneffe
Walcourt
MARCH OF WELLINGTON
ATTACK OF ZIETHEN
BULOW
MARCH OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE
TO QUATRE BRAS
TO MONT ST. JEAN
RETREAT OF BLUCHER
TO WAVRE
MARCH OF BLUCHER
MARCH OF NEY & D'ERLON
MARCH OF NAPOLEON & GUARD
FROM SOLRE SUR SAMBRE & LEERS FOSTEAU
FROM PHILIPPEVILLE & OF GERARD
3½ MILES FROM BEAUMONT
4 MILES
CAMPAIGN OF 1815.
JUNE 15TH TO 19TH
FRENCH LINES OF MARCH
ALLIES
FRENCH
ALLIES
CAVALRY
INFANTRY
ENGLISH MILES
J. HART NUTLEY N. J.

weening. When informed that the enemy was at Fleurus in force, he hesitated long before resolving to move, behaving as if sure that the soldiers there were only a single corps of Blücher's army. Meanwhile Vandamme had advanced. The Prussians withdrew from Fleurus, and deployed at the foot of the hillock on which the village of Ligny stands. When, about midday, Napoleon arrived at Fleurus, he had to experience an unpleasant surprise: 87,000 men, all Blücher's army, except Bülow's corps, were drawn up in battle array to oppose him. Of his own force he had left 10,000 at Charleroi, under Lobau, as a reserve.

By extraordinary exertions Wellington had got together a substantial force at Quatre Bras early that same morning, and then, leaving it in command of the Prince of Orange, he had met Blücher at about one o'clock in the windmill of Bry. The two generals parted in the firm conviction that the mass of the French army was at Ligny, and with the verbal understanding that Wellington, if not himself attacked, would come to Blücher's support. On leaving, the English commander sharply criticized the tactical disposition of his ally's army; but Blücher, with the fixed idea that, in any case, the Duke was coming to his aid, determined to stand as he was. With similar obstinacy, Napoleon, certain that what he had before him was only a screen for the retreat of the main army of the allies, now despatched an order (the second) for Ney to combine Reille, d'Erlon, and Kellermann, in order to destroy whatever force was in opposition at Quatre Bras. This was at two. The French attack was opened by Vandamme, and the resistance was such as to leave no doubt of the real Prussian strength. At once Napoleon wrote two despatches of the same tenor—one sent to Ney by an aide, and one direct to d'Erlon by a sub-officer of the guard. The former (the third for the same destination) urged Ney to come for the sake of France; the other summoned d'Erlon from Ney's command to the Emperor's own immediate assistance: «You will save France, and cover yourself with glory,» were its closing words. This last order, the original of which has but lately been revealed, came nigh to ruining the whole day's work. Before Wellington could return to Quatre Bras, Ney's force was engaged with the Prince of Orange, and before noon a fierce conflict was raging at that place. D'Erlon appears to have been in a frightful quandary as to his duty, and in his dilemma he detached his best division, that of Durutte, which did nothing to any purpose, neither assisting Ney, who did not literally obey his orders in consequence, nor coming to Napoleon's aid in time. Blücher, who had clearly determined to fight, come what would, held in as long as his impatient temper permitted; but since no reinforcement from Wellington appeared, he first fumed, and then gave his fatal orders to advance. The nature of the ground was such as necessarily by such a move to weaken his center. Napoleon marked this at once, and summoned the guard in order to break through. For a moment he hesitated; a mysterious force had appeared on the left; perhaps they were foes. Assured that they were d'Erlon's men, he waited not an instant longer; the crash came, and Blücher's line was shattered. Retreat was turned into rout so quickly that Blücher could not even exchange his wounded horse for another, and in the mad rush he was so stunned and overwhelmed that his staff gave him up for lost. The few moments before he was found were the most precious for the allies of the whole campaign, since Gneisenau directed the flight northward on the line to Wavre, a route parallel with that on which Wellington, whatever his success, must now necessarily withdraw. This move, which abandoned the line to Namur, is Gneisenau's title to fame. Napoleon did not wait for d'Erlon and then order an annihilating pursuit, but came to the conclusion that the Prussians were sufficiently disorganized, and would seek to reorganize on the old line to the eastward. They were thus, he thought, completely and finally cut off from Wellington. He instantly despatched Pajol, with his single cavalry corps, to follow the foe, and was confirmed in his fatal conjecture by the report of 5000 Prussians having been seen on the Namur road, and exerting themselves to hold it. He remained in ignorance of the truth until next day.

Almost simultaneously with the battle of Ligny was fought that of Quatre Bras. At eleven Ney received orders outlining a general plan for the day; about half an hour later came the specific command to unite the forces of d'Erlon, Reille, and Kellermann, and carry Quatre Bras; at five arrived in hot haste the messenger with the third order. At two o'clock there were not quite 7000 Anglo-Belgians in Quatre Bras, but, successive bodies arriving in swift succession, by half-past six o'clock there were over 30,000. At two Ney had 17,000, and although he had recalled d'Erlon, yet, owing to the withdrawal of Durutte, he had at half-past six not more

than 20,000. Had he advanced on the position the previous evening, or had he attacked between eleven and two on the 16th, the event of the campaign might have been different from what it was. But if he really believed, as he afterward asseverated, that his orders were merely to push and hold the enemy, then his conduct throughout was gallant and correct. The weight of evidence favors the claim of Napoleon that the marshal was perverse in his refusal to take Quatre Bras according to verbal orders. Whatever the truth, the behavior of Ney's men was admirable when they did advance, but they were forced back to Frasnes before superior numbers. Next morning Wellington was conversing with General Bowles when a staff officer drew up, his horse flecked with foam, and whispered the news of Ligny. Without a change of countenance, the commander said to his companion: «Old Blücher has had a —— good licking, and gone back to Wavre, eighteen miles. As he has gone back, we must go, too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help it; as they have gone back, we must go, too.» Accordingly, he issued his orders, and his army began to march at ten. On the whole, therefore, the events of June 16 were favorable to Napoleon, since, fighting at two points with inferior numbers, he had been victorious at one, and had thereby secured the other also. It is useless to surmise what would have happened had Bülow been with Blücher, and d'Erlon and Lobau with Napoleon, or if either of these possibilities had happened without the other; as it was, Napoleon's strategy gained both Quatre Bras and Sombreffe.

The Prussians had lost 20,000 men, missing, wounded, and dead, and it required careful medical treatment to restore Blücher. But all night the army marched, and in the morning Bülow, having found his direction, was within easy reach at Gembloux. The retreat continued throughout the 17th. It was a move of the greatest daring, since the line was over a broken country almost destitute of roads, and, the old base of supplies having been abandoned, the men had to starve until Gneisenau could open a new one by way of Louvain. The army bore its hardships well; there was no straggling or demoralization, and the splendor of success makes doubly brilliant the move which confounded Napoleon's plans. Never dreaming at first that his foe had withdrawn elsewhere than along his natural line of supply toward Liège, the Emperor considered the separation of the two allies as complete, and after carefully deliberating throughout the long interval he allowed his troops for rest, he determined to wheel, join Ney, and attack Wellington, wherever found. It was serious and inexplicable slackness which he showed in not taking effective measures to determine immediately where his defeated enemy was. Being, nevertheless, well aware of the Prussian resources and character, he made up his mind to detail Grouchy, with 33,000 men, for the purpose of scouring the country toward Liège at least as far as Namur. Then, to provide for what he considered a possible contingency,—viz., that which had actually occurred,—this adjunct army was to turn north, and hasten to Gembloux, in order absolutely to assure the isolation of Wellington; in any and every case the general was to keep his communications open. It was eight in the morning of the 17th when Napoleon issued from his quarters at Fleurus. Flahaut was waiting for the reply to an inquiry which he had just brought from Ney concerning the details of Ligny. The Emperor at once dictated a despatch, the most famous in the controversial literature of Waterloo, in which his own achievements were told and Ney was blamed for the disconnected action of his subordinates the previous day; in particular the marshal was instructed to take position at Quatre Bras, «as you were ordered,» and d'Erlon was criticized for his failure to move on St. Amand. The wording of the hastily scribbled order to the latter he had probably forgotten; it was: «Portez-vous . . . à la hauteur de Ligny, et fondez sur St. Amand —ou vice versa; c'est ce que je ne sais bien.» («Betake yourself . . . to the heights of Ligny, pounce on St. Amand—or the reverse; I am not quite sure which.») Further, the Emperor now declared that, had Ney kept d'Erlon and Reille together, not an Englishman would have escaped, and that, had d'Erlon obeyed his orders, the Prussian army would have been destroyed. In case it were still impossible to seize Quatre Bras with the force at hand, Napoleon would himself move thither. Then, entering a carriage, he drove to Ligny; Lobau was ordered at once to Marbais, on the road to Quatre Bras. After haranguing the troops and prisoners, Napoleon was informed, about noon, that Wellington was still in position. At once a second order was sent, commanding Ney to attack; the Emperor, it ran, was already under way to Marbais. This was not quite true, for while he was giving detailed instructions to Grouchy before parting, that general had seemed uneasy, and had finally pleaded that it would be impossible further to disorganize the Prussians, since they had so

long a start. These scruples were peremptorily put down, and the chief parted amicably from his subordinate, but with a sense of uneasiness, lest he had left nice and difficult work in unwilling hands. Scouts soon overtook him, and expressed doubt as to the Prussians having gone to Namur. In case they had not, Grouchy must act cautiously. Accordingly, positive instructions were then dictated to Bertrand, and sent to Grouchy, whose movements were now doubly important. The latter general was to reconnoiter toward Namur, but march direct to Gembloux; his chief task was to discover whether Blücher was seeking to join Wellington or not. For the rest, he was free to act on his own discretion. Napoleon then entered his carriage, and drove to Quatre Bras. Mounting his horse, he led the pursuit of the English rear. Indignant that Ney had lost the opportunity to overwhelm at least a portion of Wellington's force, he exclaimed to d'Erlon, «They have ruined France!» So active and energetic was he that he actually exposed himself to the artillery fire with which the English gunners sought to retard the pursuit. It was not an easy matter for Grouchy to carry out his instructions; at two o'clock began a steady downpour, which lasted well into the next morning; the roads to Gembloux were lanes, and the rain turned them into sticky mud. Not until that night was Grouchy's command assembled at Gembloux; it was ten o'clock before the leader gained an inkling of where the Prussians were, and then, though uncertain as to their exact movements, he immediately despatched a letter, which Napoleon received at two in the morning, declaring his intention of following them to Wavre, so as to prevent their reaching Brussels, and in order to separate them from Wellington. Some hours later, when finally convinced that Blücher was retiring on Wavre, Grouchy set his columns in motion in a straight line toward that place by Sart-à-Walhain, choosing, with very poor judgment, to advance by the right bank of the Dyle, and thus jeopardizing the precious connections he had been repeatedly and urgently instructed to keep open.

WATERLOO.

On the night of June 17 Wellington's army reached the heights at Mont St. Jean, on the northern edge of what was destined to be the most talked of battle-field in modern times. His retreat, masked by a strong body of cavalry, with some horse artillery, and a single infantry division, had been slow and regular, being retarded somewhat by the heavy rain. Ney had held his position at Frasnes, well aware that what was before him was far more than a rear-guard—in fact, owing to the arrival of strong reinforcements during the night, it was the larger portion of the Anglo-Belgian army. But the instant the French marshal was informed of his enemy's retrograde movements he threw forward a strong force of cavalry to coöperate with Napoleon. Substantial reinforcements had come in, and, when reunited, the French army numbered 71,500 men, and 240 guns, excluding Gérard, who had been left at Ligny to coöperate with Grouchy. That Wellington was far on his way to the defensive position chosen by himself was probably in accord with Napoleon's calculations; his only fear was lest his foe should have withdrawn behind the forest of Soignies, where free communication with Blücher and the junction of the two allied armies would be assured, as it was not at Mont St. Jean. This anxiety was set at rest by a cavalry reconnaissance, and at dusk the French van bivouacked at Belle Alliance, separated by a broad, shallow vale from their foe. The rest of the army followed with great difficulty, some by the road, some through plowed or swampy fields, wading the swollen tributaries of the Dyle, and floundering through the meadows on their banks. The army of Wellington had seized, in passing, what provisions and forage they found, and they had camp-fires to comfort them in the steady rain. The French had scanty or no rations, and lay throughout the night in the grain-fields, without fire or shelter. All told, Wellington had 68,000 men; ten miles on his right, at Hal, lay 18,000 more; eight miles on his left, twelve from his headquarters at Waterloo, was Blücher. Wellington, who had informed Blücher that, unless support reached him, he would fall back to Brussels, at two o'clock in the morning had assurance of Blücher's coöperation. There is an unsupported statement of Napoleon's that he twice sent to Grouchy on the night of the 17th, by two separate officers, a definite order to detach 7000 men from his camp at Wavre (where the Emperor affected to believe that Grouchy was), and make connection by St.-Lambert with the right of the main army. This would cut Blücher entirely off from Wellington. The motive of this statement is transparent—with the allies separated, they were outmanœuvered; with the possibility of their union, and an understanding between them to that effect, he was himself outmanœuvered.

Grouchy denied having received this order; neither of the officers intrusted with it ever revealed himself; the original of it has never been found; and in subsequent orders issued next day there is no mention of, or reference to, any such message. Either the declaration, twice made at St. Helena, was due to forgetfulness, being an account of intentions not carried out, or else it was put forward to explain the result of the campaign as due to his lieutenant's inefficiency. Grouchy must have had an uneasy conscience, since for thirty years he suppressed the text of the Bertrand order, which was not on the order-book because it had not been dictated to Soult: and when, after falsely claiming for the duration of an entire generation that he had acted under verbal instructions, he did publish it, he gave, at the same time, a mutilated version of his own report from Gembloux, sent on the night of the 17th, changing his original language so as to show that he had never looked upon the separation of the allies as his chief task, but that what was uppermost in his mind was an attack on the Prussians. It was two in the morning of the 18th when the letter of Grouchy, written about four hours earlier, arrived at Napoleon's headquarters. Both the Emperor and Soult knew by that time that the whole of Blücher's army was moving to Wavre; yet they did not give this information, nor any minute directions, to the returning messenger. Grouchy, therefore, was left to act on his own discretion, his superior doubtless believing that the inferior would by that time himself be fully informed, and would hasten to throw himself, like an impenetrable wall, between the Prussians and the Anglo-Belgian army. By the defenders of Napoleon, Grouchy is severely criticized for not having marched early in the morning of the 18th to Moustier, where, if energetic, he could have carried over his army to the left bank of the river by eleven o'clock, thus placing his force within the sphere of Napoleon's operations. Perhaps he would have been able to prevent the union of the opposing armies, or, if not that, to strengthen Napoleon in his struggle. It is proved by Marbot's memoirs that this is what Napoleon expected. On the other hand, excellent critics present other very important considerations: the line to Moustier was over a country so rough and miry that after a torrential rain the artillery would have been seriously delayed, and Prussian scouts might well have brought down a strong Prussian column in time to oppose the crossing there or elsewhere. Grouchy, moreover, could not know that Wellington would offer battle in front of the forest of Soignies—a resolution which, in the opinion of Napoleon and many lesser experts, was a serious blunder. He appears to have been positive that the two armies were aiming to combine for the defense of Brussels; finally, when from Walhain the sound of the firing at Waterloo was distinctly heard, and Gérard fiercely urged an immediate march toward the field of battle, Grouchy was acting strictly within the limits of the Bertrand order, and according to what he then held to be explicit instructions, when he pressed on to concentrate at Wavre, and thus, if Napoleon had already defeated Wellington, prevent any union between Wellington and the Prussian army. It is almost certain that Grouchy would in no way have changed the event by marching direct to Mont St. Jean, for the cross-roads were soaked, and the distance was approximately thirteen miles; the previous day he had been able to make somewhat more than half that distance in nine hours.

Napoleon himself did not apparently expect the Prussians to rally as they did. He spent the hours from dawn, when the rain ceased, in careful reconnoitering. The mud was so thick in places that he required help to draw his feet out of his own tracks. At breakfast, according to a contemporary anecdote, he expressed himself as having never been more favored by fortune; and when reminded that Blücher might effect a union with the English, he replied that the Prussians would need three days to form again. This is in accord with his exaggerated but reiterated estimates of the disaster produced in Blücher's ranks after Ligny, and, taken in connection with the difficulty of moving artillery (not a sufficient explanation in itself), is the only conceivable reason for his delay in attacking on the 18th. It also explains his remissness in leaving Grouchy to exercise full discretion as to his movements. At eight the plan of battle was sketched; at nine the orders for the day were despatched throughout the lines; about ten the weary but self-confident Emperor threw himself down and slept for an hour; at eleven he mounted, and rode by the Brussels highway to the farm of Belle Alliance. It was probably during the Emperor's nap that Soult forwarded to Grouchy a despatch, marked 10 A.M., instructing that general to manœuver toward the main army by way of Wavre. Although, according to Marbot, Napoleon expected Grouchy in the afternoon by way of Moustier, at one a second despatch, of which the

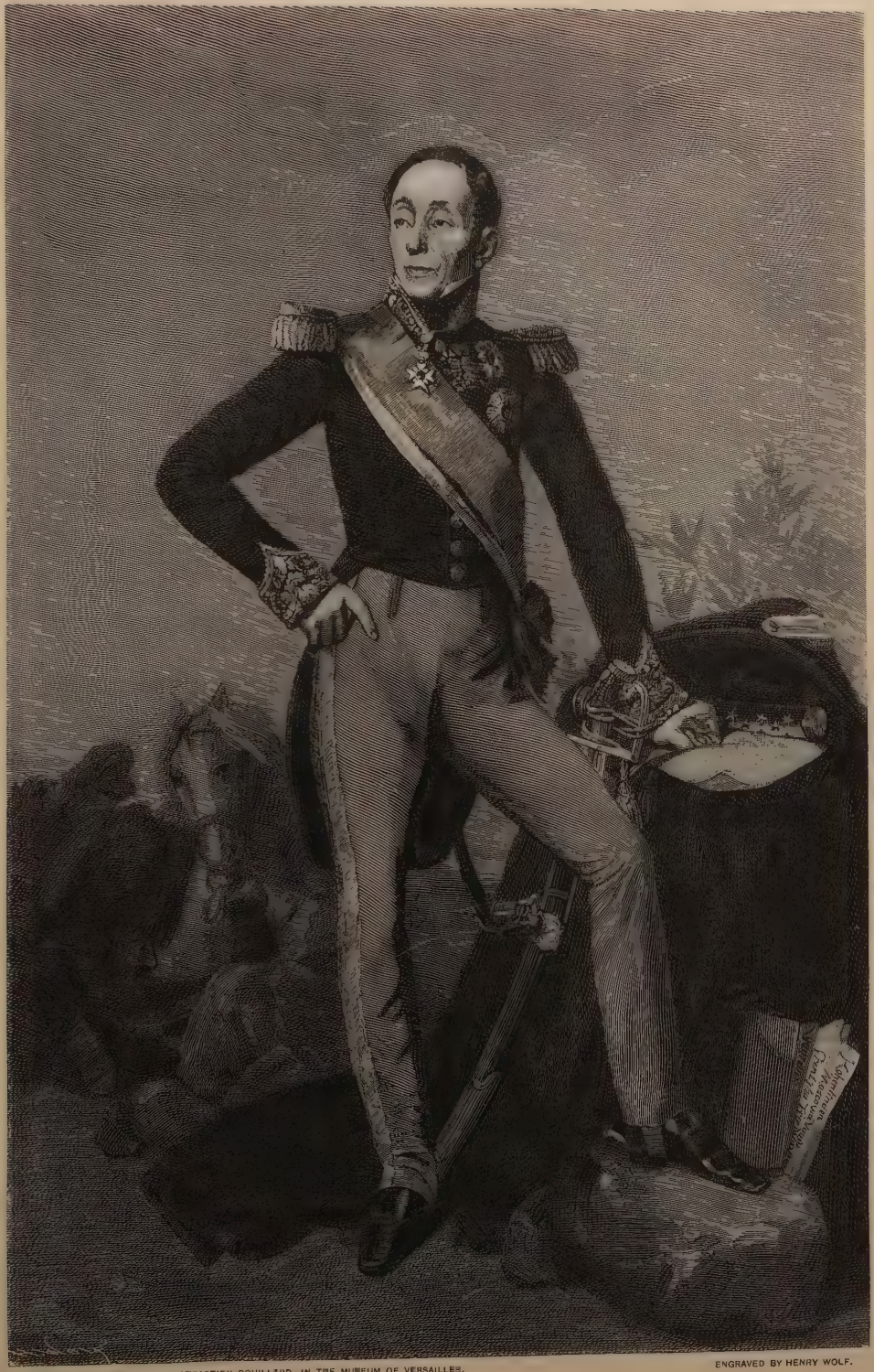


FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE P. R. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. G. TIETZE, BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI, LONDON,
AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS, A. R. A.

Emperor certainly had cognizance, had been forwarded to Grouchy, expressing approval of his intention to move on Wavre by Sart-à-Walhain, but instructing him «always to manœuver in our direction.» The postscript of this second order enjoins haste, since it was thought Bülow was already on the heights of St. Lambert. The one central idea of Napoleon and Soult was clearly to leave a wide discretion for Grouchy, provided always that he kept his communications with the main army open, and that his general direction was one which would insure easy connection, in order either to cut off or check the Prussians. But, however this may be, the hours of Napoleon's inactivity were precious to his enemies; by twelve Bülow was at St. Lambert, and at that same hour two other Prussian corps were leaving Wavre. These movements were apparently tardy, but Gneisenau, feeling that Wellington had been a poor reliance at Ligny, and very much doubting whether he really intended to stand at Waterloo, was unwilling that Blücher should despatch his troops until it was certain that the Prussian army would not again be left in the lurch. Should the Anglo-Dutch retreat to Brussels, the Prussians must either retreat by Louvain, or be again defeated. Anxiety was not dispelled until the roar of cannon was heard between eleven and twelve. Then the Prussians first exerted themselves to the utmost; it was about four when they were within striking distance, ready to take Napoleon's army on its flank. When Grouchy reached Wavre, at the same hour, he found there but one of Blücher's corps, the rear under Thielmann.

From Belle Alliance Napoleon returned, and took his station on the height of Rossome. In front was a vale something less than a mile in width. The highway stretched before him in a straight line until it skirted the large farmstead of La Haye Sainte on the opposite side; then, ascending by a slant to the first crest, it passed the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, only to ascend still higher to the top of the ridge before falling again into a second depression. At Mont St. Jean was Wellington's center. The road from Nivelles to Brussels crosses the valley about a quarter of a mile westward, and on it, midway between the two slopes, lay another farm-house, with its barns, that of Hougomont. More than half a mile eastward, in the direction from which the Prussians were expected, lay scattered the farm buildings of Papelotte, La Haye, Smohain, and Frischermont. The valley was covered with rich crops. Unobstructed by ditches or hedges, it was cut longitudinally about the middle by a cruciform ridge, with spurs reaching toward Belle Alliance on one side, and past Hougomont on the other; the road passed by a cut through the longitudinal arm. Hougomont was almost a fortress, having strong brick walls and a moat; it stood in a large orchard, which was surrounded by a thick hedge. The house at La Haye Sainte was brick, also, and formed one side of a quadrangle, inclosed further by two brick barns and a strong wall of the same material; though not as large or solid as Hougomont, it was a strong advance redoubt for Mont St. Jean. The right and center of Wellington were thus well protected, the left was admirably screened by the places already enumerated. His army was deployed in three lines, the front plainly visible to the French, the second partly concealed by the crest of the hill, and the third entirely so. His headquarters were two miles north, at Waterloo; his lines of retreat, though broken by the forest of Soignes, were open either toward Wavre or toward the sea. The latter line was well protected by the troops at Hal. Uneasy about the character of his Dutch-Belgian troops, he had carefully disposed them among the reliable English and Germans in order to preclude the possibility of a panic. In the foreground of Napoleon's position was the French army, also deployed in three lines. The front, extending from the mansion of Frischermont to the Nivelles road, consisted of two infantry corps, one on each side of Belle Alliance, and of two corps of cavalry, one on the extreme right wing, one on the left; of this line Ney had command. The second was shorter, its wings being cavalry, and its center in two divisions, of cavalry and infantry respectively. The third, or reserve, was the guard. Each of the lines had its due proportion of artillery, stationed in all three along the road. This disposition gave the French array, as seen from beyond, a fan-like appearance, the sticks, or columns, converging toward the rear. The array was brilliant; every man and horse was in sight; the number was superior by about 4000 to that of the enemy; the ground was, by eleven, almost dry enough to secure the fullest advantage from superiority in artillery; deserters from the foe came in from time to time. Surely the moral effect of such a scene upon the somewhat motley throng across the valley must be very powerful. Yet the road to Charleroi was the single available line of retreat, and it passed through a deep cut; the soldiers were tired and not really first-rate, fifty per cent. of the



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-SEBASTIEN ROUILLARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

EMMANUEL, MARQUIS DE GROUCHY.

line being recruits, and nearly a quarter of the guard untrained men; the tried officers had all been promoted, and those who replaced them needed such careful watching that deep formations had been adopted, and these must not merely diminish the volume of fire, but present vulnerable targets; the cavalry had been hastily gathered, and was far from being as efficient as the British veterans or the German legion.

For some moments after reaching his position Napoleon stood, impassive. He was clad in his classic costume of cocked hat and gray surtout. Throughout his lines he had been received with enthusiasm, and his presence was clearly magnetic as of old. The direction of affairs in this momentous crisis was his, and he dreamed of two implacable enemies routed, of appeasing the two who were less directly interested, of glory won, of empire regained. Reason must have told him how empty was such a vision; for, since Poischwitz, Austria and Russia had been quite as bitter, and more tortuous, than the other powers. His expression mirrored pain both physical and intellectual; his over-confidence and consequent delay were signs of degenerate power; his exertions for three days past had been beyond any human strength, especially when the faculties of body and mind had been harassed for more than two months as his had been. It was the first day of the week, but there was a calm more profound than that of the Sabbath; the sky was dull, the misty air was heavy with summer heat; but there was the expectant silence of a great host, the deep determination of two grim and obstinate armies. Wellington, with his western lines protected, would be safe when the Prussian army should appear where he knew its van already was, and he must manœuver eastward to keep in touch. Napoleon must crush the British center and left, and roll up the line to its right, in order to separate the parts of his dual foe. To this end he had determined to make a feint against Hougomont; should Wellington throw in his reserves at that point on his right, one strong push might throw the rest into confusion, and hurl the whole force westward, away from Brussels. It was a simple plan, great in its simplicity, as had been every strategic conception of Napoleon from the opening of the campaign. But its execution was like that of every other movement attempted since the first great march of concentration—tardy, slack, and feeble. Personal bravery was abundant among the French, but the orderly coöperation of regiment, division, and corps in all the arms, the courage of self-restraint, and the self-sacrifice of individuals in organized movement, with the invigorating ubiquity of a master mind,—these were lacking from the first.

Napoleon's salute to Wellington was a cannonade from a hundred and twenty guns. The fire was directed toward the enemy's center and left, but it was ineffectual, except as the smoke partially masked the first French movement, which was the attack on Hougomont by their left, the corps of Reille. This was in three divisions, commanded respectively by Bachelu, Foy, and Prince Jerome, whose director was Guillemenot. Preceded by skirmishers, the column of Jerome gained partial shelter in a wood to the southwest of their goal, but the resistance to their advance was vigorous; on the skirts of the grove were Nassauers, Hanoverians, and a detachment of the English guards, all picked men, and behind, on higher ground, an English battery. The two other divisions pressed on behind, and for a time their gains were apparently substantial. But, checked in front by artillery fire, and by a murderous fusillade from loopholes cut in the walls of Hougomont, the besiegers hesitated. Such, however, was their zeal, and so great their numbers, that Bauduin's brigade doubled on the rear of the fortalice, drove back the English guards from before the entrance to the courtyard on the north, and charged for the opening. Some even entered, and the success of Napoleon's first move was in sight when five gallant Englishmen, by sheer physical strength, shut the stout gate in the face of the assailants. A fearless French grenadier scaled the wall, but he and his comrades within were killed. A second assault on the same spot failed; so, too, a third on the west, and still another on the east, all of which were repelled by the English guards, who moved down from above, and drove the French into the wood, where they held their own. These close and bloody encounters were contrary to Reille's orders, but in the thick of combat his various detachments could not be restrained.

The second division of the battle was the main attack on Wellington's left by d'Erlon's corps. Between twelve and one a Prussian hussar was captured, with a message from Blücher to Wellington announcing the Prussian advance. At once the postscript was added to the second despatch to Grouchy, already mentioned, and Napoleon made ready for his great effort. Unable to sit his horse, he had dismounted, and, sitting at the table on which his map was spread, he was fre-



FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST CROFTS.

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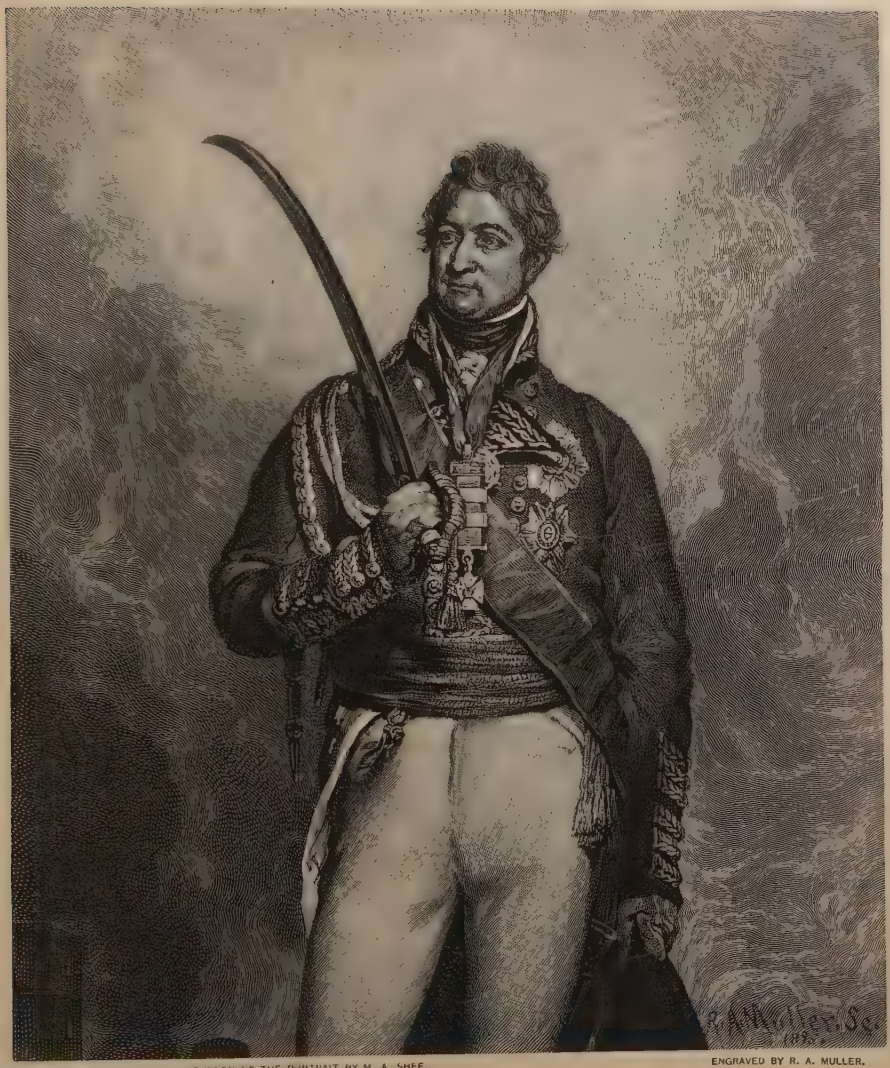
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NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD BEFORE WATERLOO.

quently seen to nod and doze. Ney and d'Erlon, left to their own judgment, had evolved a scheme of formation so complex that, when tried, as it now was, it proved unworkable. The confusion was veiled by a terrific, continuous, and destructive artillery fire. After some delay, and a readjustment involving preparations against the possible flank attack of the Prussians, d'Erlon's corps advanced in four columns, under Donzelot, Allix, Marcognet, and Durutte respectively. Opposed was Picton's decimated corps, with a few Dutch-Belgians, whose valor, never very bright, had been almost eclipsed by the fact that their uniforms, having been mistaken for French ones, had drawn upon them the fire of their own associates. Durutte, on the extreme right, seized Papelotte, but lost it almost immediately. The conflict then focused about La Haye Sainte, where the garden and orchard were seized by an overwhelming force. The buildings had been inadequately fortified, but Major Baring, with his garrison, displayed prodigies of valor, and held them. The assailants, supported hitherto by batteries firing over their heads, now charged up the hill; as they reached the crest, their own guns were silenced, but their yells of defiance rent the air. The Dutch-Belgians of the first rank hearkened an instant, and fled incontinently until, followed by the jeers and menaces of the British grenadiers and Royal Scots, they reached a place of safety, when they reformed, and stood. Picton was thus left unsupported, but at that decisive moment Donzelot tried the new tactics again, and his ranks fell into momentary confusion. Picton charged, the British artillery opened, and, though the English general fell, mortally wounded, his men hurled back the French. This first success enabled Wellington to bring in his infantry, and to throw in his cavalry against a body of French riders, under Roussel, which, having swept the fields around La Haye Sainte, was now coming on. His order was for Somerset and Ponsonby to charge. The shock was terrific, but the French cavalry yielded, and the whole of d'Erlon's line rolled back in fair order. A few vain efforts were made by the rash Englishmen to create confusion, but they were thwarted. This ended the effort upon which Napoleon had based his hope of success; there was still desultory fighting at Hougomont, and the Prussians, though not visible, were forming behind the forest of Paris.

There was a long and ominous pause before the next renewal of conflict. Wellington used it to repair his shattered left, Napoleon to form a corps under Lobau, intended to repel the flank attack of the Prussians. Ney was determined to redeem his repulse by a second front attack, and Napoleon, either by word or silence, gave consent. While the batteries kept up their fire, the marshal gathered in the center the largest mass of horsemen which had ever charged on a European battle-field, 12,000 men, light and heavy cavalry. His aim was to supplement Reille, still engaged at Hougomont, and dash in upon the allied right center. Donzelot's column, now reformed, was hurled directly against La Haye Sainte, and the mass of the cavalry surged up the hill. The gunners of Wellington's artillery, unprotected even by breastworks, stood to their pieces until the attacking line was within forty yards; then they delivered their final salvo, and fled. Wavering for an instant, the French advanced with a cheer. Before them stood the enemy in hollow squares, four ranks deep, the front kneeling, the second at the charge, the two others ready to fire. The horsemen dared not rush on those bristling lines. In and out among the serried ranks they flowed and foamed, discharging their pistols, and slashing with their sabers, until, discouraged by losses, and exhausted by useless exertion, their efforts grew feeble. Dubois's brigade, according to tradition, dashed in ignorance over the brow of a ravine, men and horses rolling in horrid confusion into the unsuspected pit. The abyss, it is believed, was likewise the grave of the fifteen hundred men and two thousand horses which were eventually collected from round about. The British reserve cavalry, supported by the infantry fire, and a few hastily collected batteries, completed the defeat of Ney's first charge. A second was repulsed in the same way. The undaunted marshal then waited for reinforcements. No fewer than thirty-seven squadrons came in, Napoleon sending Kellermann's heavy dragoons as a last resort. Guyot's division of the heavy guard cavalry was also there—some say summoned by Ney, others that they came of their own accord; the question arises because, in the next stage of the battle, their absence from their place was a serious matter. Another time, and still another, this mighty force moved against the foe. Pouring in and out, backward and forward among the squares, they lost cohesion and force until, at the moment of Wellington's extremity, they withdrew, as before, exhausted and spent.

The energy and zeal of the English commander were in strange contrast to Napoleon's growing apathy; but Wellington was



FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. TURNER OF THE PORTRAIT BY M. A. SHEE. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.

now at the end of his powers. It was six, and to his repeated messages, calling for Blücher's aid, there had been no response. He was face to face with defeat. Baring had held La Haye Sainte with unsurpassed gallantry; his calls for men had been answered, but his requisitions for ammunition were strangely neglected. Ney, seeing how vain his cavalry charges were, withdrew before the last one took place, arrayed Bachelu's division, collected a number of field-pieces, and fell furiously, with cannonade and bayonet charge, upon the farm-house. His success was complete: the garrison fled, his pursuit was hot, and, leading in person, he broke through the opposing line at its very heart. Had he been supported by a strong reserve, the battle would have been won. Müffling, Wellington's Prussian aide, dashed away to the Prussian lines, and, as he drew near the head of Zieten's division, shouted, «The battle is lost if the corps does not press on and at once support the English army.» Ney's adjutant, demanding infantry to complete the breach he had made, was received by Napoleon with petulance. One brigade from Bülow's corps had attacked at about half-past four; repulsed at first, their onset was growing fiercer, for two other brigades had come in. Soult had opposed Ney's waste of cavalry. He and the other generals were displaying a wilfulness bordering on insubordination. A portion of the guard had just been detached for Lobau's support. To Ney's demand for infantry the



FROM THE PAINTING BY U. CHECA.

THE RAVINE AT WATERLOO.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

Emperor replied, «Where do you expect me to get them from? Am I to make them?» Had the old Bonaparte spirit moved the chieftain to put himself at the head of what remained of the guard infantry to support Ney, a temporary victory would have been won; and then, with a remnant flushed with victory, he could have turned to Lobau's assistance before the main Prussian army came in. Thus was lost Napoléon's one chance to deal Wellington a decisive blow.

It was to prevent a dangerous flank movement of the enemy—the advance, namely, of Bülow, with the cavalry corps of Prince William (afterward first emperor of Germany), upon Plancenoit—that Napoleon had detached the young guard, under Duhesme, a third of his precious reserve, to support Lobau's right; Durutte being in the rear of his left, that portion was already as strong as it could be made. Nevertheless the Prussians seized Plancenoit; at once the French rallied, and drove them out; Blücher threw in eight fresh battalions, and these, with the six already engaged, dashed for the ravine leading to the village. The passage was lined with French, and for a time it was like the valley of Hinnom; but the Prussians pressed on, and the young guard reeled. Napoleon sent in two battalions of the old guard, under Morand; their firmness restored that of their comrades, and the place was cleared, 2000 dead remaining as the victims of that furious charge and countercharge. At seven Bülow was back again in his first position, awaiting the arrival of Pirch's corps to restore his riddled ranks. Napoleon had now left only twelve of the twenty-three battalions of the guard reserve, less than 6000 men. Wellington had repaired the breach made by Ney, and, though still hard pressed on his right, Zieten had made good the strength of his left, some of his cavalry having been detached to repair other weak spots in the line. At this moment Zieten conceived that Bülow was further giving way, and hesitated in his advance. The brief interval was marked by Durutte, and, with a last desperate effort, he carried Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohain, hoping to prevent the fatal juncture. It was half an hour before Zieten retrieved his loss. By that time Pirch had come up, and, with this reinforcement, Bülow, behind the heavy fire of his powerful batteries, charged Lobau, and advanced on the guard at Plancenoit. Lobau, the hero of Aspern, stood like a rock until Durutte's men, and the remnants of d'Erlon's corps, flying past his flank, induced a panic in his own ranks. Thereupon the whole French right fell into confusion, all except the guard, who stood in the churchyard of Plancenoit until surrounded and reduced in number to about 250 men, when, under Pelet's command, they placed their eagle in their midst, formed a square, drove off the cavalry which blocked their path, and reached the main line of retreat with scarcely enough men to keep their formation.

Before the combined armies of Wellington and Blücher the French could not stand, but, in spite of inferior numbers, and the manifest signs of defeat, General Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon, the Emperor, even though he were now a Liberator; to retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning. Accordingly, the great adventurer, facing his destiny on the height at Rossome, determined, in a last desperate effort, to retrieve the day, and stake all on a last cast of the dice. For an instant he appears to have contemplated a change of front, wheeling for that purpose by Hougomont, where his resistance was still strong; but he finally decided to crush the Anglo-Belgian right, if possible, roll up both armies into a confused mass, so that, perchance, they might weaken rather than strengthen each other, and then, with Grouchy's aid, strike for victory. Indifferent to Ney's demands, he had set the very elect of his army in array against Bülow; surely they might stand firm while his blow elsewhere was delivered. But he did not reckon in this with Wellington's reserve power; though the dramatic stories of the Duke's mortal anxiety rest on slight foundation, there is no doubt that he felt a great relief when the Prussians entered the combat, for immediately he turned his attention, not to rest, but to the reforming of his line. Officers and men, English or German, knew nothing of Bülow's or Blücher's whereabouts when Napoleon took his resolution, but, sensible of having been strengthened, they displayed at half-past seven that evening the same grim determination they had shown at eleven in the morning. Though Wellington's task of standing firm until Blücher's arrival was accomplished, and though, perhaps, his soldiers heard the distant firing of the Prussian guns, yet nothing could be seen across the long interval, the noise attracted little attention, and neither he nor they could know what was yet before them. It was, therefore, splendid courage in general and army which kept them ever ready for any exertion, however desperate. Against this army, in this temper, Napoleon despatched

what was left of that force which was the peculiar product of his life and genius, the old and middle guard. Most of its members were the children of peasants, and had been born in ante-Revolution days. Neither intelligent in appearance nor graceful in bearing, they nevertheless had the look of perfect fighting-machines. Their huge bearskin caps and long mustaches did not diminish the fierceness of their aspect. They had been selected for size, docility, and strength; they had been well paid, well fed, and well drilled; they had, therefore, no ties but those to their Emperor, no homes but their barracks, and no enthusiasm but their passion for imperial France. They would have followed no leader unless he were distinguished in their system of life; accordingly, Ney was selected for that honor, and, as they came in proud confidence up the Charleroi road, their Emperor passed them in review. Like every other division, they had been told that the distant roar was from Grouchy's guns; when informed that all was ready for the finishing stroke, that there was to be a general advance along the whole line, and that no man was to be denied his share in certain victory, even the sick, it is said, rose up, and hurried into the ranks. The air seemed rent with their hoarse cheers as their columns swung in measured tread diagonally across the northern spur of the cross-like elevation which cut the surface of the valley.

Wellington, informed of the French movement, as it is thought, by a deserter, issued hurried orders to the center, ordered Maitland's brigade to where the charge must be met, and posted himself, with Napier's battery, somewhat to its right. While yet his words of warning were scarcely uttered, the head of the French column appeared. The English batteries belched forth a welcome, but, although Ney's horse, the fifth that day, was shot, the men he led suffered little, and, with him on foot at their side, they came steadily onward. The British guards were lying behind the hill-crest, and the French could discern no foe—only a few mounted officers, of whom Wellington was one. Astonished and incredulous, the assailants pressed steadily on until within twenty yards of the English line. «Up, guards! make ready!» rang out the Duke's well-known call. The British jumped, and fired; about 300 of Ney's gallant soldiers fell. But there was no confusion; on both sides volley succeeded volley, and this lasted until the British charged. Then, and then only, the French withdrew. Simultaneously Donzelot had fallen upon Alten's division; but he was leading a forlorn hope, and making no impression. As Ney fell back, a body of French cuirassiers advanced upon the English batteries. Their success was partial, and behind them a second column of the guard was formed. Again the assault was renewed; but the second attempt fared worse than the first. To the right of Maitland, Adam's brigade, with the 52nd regiment, had taken stand; wheeling now, these poured a deadly flank fire into the advancing French, while the others poured in a devastating hail of bullets from the front. The front ranks of the French replied with spirit, but when the British had completed their manœuver, Colborne gave the order, his men cheered in response, and the countercharge began. «Vive l'Empereur!» came the responsive cheer from the thinning ranks of the assailants, and still they came on. But in the awful crash they reeled, confusion followed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the rout began. Two battalions of the old guard, under Cambronne, retreated in fair order to the center of the valley, where they made their last gallant stand against the overwhelming numbers of Halkett's German brigade. They fought until but 150 survived. From all sides the despairing cry of «Sauve qui peut!» rang on their ears. To the final summons of surrender the leader assented, and they filed in dejection to the rear. This occurrence has passed into tradition as an epic event; what Cambronne might well have said, «The guard dies, but never surrenders,» was not uttered, but it epitomizes their character, and in the phrase they and their leader have found immortality.

The last charge of the guard took place almost at the moment when Durutte was finally routed. Wellington gave the order for a general advance. The French left fell into panic, and fled toward Belle Alliance. Before La Haye Sainte stood two squares of French soldiers, the favored legion chosen to protect the imperial headquarters. In the fatal hour it splendidly vindicated the choice, and amid the chaos stood in perfect order. Throughout the famous charge of his devoted men Napoleon rode hither and thither, from Rossome to Belle Alliance. His looks grew dark, but at the very last he called hoarsely to the masses of disorganized troops that came whirling by, bidding them to stand fast. All in vain; and, as the last square came on, he pressed inside its serried wall. It was not too soon, for the Prussians had now joined the forward movement, and, in the supreme disorder consequent, the other square dissolved



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. CHARTIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

WATERLOO

Napoleon's convoy withstood the shock of a charge from the 12th British light dragoons, and again of a Prussian charge at Rossome, where Gneisenau took up the fierce pursuit. Though assaulted, and hard beset by musketry, the square moved silently on. There were no words but an occasional remark addressed by Napoleon to his brother Jerome, or to one of the officers. At eleven Genappe was reached; there, such was the activity of the pursuers, all hope of an orderly retreat vanished, and the square melted away. Napoleon had become an object of pity—his eyes set, his frame collapsed, his great head rolling in a drowsy stupor. Monthyon and Bertrand set him as best they could upon a horse, and, one on each side, supported him as they rode. They had an escort of forty men. At Quatre Bras they despatched a messenger to summon Grouchy, bidding him to retire on Namur. The Prussians were only one hour behind. At daybreak they reached Charleroi, but they dared not delay; two rickety carriages were secured, and it was not until the wretched caravan reached Philippeville that the fugitives secured a few hours' repose.

THE SURRENDER.

THE battle of Waterloo is so called because Wellington's despatch to England was dated from his headquarters at that place. It was not great by reason of the numbers engaged, for on the side of the allies were 130,000 men, on the other 72,000; nor was there any special brilliancy in its conduct. Wellington defended a strong position well and carefully selected. But he wilfully left himself with inferior numbers; he did not heartily coöperate with Blücher; both were unready; Gneisenau was suspicious; and the battle of Ligny was a Prussian blunder. Napoleon committed, between dawn and dusk of June 18, a series of petty mistakes, each of which can be explained, but not excused. He began too late; he did not follow up his assaults; he did not retreat when beaten; he could attend to only one thing at a time; he failed in control of his subordinates; he was neither calm nor alert. His return from Elba had made him the idol of the majority in France, but his conduct throughout the Hundred Days was that of a broken man. His genius seemed bright at the opening of his last campaign, but every day saw the day's task delayed. His great lieutenants grew uneasy and untrustworthy, though, like his patient, enduring, and gallant men, they displayed prodigies of personal valor. Ney and Grouchy used their discretion, but it was the discretion of caution, most unlike that of Desaix at Marengo, or of Ney himself at Eylau. Their ignorance cannot be condoned; Grouchy's decision at Walhain, though justified in measure by Soult's later order, probably was the immediate cause of final disaster. But such considerations do not excuse Napoleon's failure to give explicit orders, nor his nervous interference with Ney's formation before Quatre Bras, nor his deliberate iterations during his captivity that he had expected Grouchy throughout the battle. Moreover, the interest of Waterloo is connected with its immediate and dramatic consequences rather than with its decisive character. If Napoleon had won on that day, the allies would have been far from annihilation; both Wellington and Blücher had kept open their respective lines of retreat. The national uprising of Europe would have been more determined than ever: 1815 would have been but a repetition of 1814. Finally, the losses, though terrible, were not unparalleled. Grouchy won at Wavre, and, hearing of the disaster at Mont St. Jean, first contemplated falling on the Prussian rear as they swept onward in pursuit. But he quickly abandoned this chimerical idea, and on receipt of Napoleon's order from Quatre Bras, withdrew to Namur, and thence, by a masterly retreat, conducted his army back into France. Including those who fell at Wavre, the allies lost about 22,500 men, of whom 7000 were British, and a like number Prussians. The records at Paris are very imperfect, but they indicate that the French losses were about 31,000.

The booty captured after Waterloo was unimportant, but the political spoils were immense, and they belonged to the Prussians. Their high expectation of seizing Napoleon's person was disappointed; but, the one great result, the realization, namely, of all the tyrannical plans formed at Vienna for the humiliation of liberal France, that they secured by their instant, hot pursuit. It is hard to discern the facts in the dust of controversy. Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain have each the national conviction of having laid the Corsican specter; France is still busy explaining the facts of her defeat; the most conspicuous monument on the battle-field is that to the Dutch-Belgians!

After a short rest at Philippeville, Napoleon composed the customary bulletins concerning his campaign, and despatched them to the capital, together with a letter counsel-



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM, BERLIN.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

GEBHARD LEBERECHT VON BLÜCHER.

ing Joseph to stand firm, and keep the legislature in hand. If Grouchy had escaped, he wrote, he could already array 50,000 men on the spot; with the means at hand, he could soon organize 150,000; the troops in regimental depots, together with the national guard, would raise the number to 300,000. These representations were based on habit, and not on genuine conviction. He believed Grouchy's force to have been annihilated, and, though he paused at Laon as if to reorganize an army, he went through the form of consulting such officers as he could collect, and then, under their advice, pressed on to Paris. The officers urged that the army and the majority of the people were loyal, but that

the aristocracy, the royalists, and the liberal deputies were utterly untrustworthy. «My real place is here,» was the response. «I shall go to Paris, but you drive me to a foolish cause.» This was the voice of reason, but he obeyed the behest of inclination. Yet he halted at the threshold, and, entering the city on the night of June 21-22, timidly withdrew to the then suburban palace of the Elysée. He must have felt that the moral effect of Waterloo had been his undoing; unlike any other of his defeats, it had not ruined him as general alone, nor as ruler alone; his prestige both as soldier and as monarch was gone. The news of Ligny had been received in the city with jubilations; at the instant of his arrival the truth about Mont St. Jean was passing all too swiftly on the thousand tongues of rumor from quarter to quarter throughout the town, creating consternation everywhere. Early in the morning, Davout, fully aware of public sentiment, and true to his instincts, advised the shrinking Emperor to prorogue the chambers, and throw himself on the army; Carnot believed the public safety required a dictatorship, and urged it; Lucien was strongly of the same opinion. But the old Napoleon was no more; vacillating almost as if in partial catalepsy, murmuring empty phrases in quick, indistinct utterance, he refused to decide. Members of the Council began to gain admittance, and, waxing bolder as Napoleon grew more silent, the word «abdication» was soon on every tongue. At last a decision was taken, and such a one! Lucien was sent to parley with the chambers, and Fouché was summoned. The latter, with insidious eloquence, argued that in the legislature alone could Napoleon find a support to his throne. The talk was reported, as if by magic, in the assembly halls, and Lafayette, supported by Constant, put through a motion that any attempt to dissolve the chambers would be considered treason. Lucien pleaded in vain for a commission to treat with the invaders in his brother's name; the deputies appointed a committee of public safety, and adjourned.

Broken in spirit, Napoleon spent the evening in moody speculation, weighing and balancing, but never deciding. Should he appear at dawn before the Tuileries, summon the troops already in Paris, and prorogue the hated chambers, or should he not? The notion remained a dream; the chambers met at their accustomed hour next morning, and, on the motion of an obscure member, demanded the Emperor's abdication. The message was borne by the military commander of the Palais Bourbon, where the legislature was sitting, and he asserted of his own motion, that, if compliance were refused, the chambers would declare Napoleon outlawed. The Emperor at first made a show of fierce wrath, but in the afternoon he dictated his final abdication to Lucien. No sooner was this paper received than the wild excitement of the deputies and peers subsided, and at once a new Directory, consisting of Carnot, Fouché, Caulaincourt, and Quinette, took up the reins of government. The city acquiesced, and hour after hour nothing interrupted the deep seclusion of the Elysée, except occasional shouts from passing groups of working-men, calling for Napoleon as dictator. But there was a change as the stragglers from Waterloo began to arrive, vowing that they still had an arm for the Emperor, and denouncing those whom they believed to have betrayed him. The notion of sustaining Napoleon by force began to spread, and, when the soldiers who were coming in, after suppressing the insurrection in Vendée, added their voices to those of their comrades from Waterloo, the new authorities feared Napoleon's presence as a menace to their power. Davout had been the first to suggest an appeal to force, but when Napoleon recurred at last to the idea, the marshal opposed it. On June 25, therefore, the fallen man withdrew to Malmaison; where, in the society of Queen Hortense and a few faithful friends, for four days he abandoned himself during long intervals to the sad memories of the place. But he also wrote a farewell address to the army, and, in constant communication with a committee of the government, completed a plan for escaping to the United States. For this purpose two frigates were put at the disposal of «him who had lately been Emperor.» All was ready on the 29th. That day a passing regiment shouted, «Long life to the Emperor,» and, in a last despairing effort, Napoleon sent an offer of his services, as a simple general, to save Paris, and defeat the allies, who, though approaching the capital, were now separated. Fouché returned an insulting answer to the effect that the government could no longer be responsible for the petitioner's safety. Then, at last, Napoleon knew that all was over in that quarter. Clad in civilian's clothing, and accompanied by Bertrand, Savary, and Gourgaud, he immediately set out for Rochefort. General Becker joined the party as commissioner for the provisional government.

It was the exile's intention to hurry on-

ward, but at Rambouillet he halted, and spent the evening composing two requests, one for a supply of furniture from Paris, the other for the library in the Petit Trianon, together with copies of Visconti's «Greek Iconography,» and the great work on Egypt compiled from materials gathered during his ill-starred sojourn in that country. Next morning a courier arrived from Paris with news. «It is all up with France,» he exclaimed, and set out once more. Crowds lined the highways; sometimes they cheered, and they were always respectful. Such was the enthusiasm of two cavalry regiments at Niort that Becker was induced to send a despatch to the government, pleading that an army, rallied in Napoleon's name, might still exert an important influence in public affairs. Just as the general was closing the document there arrived news of the cannonade heard before the capital on the 30th. Napoleon dictated a postscript: «We hope the enemy will give you time to cover Paris and bring your negotiations to an issue. If, in that case, an English cruiser stops the Emperor's departure, you can dispose of him as a common soldier.» By a strange coincidence, English cruisers had within a few days appeared in the offing before Rochefort. Whatever the relation between this fact and his suggestion, Napoleon studied every possible means of delaying his journey, and actually opened a correspondence with the commanders in Bordeaux and the Vendée, with a view to overthrowing the «traitorous» government. It was July 3 when he finally reached Rochefort. Again for five days he procrastinated. But the allies were entering Paris; Wellington was bringing Louis XVIII back to his throne; in forty-eight hours the monarchs of the coalition would arrive. Blücher had commissioned a Prussian detachment to seize and shoot his hated opponent, wherever found. On the 8th, therefore, the fugitive Emperor embarked; but for two days the frigates were detained by unfavorable winds. On the 10th English cruisers hove in sight, and on the 11th Las Cases, who had been appointed Napoleon's private secretary, was sent to interview Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, concerning his instructions from the British government. The envoy returned, and stated that the English commander would be always ready to receive Napoleon, and conduct him to England, but he could not guarantee that the ex-Emperor could settle there, or be free to betake himself to America.

This language was almost fatal to the notion of a final refuge in England, which Napoleon had begun to discuss and consider during the days spent in Rochefort, and Las Cases sought a second interview. According to his account, Maitland then changed his tone, remarking that in England the monarch and his ministers had no arbitrary power; that the generosity of the English people, and their liberal views, were superior to those entertained by sovereigns. To the speaker this was a platitude; to the listeners it was a weighty remark. A prey to uncertainty, Napoleon entertained various schemes. He bought two small, half-decked vessels, with a view to boarding a Danish vessel that lay outside, but the project was quickly dropped. Two young officers of the French frigate suggested sailing all the way to New York in the little craft. Napoleon seriously considered the possibility, but recalling that such vessels must get their final supplies on the coasts of Spain or Portugal, rejected the plan, for he dared not risk falling into the hands of embittered foes. Word was brought that an American vessel lay near by, in the Gironde. General Lallemand galloped in hot haste to see whether an asylum for the outlawed party could be secured under her flag. He returned with a reply that the captain would be «proud and happy.» But in the interim Napoleon had determined to throw himself on the «generosity of England.» On the 13th Gourgaud was sent to London, with a request to the Prince Regent that the Emperor should be permitted to live unknown in some provincial English place, under the name of General Duroc. On the 15th Napoleon embarked on the *Bellerophon*, where he was received with all honors; next day the vessel sailed, and on the 24th she cast anchor in Torbay. During the voyage the passenger was often somnolent, and seemed exhausted; but he was affable in his intercourse with the officers, and to Maitland (who unwisely yielded him the expected precedence), and showed his host the portraits of his wife and child, lamenting with tender sensibility his enforced separation from them. The scenes in Torbay were curious. Crowds from far and near lined the shores, and boats of all descriptions thronged the waters; the sightseers dared everything to catch a glimpse of the awful monster under the terrors of whose power a generation had reached manhood. If, perchance, they succeeded, the air was rent with cheers. After two days the ship was ordered round into Plymouth Sound, but the reckless sensation-seekers gathered there in still greater numbers.

Many have wondered at Napoleon's sur-



FROM L. J. STEELE'S ETCHING OF THE PAINTING BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

NAPOLEON ON BOARD H. M. S. BELLEROPHON, JULY 23, 1815.

render of his person to the English. There was no other course open which seemed feasible to a broken-spirited man in his position. His admirers are correct in thinking that it was more noble for him to have survived his greatness than to have taken his own life. To have entered on a series of romantic adventures such as were suggested—concealment on the Danish vessel, flight in open boats, embarkment and concealment in a water-cask on an American merchantman, and the like—would have been merely the addition of ignominy to his capture; for his presence under the American flag would have been reported by spies, and at that day the standard of the United States would have afforded him no immunity. It is possible that on the morrow of Waterloo Napoleon might, with Grouchy's army, the other survivors, and the men from Vendée, have reassembled an army in Paris, but it is doubtful. Nothing in revolutionary annals can equal in horror the royalist frenzy, known as the White Terror, which broke out in Provence and southern France on receipt of the news from Waterloo. The ghastly distemper spread swiftly, and when Napoleon embarked, the tricolor was floating only at Rochefort, Nantes, and Bordeaux; his family was proscribed, Ney and Labedoyère were imprisoned, and doomed to execution. To have surrendered either to Wellington or Blücher would have been seeking instant death; to have collected such desperate soldiers as could be got together would have been an attempt at guerrilla warfare. To seek refuge with the officers of England's navy was the only dignified course with any element of safety in it. Naturally, the negotiators did not proclaim their extremity. Considering the date of Gourgaud's embassy, it is clear they were in no position to demand terms, and Maitland's character forbids the conclusion that he made formal terms. It is unfortunate that he did not commit to writing all his transactions with Lallemand, Savary, and Las Cases; perhaps he was injudiciously polite, but it is certain that, contrary to their representations, he made no promise, even by implication, that under England's flag Napoleon should find a refuge, and not a prison.

ST. HELENA.

THE ministry of Lord Liverpool was ultra-Tory, but it was embarrassed by the course of affairs. On June 20 the premier wrote to Castlereagh that he wished Napoleon had been captured by Louis XVIII. and executed as a rebel. This amazing suggestion was the result of the progress made within a year by the doctrine of legitimacy. Although Talleyrand had observed the Hundred Days from the safe seclusion of Carlsbad, and was coldly received by his «legitimate» sovereign when he returned to Paris under Wellington's ægis, yet there was no one equally able to restore a «legitimate» government, and, with the aid of Wellington, who assumed without question the chief place in reconstructing France, he was soon in full activity. In strict logic, the allies reasoned that Napoleon was their common prisoner, and, as the chief malefactor, he should share the fate destined for Ney, and later for Murat. By long familiarity with such notions, Alexander had finally been converted to the once abhorrent idea of legitimacy, and was hatching the scheme of the Holy Alliance; even he would have made no objection. But English opinion, however irritated, would not tolerate the idea of death as a penalty for political offenses. Whatever ministers felt or said, they dared consider no alternative in dealing with Napoleon, except that of imprisonment. Accordingly, St. Helena, the spot suggested at Vienna as being the most remote in the habitable world, was designated; the island was borrowed from the East India Company, and acts of Parliament were passed which established a special government for it, and cut it off from all outside communication, «for the better detaining in custody Napoleon Bonaparte.» The allies, therefore, on August 2, declared the sometime Emperor to be their common prisoner. To England they yielded the right to determine his place of detention, but to each of themselves—Austria, Russia, and Prussia—was reserved the right of sending thither a commissioner who should determine the fact of actual imprisonment.

It was in Torbay that the newspapers brought on board the *Bellerophon* first announced what was under consideration. On July 31, with inconsistent ceremony, the determination was formally announced by an embassy consisting of Lord Keith, the admiral, Sir Henry Bunbury, an under secretary of state, and Mr. Meike, the former's secretary. To whom did this highest official authority address itself? To General Bonaparte, a private citizen! Their message was read in French, and Napoleon displayed perfect self-control. Asked if he had anything to say, Napoleon, without temper or bitterness, appealed against the judgment both to posterity and to the British people. He was, he said, a voluntary guest; he wished to be re-

ceived as such under the law of nations, and to be domiciled as an English citizen (*sic*). During the interval before naturalization he would dwell under superintendence anywhere in England, thirty leagues from any seaport. He could not live in St. Helena; he was used to ride twenty miles a day; what could he do on that little rock at the end of the world? He could have gone to his father-in-law, or to the Czar, but while the tricolor was still flying he had confided in British hospi-

of excitement; the witnesses of the long and trying scene have left on record the profound impression made on them by Napoleon's dignity and admirable conduct throughout. Subsequently the prisoner composed a written protest appealing to history. An enemy who for twenty years had waged war against the English people had come voluntarily to seek an asylum under English laws; how did England respond to such magnanimity? In his own mind, at least, he instituted a com-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

«LONGWOOD,» NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

tality. Though defeated, he was still a sovereign, and deserved to be treated as such. With emphasis he declared that he preferred death to St. Helena. The embassy withdrew in silence from the moving scene. Lord Keith had previously expressed gratitude to Napoleon for personal attentions to a young relative who had been captured at Waterloo. Him, therefore, the imperial prisoner now recalled, and asked if there were any tribunal to which appeal might be made. The answer was a polite negative, with the assurance that the British government would mitigate the situation as far as prudence would permit. «How so?» said Napoleon. «Surely St. Helena is preferable to a smaller space in England,» answered Keith, «or being sent to France, or perhaps to Russia.» «Russia!» exclaimed Napoleon, taken off his guard. «God preserve me from it.» This was the only moment

parison between himself and Themistocles, who took refuge with the Persians, and was kindly treated. The parallel broke down in that the great Greek had never forced his enemy into entangling alliances, as Napoleon had forced England into successive coalitions for self-preservation. Moreover, his surrender was not voluntary; his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase, either in France or elsewhere on the Continent; to have fled by sea would have been to invite capture. «Wherever,» as he himself repeatedly said, «wherever there was water to float a ship, there was to be found a British standard.» Still, there were many in England who took his view; much sympathy was aroused, and some futile efforts for his release were made.

For the journey to St. Helena Napoleon was transferred to Admiral Cockburn's ship,

the *Northumberland*. His suite numbered thirty, and was chosen by Napoleon himself. Its members were Bertrand, Montholon, and Las Cases, with their families, together with Gourgaud, and a Polish adjutant, Prowtowski. There were sixteen servants, of whom twelve were Napoleon's. The voyage was tedious, and uneventful. The admiral observed English customs, and discarded the etiquette observed toward crowned heads; but he remained on the best of terms with his illustrious prisoner. There were occasional misunderstandings, and sometimes ill-natured gossip, in which the admiral was denounced behind his back as a «shark»; but such little gusts of temper passed without permanent consequences. Napoleon had secured the excellent library he desired, and every day read or wrote during most of the morning; the evenings he devoted to games of hazard for low stakes, or to chess, which he played very badly. He was careful as to his diet, took abundant regular exercise, and, since his health was excellent, he appeared in the main cheerful and resigned. The island of St. Helena is the craggy summit of an ancient volcano, rising 2700 feet above the sea, and contains about 45 square miles. Its shores are precipitous, but it has an excellent harbor, that of Jamestown, which was then a port of call on the voyage from England, by the Cape of Good Hope, to India, 4000 miles from London, 1140 from the coast of Africa, 1180 from the nearest point in South America. There were a few thousand inhabitants of mixed race, and the climate, though moist and enervating, is fairly salubrious. Under the act passed by Parliament, England increased the limit of territorial waters around the island to three times the usual limit, and policed them by «hovering» vessels, which made the approach of suspicious craft virtually impossible. This, with numerous other precautionary measures of minor importance, made St. Helena an impenetrable jail. It was October 16, 1815, when Napoleon landed on its shores.

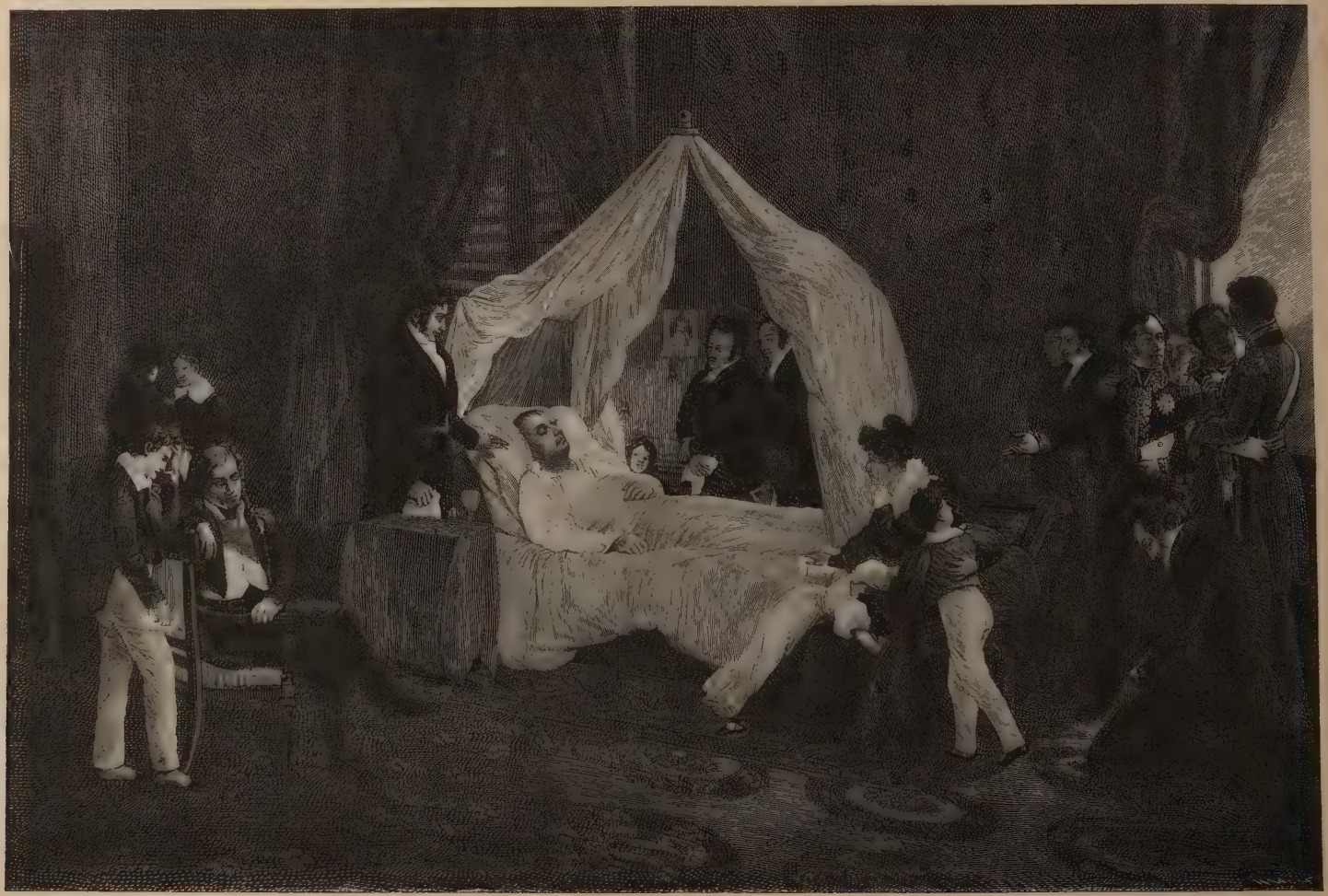
The residence provided for the imperial captive was a substantial farm-house in the center of the island, on a plateau 2000 feet high. The grounds were level, and bounded by natural limits, so that they were easy to guard, and could be observed in all their extent by sentries; eventually a circuit of twelve miles was marked out, and within this the prisoner might move at will; if he wished to pass the line, he must be attended by an English officer. Considering the conceptions of [illegible] then prevalent, the place was mean; even now, when enlarged and repaired, it is thought suitable for the entertainment of an imprisoned Zulu chieftain. Longwood, for this is the familiar name, might at a pinch have sufficed for the lodging of General Bonaparte; it was certainly better than a dungeon; but its modest comfort was far from the luxurious elegance which had become a second nature to its destined occupant. Such as it was to be, however, it was still uninhabitable in October, and the ex-Emperor was, until December 9, the guest of a hospitable merchant, Mr. Balcombe, at his villa known as The Briars. The sentinels and patrols remained six hundred paces from the door during the day; at night the cordon of guards was drawn close around the house; twice in twenty-four hours the orderly must assure himself of the prisoner's actual presence, and human ingenuity could devise no precaution which was not taken by land and sea to make impossible any secret communication inward or outward. Cockburn's serene good-nature made it impossible for the captive to do more than declare his policy of protest and exasperation, until April, 1816, when the admiral departed, and was replaced by Sir Hudson Lowe. The latter was a vulnerable foe. Being a creature of routine, and fresh from a two years' residence as English commissioner in Blücher's camp, he had thoroughly absorbed the temper of the Tory ministry and of the Continental reactionaries. Neither irascible, severe, nor ill-natured, he was yet punctilious, and in no sense a match for the brilliant genius of his antagonist. With the arrival of this unfortunate official properly begins the St. Helena period of Napoleon's life—a period psychologically as instructive as any other, but, as regards its futile calculations, comparable only to that of his ineffectual agitations in Corsica.

Napoleon, the prisoner, had a double object—release and self-justification. The former he hoped to gain by working on the feelings of the English liberals; the latter by writing an autobiography which, in order to win back the lost confidence of France, should emphasize the democratic, progressive, and beneficent side of his career, and consign to oblivion his inordinate, tyrannical, personal ambitions. The dreary chronicle of the quarrel between a disarmed giant and a potent pygmy is uninteresting in detail, but very illuminating in its large outlines. The routine of a court was rigidly observed at Longwood, and the powerless monarch so successfully simulated the wisdom and judgment of a

chastened soul that the accounts which reached the distant world awakened a great pity among the disinterested. As on shipboard, and at The Briars, he gave his mornings to literature, clad in a studied, picturesque dishabille. The afternoon he devoted to amusement and exercise, but a distaste for more physical exertion than was actually essential to health grew steadily, until he became sluggish and corpulent. At table he was always abstemious; his sleep was irregular and disturbed. The evenings he spent with favorite authors, Voltaire, Corneille, and Ossian; frequently, also, in reading the Bible. The opinions he expressed were in the main those of his pseudo-scientific days; among other ideas, he upheld polygamy as an excellent institution. Much time was spent by the household in abusing Longwood, and so effectually that a wooden mansion was constructed in England, and erected near by; but the prisoner made difficulties about every particular, and never occupied it. There were continuous schemings for direct intercourse with friends in France, and partial success ended in the dismissal of Las Cases. Gourgaud, too, departed, ostensibly because of a quarrel with Montholon, really to agitate with Alexander, Francis, and Marie Louise for Napoleon's release. The exile confessed, in an unguarded moment, that no man alive could have satisfied him in the relation of governor of St. Helena, but he was adroit and indefatigable in his efforts to discredit Lowe. The «Letters from the Cape of Good Hope,» published in England anonymously, but now incorporated in the official edition of his works as the thirty-first volume, abuse the climate of St. Helena, depict the injustice of the imprisonment, and heap scorn on the governor. The book was widely read, and furnished the Whigs in Parliament with many shafts of criticism. This success emboldened the author, and further compositions by his hand were mysteriously published in Europe.

Yet for three years Napoleon's self-appointed task as a historian was unremittingly pursued, and the results, while he had the assistance of Las Cases and Gourgaud, were voluminous; thereafter the output was a slender rill. Most of the volumes which record his observations and opinions bear the names of the respective amanuenses, Montholon, Las Cases, Gourgaud, O'Meara, and Antommarchi, the two latter his attendant physicians. The period he took pains to elucidate most fully in these writings was that between Toulon and Marengo. Over his own name appeared monographs on Elba, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo. His professional ability is shown in excellent short studies on the «Art and History of War,» on «Army Organization,» and on «Fortification»; likewise by his full analyses of the wars waged by Cæsar, Turenne, and Frederick the Great. All these are worthy of the author's reputation; his versatility is displayed in a few commonplace notes—some on Voltaire's «Mahomet,» some on suicide, and others on the second book of the Æneid. A widely circulated treatise, the «Manuscrit de St. Helène,» which warped the facts of history much in his style, and was long attributed to him, he repudiated. It was written in the Bourbon interest, by an unknown hand.

For nearly four years Napoleon's health was fair. O'Meara, the physician appointed to attend him, was assiduous and skilful, but when he became his patient's devoted slave, he was dismissed by Lowe. Thereupon certain disquieting symptoms, which had been noted from time to time, became more pronounced, and the prisoner began to brood and mope in seclusion. In the autumn of 1819 Dr. Antommarchi, a Corsican physician chosen by Fesch, was installed at Longwood. For a time he had some success in ameliorating the ex-Emperor's condition, and to their confidential talks we owe our knowledge of Napoleon's infancy. But from month to month Napoleon's strength diminished, and the ravages of his mysterious disease at length became very apparent. The obstinacy of Lowe in carrying out the letter of his instructions, and intruding on the sufferer to secure material for a daily report, seriously aggravated Napoleon's miseries. «Not every man is an atheist who would like to be,» was a remark he dropped to Montholon. Two priests accompanied Antommarchi, and after their arrival mass was celebrated almost every morning in the chapel adjoining the sick room. Yet, though preparing for death, Napoleon was making ready simultaneously to speed his Parthian arrow. His will displays his qualities in their entirety. The language sounds simple and sincere; there is a hidden meaning in almost every line. His religion had been, at best, that of a deist; at the last he professed a piety which he never felt or practised. During his life France had been loved and used as a skilful artificer uses his tool; the last words of his testament suggest a passionate devotion. To his son he recommended the «love of right, which alone can incite to the performance of great deeds»; for his faithless wife he expressed the tenderest sentiments, and proba-



FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON STEUBEN.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON I.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. OWNED BY PRINCE MURAT.

BED ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED.

bly felt them. It was his hope that the English people would avenge itself on the English oligarchy, and that France would forgive the traitors who betrayed her—Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette—as he forgave them. Louis he pardoned in the same spirit for the «libel published in 1820; it is full of falsehoods and falsified documents.» The blame for Enghien's murder he took to himself. The second portion of the document is a series of munificent sounding bequests, disposing of his supposititious private fortune, estimated by him at 250,000,000 francs, to a list of legatees, which includes every one who had done the legator any important service since his earliest childhood. In a codicil he remembers one Cautillon, who had undergone trial for an alleged attempt to assassinate Wellington. «Cautillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarch as he [Wellington] to send me to the rock of St. Helena to perish there.»

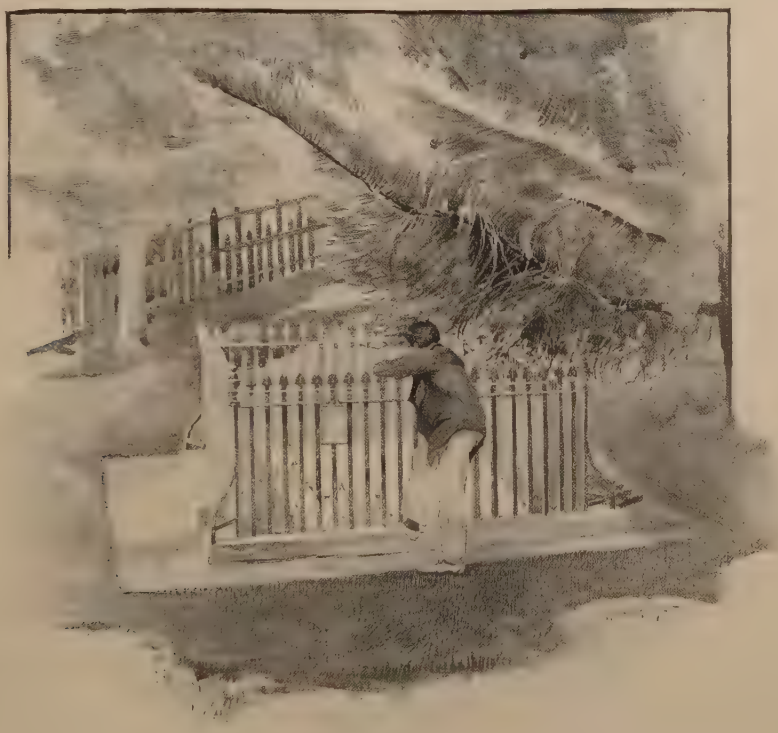


FROM THE PENCIL SKETCH BY J. WARD, IN POSSESSION OF THE CENTURY CO.

NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH.

This was in substance the appeal to a generous, forgiving nation, and to posterity, of one who wrote in the same document that he wished to die in the bosom of the Christian church, whose central doctrine is love, and whose ethic is forgiveness of enemies.

«I closed the abyss of anarchy and brought order out of chaos. I cleansed the Revolution, ennobled the people, and made the kings strong. I have awakened all ambitions, reties. Two days later a violent storm of wind and rain set in. A spreading willow, under which Napoleon had spent many hours, was overturned; the trees planted by his hands were uprooted; and a whirlwind devastated the garden in which he had worked for exercise. The death of the sufferer was coincident, and scarcely less violent. The last words uttered were caught by listening ears as the sun rose; they were «*Tête . . . armée.*» Mme.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

warded all merit, and enlarged the borders of glory.» These were the words of Napoleon in 1816; he lived in this hallucination to the end. In the autumn of 1820 he realized his condition, and throughout the winter he was feeble and depressed. In February, 1821, he began to fail rapidly, and the symptoms of his disease, cancer in the stomach, multiplied; but, in spite of feebleness, he faced death with courage. On May 3 two English physicians, recently arrived, came in for consultation; they could only recommend palliatives, and, under the influence of that treatment, the imperial patient kept an uncertain hold on his faculBertrand and her children were present; at the sight of their suffering friend the boy fainted, and the little girls broke into loud lamentation. At eleven in the morning the supreme agonies began; a little before six in the evening the heart put forth its last convulsive effort, and ceased to beat. The mournful band of watchers within bowed their heads. Without the door another watch was set—that of the orderly. During the first outburst of grief among those at the bedside two officers entered silently, felt the cold limbs, marked the absence of life, and left without a word. England's prisoner had escaped.

THE END.

William M. Sloane.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY PAUL LEROY.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE.

WHAT BECAME OF DENNIS MARTIN?

ON the fourth day of December, 1787, the American brig *Navigator*, commanded by Captain John Soete, or Sutling, sailed out of the harbor of Baltimore, bound for Lorient, France, with a cargo of tobacco and staves. She never made port or sighted land again. Of her crew of ten men only one lived to tell the story of her wreck, and he was left on a far foreign shore. Did he ever return to tell it, or has the mystery of the *Navigator's* last voyage been left for me to disclose after it has been forgotten these hundred years and more? Forgotten by kin and country; but thousands of miles away, in a little Danish coast town, far from any track ever traveled by the lost ship, it lived unidentified—a strange, unspoken tale that wove itself into my child-life, to be lost in the lapse of years, and again to reappear so strangely, with its old mystery, that I have not since been able to shake off the belief that it all had some meaning, some purpose, which I was to serve. If you ask me how, I shall answer frankly that I cannot tell any more than I can tell what became of Dennis Martin. For all that, the feeling is upon me, and with it has been growing of late the conviction that I shall find out by telling the story. That is why I tell it now.

It was in the summer of 1893, while on a visit to my birthplace, the old town of Ribe, once the seat of the Danish kings, that I, so to speak, rediscovered my story. I was rummaging in the attic of my father's house on a rainy day, hunting forgotten treasures, when I came across a queer-looking box, two sides of which were made of canvas on stretchers. It was so shaky that it fell to pieces while I was exploring its contents, and then I saw that the canvases were oil-paintings, damaged by age and rats, but still in fairly good condition. I remembered them well when I got a good look at them. They used to hang in the boys' room when I was one of the boys, thirty years before. They were old then, and the worm-eaten frames were dropping off; but their very age added to the regard in which we held them as rare works of art. They dealt, evidently, with the same subject—an old-time, full-rigged ship, carrying the Danish flag, in a rough sea; a wreck in the foreground. In one picture a boat, steered by an officer in a red coat, is seen approaching the wreck, upon the bowsprit of which sits a man, lashed to the spar, imploring aid. In the other the man has been taken off, and the Danish ship is under sail again, the wreck sinking. One of its two masts has fallen. That they told a story was apparent, but what that story was there was nothing to show. On neither painting was there title or name of the artist.

It all came back to me—the long winter nights when the west wind tore at our bedroom window and howled about the gables, and we lay awake listening for the voice of the bell in the old gray tower of the Dom. When the storm shook the tower to its foundations, the big bell gave forth a moan that sobbed through the night, filling it with a nameless dread. We children pulled the bedclothes over our heads when we heard it above the smashing of roof-tiles on the cobblestones, and the watchman's warning cry that the sea was «coming in,» and tried to think of the prayer for those «in danger of the deep» that kept company in the back of our prayer-book with the petition against the wicked Turk, and the rest of the plagues of seafaring mankind. On such nights, when the house shook in the blast so that we got up and lighted our candle at the peat fire for company, the old paintings had a weird fascination for me. In the flickering light of the tallow dip, dark shadows came and went upon them, and the cabin windows of the big ship shone as if lights were burning within; the sea heaved, threatening each moment to engulf the lone sailor on the bowsprit. I knew their story then by heart. It had been told to me a hundred times, and it got to be so woven in with the storm and the danger in my thoughts that when, in the morning, I arose to find our town, set ordinarily in a landscape of smiling meadows, the center of a raging flood, fish jumping in the streets where we walked but yesterday, and drowned cattle lining the causeway, I half expected to see them lying there, ship, wreck, and all, right at our door.

With the old memories strong upon me, I brought the paintings to my father, and asked him what their history was. But he could tell me nothing more about them than that they

had been given to him early in his married life, nearly fifty years before, by the pastor of a neighboring country church, long since dead. It so happened that his son was then the dean of the Dom, and to him I went in search of further information. Pastor Koch had been my teacher in the Latin school. His father and his forefathers before him had preached in the same village church in an unbroken line from father to son three hundred years, ever since the Reformation, until the war of 1863–64 severed the parish from Denmark, and with it the tie between the people and their pastor, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the German Kaiser. Pastor Koch remembered the paintings as I did, but could not tell how long they had been in the family; neither did he know the story they told, except as we both had read it. And there my inquiries came for the time to an end, until, in cleaning the canvases, I came upon something on the back of one that seemed to be a patch put over a rent. But closer inspection showed traces of writing upon it, and gradually, with infinite pains, we made out that it was the long-missing story of the wreck, hidden all these years while the paintings hung in their frames, and thereby perhaps preserved. As it was, the writing was yellowed, and in spots entirely effaced; but, with the help of a magnifying-glass, and no end of patience, we made out at last the following inscription in the Danish of a hundred years ago:

«View of wreck seen in the Spanish Sea, Januarii 7, 1788, by the entire crew of the Roy – – Danish – – – – Indian Company's ship *Princess Charlotte Amalia*. It was an American brig, on which sat a man lashed to the bowsprit, and was rescued by the said Danish ship; they had been ten men in all, commanded by Captain Sutling, from Baldemor, in North America, bound for Lorient, in France, with seventy-five hogsheads of tobacco and some staves; wrecked Januarii 4, and had since preserved life by means of tobacco. . . . The said sailor's name was Dinnes Martin, who went with an American from Capo Bonæ Spei.

«Drawn by – –, master of same.»

A name had been signed, but it had entirely disappeared. Under the application of chemicals that had helped us over some of the rough places, it came out with such sudden and brief distinctness that I was thrown off my guard, and nearly lost it. However, I made it out Simon, or Lemon. It is of little moment. It was not the master of the *Charlotte Amalia* I was interested in so much as the master of the other, the wrecked and yet nameless ship.



THE FIRST PICTURE, SHOWING DENNIS

It seemed strange that in an account so succinct, written by a sailor, the one thing that of all should interest him—the name of the wrecked vessel, which he must have known from the rescued man—should have been omitted. But so it was, if, indeed, the written story, as well as the painting, were not the work of some other person, to whom it was told when the ship reached port. The inscription said only that the pictures were «drawn» by the master. But to this conclusion my artist friend decidedly objects. He maintains that they bear internal evidence of having been painted with a belaying-pin, or a marlinespike, and to his judgments I defer. I forgive him the sarcasm. He sees only the paint and the sailor painter, safe in the

cabin of the *Charlotte Amalia;* I am thinking of Dennis Martin sitting there on the bowsprit four days, with nothing but tobacco to eat, and of my lost childhood. It is the point of view that makes the difference. The important thing was that the name of the ship was missing, hopelessly so, as it seemed.

But the instinct of the reporter was aroused. I was now bound to find out the last of this tragedy that had so filled my boy-life. Besides, I was beginning to be superstitious about it. My going across the sea, and



MARTIN ON THE BOWSPRIT

settling, as it were, in the very home of the century-old secret, and returning to find the paintings in the way I did, as if they had been waiting all the time for me who knew them best to come and hear their story—it all seemed to me a kind of providence. There is no telling where it would have ended had I not cut the matter short by packing the old canvases in my trunk out of sight. And so they traveled back with me to America.

As soon as I was home I set inquiries on foot about the lost ship. I wrote first to the Collector of the Port of Baltimore, asking what vessel commanded by Captain Sutling cleared for Lorient in November or December, 1787, with such a cargo. He referred my inquiry to the Keeper of Records, who, after a careful search, found no trace of my ship. The records of the period about 1787 were imperfectly kept, he wrote, and most of them had been destroyed by fire. Those that re-

ceived no more encouragement. Next I tried Lloyds', but only to be told that the particulars I sought were past finding out. The means of identification were too meager, and a century was too wide a span to bridge. I had recourse then to the marine insurance companies; but the register of the oldest reached back little more than sixty years. I was referred to the files of the Shipping List; but the thing I sought was the very thing without which I could not get it. For want of the vessel's name I could make no headway. At this stage I gave up the sea and turned to the land. I searched the directories of every large city from Baltimore to San Francisco, but found no such name as Sutling there.

I was on the point of owning myself beaten, when it occurred to me to go back to Denmark, where the paintings came from, for the rest of their half-told story. I wrote an account of my investigations for a Danish paper, asking any one who might have the key I sought to supply it. In a very few days it came from an unexpected source. The Keeper of the Government Archives wrote that my request seemed as if put directly and personally to him, since he was just then engaged in indexing the remnants of the papers pertaining to the great trading companies of the pre-Napoleonic era, and had before him, when he read my appeal, the log of the *Princess Charlotte Amalia*, of the Royal Asiatic (or East Indian) Company's fleet, of the very voyage to China on which the adventure in the Spanish Sea befell. Under date of January 7 he found the following entry, made by «second fourth watch, under sail between Junloe and Porto Pray»:

«At eight o'clock sighted mast of a ship in southeast, about four miles away, but could see nothing of the hull. Saw what looked like efforts to signal, and signs of life on board, and braced away S. E. and E. S. E. down to the wreck, to see if there was anybody to save.

Got alongside at 10:30, and saw the wreck of a small vessel that had lost its foremast and maintopmast, which dragged alongside. The hull was under water. A living man sat yet on the bowsprit. Hove to, and sent out the small boat in charge of mate, Helsting [the man in the red coat, consequently], to take off the man. He boarded it, and reported that it was the brig *Navigator*, from Baldemode, in North America, Captain Suitzing, with a cargo of seventy-five hogsheads of tobacco, and some staves, consigned to Laurent, in France. Had left Baldemode December 4, the year before. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, as he ran before a stiff northwester with reefed foresail, the tiller broke, and, as the brig ran in the wind, it capsized on the instant. Of the crew of ten only the one man, Danis Market, was saved. He had sat on the bowsprit four days, without food or drink.»

In the ship's protocol, kept by the supercargo, the rescued sailor is called Dinnes Martin, and the captain John Soete, and in a letter to the company's officials the captain of the *Charlotte Amalia* calls the sailor Dani Martin. No doubt his name was Dennis, despite his good luck.

The purser's books show that he was well cared for. From the company's stores he was fitted out with «one flannel shirt, two pairs of stockings, two shirts, one pair of cloth trousers, and a pair of shoes.» By January 10 he had fully recovered, and was enrolled by his own wish in the ship's crew. April 7 he left the ship at Cape Town by permission. The artist's name is not disclosed by the record. There were four «masters» on board, but the name of none of them can be identified with the one we saw that brief moment, and lost, unless it might be that of the *Hovmester*, Jansen.

So I knew at last the story of the two paintings that had peopled my childhood with such odd fancies, and—so is life—only to find other more urgent questions rising to take the place of those that had been answered. Had the old paintings kept their secret for me alone all these years, and why for me? Was the fate of the *Navigator* ever made known to those waiting for news of the lost ship at home? Did Dennis Martin ever return to tell the story of its wreck? He «went with an American» from the Cape of Good Hope, said the long-hidden inscription. The *Charlotte Amalia's* log said simply that he left the ship. Unless he brought news of the *Navigator*, it was certainly not heard of at home. News traveled slowly in those days, and ill days followed fast. For a quarter of a century after the sea was not a safe highway for any but armed craft. When, at length, Napoleon was on St. Helena, and peace restored to the world, the *Navigator* was long forgotten, and its owners, and all who belonged to its ill-fated captain and crew, were perhaps dead. Sailors save drowning men, but do not write letters. It was not the business of the Royal Asiatic Company to find the *Navigator's* owners, and there is no evidence that it tried.

Suppose the mystery was never solved? May there not be living, then, to this day some one to whom the proof of the old paintings might mean restoration of lost property, the establishment of long-denied rights? There is in New York city a vast estate, well known, held for a century by a family to whom its possession has given great wealth, yet whose tenure rests upon no firmer foundation than the fact that the rightful owner was lost at sea. He was an Englishman who bought a farm in the suburbs, now the heart of the metropolis. The head of the family, by whose name the estate has been known all these years, was his caretaker. The real owner went away to visit England, and, like Captain Sutling, was never heard of again. Was I made the custodian of the lost ship's secret that I might right a century-old wrong by restoring the paintings to those having a better claim upon them than I? Who can answer these questions?

And who can answer that other one that plagues me waking and dreaming—what did become of Dennis Martin?

Jacob A. Riis.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SUMMER, BY FRANK W. BENSON.

GLAVE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

PEACE AND WAR BETWEEN LAKES BANGWEOLO AND TANGANYIKA.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.[1]

South of Lake Bangweolo, July 16, 1894. Left Katonga's at 7. I am now in the territory of the Congo Free State; they have a long, difficult, and expensive route from the westward; the route from the east is more desirable. But the B. C. A. (British Central Africa Company) imposes heavy duties; there should be a better spirit of coöperation existing, whereby one government in Africa should aid and favor another. There is a big business to be done with the Belgians in Tanganyika and vicinity when prices are more reasonable. (See the map on page 925.)

July 17. Lake Bangweolo is called Bangwoolu by the Walala. When we reached the Luapula we found a swift current, low banks about one hundred yards apart, the actual water about fifty yards in width, flanked by swamps on each side, a mass of tiny lakes in the swamps beyond. These swampy regions are occupied by the Watwa, a nation of fishermen, upon whom we had to depend for canoes in crossing.

When I arrived at the Luapula, the natives were afraid; they heard my rifle yesterday as I was hunting, and thought war had come. I succeeded in making friends. The natives are very provoking at times; they are overbearing when they have an opportunity to thwart you or humbug you. In crossing rivers in their canoes, they get pay beforehand, take some of your loads, then stay in midstream and demand more pay. The tact and patience exercised by a white traveler are the only things which save many a row.

July 19. Passed the river Lifuci flowing into the Luapula. About a quarter of a mile of swamp to wade through, at the deepest up to the armpits; a cold south wind blowing; wretchedly cold water, icy—felt benumbed; waded through in my clothes; to strip means to expose one's self to leeches.

The African strikes a happy medium with regard to benefits derived from a fire. He lies so close as to get the utmost heat and just escape the roasting-point; his thick hide will stand a lot of toasting—a degree of heat which would blister the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided he has plenty of dry wood, he can keep himself comfortable outdoors with the thermometer down to freezing-point. He builds a big fire, which he keeps going all night, the attention apparently costing no sacrifice of his rest; during the night he shifts his position to adapt himself to the fire. Sleeping in flannels, with an overcoat and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chilled spot in the small of the back, as if a block of ice were there. My men by their fires have been more comfortable; but it has been very miserable for them marching in the early morning, with frost on the grass, in bare feet and loin-cloth.

July 20. Reached Kalasa's at 11. He is a tall, slim, straight fellow, wrapped from head to feet in a shawl. He is not a communicative individual, and would, I should say, be a very disagreeable man if he were not firmly handled. He has a very large village, with plenty of space between the huts, which are of fine light-gray, almost white, clay, roofed with grass; am not getting on very well with him.

July 21. Yielding to Kalasa's wish, but much against my own inclinations, I have stayed over here to-day in order not to offend the old fellow. A man should have fifty rifles when coming through this country. It would save him a lot of humbug and delay, and with such a force he could chase and capture any slave caravan he might hear of.

I have changed my mind about Kalasa; he is a better fellow than I at first judged. He consulted his charms secretly in his house to-day, and discovered that my heart was good, that my intentions were honest; gave me a good, big bullock, and furnished guides.

July 27. At 8:30 halted at the village of Swala. Yesterday happened the first act of theft on the trip. We camped within a quarter of a mile of a village; groups of natives brought meal, peanuts, eggs, etc., and traded

[1] See The Century Magazine for August and September, for accounts of Glave's experience in the war against the slave-raiders on Lake Nyassa, and his journey to the Livingstone tree.—Editor.



KALASA AND SOME OF HIS VILLAGERS IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF'S HUT.

with my men with the greatest confidence. One of my men was bathing in a pool near by, and left his cloth and knife near the trail; a party of natives passing seized the knife and ran away; hearing of this, I quietly took from a man in the boma a very fine spear, and refused to return it till the knife was brought back. The natives saw the justice of this, and trading went on as if nothing had happened. This morning the knife was returned, and so I handed back the spear.

July 28. Till now I have been free from fever, but most of my men have had touches, lasting generally two or three days. At present I am suffering from a big blister under the heel and running up toward the ankle, which gives me constant pain while walking.

July 30. In describing the number of slaves taken by Kasaki, a native takes a handful of sand, and slowly lets it fall to the ground, signifying the number by the innumerable particles. What a blessing it is to be sound of wind and limb! My sore heel is most painful, and renders me perfectly useless on the march. For three days I have struggled on, avoiding as long as possible the hammock and machila; but I have suffered such downright agony, and feel so certain that I am aggravating my suffering, that to-morrow I shall be carried for the first time on the trip. I have been foolish not to take to the hammock before. How the poor slaves must suffer over long trails with their blisters and worm-eaten sores utterly uncared for!

July 31. Yesterday, on arriving at Kisunka's, the chief was absent, so I made camp outside the village. I then sent a messenger to Kisunka informing him of my arrival. He sent word that he was at a small village of his a few miles off, and asked me to come in the morning and see him there. However, at early morning to-day a messenger came to my camp from him, saying that during the night Kisunka had reflected that it would be more hospitable to come to see me, as I was a stranger. In the forenoon the old fellow arrived at his village, and informed me by messenger that he would take a rest, and then come to see me. I sent back a suitable message, stating that I was precluded from visiting him by a bad foot. In the afternoon Kisunka appeared—a handsome African, seventy years old, I should say, tall, and as trimly built as a greyhound, of very dark hue; looks black against the other natives. He was accompanied by about fifty of his young warriors, fine, strapping fellows, healthy and slick, armed with bows and arrows and spears and

a few guns. Many came into my boma, but the chief ordered the remainder to stay outside. But as soon as the old fellow was seated, those outside could not repress their curiosity to see and hear all that was going on inside. The chief told me his entire belongings were mine during my stay. He was uneasy, owing to the impetuosity of his followers, and left early so as to restore peace and quiet. During the whole

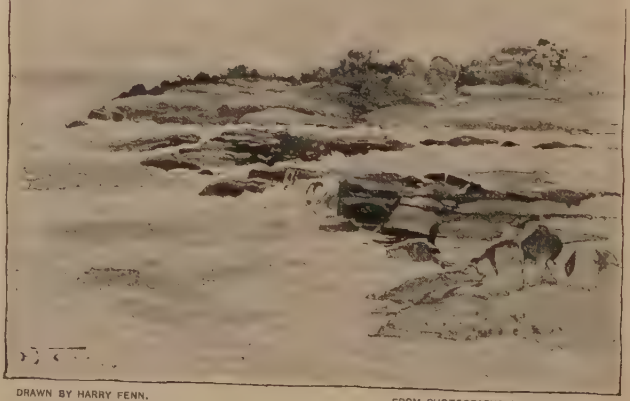




of the purpose of the camera, and I generally succeed when I stay over a day in a village.

August 1. I visited old Kisunka to-day. He has a fine, large village of about three hundred huts and a host of small granaries. When he came to see me yesterday, I told him I had heard of a white man be-

day the camp has been crowded with native men and women and children trading their corn and *mtara* and manioc, hairpins, copper ornaments, etc., for beads and cloth. There has been no squabbling, nothing to mar the general good feeling. It is absolutely impossible to do any literary work from the hubbub constantly maintained from morn to night. If you close the tent the heat becomes insufferable; as soon as you open it a solid mass of Africans stop the current of air. Old and young are in constant boisterous conversation, discussing and arguing about you and your property; and those not so engaged are shouting at the top of their voices, telling their friends not to make such a din. It is difficult to produce any sort of camera for the first time without creating a stampede. The nozzle holding the lens is always considered some sort of gun. I always show them some photographs beforehand, and try to convince them



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. J. GLAVE.

VIEWS AT DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE RAPIDS OF THE LUAPULA RIVER, CALLED JOHNSTON FALLS.

ing at Mlela Mangé, and I was anxious to send a message to him. Immediately on returning to his village, he sent me two fine, strapping fellows, to whom I paid a fee of two yards of blue cloth each, gave them the letter, and off they started at a dog-trot. It is a very busy village; the blacksmith's bellows consist of two bags of softened buckskin, which his assistant grasps, one with each hand, and

works them. They are both tied to a nozzle of wood or clay tubing pointing to a charcoal fire. The blacksmith has very primitive tools, —an anvil of hard stone, a hammer of iron,— but he turns out excellent work. I have never seen the process of smelting, but all the Wausi and Walala obtain their iron by smelting from the rough ore. The furnaces are made of clay, charcoal is the heating power, and the pure melted iron runs free through clay tubing.

August 2. Kisunka furnished me with two guides to Kasembi; they arrived in good time this morning, with hair trimmed, and wearing the cloth I gave them yesterday. Kisunka himself came to see me off. By some Kisunka would be called a savage. According to my judgment, he is a gentleman, a man of character and personal force, whose commands are obeyed by some thousands of people.

August 3. Reached the Luapula River, a mile or two above Johnston Falls. Here the river was a quarter of a mile wide; up-stream there is a magnificent clear stretch of placid water; below, the stream hisses and roars, tumbling over sunken rocks, and hurling itself against numerous rocky islets. Farther down-stream it is wilder still. On the west shore a thickly timbered hill slopes abruptly to the water's edge; on the east it is bounded by a rocky waste. The Luapula finds its way blocked by rocky hills, divides its force, and continues through available gaps and fissures, and tumbles over a lengthy slope of rocks in noisy falls. Along the Luapula's banks, and in mid-stream, the rock shows that in the remote past it has been subject to great heat. In some places, at short distances, you see what appear to be patches of dark-colored pebbles; on approaching, you find that they are deeply embedded in a rock setting. Deep wells are found everywhere, looking like burst bubbles, which I have no doubt they are. The survey and scientific investigation of these falls would afford an interesting study. In the distance of a few miles, the Luapula tumbles by a rugged way to a level lower by several hundred feet. In the quiet of the night the wild flood maintains a loud, dull swish, combined with a continuous roar. Alfred Sharpe, the first to visit these falls, left a flag, but the natives say it was washed away.

August 4. From the village of Kisunka to the falls there is a considerable drop, creating a noticeable change of temperature. I no longer sleep in my overcoat. Since being on the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau I have not been troubled with mosquitos till now. We see here and there clumps of banana-trees. The heat during the day has increased to a remarkable degree. When the Luapula is needed as a highway for commerce, these falls will be found a serious obstacle; but an overland trail of a few miles brings one to navigable waters again.

I camped in the shade of a big tree just outside of Kisawa's village. The chief sent me a big sheep and two baskets of meal, and then came himself, surrounded by forty or fifty people, and preceded by a monkey-looking old fellow with a drum, and a young fellow with a double-barreled gong, both of which were beaten vigorously from the village to my tent, upon reaching which the old fellow sat on the ground, laid the drum on his knees, and continued the performance. The chief arrived, and seated himself in my chair, which I offered him. He said that Kasembi is dissatisfied with the white man's occupation of this country. Promises were given that peace would result from it, but Kasembi says that war has increased. I hear that one of the B. C. A. officers, who arrived at Kasembi's with the idea of ascending the Luapula to the falls, there to build a station, was stopped by Kasembi, who refused to sanction this step.



KALASA'S HEAD MAN WITH A PIPE.



GLAVE'S TENT IN KALASA'S VILLAGE.

The natives are very deliberate in their formalities. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it, and bolt away. He first puts his weapons in a place of safety, then seats himself comfortably near you on the ground, and after a breathing-spell tells what he has to say. He does not understand hurry. If you reach a village at noon to-day, no matter how important it may be to keep moving, the chief will feel very much disappointed if you do not spend the whole of the next day in camp in or near his village.

August 5. Kisawa volunteered to send two men with me to Kasembi's. Did not suggest any pay; told off two of his young warriors, and gave them instructions; they clapped their hands after each sentence to signify their acceptance of his instructions. Two others have come of their own accord; the only baggage of one is two sticks, upon each of which are threaded four dry rows of fruit, which rattle. The youth owning this property has long hair plaited into ropes, which fall to his neck, and form a screen to his eyes. He is constantly keeping the rattle going, and singing (principally about me) in a most flattering manner, in which performance his friend joins; but the latter confines himself to singing; he has other use for his hands, which carry two baskets full of manioc flour, a *banghi* pipe, and spare rattles. For the first hour they stayed at my heels. All the time they kept up the rattling and singing, and told me it was what they came for, and that they would thus entertain me until we reached Kasembi, four or five days off. I spoke to them firmly, but kindly, told them their music was excellent, but must be heard at a distance to be properly enjoyed. The distance I pointed out was about ten miles away. My musical friends took the hint good-naturedly, but at times they break out into their boisterous entertainment.

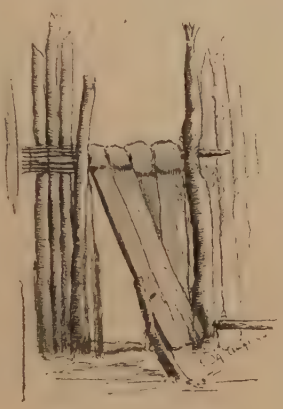
My pet goat died to-day. It had traveled with me from the Wanyika country on the Tanganyika-Nyassa plateau. It had a kid at Mayilo's, which has been carried in a basket, and has thrived. To-day the poor brute became very ill, and I had her carried, but she died on the boy's shoulders. I had hoped to reach the B. C. A. station on Lake Moero, and then hand her over to the whites, asking them to care for her. I had no way of nourishing the poor little kid, having no tinned milk, or means of getting fresh milk, so I had him destroyed. I am grieved about the death of this poor old goat. She had behaved splendidly; over dry places she kept the trail like a man, halted when the caravan halted, and started with it without any urging. When crossing a river in a canoe, she remained perfectly quiet, as she did when carried on a man's shoulders across swamps. After the kid came, she followed the basket till it was opened, then toddled off for green stuff, and kept charge of her offspring till next morning. Although we sometimes had other goats, she always took the lead, and refused to allow any of the others to take her place. But for this pet, I would have brought a dog with me.

August 7. Halted at 7:50, and sent men ahead to warn Kasembi of my coming. Arrived at his village at 10:20, the day's march being nearly all the way through manioc plantations.



KISUNKA.

August 8. Kasembi is an important creature in his own estimation. A man cooks for him. The men who carry water for him are armed. If any one careens against them and spills the water, the offender is killed. Kasembi never walks; he is carried. If one of his villages kills an elephant, the tusks are brought to him; he picks out the finer of the two, and gives the other to the slayer. Any dead ivory found is brought to him; he takes all, and gives the finder a little cloth. In conversation he repeatedly remarks, «Mimi Kasembi» («I am Kasembi»). My man Frogalah told him that the woman chief of the Watshlwa, of his name, had a larger village than this one here, which was a fib, but it made this proud creature very unhappy. He has been spoiled by the whites giving him big presents.



GATEWAY AT KISUNKA'S.
From a sketch in Glave's Journal.

Before arriving yesterday, I sent on ahead a splendid present of cloth with silk fringe and gilded braid. My two men had first to show it to one of his underlings; he, in turn, took it to two other inferiors. These three discussed it, dilating upon the smallness of the gift; eventually, however, they conveyed it to the royal presence, and after a while my two messengers were admitted. Kasembi immediately began to comment upon the gift. Was he a boy, to receive one present only? Did not the *mzungy* (white man) know how big a chief Kasembi was? My men assured him I did, and that I had sent this cloth in advance, and the actual present would be forthcoming later. This satisfied him to an extent; he sent one of his favorite satellites to show me a camping-place a quarter of a mile from his stockades—a clear, sandy place, away from dry wood and water, and no possible shade. My tent was hardly pitched before Kasembi's head man appeared, demanding the present I had promised; the chief was awaiting it. I sent word that I promised to give the chief a present according to my means; I should suit myself with regard to the time of giving. They were rather taken aback at this. Kasembi's wishes appear to be attended to without delay.

During the afternoon Kasembi sent me a goat and two baskets of flour, about twenty-five pounds. In the evening I sent him down one Kanzu Arab brown holland shirt, one silk-and-cotton cloth for a turban, eight yards of wide handkerchief, four yards of American, eight yards of Kanicki, about half a pound of beads, and twenty assorted fish-hooks. He was good enough to accept these things, but impressed upon my men the necessity of bringing another present when I was permitted to see him. He is too large an insect altogether; has been spoiled. A letter was left in his care for me yesterday; I applied for it, but he refused to give it up until we had met, and yesterday he would not see me. It was his sacred day, he said. I sent several times yesterday, and demanded the letter, and emphasized my request by expressions as strong as it was discreet to employ; but he was immovable. If I had had a force of any reliability with me, I would have had that letter yesterday; but this is one of the great drawbacks of having only a small force.

To-day I am to see him, when his Majesty feels inclined graciously to grant the interview. At eight o'clock this morning Kasembi sent two men to wait near my tent, and when they should hear drums in his village I was to go down and see the chief. His three head men escorted me down to the stockades. Before entering the gate, a messenger was sent in to ask if we might enter; receiving permission, we passed through the gate. Upon entering, we found a big clear space, and crowds of people lining it; a dozen drums of different sorts were being beaten gently, and several double gongs were sounding. At one corner of the square Kasembi was seated on an immense litter; his body was wrapped in bright handkerchief stuff. He wore a fine necklace of big lions' claws,—immense ones,—and had a fringe of long hawks' feathers standing up from his head.

I was not allowed to approach near him, being told to seat myself about fifty feet away, so I could not get a detailed look at him. Difficulties were added by his being in the shade, as he held over his head a red-and-white umbrella. He had the litter lifted high on the heads of his bearers, so that he might the better see me. The litter was made of thin bamboo firmly lashed to two parallel big bamboos, the ends carried out on each side seven or eight feet. This affair was carried by twenty men, five at each handle. The litter was covered with handkerchief cloth, on which Kasembi sat cross-legged. He sent across a messenger to ask me where I came



PART OF AN IVORY CARAVAN.

from and where I am going. I gave the necessary information, at the same time saying I wanted two of his people to act as guides to the Kalungwizi; also, that I was anxious to have my letter. Both were promised me, but it is now late in the afternoon, and I have not seen the letter yet.

I felt in a very bad humor; in the first place, I am suffering from an inflamed eye; this, combined with the constant begging by these people, keeps me in a disagreeable frame of mind. I gave, I am sure, the smallest present he has ever received from a white man, but with my present means I could not conscientiously give more, and, feeling this, I would not. I was quite prepared to pull up my tent and declare my independence by starting for the Moero B. C. A. station by compass. The first white man who comes here with any force at his back should lower Mr. Kasembi several notches. He told my men yesterday that he would see me at a distance, but I must not attempt to shake hands with him.

The letter left in charge of Kasembi reached me this afternoon. It was from Dr. Watson, giving me news and directions as to the road between Kasembi and Rhodesia. This evening, I hear, Kasembi is drinking heavily of pombé, and says he will not give me guides. I shall start off early to-morrow morning, guides or no guides. There is a big drinking-bout in the village to-night—drumming, shouting, singing, and incessant firing of guns; this continued past midnight.

August 9. Left Kasembi's at six o'clock, by compass, no guides forthcoming; traveled for two and a half hours, and reached the Mberezi. Kasembi, hearing I had gone, sent at once his chief man and two guides, with a small tusk of ivory as a present; he sent ahead another man, who was profuse in salaams, to arrange for my crossing the Mberezi River. But this was of no assistance to me. It cost twenty yards of cloth to get men and goods over, and canoes were produced only after a good deal of hesitation. At first I was told I must wait till to-morrow; the canoes were away fishing. This proved to be a lie, the too frequent sequence to an African's assertions. They feel no shame in lying to serve their own interests; when found out, they merely grin, as if it were a joke to utter falsehood.

I have always something the matter with me which interferes with my efficiency. Now it will be a wretched ulcer near my knee-joint to hinder my walking; at another time one near my right elbow to weaken my arm and give me unsteady aim in shooting. Then I am cured of these, and feel miserable and feverish; but snap shots of deafening quinine make me strong and cheerful, and fit to bear the strain of a few days' visit from malarial neuralgia, which seizes my head, makes tender every tooth, and stabs me unmercifully

with acutest pain, till the head is aching with hammering throbs, and the eyes, through pain, are curtained by a mist. In due time I recover from this, and become dyspeptic, or cannot wear my largest shirt because of a swollen spleen. I gradually reduce this, and then blisters on the feet, and erysipelas in the ankles, make walking the worst kind of agony. Illness to me in Africa is as the bubble in a spirit-level: it moves and changes its position, but never ceases.

August 10. My men have no stamina; half are on the sick-list, and I believe we present a very emaciated, dilapidated appearance.

Yesterday I had to submit to a good deal of humbug from Kipambezi, Kasembi's head man, whom the chief had sent to aid me. First, upon reaching the crossing at Mberezi, he said we should have to camp on the Lefu River till next morning, as there were no canoes; all were away with fishermen. I then applied to the natives direct, and promised cloth to each paddler. In a quarter of an hour seven good-sized canoes appeared, to each of which I gave one fathom of cloth. Kipambezi urged that I should pay in advance, and deposit all the cloth with him; the paddlers, however, knew that such property, after running the gantlet through Kipambezi's hands, would be considerably decreased. I quite agreed with the natives, and handed to each paddler his pay. Thus far Kipambezi had not scored; he was disappointed at not having his own way, and getting no part of the pay for canoe work; so without consulting me with regard to where I wished to camp, he led the way to a tiny village, a very indifferent place for a camp; but as my men were about played out, I pitched my tent here. In the evening he appeared with an admiring crowd behind him, in which was a scrubby-looking individual whom he introduced as the *mfumu* of the place (about six tumbledown huts). The mfumu brought me a miserable little chicken, certainly not more than two weeks old, and a cupful of manioc flour. I told the mfumu it was my intention to give him a fathom of cloth, as I was camping on his ground, but I did not want either his flour or the chicken. This rather nettled Kipambezi, who was expecting that I would give a desirable present of cloth, of which he would get a share. Another disappointment. Seeing that I should have a lot of trouble with the one-eyed, impudent, grasping, lying scoundrel, I determined to get rid of him quickly. I sent two of my head men to him to explain that I knew


Mpueto
Chichera
Kazuta
Mkuli
Mivera
Zombe
Fort Abercorn
Chitimba
Kasembi
Songa
Luamba
Kapalo
Monene'
Mpalamina
Kabila
Kisumka
Kapakala
Kanasia
Molaba
Kalasa
Kabonga
L. BANGWEOLO
Old Chitambo
Kalonga
Kawimbe
Kitara
Mayila
Karopa
Kizila
Kambuidi
Tangwe
Msekeri
Kapengala
Kasembé
Chikwa
Nzowoli
Chifundu
Tembwe
Tangaliza
Kambombo
Rundu
Kawali
Songozi
Chifungwi
Ruali
Mweny Kondé
Deep Bay
Mrowi
Amelia Bay
Bandé
Nicato
Mbampa Bay
Bandawe
Makambira
Karalio
Lukomo I's.
Unanga
Kotakota
Bua R.
Fort McGuire
Makanjira
Monkey Bay
Ngombe
Mpondas
Fort Johnston
Chiwere
Ruvuma
Ulanga R.
Ngerengé
Parambira
Msamba
Lujende
Loangwa
Lukassashé
Lunsemfwa R.
Kafue R.
Luvale R.
Lufira R.
Lukuln R.
Chambezi R.
Kasanga
Johnston falls
Kariembaka
Kawimbe
Chiyonga
Karembwe
Mabuga
Kalonga
Mberezi
Stanley
Lofu R.
Mwapa
Mkuli
Mivera
Fwambo
Chimbu
Mbiro
Mazoka
Kawimbe
Kapengala
Kasembé
Kitara
Karonga
Nzofu
Shinga Mts.
Tangwe R.
Livingstone Tree
Kawimbe R.
Kafue R.
Lunsemfwa R.
Lufira R.
Lukuln R.
Chambezi R.
Luangwa
Lukassashé
Linyi R.
Livingstonia
Ini Rifu
Rovuma
Lujende
Lwangwa
Mbarangandu
Kapengala
Msekeri
Tembwe
Nzowoli
Chifundu
Chikwa
Songozi
Kawali
Rundu
Tangaliza
Kambombo

Kasembi, out of kindness for the whites, was depriving himself of the service of Kipambezi by sending him with me; I did not wish to cause the big chief of Ulanda this annoyance. The two young fellows sent by Kasembi would answer my purpose as guides. He (Kipambezi) might return to his chief, and resume his important duties. I should give him two fathoms of American, and some beads, the same present he would have received if he



KASEMBI.
From a sketch in Glave's Journal.

had gone farther. He agreed to this, said it was a good idea, and was to receive the promised cloth in the morning. Early this morning he came to my tent with his salve-tongued «Mornin', Srwana,» and I gave him the cloth and beads, for which he thanked me. When all the loads were ready for the day's start, I called for my guides; after a while they appeared with Kipambezi, all with a very cheeky air. Kipambezi said he was returning, and so were the two young fellows he had brought. He expected I would go on my knees and beg them to show me the road. Kipambezi carried his bow and arrows; the other two carried guns; besides, one carried the cloth I had given Kipambezi in the morning, the other the leg of the buck I shot and gave them yesterday, and the small tusk Kasembi sent me, which my men had given the guides to carry. Much to Kipambezi's astonishment, instead of urging him to allow the two young guides to go on, I replied at once, «Go, all of you, if you want to.» At the same time, my men pounced on them, and took away my tusk of ivory and the cloth I had given to Kipambezi in the morning. I considered he had certainly forfeited this by leaving me in the lurch. The incident might have caused considerable delay, but, as luck would have it, three men were starting that morning from the village to go to work for Dr. Watson. One agreed to act as our guide; so away we started without any delay, and Kipambezi and his two young fellows returned to Kasembi with some lying story to account for their quick return.

Crossed a wretched swamp to-day, all the time in mud and slush of a rich chocolate color, and of the consistency of pancake batter, bamboos and long papyrus grass growing thickly everywhere; the trail was a way cut through this; by constant use a deep channel has been formed, but it is easier to follow this muddy trail than to break one's way through a new place.

On my first opportunity I shall send to Kasembi a letter to be interpreted to him by any white man who may visit him. I shall explain fully the conduct of his lying lieutenant.

August 11. We are now without a guide again; our man, who has been kindly and generously treated, and promised four yards of American upon reaching Kalungwizi, has deserted us without any cause.

August 12. Upon reaching a few huts where the natives smelt iron, we met with a native, Kangala by name, who has taken a letter to Watson, and promised to reach him to-night.

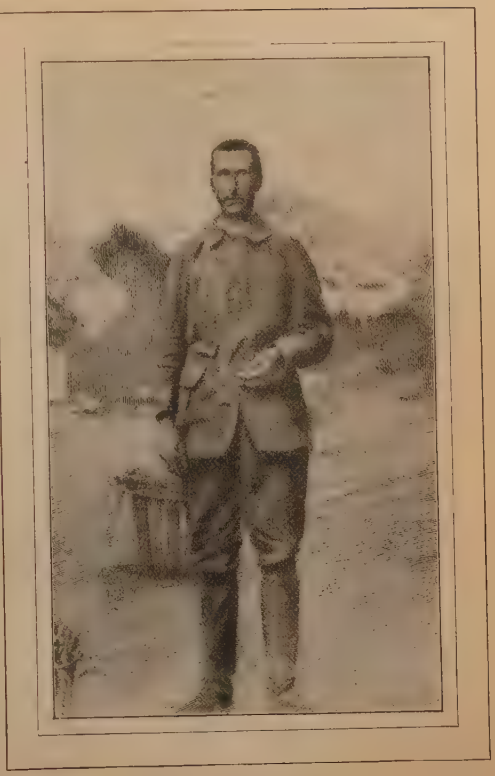
Nzigora died to-day in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. For a few days he had been suffering from a swollen neck, which I painted with iodine, and gave him a gargle of permanganate of potash for sore throat; for two or three days he traveled empty-handed; then he carried a light load for three days, and seemed quite well, except the swelling in the neck, which seemed, however, to give him no inconvenience. To-day he started off as usual, made no complaints, and showed no signs of unusual fatigue; after a three hours' march, upon reaching the Kabikwa stream, the whole caravan was resting, and he quietly dropped off to sleep. After a half-hour's stay I gave the word to start, and went ahead with the guide. Reaching another stream after this tramp, I received news that the head man at the rear of the caravan had been unable to rouse Nzigora. They carried him to the water, and bathed his head, but he was quite helpless, and he never spoke again. Word was sent to me, but the lazy messenger did not reach me till I arrived an hour ahead at the river Matizi. I sent back immediately a machila to have him carried on the way. After death he looked like a healthy, full-blooded man. I attribute his death to heart-disease. He was a very quiet, willing fellow, never squabbled with any one, and his death has cast a gloom

over all my men; but blacks die off very quickly, once they have lost heart, so I have made light of his death.

The natives are returning to build substantial villages in this district, now there are white men at Kalungwizi to protect them; formerly they were constantly pillaged by the Ruga-Ruga of Abdallah Bin Suliman, the coast trader and slaver.

August 13. The natives are, strange to say, leaving Belgian territory, and coming to settle about the B. C. A. stations. I can assign as a reason only the erratic thinking apparatus of the African. The Belgians are undoubtedly the friends of the natives, and no nationality is displaying such zeal in removing the lawless influences of the land. The Belgian policy is liberal and thoroughly antislavery. Within the last few years they have done wonders. So why the natives should leave Belgian territory and come to the British I cannot say. The British in this part of the world have not proved that they can master the slavers. Abdallah is in their territory, and his slaving is well known.

This morning, at nine o'clock, I was met on the trail by two smart Manyema in military uniforms, who saluted in soldierly style, and handed me a letter from Dr. A. Blair Watson, saying they were at my disposition to guide me to the B. C. A. station on the Kalungwizi. What a treat, after the usual experience with lying, deceitful guides, to have disciplined blacks to pilot one! The education received from a white man does improve them wonderfully. They are taught the difference between right and wrong; they have to respect authority, and are punished for lying, deceiving, and thieving, so avoid committing these offenses, and thereby enjoy more bodily comfort. Upon reaching the Kalungwizi, I found a good, wide road leading to the ferry, where a native in B. C. A. pay lives in a small hut, and is always on hand with a canoe to ferry people across the stream, here very deep and rapid. Upon crossing the Kalungwizi, another wide, well-kept road led up to the B. C. A. station, one half of which is surrounded by a high clay wall, the other half by the ordinary pole stockades, the whole inclosure being one hundred and fifty yards long and sixty yards wide. In the inclosure surrounded by clay walls are the station-house, stores and attendant house of the white man's personality, cook-house, servants' houses, etc. In the inclosure of stout stakes are the huts of the black employees, principally the soldiery, who are generally Wanyamwezi, who were nothing but raiders till



DR. A. BLAIR WATSON.

the whites took charge of things. Upon reaching the boma, I was received by Dr. Watson, magistrate and collector, whom I had known at Lake Nyassa. He was very kind, gave me a good room, and I had a tasty meal served to me. He is a very well-informed man, and I was pleased to know he thought my journey a very successful one. The finding of the Livingstone tree interested him greatly.

In the courtyard are buried two white men, Bainbridge and Kydd, the only two whites previously in charge of the station. Kydd died first, and was buried within the boma, a very unreasonable notion; and Bainbridge, as a dying request, asked to be buried beside his companion. The two graves, conspicuously close to the station-house, form no cheerful prospect for their successor Watson, who is certainly philosophical; for he has told his people, in case he dies, he is to be buried outside the boma, so as to set a better example, as he drolly told me.

This is the most distant of the B. C. A. stations. Watson is most anxious to extend his work, but his hands are tied by the economy of headquarters. He has a force of about twenty-five Wanyamwezi soldiers, and three



DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT THE KALUNGWIZI STATION.

or four station workers, and a fine house solidly framed, but not completed, for want of funds. He has no cloth at all, and only a few beads for rationing his men; his boma, tembé, and bastion are solid, and he is perfectly secure: but a good deal of lawlessness exists, which he cannot check without force.

After I had left Kasembi's, some Awemba arrived, and were in a great rage because I had escaped them; and I heard after, reaching the Kalungwizi, that a big party of Kasembi's people, fully armed, had followed me for thirty miles. They would not admit that they were after me, for they said at the villages they passed through that they were merely walking about! However, they could not very well have surprised me; for, as I had not quitted Kasembi on very satisfactory terms, I realized the possibility of his sending a party to harass me, and I was prepared to take care of myself.

A company station must certainly be placed at Kasembi's to control the slave-trade and check the importation of contraband goods. Carson, the missionary, visited Kasembi a month or two ago, with the idea of arranging for the purchase of a plot of land on which to build a station. Kasembi would not hear of it.

August 23. To-day Croad and Worringham arrived at the station by the Kalungwizi River, in the new whale-boat, a steel, flat-bottomed affair. Although the station is only four or five miles from the shore of Lake Moero, still the Kalungwizi winds about in a stream twelve miles long, reaching far out into the lake. The large, swampy flats form a home for many elephants. The stretch of twelve miles is navigable in strong boats, but is very dangerous in canoes, as the stream is infested with hippos of a fierce type, that attack every craft. The new boat was to have gone to Johnston Falls to take up the chief, Worringham; but now Captain Weatherly's expedition will occupy the place instead of the B. C. A. agent.

August 25. Left Kalungwizi early this morning. Watson, who has been very kind during my visit, came part of the road with me. He has a cleared road twenty feet wide running north for six miles from his station, which he cannot complete for want of funds. After leaving this road, for twelve miles the way is over a flat plateau, in few places undulatory. Reached a small village, Karembwe's, and camped near the lake. Karembwe's is one of the salt-making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes, and placed in grass funnels; water poured on this dissolves the salt; this solution trickles through the green filter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large-crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Waitawa, are very polite; most of them hail you with, «Mornin'»; they do not seem able to manage the «good.»

August 28. Just before reaching Mkupa's village, an abrupt descent is made to the valley below, which is the outer edge of the great Moero swamp. Here at Mkupa's I heard of the war between the Belgians and the slavers. I learned that the two Belgians were Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier, who were bombarding Masala's tembé. Many of Mkupa's men are allies of the Belgians.

August 29. Crossed an immense plain; slightly rising ground to the east and west of us. The B. C. A. station at Choma is a very pretty place, with strong stockades and compact, well-built clay houses. I sent two natives from here with a letter to Descamps and Duvivier at Kitetema, a native village near Masala's tembé.



ONE OF DR. WATSON'S NATIVE SOLDIERS.

August 30. Camped at Chocha. The chief of this place, and all the able-bodied fellows, are away at Kitetema, ready to help Descamps. In the afternoon I went out hunting, and wounded a roan antelope; upon returning, saw a party of men approaching a long distance away. The natives



AT THE VILLAGE GATE.

with me were scared, and wanted to beat a hurried retreat to the tembé. I halted my men, and waited till the party approached sufficiently near to be distinguished. I then saw they were in uniform, and they proved to be Belgian native soldiers, Manyema. One bore a very kind note from Descamps, inviting me to visit him, and placing ten soldiers and a young corporal at my disposal. Upon reaching me, they fell in and saluted in fine style; then explained they had come to escort me. We all tramped back to Chocha's, where I made them comfortable for the night, got them a hut, and gave them a big feed of zebra and porridge, which put them in thorough good humor.

August 31. After five hours and thirty minutes' marching, we came in sight of Masala's tembé. As we marched along the trail within two hundred yards of the place, a few shots were fired in our direction, the bullets falling short, and making little puffs of dust in the parched, sandy soil. Upon coming in sight of the Belgian defenses, Captain Commandant Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier came out to meet me. Their appearance outside the boma was acknowledged by a salvo from the enemy. Captain Descamps is about forty years old, I should say; he is a man of medium build and height; has had much African experience. When Captain Jacques's term of service was completed, Descamps was appointed captain-commandant of the antislavery movement on Tanganyika. About a year ago he arrived, with reinforcements and supplies for the Belgian forces, and with two big guns, and shells. Descamps reached Karonga just as one thousand carriers arrived transporting his supplies. He had no reliable escort, and if the Arabs had been resolute and a little plucky, they could have attacked Descamps on the way. Upon arriving at Kituta, on the shores of Tanganyika, he made his way up to Albertville in two dhows, sent down for him by Captain Jacques; and immediately after the arrival of the cannon, Rumaliza's people, who had so pestered them, were driven off without delay. A month or two after Descamps's arrival, Jacques left for home by the Nyassa route.

Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Duvivier escorted me to their tight little boma, about sixty yards square, made of stout poles varying from twelve to twenty feet in height, with several layers at the base, and reaching up about six feet. Within this there is a rough arbor of grass, where the whites live; their tents, also pitched, provide sleeping accom-



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS, LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER, AND THE GUN-CREW.

modation; and also within the inclosure are rough shelters of branches and grass for the Manyema and their wives, the servants, etc. This part has a wing attached, where trenches have been dug three feet below the level of the ground, with rough roofs of grass as a shelter; yet another wing is occupied by the native allies, who have come from all parts of the country, their bomas being of about the same character as the one described. Two of them are in charge of capable Manyema; each boma has a big tree with a platform in the higher branches protected by layers of planks, in which sentinels are placed to report any movement within Masala's tembé, which is composed of thick clay walls twelve feet high, loopholed, and with a ditch. There are said to be five lines of clay walls inside encircling the huts, many of which have been burned by Duvivier, who fired some smoldering material into a grass roof by means of bow and arrow. The enemy have dug holes for water, and have made deep pits and trenches as protection from the shells from the big gun. Masala had prepared himself for a big siege by laying in a stock of food for several months, and to judge from their incessant firing they must have a good supply of ammunition. Both Descamps and Duvivier had been on the Congo, and we had lots to talk about concerning old times and common acquaintances. Vast plantations of sweet potatoes and manioc surround the tembé, furnishing unlimited supplies of food to the besiegers, who have been living for a month on that produce. Descamps has certainly four hundred people.

Msemewé and Masala, coast men and employees of Abdallah Bin Suliman, are the two principal raiders, each with a tembé of his own within a few miles of each other. Msemewé some time ago pulled down the British flag in Mkula's village, danced on it, and asked Mkula where his friends the British were? Worringham, according to instructions received from the chief of the district, sent three messengers to Masala with the idea of opening up communication with the slavers. Masala's people killed one of the three men, ill-treated the other two by flogging, then took all their cartridges away, gave them back the guns, and started them off with insulting and defiant messages to the white man who had sent them. Duvivier first attacked the stronghold of Masala; he cut away the boma outside the tembé, and set their huts on fire, and actually entered their tembé, losing two men; and then he returned to Moliro for reinforcements, and eventually Descamps appeared with the big gun.

In the mean time Masala was receiving reinforcements from all sides. The Belgian forces have now been surrounding Masala's (the name of the place is Kitetema) about one month. Duvivier shot Msemewé, and Masala is also said to have died of his wounds. The big gun has fired about sixty shots into the tembé, but they appear to use no bursting shells. Every shot strikes the tembé wall rather high up, and drills a clear way through the walls and huts till its power is spent; a cloud of thick dust follows its destructive line of travel. As the tembé is full of people, the majority being women and chil-

dren and slaves, Descamps is anxious to avoid unnecessary slaughter.

From the beginning of the trouble to the time I visited Masala's, the besieged had fired five thousand shots. They are determined to fight till the last, they say. They appear to have some slight hope that relief will arrive from Abdallah, he having massed hosts of Awemba; they also feel the chance that the Belgian force may retire, disgusted with a prolonged siege; but Descamps is a determined man, and Masala will be destroyed without doubt if he does not surrender. It is the last stand of the slavers in this part of the world.

The advanced pickets of the Belgian force exchange with those behind the walls words of defiance and promises of annihilation, punctuated freely by the most murderous curses. During these conversations the white man's pickets, under cover of darkness, approach within one hundred yards of the walls, and are safe from the random shots fired in their direction. On one side of the tembé there is a large swamp of papyrus grass, and the besieged could escape in small parties of two and three; but they cannot get away with their women and children and slaves.

September 1. This morning and afternoon I had a walk round the tembé, at a distance of two hundred yards from the walls, having accompanied Descamps on his tour of inspecting the different bomas. A few shots were fired in our direction as we marched along in Indian file, with a guard of about twenty Manyema behind us. Upon returning to the boma, I photographed Descamps's gun-crew, and as I had to be somewhat exposed during this operation, about half a dozen shots were fired at me during the time; it is not at all comfortable to have one's head under the black cloth when a bullet is hissing overhead. I naturally completed my business with as much despatch as possible.

The Manyema drill very well, but Descamps himself sights and fires the big gun. Occasionally the gun is quietly sighted in the daytime, and fired at night, when the besieged are not expecting it. A few people who have tried to escape from the tembé have been captured. During the afternoon a most boisterous shouting was started, accompanied by the peculiar shrill cry made by women, who give the sound a trembling effect by rapidly wagging the tongue during the effort—quite a general noise all over Africa. At the same time a red flag was waved from behind the walls. Descamps fired two shots into the excited crowds inside. Both balls



CAPTAIN DESCAMPS. LIEUTENANT DUVIVIER.



WITHIN A VILLAGE STOCKADE.

riddled the walls, as usual, and threw up clouds of smoke; but the violent intrusion upon their gaiety did not bring the uproar to a close. It was carried on for several minutes after the big gun's reports. The native allies attributed the noise to the ceremony of appointing a new leader within the walls; possibly this may have been so. At night, in the exchange of conversation between the besieged and the pickets, those inside claimed to have killed a white man during the day. What had given them this idea I do not know. There was a good deal of loud wailing this evening, women mourning those killed during the day; and the pickets heard the men admonishing the mourners, saying, «Cry? You should rejoice! A white man has been killed by us to-day, one of the leaders of our enemies.»

Descamps is always thinking that they may surrender, and save the slaughter of an assault, but I think this delay injurious to the spirit of his soldiers. He told me that he would take the place a few days after my departure. Descamps I found to be an exceedingly nice gentleman, good-natured, brave, intelligent, and most kindly disposed. He will aid me to reach Kasongo and descend the Congo; if he does this, I shall always be grateful to him, as he will provide me with opportunities of obtaining material of the utmost value.

September 2. Said good-by to the Belgian officers at 6:30 this morning. Captain Descamps and a small escort of four men accompanied me about a mile and a half, and I continued through the usual African scenery, small, scrubby bush, burnt grass plains, and, in this particular neighborhood a good deal of swamp and papyrus grass.

September 3. Left Chimba Marwe's early this morning. Tramped along the plateau for the first part of the way, which gradually dipped, ascended a rough piece of broken country, low, rocky hills, and finally made an abrupt descent by a very rocky trail to the shores of Tanganyika overlooking the south end of the lake, with its glorious bay encircled by rocky highlands. Soon reaching the flats, I arrived at the village of Teleka, a large tembé of clay. The old fellow, whom I had met at Nyassa, came out to meet me. I delayed but little, continuing my way to Sumbu, the B. C. A. station in charge of W. B. Knight, a most hospitable man. I had written him the day before, and he kindly sent out a machila, so that I was carried for about two miles to his station, which I found as ill provided as Moero: no men, no ammunition, no goods, and consequently but little influence.

Teleka has been settled here fifteen years, and has during that time made several trips to the coast. In fact, he has just now returned to his tembé from Kilwa, a German post on the Indian Ocean. He had two hundred and seventy carriers, many of them women, all heavily loaded, the principal part of his cargo being guns and ammunition.

The Belgian native troops are dressed in loose trousers, at the bottom drawn close to



FALLS OF THE LUAGUA RIVER NEAR THE SOUTH END OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.



TANGANYIKA FISH, NSINGA, MUCH LIKED BY THE NATIVES FOR ITS OILINESS.

the leg half-way down the calf by a running tape, mottled indigo shirt, red facings, red fez, breech-loading rifles, no shoes, broad belt, and cartridge-pouch.

September 5. Finding letters and papers here for Descamps and Duvivier,[1] I had them forwarded to the seat of war, as they asked me. Two Wanyamwezi guides given me by Watson returned with their men, carrying letters as far as Chimba Marwe's.

The southern end of the Tanganyika district is a slow part of the B. C. A. machinery. Marshall, at Abercorn, has a boat which is kept at Kituta, and will carry one hundred and fifty loads; yet it remains idle. Watson has nothing in his station, not even a yard of cloth. For five weeks there have been goods waiting for him at Kituta, but none have been sent to Sumbu to be despatched.

September 8. All my men engaged from Mlozi and Kopa Kopa returned to-day. They have done very well indeed, and I must write to Karonga, and give a list of their services, and recommend them to other white travelers.

September 10. The brother of Teleka came in, and reported that a man out of Mkula's village had reached their village, and warned everybody to be on guard, and not travel abroad, as the roads were unsafe, Mkula's warriors being on the war-path, bent on killing not only Wangwana, but any of the white man's people who may fall into their hands. News also came that the Belgians had defeated Masala, the tembé being carried by assault. The Belgians are now said to be moving on Msemewé's village, which will make no defense. The result of this fight will have an important effect on politics in this part of the world.

[1] On October 25, 1894, Glave, then at Moliro, Tanganyika, entered in his journal: «Heard news of Duvivier's death on Lake Moero. He was hunting hippos from a canoe; wounded one, which upset the canoe. He told his four men to remain by the canoe. They wished to swim ashore and return for him with another craft. He would not hear of this, but started to swim with his heavy boots, clothes, etc. When he had gone some distance, he threw up his arms and with a cry disappeared. This was repeated four times. His body was not found. It is not known whether he was seized by a crocodile or a wounded hippo, or succumbed to cramp or exhaustion.»—EDITOR.

E. J. Glave.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve" "Marcella" etc

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

XXIII.

LETTY TRESSADY sat beside the doorway of one of the small red brick houses that make up the village of Ferth. It was a rainy October afternoon, and through the door she could see the black main street, houses and road alike bedabbled in wet and mire. At one point in the street her eye caught a small standing crowd of women and children, most of them with tattered shawls thrown over their heads to protect them from the weather. She knew what it meant. They were waiting for the daily opening of the soup-kitchen, started in the third week of the great strike by the Baptist minister, who, in the language of the Tory paper, was «among the worst firebrands of the district.» There was another soup-kitchen farther down, to which George had begun to subscribe immediately on his return to the place. She had thought it a foolish act on his part thus to help his own men to fight him the better. But now, as she watched the miserable crowd outside the Baptist chapel, she felt the teasing pressure of those new puzzles of her married life which had so far done little else, it seemed, than take away her gaiety and her power of amusing herself.

Near her sat an oldish woman with an almost toothless mouth, who was chattering to her in a tone that Letty knew to be three parts hypocritical.

«Well, the treuth is, the men is that fool'ardy when they gets a thing into their yeds, there 's no taakin' wi' un. There 's plenty as don' like the strike, my lady, but they durse n't say so—they 'd be afeard o' losin' the skin off their backs; for soom o' them lads o' Burrows's is a routin' rough lot, as don' keer what they doos to a mon, an' yo' canna exspeck a quiet body to stan' up agen 'em. Now, my son 'ee comes in at neet all slamp and downcast, an' I says to 'im, ‹Is there noa news yet o' the J'int Committee, John?› I says to un. ‹Noa, mither,› 'ee says; ‹they 're just keepin' ov it on.› An' 'ee do seem so down'earted when 'ee sees the poor soart ov a supper as is aw I can gie un to 'is stomach. Now, *I 'm* one o' thoase as *wants* nuthin'. The doctor says, ‹Yo' 've got no blude in yer, Missus'Ammersley; what 'ull yer 'ave?› An' I says: ‹*Nuthin'!* It 's sune cut, an' it 's sune cooked; *nuthin'!*› Noa; I 've niver been on t' parish—an' I *might*, times. An' I don't 'old wi' strikes. Lor'! it is a poor pleace, is ours,—ain't it?—an' nobbut a bit o' bread an' drippin' for supper.»

The old woman threw her eyes round her kitchen, bringing them back slyly to Letty's face. Letty ended by leaving some money with her, and walking away as dissatisfied with her own charity as she was with its recipient. Perhaps this old body was the only person in the village who would have begged of «Tressady's wife» at this particular moment. Letty, moreover, had some reason to believe that her son was one of the roughest of Burrows's body-guard, while the old woman was certainly no worse off than any of her neighbors.

Outside she was disturbed to find, as she walked home, that the street was full of people, in spite of the rain—of gaunt men and pinched women, who threw her hostile and sidelong glances as she passed. She hurried through them. How was it that she knew nothing of them, except, perhaps, of the few toadies and parasites among them? How was one to penetrate into this ugly,

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incomprehensible world of «the people»? The mere idea of trying to do so filled her with distaste and *ennui*. She was afraid of them. She wished she had not stayed so long with that old gossip, Mrs. Hammersley, and that there were not so many yards of dark road between her and her own gate. Where was George? She knew that he had gone up to the pits that afternoon to consult his manager about some defect in the pumping arrangements. She wished she had secured his escort for the walk home.

But before she left the village, she paused irresolutely, then turned down a side street, and went to see Mary Batchelor, George's old nurse, the mother who had lost her only son in his prime.

When, a few minutes later, she came up the lane, she was flatly conscious of having done a virtuous thing—several virtuous things—that afternoon, but certainly without any pleasure in them. She did not get on with Mary, nor Mary with her. The tragic absorption of the mother—little abated since the spring—in her dead boy seemed somehow to strike Letty dumb. She felt pity, but yet the whole emotion was beyond her, and she shrank from it. As for Mary, she had so far received Lady Tressady's visits with a kind of dull surprise, always repeated and not flattering. Letty believed that, in her inmost heart, the broken woman was offended each time that it was not George who came. Moreover, though she never said a word of it to Tressady's wife, she was known to be passionately on the side of the strikers, and her manner gave the impression that she did not want to be talking with their oppressors. Perhaps it was this feeling that had reconciled her to the loutish lad who lived with her, and had been twice «run in» by the police for stone-throwing at non-union men since the beginning of the strike. At any rate, she took a great deal more notice of him than she had done.

No; they were not very satisfactory, these attempts of Letty's in the village. She thought of them with a kind of inner exasperation as she walked home. She had been going to a few old and sick people, and trying to ignore the strike; but at bottom she felt an angry resentment toward these loafing, troublesome fellows, who filled the village street when they ought to have been down in the pits, who were starving their own children no less than disturbing and curtailing the incomes of their betters. Did they suppose that people were going to run pits for them for nothing? Their drink and their religion seemed to her equally hideous. She hated the two Dissenting ministers of the place only less than Valentine Burrows himself, and delighted to pass their wives with her head high in air.

With these general feelings toward the population in her mind, why these efforts at consolation and almsgiving? Well, the poor old people were not responsible; but she did not see that any good had come of it. She had said nothing about her visits to George, nor did she suppose that he had noticed them. He had been so incessantly busy since their arrival with conferences and committees that she had seen very little of him. It was generally believed that the strike was nearing its end, and that the men were exhausted; but she did not think that George was very hopeful yet.

Presently, as she neared a dark slope of road, bordered with trees on one side, and the high «bank» of the main pit on the other, her thoughts turned back to their natural and abiding subject—herself. Oh, the dullness of life at Ferth during the last three weeks! She thought of her amusements in town, of the country houses where they might now be staying but for George's pride, of Cathedine, even, and a rush of revolt and self-pity filled her mind. George always away, nothing to do in the ugly house, and Lady Tressady coming directly; she said to herself, suffocating, her small hands stiffening, that she felt fit to kill herself.

Half-way down the slope she heard steps behind her in the gathering darkness, and at the same moment something struck her violently on the shoulder. She cried out, and clutched at some wooden railings along the road for support, as the lump of «dirt» from the bank which had been flung at her dropped beside her.

«Letty, is that you?» shouted a voice from the direction of the village—her husband's voice. She heard running. In a few seconds George had reached her and was holding her.

«What is it struck you? I see! Cowards! *damned* cowards! Has it broken your arm? Try and move it.»

Sick with pain, she tried to obey him. «No,» she said faintly; «it is not broken—I think not.»

«Good!» he cried, rejoicing; «probably only a bad bruise. The brute mercifully picked up nothing very hard,» and he pushed the lump with his foot. «Take my scarf, dear; let me sling it. Ah! what was that? Letty, can you be brave—can you let me go one minute? I sha'n't be out of your sight.»

And he pointed excitedly to a dark spot moving among the bushes along the lower edge of the bank.

Letty nodded: «I can stay here.»

George leaped the palings and ran. The dark spot ran too, but in queer leaps and bounds. There was the sound of a scuffle; then George returned, dragging something or some one behind him.

«I knew it,» he said, panting, as he came within earshot of his wife; «it was that young ruffian, Mary Batchelor's grandson! Now you stand still, will you? I could hold two of the likes of you with one hand. Madan!»

He had but just parted from his manager on the path which led sideways up the bank, and waited anxiously to see if his voice would reach the Scotchman's ears. But no one replied. He shouted again; then he put two fingers in his mouth, and whistled loudly toward the pit, holding the struggling lad all the time.

At the same moment a couple of heavily built men, evidently colliers, came down the road from the village. George at once called to them from across the palings: «Here, you, there! This young rascal has been throwing a lump of dirt at Lady Tressady, and has hit her badly on the arm. Will you two just walk him up to the police station for me, while I take my wife home?»

The two men stopped and stared at the lady by the railings, and at Sir George holding the boy, whose white but grinning face was just visible in the growing dusk.

«Noa,» said one of them at last; «it 's noa business ov ourn, is it, Bill?»

«Noa,» said the other, stolidly, and on they tramped.

«Oh, you heroes!» George flung after them. «Attacking a woman in the dark is about what you understand! Madan!»

He whistled again, and this time there was a hurrying from overhead.

«Sir George!»

«Come down here, will you, at once!»

In a few more minutes the boy was being marched up the road to the police station in charge of the strong-wristed Scotch manager, and George was free to attend to Letty.

He adjusted a sling very fairly, then made her cling to him with her sound arm, and they were soon inside their own gates.

«You can't climb this hill,» he said to her, anxiously. «Rest at the lodge and let me go for the brougham.»

«I can walk perfectly well, and it will be much quicker.»

Involuntarily, he was surprised to find her rather belittling than exaggerating the ill. As they climbed on in the dark, he helping her as much as he could, both could not but think of another accident and another victim. Letty found herself imagining again and again what the scene with Lady Maxwell, after the East End meeting, might have been like, while, as for him, a face drew itself upon the rainy dusk which the will seemed powerless to blot out. It was a curious and unwelcome coincidence. His secret sense of it made him the more restlessly kind.

«What were you in the village for?» he asked, bending to her. «I did not know you had anything to do there.»

«I had been to see old Bessie Hammersley and Mrs. Batchelor,» she said in a tone that tried to be stiff or indifferent. «Bessie begged, as usual.»

«That was very good of you. Have you been doing visiting, then, during all these days I have been away?»

«Yes; a few people.»

George groaned.

«What 's the use of it, or of anything? They hate us, and we them. This strike begins to eat into my very being. And the men will be beaten soon, and the feeling toward the employers will be worse than ever.»

«You are sure they will be beaten?»

«Before Christmas, anyway. I dare say there will be some bad times first. To think a woman even can't walk these roads without danger of ill-treatment! How is one to have any dealings with the brutes, or any peace with them?»

His rage and bitterness made her somehow feel her bruises less. She even looked up in protest.

«Well, it was only a boy, and you used to think he was n't all there.»

«Oh! all there!» said George, scornfully. «There 'd be half of them in Bedlam if one had to make that excuse for them. There is n't a day passes without some devilry against the non-union men somewhere. It was only this morning I heard of two men being driven into a reservoir near Rilston, and stoned in the water.»

«Perhaps we should do the same,» she said unwillingly.

«Lean on me more heavily; we shall soon be there. You think we should be brutes, too? Probably. We seem to be all brutes for each other; that 's the charming way this competitive world is managed. So you have been looking after some of the old people, have you? You must have had a dull time of it this last three weeks—don't think I don't know that!»

He spoke with emotion. He thought he felt her grasp waver a little on his arm, but she did not speak.

«Suppose, when this business was over, I were to cut the whole concern—let the pits and the house, and go right away? I dare say I could.»

«Could you?» she said eagerly.

«We should n't get so much money, you know, as in the best years; but then it would be certain. What would you say to a thousand a year less?» he asked her, trying to speak lightly.

«Well, it does n't seem easy to get on with what we have, even if we had it,» she said sharply.

He understood the reference to his mother's debts, and was silent.

But evidently the recollection, once introduced, generated the usual heat and irritation in her, for as they neared the front door she suddenly said, with an acerbity he had not heard for some weeks:

«Of course to have a country house, and not to be able to spend a farthing upon it, to ask your friends, or have anything decent, is enough to make any one sick of it. And above all, when we need n't have been here at all this October—»

She stopped, shrinking from the rest of the sentence, but not before he had time to think; «She say *that!* Monstrous!»

Aloud he coldly replied:

«It is difficult to see where I could have been but here this October.»

Then the door opened, and the light showed her to him pale, with lips tight pressed from the pain of her injury. Instantly he forgot everything but his natural pity and chivalry toward women. He led her in, and half carried her up-stairs. A little later she was resting on her bed, and he had done everything he could for her till the doctor should come. She seemed to have passed into an eclipse of temper or moodiness, and he got little gratitude.

The evening post brought her a letter, which he took up to her himself. He knew the clear, rapid hand, and he knew, too, that Letty had received many such during the preceding month. He stood beside her a moment, almost on the point of asking her to let him see it; but the words died on his lips. And perceiving that she would not read it while he was there, he went away again.

When he returned, carrying a new book, and asking if he should read to her, he found her lying with her cheek on her hand, staring into the fire, and so white and miserable that his heart sank. Had he married her, a girl of twenty-four, only to destroy her chance of happiness altogether? A kind of terror seized him. He had been «good to her» so far as she and his business had allowed him since their return; there had been very little outward jarring; but no one knew better than he that there had not been one truly frank or reconciling moment.

He knelt down beside her, and laid his face against hers.

«Don't look so unhappy!» he said in a whisper, caressing her free hand. She did not answer or make any response till, as he got up again in a kind of despair as to what to do or say next, she hastily asked:

«Has the constable been up here to see you?»

He looked at her in surprise.

«Yes; it is all arranged. The lad will be brought up before the magistrates on Thursday.»

She fidgeted, then said abruptly:

«I should like him to be let off.»

He hesitated.

«That 's very nice of you, but it would n't be very good for the district.»

She did not press the matter, but as he moved away she said fretfully:

«I wish you 'd read to me. The pain 's horrid.»

Thankful, in his remorse, to do anything for her, he tried to amuse and distract her as he best could. But in the middle of a magazine story she interrupted him:

«Is n't it the day after to-morrow your mother 's coming?»

«According to her letter this morning.» He put down the book. «But I don't think you 'll be at all fit to look after her. Shall I write to-night, and suggest that she stays in London a little?»

«No; I shall be all right, the doctor says. I want to tell Esther»—Esther was the housemaid—«*not* to get the Blue Room ready for her. I looked in to-day, and it seemed damp. The back room over the dining-room is smaller, but it 's much warmer.»

She turned to look at him with a rather flushed face.

«You know best,» he said, smiling. «I am sure it will be all right. But I sha'n't let her come unless you are better.»

He went on reading till it grew late, and it seemed to him she was dropping off to sleep. He was stealing off by way of the large dressing-room near by, where he had been installed since their return, when she said faintly, «Good night!»

He returned, and felt the drawing of her hot hand. He stooped and kissed her. Then she turned away from him, and seemed to go instantly to sleep.

He went down-stairs to his library, and gathered about him some documents he had brought back from the last meeting of the masters' committee, which had to be read. But in reality he spent an hour of random thought. When would she herself tell him anything of her relations to Lady Maxwell, of the nature and causes of that strange subjection which, as he saw quite plainly, had been brought about? She must know that he pined to know; yet she held her secret only the more jealously, no doubt to punish him.

He thought of her visits to the village half humorously, half sadly; then of her speech about the Blue Room and his mother. They seemed to him signs of some influence at work.

But at last he turned back to his papers with a long, impatient sigh. The clear pessimism with which he was wont to see facts that concerned himself maintained that all the surrounding circumstance of the case was as untoward as it could be—this dull house, a troubled district, his money affairs, the perpetual burden of his mother, Letty's own thirst for pleasure, and the dying down in himself of the feelings that might once, possibly, have made up to her for a good deal. The feelings might be simulated. Was the woman likely to be deceived? That she was capable of the fiercest jealousy had been made abundantly plain, and such a temper, once roused, would find a hundred new provocations, day by day, in the acts and doings of a husband who had ceased to be a lover.

Two days later Lady Tressady arrived, with Justine, and her dogs, and all her paraphernalia. She declared herself better, but she was a mere shadow of the woman who had tormented George with her debts and affectations at Malford House a twelvemonth before. She took Ferth discontentedly, as usual, and was particularly cross with Letty's assignment to her of the back room, instead of the larger spare room to the front of the house.

«Damp? Nonsense!» she said to Justine, who was trying to soothe her, on the night she arrived. «I suppose Lady Tressady has some friend of her own coming to stay—that 's, of *course*, what it is. *C'est parfaitement clair, je te dis—parfaitement!*»

The French maid reminded her that her daughter-in-law had said, on showing her the room, she had only to express a wish to change, and the arrangements should be altered at once.

«I dare say,» cried Lady Tressady; «but I shall ask *no* favors of her, and that, of course, she knew.»

«But, miladi, I need only speak to the housemaid.»

«Thank you! Then afterward, whenever I had a pain or a finger-ache, it would be, ‹I told you so!› No! She has managed it very cleverly,—very cleverly indeed,—and I shall let it alone.»

Thenceforward, however, there were constant complaints of everything provided for her—room, food, the dullness of the place, the manners of her daughter-in-law. Whether it was that her illness had now reached a stage when the will could no longer fight against it, and its only effect was demoralizing, or whether the strange flash of courage and natural affection struck from the volatile nature by the first threat of death could not in any case have maintained itself, it is hard to say. At any rate, George also found it hard to keep up his new and better ways with her. The fact was, he suffered through Letty. In a few days his sympathies were all with her, and, to his amazement, he perceived before long that, in spite of occasional sharp speeches and sulky moments that only an angel could have forborne, she was really more patient under his mother's idiosyncrasies than he was. Yet Lady Tressady even now was rarely unmanageable in his presence, and could still restrain herself if it was a question of his comfort and repose, whereas it was clear that she felt a cat-like impulse to torment Letty whenever she saw her.

One recent habit, however, bore with special heaviness on himself. Oddly enough, it was a habit of religious discussion. Lady Tressady in health had never troubled herself in the least as to what the doctors of the soul might have to say, and had generally gaily professed herself a skeptic in religious matters, mostly, as George had often thought, for the sake of escaping all inconvenient restrictions,—such as family prayers, or keeping Sunday, or observing Lent,—which might have got in the way of her amusements.

But now, poor lady, she was all curiosity and anxiety about this strange other side of things, and inclined, too, to be rather proud of the originality of her inquiries on the subject. So that, night after night, she would keep George up, after an exhausting day, till the small hours, while she declared her own views «on God, on nature, and on human life,» and endeavored to extract his. This latter part of the exercise was, indeed, particularly attractive to her, no doubt because of its difficulty. George had been a singularly reserved person in these respects all his life, and had no mind now to play the part of a

coal seam for his mother to «pike» at; but «pike» she would incessantly.

«Now, George, look here! What do you *really* think about a future life? Now don't try and get out of it! And don't just talk nonsense to me because you think I 'm ill. I 'm not a baby—I really am not. Tell me seriously what you think. Do you honestly expect there *is* a future life?»

«I 've told you before, mother, that I have no particular thoughts on that subject. It is n't in my line,» George would say, smiling profanely, but uneasily, and wondering how long this bout of it might be going to last.

«Don't be shocking, George! You *must* have some ideas about it. Now, don't hum and haw; just tell me what you think.» And she would lean forward, all urgency and expectation.

A pause, during which George could think only of the ghastly figure on the sofa. She sat upright generally, against a prop of cushions, dressed in a white French tea-gown, slim enough to begin with, but far too large now for the shrunk form—a bright spot of rouge on either pinched cheek, and the dyed «fringe» and «coils» covering all the once shapely head. Meanwhile her hand would play impatiently on her knee. The hand was skin and bone, and the rings with which it was laden would often slip off from it to the floor—a diversion of which George was always prompt to avail himself.

«Why don't you talk to Mr. Fearon, mother?» he would say gently, at last. «It 's his business to discuss these things.»

«Talk to a clergyman! Thank you! I hope I have more respect for my own intelligence. What can a priest do for you? What does he know more than anybody else? But I do want to know what my own son thinks. Now, George, just answer me. If there *is* a future life,»—she spread out her hand slowly on her lap,—«what do you suppose your father's doing at this moment? That 's a thing I often think of, George. I don't think I want a future life if it 's to be just like the past. You know—you remember how he used to be, poking about the house, and going down to the pits, and—and—swearing at the servants, and having rows with me about the accounts—and all his dear, dreadful little ways? Yet, what else in the world can you imagine him doing? As to singing hymns!»

She raised her hands expressively.

George laughed, and puffed away at his cigarette. But as he still said nothing, Lady Tressady began to frown.

«That 's the way you always get out of my questions,» she said fretfully; «it 's so provoking of you.»

«I 've recommended you to the professional,» he said, patting her hand. «What else could I do?»

Her thin cheek flamed.

«As if we could n't be certain anyway,» she cried, «that the Christians don't know anything about it. As M. d'Estrelles used to say to me at Monte Carlo, if there 's one thing clear, it is that we need n't bother ourselves with *their* doctrines!»

«Need n't we?» said George. Then he looked at her, smiling. «And you think M. d'Estrelles was an authority?»

Odd recollections began to run through his mind of this elderly French admirer of his mother's, whom he had seen occasionally flitting about their London lodgings when, as a boy, he came up from Eton for his *exeat*.

«Oh, don't you scoff, George!» said his mother, angrily. «M. d'Estrelles was a very clever man, though he did gamble like a fool. Everybody said his memory was marvelous. He used to quote me pages out of Voltaire and the rest of them on the nights when we walked up and down the gardens at Monte Carlo, after he 'd cleared himself out. He always said he did n't see why these things should be kept from women—why men should n't tell women exactly what they think. And I know he 'd been a Catholic in his youth, so he 'd had experience of both. However, I don't care about M. d'Estrelles; I want your opinions. Now, George!»—her voice would begin to break—«how can you be so unkind? You might really compose my mind a little, as the doctors say!»

And through her incorrigible levity he would see for a moment the terror which always possessed her raise its head. Then it would be time for him to go and put his arm round her, and try and coax her to bed.

One night, after he had taken her up-stairs, he came down so wearied and irritable that he put all his letters aside, and tried to forget himself in some miscellaneous reading.

His knowledge of literature was no more complete than his character. Certain modern English poets—Rossetti, Morris, Keats, and Shelley—he knew almost by heart. And in travels and biography—mostly of men of action—he had, at one time or another, read voraciously. But «the classics he had not read,» as with most of us, would have made a list of lamentable length.

Since his return to Ferth, however, he had browsed a good deal among the books collected by his grandfather, mostly by way of

distracting himself at night from the troubles and worries of the day.

On this particular night there were two books lying on his table. One was a volume of Mme. de Sévigné, the other St. Augustine's «Confessions.» He turned over first one, then the other.

«Au reste, ma fille, une de mes grandes envies, ce serait d'être dévote; je ne suis ni au Dieu, ni au diable; cet état m'ennuie, quoiqu' entre nous je le trouve le plus naturel du monde. On n'est point au diable parce qu'on craint Dieu, et qu'au fond on a un principe de religion; on n'est point à Dieu aussi, parce que sa loi paroit dure, et qu'on n'aime point à se détruire soi-même.»

«Admirable!» he thought to himself, «*admirable!* We are all there—my mother and I—three parts of mankind.»

But on a page of the other book he had marked these lines for the beauty of them:

«Beatus qui amat te, et amicum in te, et inimicum propter te. Solus enim nullum eorum amittit, cui omnes in illo cari sunt qui non amittitur.»

He hung over the fire pondering the two utterances.

«A marvelous music,» he thought of the last; «but I know no more what it means than I know what a symphony of Brahms's means. Yet some say they know. Perhaps of *her* it might be true.»

THE weeks ran on. Outside, the strike was at its worst, though George still believed the men would give in before Christmas. There was hideous distress and some bad rioting in different parts of the country. Various attempts had been made by the employers to use and protect non-union labor, but the crop of outrage they had produced had been too threatening; in spite of the exasperation of the masters, they had been perforce let drop. The press and the public were now intervening in good earnest. «Every fool thinks he can do our business for us,» as George would put it bitterly to Letty. Burrows was speaking up and down the district with superhuman energy, varied only by the drinking-bouts to which he occasionally succumbed; and George carried a revolver with him when he went abroad.

The struggle wore him to death; the melancholy of his temperament had never been so marked. At the same time Letty saw a doggedness in him, a toughness like Fontenoy's own, which astonished her. Two men seemed to be fighting in him. He would talk with perfect philosophy of the miners point of view, and the physical-force sanction by which the lawless among them were determined to support it; but at the same time he belonged to the stiffest set among the masters.

Meanwhile, at home friction and discomfort were constantly recurring. In the course of three or four weeks Lady Tressady had several attacks of illness, and it was evident that her weakness increased rapidly. And with the weakness, alas! the ugly, incessant irritability, that dried up the tenderness of nurses, and made a battle-ground of the sick-room. Though, indeed, she could never be kept in her room, she resented being left a moment alone. She claimed, in spite of the anxieties of the moment, to be constantly amused, and though George could sometimes distract and quiet her, nothing that Letty did or said or wore was ever tolerable to a woman who merely saw in this youth beside her a bitter reminder of her own.

At last, one day early in November, came a worse turn than usual. The doctor was in the house most of the day, but George had gone off before the alarm to a place on the farther side of the county, and could not be got at till the evening.

He came in to find Letty waiting for him in the hall. There had been a rally; the doctor had gone his way marveling, and it was thought there was no immediate danger.

«But, oh, the pain!» said Letty, under her breath, pressing her hands together, and shivering. Her eyes were red, her cheeks pale; he saw that she was on the point of exhaustion, and he guessed that she had never seen such a sight before.

He ran up to visit his mother, whom he found almost speechless from weakness, yet waiting, with evident signs of impatience and temper, for her evening food. And while he and Letty were at their melancholy dinner together, Justine came flying down-stairs in tears. Miladi would not eat what had been taken to her; she was exciting herself; there would be another attack.

Husband and wife hurried from the room. In the hall they found the butler just receiving a parcel left by the railway delivery cart.

George passed the box with an exclamation and a shudder. It bore a large label, «From Worth et Cie,» and was addressed to Lady Tressady. But Letty stopped short with a sudden look of pleasure.

«You go to her. I will have this unpacked.»

He went up, and coaxed his mother like a child to take her soup and champagne. And presently, just as she was revived enough to talk to him, Letty appeared. Her mother-in-law frowned, but Letty came gaily up to the bed.

«There is a parcel from Paris for you,» she said, smiling. «I have had it opened. Would you like it brought in?»

Lady Tressady first whimpered, and said it should go back; what did a dying woman want with such things? then demanded greedily to see it.

Letty brought it in herself. It was a new evening gown of the softest greens and shell pinks, fit for a bride in her first season. To see the invalid, ashen-gray, stretching out her hand to finger it was almost more than George could stand. But Letty shook out the rustling thing, put on the skirt herself that Lady Tressady might see, and paraded up and down in it, praising every cut and turning with the most ingenious ardor.

«I sha'n't wear it, of course, till after Christmas,» said Lady Tressady at last, still looking at it with half-shut, covetous eyes. «Is n't it *darling* the way the lace is put on! Put it away. George, it 's the *first* I 've had from him this year.»

She looked up at him appealingly. He stooped and kissed her.

«I am so glad you like it, mother dear. Can't you sleep now?»

«Yes; I think so. Good night. And good night, Letty.»

Letty came, and Lady Tressady held her hand, while the blue eyes, still bearing the awful impress of suffering, stared at her oddly.

«It was nice of you to put it on, Letty. I did n't think you 'd have done it. And I 'm glad you think it 's pretty. I wish you would have one made like it. Kiss me.»

Letty kissed her. Then George slipped his wife's arm in his, and they left the room together. Outside Letty turned suddenly white, and nearly fell. George put his arms around her, and carried her down to his study. He put her on the sofa, and watched her tenderly, rubbing the cold hands.

«How you *could!*» he said at last, in a low voice, when he saw that she was able to talk; «how you *could!* I shall never forget that little scene.»

«You 'd have done anything if you 'd seen her this morning,» she said, with her eyes still closed.

He sat beside her, silent, thinking over the miseries of the last few weeks. The net result of them—he recognized it with a leap of surprise—seemed to have been the formation of a new and secret bond between himself and Letty. During all the time he had been preparing himself for the worst this strange thing had been going on. How had it been possible for her to be, comparatively, so forbearing? He could see nothing in his past knowledge of her to explain it.

He recalled the effort and gloom with which she had made her first preparations for Lady Tressady. Yet she had made them. Is there really some mystic power, as the Christians say, in every act of self-sacrifice, however imperfect—a power that represents at once the impelling and the rewarding God, that generates, moreover, from its own exercise the force to repeat itself? Personally, such a point of view meant little to him; nor did his mind dwell upon it long. All that he knew was that some angel had stirred the pool, that old wounds smarted less, that hope seemed more possible.

Letty knew quite well that he was watching her in a new way, that there was a new clinging in his touch. She little more than he understood what was happening to her. From time to time during these weeks of painful tension there had been hours of wild rebellion, when she had hated her surroundings, her mother-in-law, and her general ill luck as fiercely as ever. Then there had followed strange appeasements and inflowing calms—moments when she had been able, somehow, to express herself to one who cared to listen, who poured upon her in return a sympathy which braced while it healed.

Suddenly she opened her eyes.

«Do you want to hear about that first time when she came to see me?» she whispered, her look wavering under his.

He flushed and hesitated; then he kissed her hand.

«No, not now; you are worn out; another time. But I love you for thinking of telling me.»

A feeling of rest and well-being stole over her. Mercifully, he made no protestations, and she asked for none; but there was a gentle moving of heart toward heart. And the memory of that hour, that night, made one of the chief barriers between her and despair in the time that followed.

Two days later a painless death, death in her sleep, overtook Lady Tressady. Her delicate face, restored to its true years and framed in its natural gray hair, seemed for the first time beautiful to George when he saw her in her coffin. He could not remember admiring her, even when he was a boy, and she was reckoned among the handsomest women of her day. Parting with her was like the snapping of a strain that had pulled life out of its true bearings and proportions. An immense, inevitable relief followed. But after

her death Letty never said a harsh word of her, and George had a queer, humble feeling that, after all, he might be found to owe her much.

For as November and December passed away the relation between the husband and wife steadily settled and improved. «We shall rub along,» George said to himself, in his frank secret thoughts. «In the end it will be much better, perhaps, than either of us could have hoped.» That, no doubt, was the utmost that could ever be said; but it was much.

The night after his mother's death Letty abruptly, violently even, as though worked up to it by an inner excitement, told him the story of her wrestle with Marcella. Then, throwing some letters into his hand, she broke into sobbing, and ran away from him. When he went to look for her his own eyes were wet. «Who else could have done such a thing?» he said; and Letty made no protest.

The letters gave him food for thought for many a day afterward. They were little less of a revelation to him than the motives and personality lying behind them had been to Letty. In spite of all that he had felt for the woman who had written them, they still roused in him a kind of dull, abiding astonishment. We use the words «spiritual,» «poetic,» in relation to human conduct; we talk as though all that the words meant was familiarly understood by us; and yet, when the spiritual or the poetic comes actually to walk among us, slips into the forms and functions of our common life, we find it amazing, almost inhuman. It gives us some trouble to take it simply, to believe in it simply.

Yet nothing, in truth, could be a more inevitable outcome of character and circumstance than these letters of Marcella Maxwell to George Tressady's wife. Marcella had suffered under a strong natural remorse, and to free her heart from the load of it she had thrown herself into an effort of reconciliation and atonement with all the passion, the subtlety, and the resource of her temperament. She had now been wooing Letty Tressady for weeks; nor had the eager contriving ability she had been giving to the process missed its reward. Letty, fresh from the new impressions made upon her by Marcella at home and Marcella as a wife, by a beauty she could no longer hate, and a charm to which she had been forced to yield, had found herself, amid the loneliness and dullness of Ferth, gradually enveloped and possessed anew by the same influence acting in ways that grew week by week more personal and more subduing.

What, to begin with, could be more flattering either to heart or vanity than the persistence with which one of the most famous women of her time—watched, praised, copied, attacked, surrounded, as Letty knew her to be, from morning till night—had devoted herself first to the understanding, then to the capturing, of the smaller, narrower life? The reaction toward a natural reserve, a certain proud instinctive self-defense which had governed Marcella's manner during a great part of Letty's visit to the Court, had been in these letters deliberately broken down—at first with effort, then more and more frankly, more and more sweetly. Day after day, as Letty knew, Marcella had taken time from politics, from society, from her most cherished occupations, to write to this far-off girl, from whom she had nothing either to gain or to fear, who had no claims whatever on her friendship had things gone normally, while thick about the opening of their relation to each other hung the memory of Letty's insults and Letty's violence.

And the letters were written with such abandonment! As a rule, Marcella was a hasty or impatient correspondent. She thought letters a waste of time; life was full enough without them. But here, with Letty, she lingered, she took pains. The mistress of Les Rochers, writing to her absent, her exacting Pauline, could hardly have been more eager to please. She talked at leisure of all that concerned her—husband, child, high politics, the persons she saw, the gaieties she bore with, the books she read, the schemes in which she was busied; then, with greater tenderness, greater minuteness, of the difficulties and tediums of Letty's life at Ferth as they had been dismally drawn out for her in Letty's own letters. The animation, the eager kindness of it all, went for much; the amazing self-surrender, self-offering, implied in every page for much more.

It was this last, as George saw, that had done the work. Letty could not be insensible to such a flattery, a compliment so unexpected, so bewildering—the heart of a Marcella Maxwell poured out to her for the taking. She neither felt it so profoundly nor so delicately as hundreds of other women could have felt it. Nevertheless, the excitement of it had thrilled and broken up the hardnesses of her own nature. And with each yielding on her part had come new capacity for yielding, new emotions that amazed herself, till she found herself, as it were, groping in a strange world, clinging to Marcella's hand, trying to express feelings that had never visited her before; one mo-

ment proud of her new friend with a pride half moral, half selfish, the next ill at ease with her; and through it all catching dimly the light of new ideals.

One day, as George walked into Letty's sitting-room to discuss some small business of the afternoon, he saw on her writing-table that same photograph of Lady Maxwell and her boy whereof an earlier copy had come to such a tragic end in Letty's hands. He walked up to it with an exclamation; Letty was not in the room. Suddenly, however, she came in. He made no attempt whatever to disguise that he had been looking at the photograph; he bent over it, indeed, a moment longer deliberately. Then, walking away to the window, he began speaking of the matter which had brought him to look for his wife. Letty answered absently. The color had rushed to her face. Her hands fidgeted with the books and papers on her table, and her mind was full of fevered remembrance.

Presently George, having settled the little point he came to speak of, fell silent. But he still stood by the window, looking out through the rain-splashed glass to the wintry valley below, with its chimneys and straggling village. Letty, who was pretending to write a note, raised her head, looked at him, the quick breath beating through the parted lips, the blue eyes half wild, half miserable. She was not nearly so pretty as she had been a year before. George had often noticed it; it made part of his remorse. But the face was more troubling, infinitely more human, and, in truth, he knew it much better, was more sensitively alive to it, so to speak, than he ever had been in the days of their courtship.

Before he left the room he came back to her, put his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her hair. She did not raise her head or say anything; but when he had gone she looked up with a sudden fierce sob, took the photograph from its place, and thrust it angrily into the drawer in front of her. Afterward she sat for some minutes motionless, with her handkerchief at her lips, trying to choke down the tears that had seized her. And last of all, with trembling fingers, she took out the picture again, wrapped it in some soft tissue-paper that lay near as though propitiating it, and once more put it out of sight.

What had made her first ask Marcella for it, and then place it on her table where George might, nay, must, see it? Some vague wish, no doubt, to «make up,» to punish herself while touching him. But the recollection of him bending over the picture tortured her, gripped her at the heart, for many a day afterward. She let it be seen no more. Yet that week she wrote more fully, more incoherently, more piteously to Marcella than ever before. She talked, not without bitterness and injustice, of her bringing up, asked what she should read, spread out her puzzles with the poor or with her household—half angrily, as though she were accusing some one. For the first time, as it were, she was seeking a teacher in the art of living. And though the tone was still querulous, she knew, and Marcella presently dared to guess, that the ugly house on the hill had in truth ceased to be in the least dull or burdensome to her. George went in and out of it; and for the woman that has come to hunger for her husband's step there is no more ennui.

LETTY, indeed, hardly knew the strength of her own position. The reading of Lady Maxwell's letters to his wife had cleared a number of relics and fragments from George's mind. The day of passion was done, yes; but to see her frequently, to be brought back into any of the old social or political relations to her and Maxwell, from this his pride shrank no less than his conscience. Yet there was a large party in his constituency, and belonging to it some of the men whose probity and intelligence he had come to rate most highly, who were pressing him hard not to resign in February, and, indeed, not to resign at all. The few public meetings he had so far addressed had been stormy, indeed, but on the whole decidedly friendly to him, and it was urged that he must at least present himself for reëlection, in which case his expenses should be borne, and he should be left as unpledged as possible. Since the passage of the bill Fontenoy's reactionary movement had lost ground largely in the constituency, and the position of independent member with a general leaning to the government was, no doubt, easily open to George Tressady.

But his whole soul shrank from such a renewal of the effort of politics, probably because of that something in him, that enfeebling, paralyzing something, which in all directions made him really prefer the half to the whole, and see barriers in the way of all enthusiasms. Nevertheless, the arguments he had to meet, and the kind persuasions he had to rebut, made these weeks all the more trying to him.

The second week of December came, the beginning of the end so far as the strike was concerned. The men's resources were exhausted, the masters stood unbroken. They had met the men in a joint committee, but

they had steadily refused arbitration from outside. At the beginning of this week rioting broke out in a district where the Union had least strength, caused, no doubt, by the rage of impending failure. By the middle of the following week men were going in here and there, and the stampede of defeat had begun.

George, passing through the pinched and lowering faces that lined the village, hated the triumph of his class. On the 21st he rode over to a neighboring town, where local committees both of masters and men were sitting, to see if there was any final news as to the pits of his own valley.

About eight o'clock in the evening Letty heard his horse's hoofs returning. She knew that he was accustomed to ride in the dark, but the rumors of violence and excitement that filled the air had unnerved her, and she had been listening to every sound for some time past.

When the door was opened, she ran out.

«Yes, I 'm late,» said George, in answer to her remonstrances; «but it is all right—it was worth waiting for. The thing 's over. Some of the men go down to-morrow week, and the rest as we can find room for them.»

«On the masters' terms?»

«Of course—or all but.»

She clapped her hands.

«Oh, for goodness' sake, don't!» he said as he hung up his hat; and she, supposing that he was irritable from over-fatigue, managed to overlook the sharpness of his tone.

Their Christmas passed in solitude. George, more and more painfully alive to the disadvantages of Ferth as the home of a young woman with a natural love of gaiety, had tried, in spite of their mourning, to persuade Letty to ask some friends to spend Christmas week with them. She had refused, however, and they were still alone when the end of the strike arrived.

The day before the men were to go back to work, George returned late from a last meeting of the employers. Letty had begun dinner, and when he walked into the dining-room she saw at once that some unusual excitement or strain had befallen him.

«Let me have some food,» was all he would say in answer to her first questions, and she let him alone. When the servants were gone he looked up:

«I have had a shindy with Burrows, dear—rather a bad one, but that 's all. I walked down to the station with Ashton,»—Ashton was a neighboring magistrate and coal-owner,—«and there we found Valentine Burrows. Two or three friends were in charge of him, and it has been given out lately that he has been suffering from nervous breakdown, owing to his exertions. All that I could see was that he was drunker than usual—no doubt to drown defeat. Anyway, directly he saw me he made a scene—foamed and shouted. According to him, I am at the bottom of the men's defeat. It is my wild-beast delight in the sight of suffering, my love of 'fattening on the misery of the collier,' that is responsible for everything. Altogether he reached a fine flight! Then he got violent—tried to get at me with his knobbed stick. Ashton and I, and the men with him, succeeded in quelling him without bothering the police. I don't think anything more will come of it.»

And he stretched out his hand to some salted almonds, helping himself with particular deliberation.

After dinner, however, he lay down on a sofa in Letty's sitting-room, obliged to confess himself worn out. She made him comfortable, and after she had given him a cushion, she suddenly bent over him from behind and kissed him.

«Come here!» he said, with a smile, throwing up his hand to catch her. But with an odd blush and conscious look she eluded him, and when she came again, she brought a letter which she silently handed him.

It was from Marcella Maxwell, and for the first time he read a letter of hers with impatience. For it breathed strong sympathy with the strikers; denounced the masters for the final refusal of arbitration; could hardly speak connectedly of the suffering of the women and children; and finally revealed that the writer and Maxwell were wholly at variance on the matter, and that she could not even bear to discuss it with him. The ineradicable belief of Marcella's passionate youth in the special sacredness of the hand-worker, as compared with any other sort of worker in the country, spoke from every agitated line. She had never yet dwelt at any length upon the strike in her correspondence with Letty, no doubt because she had not dared to trust herself, and dreaded, moreover, to compromise her first and noblest aim in writing. But at last self-restraint had broken down, and many of her sentences pricked a wearied man past endurance.

He put the letter down with a snap of the lips, and lay with his hands behind his head thinking.

«No, my lady, it won't do!» he said after a minute or two. «You and I can't both eat our cake and have it. *Either* capital gets its

fair remuneration, and ability its fair wages, *or* the Marxian state, labor notes, and the rest of it. There is no half-way house—absolutely none. As for me, I am not going to lend my capital for nothing, nor to give my superintendence for nothing. And I don't ask exorbitant pay for either. It is quite simple. My conscience is quite clear.»

«I suppose—Marcella—thinks,» Letty began resentfully,—he heard the Christian name from her lips with a curious start,—«we might live on less. How *could* we?»

«And much good it would do them,» he said scornfully.

But after another pause he suddenly sprang up to pace the little room, and she heard him say under his breath, «But who am I that I should be coercing them and trampling on them,—men old enough to be my father,—driving them down to-morrow, while I sleep, for a dog's wage!»

«George, what is the matter with you?» she cried, looking at him in real anxiety.

«Nothing! *nothing!* Let 's not say another word of it. I wish you had n't given me that letter. Darling, who 's ill? I saw the old doctor on the road home, and he threw me a word as he passed about having been here—looked quite jolly over it. What 's wrong—one of the servants?»

Letty put down her work upon her knee, and her hands upon it. She grew red and pale; then she turned away from him, pressing her face into the back of her chair.

He flew to her, and she murmured in his ear.

WHAT she said was by no means all sweetness; there was mingled with it much terror and some anger. Letty was not one of the women who take maternity as a matter of course.

But emotion and natural feeling had their way. George was dissolved in joy; he threw himself at her feet, resting his head against her knee.

«If he does n't have your eyes and hair, I 'll disinherit him,» he said, with a gaiety which seemed to have effaced all his fatigue.

«I don't want him,» was her pettish reply; «but if *she* has your chin, I 'll put her out to nurse. Oh, how I hate the thought of it!» and she shuddered.

He caught her hand, comforting her. Then, putting up both his own, he drew her down to him.

«After all, little woman, it has n't turned out so badly?» he said in her ear, with sad appeal. Their lips met, trembling. Suddenly Letty broke into passionate weeping. George sprang up, gathered her upon his knee, and they sat for long in silence, clinging to each other.

GEORGE slept lightly, being over-tired. All through the night the vision of the beaten men going down sullenly to their first shift seemed to hold him as though in a nightmare.

Between seven and eight o'clock a sound startled him. He found himself standing by his bed, struggling to wake and collect himself.

A sound that had shaken the house, passing like a dull thud through the valley. A horror seized him. He looked at Letty, who was fast asleep; then he walked noiselessly into his dressing-room, and began to hurry on his clothes.

Five minutes later he was running down the hill at his full speed. It was bitterly cold and still; the first snow lay on the grass, and a raw gray veil hung over the hills. As he came in sight of the distant pit-bank he saw a crowd of women swarming up it; a confused and hideous sound of crying and shrieking came to his ears, and at the same moment a boy, panting and dead white, ran through the lodge gates to meet him.

«Where is it, Sprowston?»

«Oh, sir, it 's No. 2 pit. The damp 's comin' up the upcast, and the cage is blown to pieces. But the down shaft 's all right, and Mr. Madan and Mr. Macdonald were starting down as I come away. There was eighty-six men and boys went down first shift.»

George groaned, and rushed on.

XXIV.

ENGLAND knows these scenes too well!

When Tressady, out of breath with running, reached the top of the bank, and threw a hurried look in front of him, his feeling was that he had seen everything before—the wintry dawn, the crowds of pale men and weeping women ranged on either hand, the police keeping the ground round the shafts clear for the mine officials—even the set, white face of his manager, who, with Macdonald the fireman, and two hewers, had just emerged from the cage that was waiting at the mouth of the downcast shaft.

As soon as Madan saw Tressady rounding the corner of the engine-house, he hurried toward his employer.

«Have you been down yet?» Tressady cried to him.

«Just come up, sir. We got about fifty yards,—air fairly good,—then we found falls along the main intake. We got over three or four, till the damp rose on us too bad; we had

a rough bit getting back. I thought you 'd be here by now. Macdonald thinks from the direction in which things were lying that the blast had come from Holford's Heading or thereabouts.»

And the manager hastily opened a map of the colliery he was carrying in his hand against the wall of the engine-house, and pointed to the spot.

«How many men there?»

«About thirty-two in the workings round about, as near as I can reckon it.»

«Any sign of the rest? How many went down?»

«Eighty-six. A cageful of men and lads—just them from the shaft-bottom—got up immediately after the explosion. Since then not a sound from any one! The uptake shaft is chock-full of damp. Mitchell, in the fan-room, had to run for it at first, it was coming up so fast.»

«Good God!» said George, under his breath; and the two men eyed each other painfully.

«Have you sent for the inspector?» said Tressady, after a moment.

«He ought to be here in five minutes, now, sir.»

«Got some balks together?»

«The men are piling them by the shaft at this moment.»

«Fan uninjured?»

«Yes, sir; and speed increased.»

Followed by Madan, Tressady walked up to the shaft, and himself questioned Macdonald and the two hewers.

Then he beckoned to Madan, and the two walked in close converse toward the lamp-house, discussing a plan of action. As they passed slowly along the bank, the eyes of the miserable, terror-stricken throng to either side followed every movement; but there was not a sound from any one. Once Tressady looked up, and caught the faces of some men near him—dark faces, charged with a meaning that seemed instantly to stiffen his own nerve for what he had to do.

«I give Dixon three more minutes,» he said impatiently, looking at his watch; «then we go down without him.»

Dixon was the inspector. He was well known throughout the district, a plucky, wiry fellow, who was generally at the pit's mouth immediately after an accident, ready and keen to go with any rescue-party on any errand, however dangerous—purely, as he himself declared, for professional and scientific reasons. In this case, he lived only a mile away, on the farther side of the village, so that Madan's messenger had not far to go.

As he spoke, George felt his arm clutched from behind. He turned, and saw Mary Batchelor, who had come forward from a group of women.

«Sir George! Listen 'ere, Sir George.» Her lined face and tear-blurred eyes worked with a passion of entreaty. «The boy went down at five with the rest. Don't yer bear 'im no malice. Ee 's a poor sickly creetur', an' the Lord a'n't give 'im the full use of his wits.»

George smiled at the poor thing's madness, and touched her kindly on the shoulder:

«Don't you trouble yourself, Mary; all that can be done will be done—for everybody. We are only giving Mr. Dixon another minute; then we go down. Look here.» He drew her inside the door of the lamp-room, which happened to be close by; for an open-mouthed group, eager to hear whatever he might be saying, had begun to press about them. «Can you take this message from me up to the house? There 'll be no news here, you know, for a long time, and I left Lady Tressady asleep.»

He tore a half-sheet from the letter in his pocket, scribbled a few words upon it, and put it into Mary's hand.

The woman, with her shawl over her head, ran past the lamp-house toward the entrance gate as fast as her age would let her, while George rejoined Madan.

«Ah, there he is!»

For the small, lean figure of the inspector was already passing the gate.

Tressady hurried to meet him.

By the time the first questions and answers were over, Tressady, looking round for Madan, saw that the manager was speaking angrily to a tall man in a rough coat and corduroy trousers who had entered the pit premises in the wake of Mr. Dixon.

«You take yourself off, Mr. Burrows! You 're not wanted here.»

«Madan!» called Tressady, «attend to Mr. Dixon, please. I 'll see to that man.»

And he walked up to Burrows, while the men standing near crowded over the line they had been told to keep.

«What do you want?» he said, as he reached the newcomer.

«I have come to offer myself for the rescue-party. I 've been a working miner for years. I 've had special experience in accidents before. I can beat anybody here in physical strength.»

As he spoke, the great, heavily built fellow looked round him, and a murmur of assenting applause came from the bystanders.

Tressady studied him.

«Are you fit?» he said shortly.

Burrows flushed. Tressady's penetrating look forced his own to meet it.

«As fit as you are,» was his haughty reply.

«Well,» said Tressady, slowly, «we don't want to be refusing strong men. If Madan will have you, you shall come. Mind, we 're all under his orders.»

He went to the manager, and said a word in his ear. Madan, in response, vouchsafed neither look nor remark to the man whom he hated, apparently, more bitterly than his employer did. But he made no further objection to his joining the search-party.

Presently all preparations were made. Picked bands of firemen and timbermen descended first, with Madan at their head. Then George, Mr. Dixon, a couple of local doctors, who had hurried up to offer their services, and Burrows.

As they shot down into the darkness George was conscious of a strange exhilaration. Working on the indications given him by the first exploring party, his mind was alive with conjectures as to the cause of the accident, and with plans for dealing with the various obstacles that might occur. Never during these weeks of struggle and noise and objurgation had he felt so fit, so strenuous. At the bottom of the shaft he had even to remind himself, with a shudder, of the dead men who must be waiting for them in these black depths.

For some little distance from the shaft nothing was to be seen that spoke of an explosion. Some lamps in the porch of the shaft and along the main roadway were burning as usual, and the «journey» of trucks, from which the «hookers-on» and enginemen had escaped at the first sign of danger, was standing laden in the entrance of the mine. The door of the under-manager's cabin, near the base of the shaft, was open. Madan looked into the little den, where the lamp was still burning on the wall, and groaned. The young fellow who was generally to be found there was a great friend of his, and they attended the same chapel together. A little farther an open cupboard was noticed with a wisp of spun yarn hanging out from it, inflammable stuff, quite untouched. But about thirty yards farther they came upon the first signs of mischief. A heavy fall of roof had to be scrambled over, and beyond it after-damp was clearly perceptible.

Here there was an exclamation from Burrows, who was to the front, and the first victim showed out of the dark in the pale glow-worm light of the lamps turned upon him. A man lay on his side, close against the wall, with an unlocked lamp in his hands, which were badly burned; but no other part of him was burned, and it was clear that he had died of after-damp in trying to escape. He had evidently come from one of the nearer work-places, and fallen within a few yards of safety. The inspector pounced upon the lamp at once, while the doctors knelt by the body; but in itself the lamp told little. If it were the illegal unlocking of a lamp that caused the disaster, neither this lamp nor this man could be at fault; for he had died clearly on the verge of the explosion area, and from the after-effects of the calamity. But the inspector, who had barely looked at the dead man, turned the lamp round in his hands, dissatisfied.

«Bad pattern! Bad pattern! If I had my way, I 'd fine every manager whose lamps *could* be unlocked,» he said to himself, but quite audibly.

«The fireman may have unlocked it, sir, to relight his own or some one else's,» said Madan, stiffly, put at once on his defense.

«Oh, I know you 're within your legal right, Mr. Madan,» said the inspector, briskly. «*I* have n't the making of the laws.»

And he sat down on the floor, taking the lamp to pieces, and bending his shrewd, black-eyed face over it all the time that the doctors were examining its owner. He was, perhaps, one of the most humane men in his profession, but a long experience had led him to the conclusion that in these emergencies the fragments of a lamp, or a «tamping,» or a «shot» matter more to the community than dead men.

Meanwhile, George crouched beside the doctors watching them. The owner of the lamp was a strong, fair-haired young man, without a mark on him, except for the burning of the hands, the eyes quietly shut, the face at peace. One of the colliers in the search-party had burst out crying when he saw him. The lad was his nephew, and had been a favorite in the pit, partly because of his prowess as a foot-ball player. But the young life had gone out irrevocably. The doctor shook his head as he lifted himself, and they left him there in order not to waste any chance of getting out the living first.

Twenty yards farther on three more bodies were found, two oldish men and a boy, very little burned. They also had been killed in escaping, dragged down by the inexorable after-damp.

A little beyond this group a fall of mingled stone and coal from the roof blocked the way

so heavily that the hewers and timbermen had to be set to work to open out and shore up before a passage could be made. Meanwhile, the air in the haulage road was clearing fast, and George could sit on a lump of stone and watch the dim light playing on the figures of the men at work. The blows struck echoed from floor to roof; the work of the bare arms and backs, as they swayed and jerked, woke a clamor in the mine. Were there any ears still to listen for them beyond that mass? He could scarcely keep a limb quiet, as he sat looking on, for impatience and excitement. Burrows, meanwhile, was wielding a pick with the rest, and George envied him the bodily skill and strength that, in spite of his irregular ways of life, were still left to him.

To restore the ventilation current was their first object, and the foremost pick had no sooner gained the roadway on the other side than a strong movement of the air was perceptible. Madan's face cleared. The ventilation circuit between the downcast and upcast shafts must be already in some sort reëstablished. Let them only get a few more «stoppings» and brattices put temporarily to rights, and the fan, working at its increased speed, would soon drive the renewed air-currents forward again, and make it possible to get all over the mine. The hole made was quickly enlarged, and the rescuers scrambled through.

But still fall after fall on the farther side delayed their progress, and the work of repairing the blown-out stoppings by such wood brattice as could be got at was long and tedious. The rescuers toiled and sweated, pausing every now and then to draw upon the food and drink sent up from behind, and the hours flew unheeded. At last, upon the farther side of one of the worst of these falls —a loose, mingled mass of rock and coal— they came on indications that showed them they had reached the center and heart of the disaster. A door leading on the right to one of the side roads of the pit known as Holford's Heading was blown outwards, and some trucks from the heading had been dashed across the main intake, and piled up in a huddled and broken mass against the farther wall. Just inside that door lay victim after victim, mostly on their faces, poor fellows! as they had come running out from their stalls at the noise of the explosion, only to meet the fiery blast that killed them. Two or three had been flung violently against the sides of the heading, and were left torn, with still bleeding wounds, as well as charred and blackened by the flame. Of sixteen men and boys that lay in this place of death, not one had survived to hear the stifled words—half groans, half sobs—of the comrades who had found them.

«But, thank God! no torture, no *thought*,» said George to himself, as he went from face to face; «an instant, a flash, then nothingness.»

Many of the men were well known to him. He had seen them last hanging about the village street pale with famine, the hatred in their eyes pursuing him.

«And after hunger, after defeat, the mine itself rises against them, chokes, burns, slays them—while I slept.» His thoughts ran something in this way with a morbid persistence.

He knelt down an instant beside an elderly man whom he could remember since he was quite a boy—a weak-eyed, sallow fellow, much given to preaching; much given, too, it was said, to beating his wife and children as the waves of excitement took him. Anyway, a fellow who could feel, whose nerves stung and tormented him even in the courses of ordinary life. He lay with his eyes half open, the face terribly scorched, the hands clenched as though he still fought with the death that had overcome him.

George covered the man's face with a handkerchief as the doctor left the body. «*He* suffered,» he said under his breath. The doctor heard him, and nodded sadly.

Hark! what was that? A cry—a faint cry!

«They 're some of them alive in the end workings,» cried Madan, with a sob of joy. «Come on, my lads! Come on!»

And the party,—all but Mr. Dixon,—leaving the dead, pushed on through the foul atmosphere, over heaps of fallen stone and coal, in quest of the living.

«Leave me a man,» said Mr. Dixon, detaining the manager a moment. «I stay here—there are enough of you. If I judge right, it all began here.»

A collier stayed with him unwillingly, panting all the time under the emotion of the rescue the man imagined, but was not to see.

For while the inspector measured and sketched, far up the heading, in some disused workings off a side-dip or roadway, Burrows was the first to come upon twenty-five men, eighteen of whom were conscious and uninjured. Two of them had strength enough, as they heard the footsteps and shouts approaching, to stagger out into the heading to meet their rescuers. One, a long,

thin lad, came forward with leaps and gambols, in spite of his weakness, and fell almost at Tressady's feet. As he recognized the tall man standing above him, his bloodless mouth twitched into a broad grin:

«I say, give us a chance. Take me out, won't you?»

It was Mary Batchelor's grandson. In retribution for the assault on Letty, the lad had been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, and George had not seen him since. He stooped now, and poured some brandy down the boy's throat. «We 'll get you out directly,» he said, «as soon as we 've looked to the others.»

«There 's some on 'em not worth takin' out,» said the boy, clinging to George's leg. «They 're dead. Take me out first.» Then, with another grin, as George disengaged himself, «Some on 'em 's prayin'.»

Indeed, the first sight of that little group was a strange and touching one. About a dozen men sat huddled round one of their number, a Wesleyan class-leader, who had been praying with them and reciting passages from St. John. All of them, young or old, were dazed and bent from the effects of after-damp, and scarcely one of them had strength to rise till they were helped to their feet. Nevertheless, the cry which had been heard by their rescuers had not been a cry for help, but the voices of the little prayer-meeting raised feebly through the darkness in the Old Hundredth.

A little distance from the prayer-meeting the skeptics of the party leaned against the wall or lay along the floor unheeding, while seven men were unconscious, and possibly dying. Two or three young fellows, meanwhile, who had been least touched by the after-damp, had «amused themselves,» as they said, by riding up and down the neighboring level on the «jummer,» or coal-truck, of one of them.

«Were n't you afraid?» Tressady asked one of these, turning a curious look at him, while the doctors were examining the worst cases, and rough men were sobbing and shaking each other's hands off.

«Noa,» said the young hewer, his face, like something cut out in yellowish wax, returning the light from Tressady's lamp. «Noa; theer was company. Old Moses there, 'ee saved us.»

Old Moses was the leader of the prayer-meeting. He was a fireman, besides, who had been for twenty-six years in the mine. At the time of the explosion, it appeared, he had been in a working close to that door on the heading where death had done so ghastly and complete a work. But the flame in its caprice had passed him by, and he and another man had been able to struggle through the after-damp back along the heading just in time to stem the rush of men and boys from the workings at the farther end. These men were at the moment in a madness of terror, and ready even to plunge into the white death-mist advancing to meet them, obeying only the instinct of the trapped animal to «get out.» But Moses was able to control them, to draw them back by degrees along the heading till, in the distant workings where they were found, the air was more tolerable, and they could wait for rescue.

George was the first to help the old fireman to his feet. But instead of listening to any praises of his own conduct, he was no sooner clinging to Tressady's arm than he called to Madan:

«Mr. Madan, sir!»

«Ay, Moses.»

«Have ye heard ought of them in the West Heading yet?»

«No, Moses; we must get these fellows out first. We 'll go there next.»

«I left thirty men and boys there this morning at half-past six. It was fair thronged up with them.» The old man's voice shook.

Meanwhile, Madan and the doctors were busy with the transport of the seven unconscious men, some of whom were already dying. Each of them had to be carried on his back by two men, and as soon as the sick procession was organized, it was seen that only three of the search-party were left free—Tressady, Burrows, and the Scotch fireman, Macdonald.

Up the level and along the heading, past the point where Dixon was still at work, over the minor falls that everywhere attested the range of the explosion, and through the pools of water that here and there gathered the drippings of the mine, the seven men were tenderly dragged or carried, till at last the party regained the main intake or roadway.

George turned to Madan:

«You will have your hands full with these poor fellows. Macdonald and I—Mr. Burrows, if he likes—will push on to the West Heading.»

Madan looked uneasy.

«You 'd better go up, Sir George,» he said in a low voice, «and let me go on. You don't know the signs of the roof as I do. Eight or nine hours after an explosion is the worst time for falls. Send down another shift, sir, as quick as you can.»

«Why should you risk more than I?» said George, quietly. «Stop! what time is it?» He looked at his watch. Five o'clock—nearly nine hours since they descended! He might

have guessed it at three, if he had been asked. Time in the midst of such an experience contracts to a pin's point. But the sight of the watch stirred a pang in him.

«Send word at once to Lady Tressady,» he said in Madan's ear, drawing the manager to one side. «Tell her I have gone on a little farther, and may be another hour or two in getting back. If she is down at the bank, beg her from me to go home. Tell her the chances are that we may find the other men as safe as these.»

Madan acquiesced reluctantly. George then plundered him of some dry biscuits; of some keys, moreover, that might be useful in opening one or two locked doors farther up the workings.

«Macdonald, you 'll come?»

«Ay, Sir George.»

«You, Mr. Burrows?»

«Of course,» said Burrows, carelessly, throwing back his handsome head.

Some of the rescued men turned and looked hard at their agent and leader with their sunken eyes; others took no notice. His prestige had been lost in defeat, and George had noticed that they avoided speech with him. No doubt this rescue-party had presented itself to the agent as an opening he dare not neglect.

«Come on, then,» said George; and the three men turned back toward the interior of the pit.

Old Moses, from whose clutch George had just freed himself, stopped short and looked after them. Then he raised a hoarse voice:

«Be you going to the West Heading, Sir George?»

«Yes,» George flung back over his shoulder, already far away.

«The Lord go with yer, Sir George!»

No answer. The old man, breathing hard, caught hold of one of his stronger comrades, and tottered on toward the shaft. Two or three of his fellows gathered round him. «Ay,» said one of them, out of Madan's hearing; «'ee 's been a-squeezing of us through the ground, 'ee 'ave, but 'ee 's a plucky lot, is the boss.»

«They do say as Burrers slanged 'im fine at the station yesterday,» said another, hoarsely. «Called 'im the devil untied, one man told me.»

The first speaker, still haggard and bowed from the poison in his blood, made no reply; and the movement of old Moses's lips, as he staggered forward, helped on by the two others, his head hanging on his breast, showed that he was praying.

MEANWHILE, George and his two companions pushed cautiously on, Macdonald trying the roof with his lamp from time to time for signs of fire-damp. Two seams of coal were worked in the mine, one of which was «fiery.» No naked lights, therefore, were allowed, and all «shots,» or charges for loosening the coal, were electrically fired.

As they walked, they spoke now and then of the possible cause of the disaster, whereof Dixon, as they passed him, had bluntly declined to say a word till his task was done. George, with the characteristic contempt of intelligence for the blunderer, threw out a few caustic remarks as to the obstinate disobedience or carelessness of a certain type of miner—disobedience which, in his own experience even, had already led to a score of fatal accidents. Burrows, irritated apparently by his tone, took up a provoking line of reply. Suppose a miner, set to choose between the risk of bringing the coal roof down on his head for lack of a proper light to work by, and the risk of «being blown to hell» by the opening of his lamp, did a mad thing sometimes, who were other people, that they should blame him? His large, ox-like eyes, clear in the light of his lamp, turned a scornful defiance on his companion. «Try it yourself, my fine gentleman»—that was what the expression of them meant.

«He does n't only risk his own life,» said George, shortly. «That 's the answer. I say, Macdonald, is n't this the door to the Meadows Pit? If anything cut us off from the shaft, and supposing we could n't get round yet by the return, we might have to try it, might n't we?»

Macdonald assented, and George as he passed stepped up to the heavy wooden door, and tried one of the keys he held, that he might be sure of opening it in case of need.

The door had been unopened for long, and he shook it backward and forward to make the key bite.

Meanwhile, Macdonald had lingered a little behind, while Burrows had walked on. Suddenly, above the rattle of the door, a cracking noise was heard. A voice of agony rang through the roadway:

«Run, Sir George! Run!»

A rattle like thunder roared through the mine. It was heard at the pit-head, and the people crowded there ran hither and thither in dismay, thinking it was another explosion.

HOURS passed. At last in George's numbed brain there was a faint stir of consciousness; he opened his eyes slowly.

Oh, horror! Oh, cruelty! To come back from merciful nothingness and peace to this burning anguish, not to be borne, of body and mind. «I had died,» he thought; «it was done with.» And a wild, impotent rage, as against some brutality done him, surged through him.

A little later he made a first slight movement, which was answered at once by another movement on the part of a man sitting near him. The man bent over him in the darkness, and felt for his pulse.

«Burrows!» The whisper was just perceptible.

«Yes, Sir George.»

«What has happened? Where is Macdonald? Give me some brandy; there, in my inner pocket.»

«No; I have it. Can you swallow it? I have tried several times before, but your mouth was set; it ran down my fingers.»

«Give it me.»

Their fingers met, George feeling for the flask. As he moved his arm a groan of anguish broke from him.

«Drink it if you possibly can.»

George put all the power of his being into the effort to swallow a few drops. Still the anguish! «O God, my back! And the legs—paralyzed!»

The words were only spoken in the brain, but it seemed to him that he cried them aloud. For a moment or two the mind swam again; then the brandy began to sting.

He slid down a hand slowly, defying the pain it caused him, to feel his right leg. The trousers round the thigh hung in ribbons, but the fragments lying on the flesh were caked and hard, and beneath him was a pool. His reason worked with difficulty, but clearly. «Some bad injury to the thigh,» he thought; «much bleeding; probably the bleeding has dulled the worst pain. The back and shoulders burned—»

Then, in the same hesitating, difficult way he managed to lift his hand to his head, which ached intolerably. The right temple and the hair upon it were also caked and wet.

He let his hand drop. «How long have I —» he thought. For already his revived consciousness could hardly maintain itself; something from the black tunnels of the mine seemed to be perpetually pressing out upon it, threatening to drown it like a flood.

«Burrows!»—he felt again with his hand —«where 's Macdonald?»

A sob broke from the darkness beside him:

«Crushed in an instant. I heard one cry. Why not we, too?»

«It was such a bad fall?»

«The whole mine seemed to come down.» George felt the shudder of the huge frame. «I escaped; you must have been caught by some of it. Macdonald was right underneath it. But there was an explosion besides.»

«Macdonald's lamp? Broken?» whispered George, after a pause.

«Possibly. It could n't have been much or we should have been killed instantly. I was only stunned—a bit scorched, too—not badly. You 're the lucky one. I shall die by inches.»

«Cheer up!» said George, faintly. «I can't last, but they 'll find you.»

«What chance for either of us?» said Burrows, groaning. «The return must be blocked, too, or they 'd have got round to us by now.»

«How long?»

«God knows! To judge by the time I 've been sitting—since I got you here—it 's night long ago.»

«Since you got me here?» repeated George, with feeble interrogation.

«When I came to, I was lying with my face in a dampish sort of hollow, and I suppose the after-damp had lifted a bit, for I could raise my head. I felt you close by. Then I dragged myself on a bit till I felt some brattice. I got past that, found a dip where the air was better, came back for you, and dragged you here. I thought you were dead at first; then I felt your heart. And since we got here, I 've found an air-pipe up here along the wall, and broken it.»

George was silent. But the better atmosphere was affecting him somewhat, and consciousness was becoming clearer. Only, what seemed to him a loud noise disturbed him—tortured the wound in his head. Then, gradually, as he bent his mind upon it, he made out what it was—a slow drip or trickle of water from the face of the wall. The contrast between his imagination and the reality supplied him with a kind of measure of the silence that enwrapped them—silence that seemed in itself a living thing, charged with the brooding vengeance of the earth upon the creatures that had been delving at her heart.

«Burrows! that water—maddens me!» He moved his head miserably. «Could you get some? The brandy flask has a cup.»

«There is a little pool by the brattice. I put my cap in as we got there, and dashed it over you. I 'll go again.»

George heard the long limbs drag themselves painfully along. Then he lost count again of time, and all impressions on the ear, till he was roused by the water at his lips and a hand dashing some on his brow.

He drank greedily.

«Thanks! Put it by me—there; that 's safe. Now, Burrows, I 'm dying. Leave me. You can't do anything—and you—you might still try for it. There are one or two ways that might be worth trying. Take these keys. I could explain—»

But the little thread of life wavered terribly as he spoke. Burrows had to put his ear close to the scorched lips.

«No,» he said gloomily; «I don't leave a man while there 's any life in him. Besides, there 's no chance; I don't know the mine.»

Suddenly, as though answering to the other's despair, a throb of such agony rose in George, it seemed to rive body and soul asunder. His poor Letty! his child that was to be! His own energy of life, he had been so conscious of at the very moment of descending to this hideous death, all gone, all done! His little moment of being torn from him by the inexorable force that restores nothing and explains nothing!

A picture flashed into his mind, an etching that he had seen in Paris in a shop-window, had seen and pondered over. «Entombed» was written underneath it, and it showed a solitary miner, on whom the awful trap has fallen, lifting his arms to his face in a last cry against the universe that has brought him into being, that has given him nerve and brain, for this!

Wherever he turned his eyes in the blackness, he saw it—the lifted arms, the bare torso of the man writhing under the agony of realization, the tools, symbols of a life's toil, lying as they had dropped forever from the hands that should work no more. It had sent a shudder through him, even amid the gaiety of a Paris street.

Then this first image was swept away by a second. It seemed to him that he was on the pit bank again. It was night, but the crowd was still there, and big fires lighted for warmth threw a glow upon the faces. There were stars, and a pale light of snow upon the hills. He looked into the engine-house. There she was, his poor Letty! O God! He tried to get through to her, to speak to her. Impossible!

A sound disturbed his dream.

His ear and brain struggled with it, trying to give it a name. A man's long, painful breaths—half sobs. Burrows, no doubt thinking of the woman he loved—of the poor emaciated soul George had seen him tending in the cottage garden on that April day.

He put out his hand, and touched his companion.

«Don't despair,» he whispered; «you will see her again. How strange! we two—we enemies; but this is the end. Tell me about her.»

«I took her from a ruffian who had nearly murdered her and the child,» said the hoarse voice, after a pause. «She was happy—in spite of the drink, in spite of everything; she would have been happy till she died. To think of her alone is too cruel. If people turned their backs on her, I made up.»

«You will see her again,» George repeated, but hardly knowing what the words were he said.

When he next spoke, it was with an added strength that astonished his companion.

«Burrows, promise me something. Take a message from me to my wife. Come nearer.»

Then, as he felt his companion's breath on his cheek, he roused himself to speak plainly:

«Tell her—I sent her my dear love; that I thanked her with all my heart and soul for her love; that it was very hard to leave her—and our child. Write the words for her, Burrows. Tell her it was impossible for me to write, but I dictated this.» He paused for a long time, then resumed: «And tell her, too, my last wish was—that she should ask Lord and Lady Maxwell—can you hear plainly?»—he repeated the names—«to be her friends and guardians. And bid her ask them, from me, not to forsake her. Have you understood? Will you repeat it?»

Burrows, in the mood of one humoring the whim of the dying, repeated what had been said to him word by word, his own sensuous nature swept the while by the terrors of a death which seemed but one little step farther from himself than from Tressady. Yet he did his best to understand and recollect; and to the message so printed on his shrinking brain a woman's misery owed its only comfort in the days that followed.

«Thank you,» said Tressady, painfully listening for the last word. «Give me your hand. Good-by. You and I—the world 's a queer place; I wish I 'd turned you back at the pit's mouth. I wanted to show I bore no malice. Well, at least I know—»

The words broke off incoherently. Burrows caught the word «suffering,» and some phrase about «the men»; then Tressady's head slipped back against the wall, and he spoke no more.

But the mind was active long afterward. Again and again he seemed to himself standing in a bright light, alive and free. Innumerable illusions played about him. In one of the most persistent, he was climbing the slope of a Swiss meadow in May. Oh! the scent of

the narcissus, heavy still with the morning dew; the brush of the wet grass against his ankles; those yellow anemones shining there beneath the pines; the roar of the river in the gorge below; and beyond, far above, the gray peak, sharp and tall against that unmatched brilliance of the blue! In another, he was riding alone in a gorge aflame with rhododendrons, and far down in the plain—the burnt-up Indian plain—some great fortified town, grave on its hilltop, broke the level lines—«a rose-red city, half as old as time.» Or, again, it was the sea in some glow of sunset, the white reflections of the sails slipping down and down through the translucent pinks and blues, till the eye lost itself in the infinity of shades and tints which the breeze—oh, the freshness of it!—was painting each moment anew at its caprice—painting and blotting, over and over again, as the water swung under the ship.

But all through these freaks of memory some strange thing seemed to have happened to him. He carried something in his arms—on his breast. The anguish of his inner pity for Letty, piercing through all else, expressed itself so.

But sometimes, as the brain grew momentarily clearer, he would wonder, almost in his old cynical way, at his own pity. She seemed to have come to love him; but was it not altogether for her good that his flawed, contradictory life should be cut violently from hers? Could their marriage, ill-planted, ill-grown, have come in the end to any tolerable fruit? His mind passed back with bitterness over the nine months of it—not bitterness toward her; he seemed to be talking to her all the time as she lay hidden on his shoulder; bitterness toward himself, toward the futility of his own life and efforts and desires.

But why his more than any other? The futility, the insignificance of all that man desires, all that waits on him—that old self-scorn which began with the race—tormented him none the less in dying for the myriads it had haunted so before. An image of human fate which had struck him in some book recurred to him now—an image of daisied grass, alive one moment in the evening light; a quivering world of blades and dew, insects and petals; a forest of innumerable lines, crossed by the innumerable movements of living things; the next withdrawn into the night, all silenced, all effaced.

So life. Except, perhaps, for pain! His own pain never ceased. The only eternity that seemed conceivable, therefore, was an eternity of pain. It had become to him the last reality. What a horrible quickening had come to him of that sense for misery, that intolerable compassion, which in life he had always held to be the death of a man's natural energy! It was as though the scorn for pity he had once flung at Marcella Maxwell had been but the fruit of some obscure and shrinking foresight that he himself should die drowned and lost in pity; for as he waited for death, his soul seemed to sink into the suffering of the world as a spent swimmer sinks into the wave.

One perception, indeed, that was not a perception of pain this piteous submission brought with it. The accusing looks of hungry men, the puzzles of his own wavering heart, all social qualms and compunctions—these things troubled him no more. In the wanderings of death he was not without the solemn sense that, after all, he, George Tressady, a man of no professions and no enthusiasms, had yet paid his share and done his part.

Was there something in this thought that softened the dolorous way? Once, nearly at the last, he opened his eyes with a start.

«What is it? Something watches me. There is a sense of something that supports—that reconciles. If—*if*—how little would it all matter! *Oh! what is this that knows the road I came: the flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame—the lifted, shifted steeps, and all the way!*» His dying thought clung to words long familiar as that of other men might have clung to a prayer. There was a momentary sense of ecstasy, of something ineffable.

And with that sense came a rending of all barriers, a breaking of long tension, a flooding of the soul with joy. Was it a passing under new laws, into a new spiritual polity? He knew not; but as he lifted his sightless eyes he saw the dark roadway of the mine expand, and a woman, stepping with an exquisite lightness and freedom, came toward him. Neither shrank nor hesitated. She came to him, knelt by him, and took his hands. He saw the pity in her dark eyes. «Is it so bad, my friend? Have courage; the end is near.» «Care for her—and keep me, too, in your heart,» he cried to her, piteously. She smiled. Then light—blinding, featureless light—poured over the vision, and George Tressady had ceased to live.

THE END.

Mary A. Ward.

«LET FALL THE RUIN PROPPED BY EUROPE'S HANDS.»

(THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.)

LET fall the ruin propped by Europe's hands!
Its tottering walls are but a nest of crime;
Slayers and ravishers in licensed bands
Swarm darkly forth to shame the face of Time.

False, imbecile, and cruel; kept in place
Not by its natural force, but by the fears
Of foes, with hand on hilt; even by the grace
Of rivals—not blood-guiltless all these years!

Aye, let the ruin fall, and from its stones
Rebuild a civic temple pure and fair,
Where freedom is not alien; where the groans
Of dying and ravished burden not the air.

July, 1896.

R. W. G.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Government by Hysteria.

IN all the history of the Republic there has never been a time when it was more necessary that men and women who are capable of sane thinking and self-restraint should do their utmost to cultivate sanity and moderation, each in his or her own community and in the community at large. If mental violence and hysteria are catching, so also, fortunately, are calmness of mind and common sense.

Since the eve of the war of secession there has been no such public excitement and private anxiety. It is not worth while to take too seriously the isolated threats of disunion; it is well understood that separation would be of no practical use as a cure for any alleged grievance; and besides, the question of secession has been well settled by events that are not yet forgotten. Neither is it profitable to impugn the motives or to attack the character of sincere and well-meaning individual believers in this or that political, financial, or social program or panacea. It is, however, highly desirable to deprecate and denounce the hysterical mood of approaching problems of finance, political economy, and civil government.

Political nominating conventions in America have not always been the grave and orderly assemblies which they should be, having to make, as they must, such tremendous decisions in the name and for the welfare of the people. But recent conventions have surpassed all others in the paroxysmal character of their conduct. Sacred images have not only been used in speech in a way calculated to create frenzy rather than reflection, but religious emblems have been bodily introduced and paraded about amid scenes of turbulent and insane emotion. Women—sad to say, painfully prominent in other convention years—have this year been encouraged to add the emotionalism of their temperaments to «demonstrations» which have outdone anything of the kind heretofore witnessed in the United States.

Not only in conventions has this ungoverned emotionalism shown itself. In much of the current political discussion there is the distinct note of hysteria. One expects intense political feeling to find expression in isolated instances of intemperate phraseology. But in this campaign,—when there is greater danger than for thirty-six years past of even good men being dangerously swayed by blind and unreasoned prejudice; when some phases of the debate are purely technical and require expert knowledge and a cool head; and when the decision of every voter is momentous,—in this campaign the evidences are wide-spread of a state of mind in which calm judgment, and wise and deliberate action, are simply not possible.

Is a man who is in a condition of complete or semi-hysteria capable of deciding, for instance, the question as to whether a certain radical financial expedient, condemned by the body of opinion of the conservative business world at home and abroad, is really going to

work the miracle he is assured by politicians and even by certain «experts» it will work? A citizen who is about to cast a ballot ought to be able to reason with himself and to listen to reason from his neighbor; but if he is subject to political hysteria he is no more open to intellectual considerations than a horse running away from a locomotive. History is full of frightening examples of mental epidemics, where argument was out of the question, and where all human experience was disregarded; indeed, a distinguished historian has truly declared that «experience counts for nothing in great fanatical movements.» Students of mental phenomena are devoting more and more attention to what is called «the law of imitation.» It is a vast subject, and can be studied in connection with all mental and moral epidemics. The article on «Mental Epidemics,» in this number of THE CENTURY, will be found, by the way, to be as startlingly suggestive as it is timely.) To the law of imitation we owe very largely the development of conscience; on the one hand it fosters fashions, on the other religions; it works for good in matters of education, from the home and the kindergarten up and out; it keeps the world moving forward, and sometimes it gives it a backward twist. One of its individual developments is hysteria, for, as Maudsley says: «It is impossible to conceive hysteria attacking one who was not a social being, or one, again, who, Robinson Crusoe-like, was planted alone on an uninhabited island.»

When hysteria shows itself in the processes of self-government, it is time for well-balanced minds to bring to bear the always efficacious physics of sanity and self-control.

It is declared by American orators of all parties and all beliefs that America is a great country, the greatest of all countries. But no amount of protestation or display of statistics on the part of the people of a country, on platforms, in corner groceries, or in college lecture-rooms, can make a country «great.» The extent of its population cannot do it, nor its «infinite resources»; its geography cannot do it; even its hereditary institutions cannot do it, no matter how free and admirable these may be—and surely in this regard America is dowered above all the nations of the earth. The greatness of a country depends upon the ability of its people to govern themselves with dignity and in such a way as to develop character in the individual, and to make the national name a pledge of good faith throughout the world. Something more is at stake in the coming election than the success of candidates or of policies. The Republic itself is on trial, and the ability of our people to conduct the affairs of the country calmly, honorably, wisely, and as they should be conducted in a sane and exemplary member of the sisterhood of civilized nations.

The Workingman's Interest in the Gold Standard.

THE workingman has more reason to be a «gold bug» than any other member of our population. He is a creditor every day of his life, and he wishes to have his debt paid in the best money possible. No man who has done a day's work is willing to receive for it any except the best money; that is, money with the largest purchasing power. If you were to say to a laborer who had spent a day in your service, and to whom you had agreed to pay his regular day's wage: «Here are two kinds of money between which you may choose. One is called gold-bug money because it is based on gold. The other is called the people's money because it is based on silver, which is said to be dearly cherished by the people. The gold-bug money will buy for you about twice as much as the silver or people's money will, but you are assured by the advocates of the exclusive use of silver money that if the country only gets it in free and unlimited amount, everybody will be more prosperous, including yourself.» What response would a workingman make to that proposition? He would insist upon knowing how it was to come about that by giving up half his wage he would add to his welfare. The satisfactory answering of this inquiry would be extremely difficult.

In the first place, the workingman of this country is to-day receiving, on the gold basis, the highest average wages ever paid for labor in the history of the world. At the same time, prices of commodities, food, clothing, fuel, and other necessities and comforts of life, were never lower in price than they are now. The silver advocates claim that these prices have been reduced through the appreciation in the value of gold and its exclusive use as the monetary standard of value. Their claim is demonstrably false, but in making it they admit the existence of unprecedentedly low prices. They are also forced to admit the existence of unprecedentedly high wages paid in gold or its equivalent. It comes about, therefore, that the workingman can buy more for his money than he ever could before in the world. What inducement can be offered to him to make him desire to change from gold to silver? The silver advocates wish to change to silver in order to force up the prices of commodities; they can give the workingman no assurance that his wages will be raised. If he were to receive wages that would have only half the purchasing power that those which he receives now have, and if at the same time the price of what he buys were to be doubled, what would be his condition?

He would be in the situation thus outlined were this country to pass to a silver basis. That transition might be made in a night. Prices of commodities would be doubled instantly, for they would still be reckoned in gold, and would be fixed in the markets of the world. Indeed, the chief reason why the advocates of silver desire to have it for our standard is that it will effect this doubling of prices. They do not promise a doubling of wages. The farmers who are told that if we have a silver standard they will get twice as much per bushel for their wheat and corn and oats as they get now, are not told that they would also have to pay double wages for labor. If they were compelled to do this, in addition to paying double prices for whatever they had to buy, in what respect would they be benefited by silver?

Let us look for a moment at the different classes of laborers in the country. According to the last census, the largest single body of laborers are those in the manufacturing and mechanical industries. There are over four million of these, a large part of whom are of voting age. Their wages, at present paid on the gold basis, are from 50 to 68 per cent. higher than they were in 1860. Is it supposable that these will be doubled if we have the silver standard? Can their employers,

forced to pay double prices for their material, and confronted with the confusion and uncertainty which an unstable and depreciated standard of value always brings, pay double wages also? The idea is preposterous; yet, unless wages be doubled, these four million laboring men will really have their wages cut down one half. They can buy only half as much with them as they bought before silver's advent. The next largest class of laborers are those in agriculture. There are over two and a half million of these, nearly all of voting age. As we have said, the farmers, who are their employers, do not expect to double their wages when the prices of farm products are doubled. Are these laborers ready to vote to give up half their wages?

The third largest class of workingmen is that of employees on steam railways. There are nearly half a million of these. There is not the remotest possibility of an increase in their wages under a silver standard, but there is a strong probability of either a reduction or a total loss, for the railways would be the severest sufferers, next to the workingmen, from a descent to silver. Railway fares and rates could not be doubled. The receipts of the companies would be cut in half, while at the same time the interest on their bonded debt would have to be paid in gold. Every railway in the country would have its profits wiped out at a stroke by the change, and many of them would be driven into confusion and bankruptcy. This has been the fate of Mexican railways under like conditions, and would be inevitable here. Nothing could prevent it except a doubling of all charges, and this would simply put the burden back upon the people, and still further raise the prices of commodities. In any event, the railways would be seriously crippled, and would be in no condition to pay higher wages.

We have not included the farm owners in the agricultural laboring class. The census classifies these separately, and shows over five million of them. They are told by the silver advocates that with a 16 to 1 dollar they will get double present prices for their products. But they will get, in payment, money which will buy only half as much as gold-standard money buys now. The Southern farmer at the close of the war was able to get a wagon-load of money for a barrel of flour, but was he prosperous in consequence? If a farmer could get a silver dollar that was worth 50 cents when he sold, and 100 cents when he bought, he would gain by the 16 to 1 standard; but that would be a system of currency which has never yet prevailed in any community.

It is impossible to find any aspect of the silver question which can make it attractive to the workingman. He would suffer most severely of all persons, and his sufferings would begin soonest and last longest. Even if his wages were doubled, which might be effected after a long time, what would he gain if everything he bought cost double? If he had any savings, they would be cut down one half; if he had a life-insurance policy, that would be reduced one half; while his rent would be doubled, and his prospects for steady employment would be impaired by all the additional risks which a shifting standard of value would bring to his employer. The American workingman cannot possess the superior intelligence with which he has always been credited if he fails to see that free silver coinage is his most destructive enemy.

Silver's Worst Victims.

THERE are three large classes of people in this country who have special reason to dread the substitution of silver for gold as our standard of value. We mean, of course, silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; that is, 16 ounces of silver equivalent to 1 ounce of gold. This is an artificial ratio, for in the markets of the world at this time of writing 1 ounce of gold sells for as much as 30 ounces of silver, so that the real ratio is 30 to 1. To declare by law that a silver dollar on this basis shall be equivalent to a gold dollar is to seek by legislative fiat to make 53 cents worth 100 cents. Repeated efforts during the past four hundred years to effect miracles of this kind justify the unequivocal assertion that this attempt, if made, will be a failure. The certain results will be the disappearance of gold from circulation, its rise to a premium of nearly 200 per cent., the doubling in price of nearly all commodities and of rents, a slight but tardy rise in wages, and the practical destruction of one half of all savings-bank deposits, life-insurance policies, and pensions.

Let us see what the extent of the loss in these three last-named directions would be. There are in the United States about 5,000,000 depositors in savings-banks. Their aggregate deposits are estimated by the best authorities at $1,800,000,000, a sum fully equal to the entire stock of money in the country. These deposits are not made payable only in gold. If we were to pass to a silver standard, to a dollar worth only 53 cents which would be legal tender for all debts, these $1,800,000,000 would shrink in a night to $954,000,000. Who would lose the other $846,000,000? Would they be capitalists, money-lenders, rich bankers, and millionaires? Not a bit of it. They would be the hard-working heads of families, devoted fathers and mothers saving for their children and their old age, widows and orphans, and deserving and ambitious youth seeking to lay the foundation for active and useful lives. There would be no escape for them from this deprivation, which in many instances would turn a life of simple comfort into one of want and misery. We have here a single class of 5,000,000 persons who have the best of reasons for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

Yet these do not greatly exceed the holders and beneficiaries of life-insurance policies. There are in this country no less than 3,382,000 holders of life-insurance policies and certificates, amounting in gross to $9,463,000,000, a sum nearly six times the entire amount of money in the country. These holders have been paying their premiums for years in gold or its equivalent, expecting to have it paid back to their families after their death, or on their policies becoming claims. The policies are not payable in gold alone. The companies and associations did not agree to pay them in that coin only. The average annual payment for claims is $120,000,000, so that if we pass to a 53-cent dollar this will be cut down to $63,600,000, and the annual loss to the widows and orphans of the land through this source will be $56,400,000. In this case, also, the loss will not fall upon the rich. It will fall upon the most helpless, and will be robbery of the most deserving of all our citi-

zens, for the man who insures his life for the benefit of those who are dependent upon him must be a worthy citizen. This is another class who have excellent reason for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

Finally, there is our army of 970,000 pensioners, drawing annually from the national treasury $140,000,000. Their pensions are not payable in gold alone, and would be paid in silver. Their annual receipt would drop from $140,000,000 to $74,200,000, and the other $65,800,000 would not come out of the pockets of the rich, but of the poor veterans of the war, who have been given this aid because they are supposed to have deserved well of the nation and are not able to support themselves. As a greater part of the persons affected in this case are voters, it is interesting to see how they are distributed in the country, and how the loss will fall upon the different States. In Ohio there are 105,160 of them, and their total loss would be over $7,779,000. In Illinois there are 68,678 of them, and their loss would be nearly $5,000,000. In Indiana there are 69,850 of them, and their loss would be over $6,000,000. Surely this is an aspect of free coinage which rises above partizanship; for, as the late Congressman Harter of Ohio said of it, the nation's good faith to its living soldiers is not only called in question by it, but if it becomes a law the widows and orphans of the nation's dead will be robbed by the laws of the land they died to save. This is a third class, then, who have excellent reasons for looking upon gold as the true money of the people.

And what is to be said of the great body of American people outside these three classes? Are they prepared to say that they think such robbery as this would be is a desirable thing for a great and rich and free people to decree? We do not believe for a moment that they are capable of such inhumanity and injustice. They have only to comprehend fully the nature of the proposition to condemn it under overwhelming defeat.

An American Statesman.

EVERY country has numerous types characteristic of different phases of its life, and of different sections of its territory. The variety in our national geography, and the diversity in our local origins and histories, give America many such types. But, also, each nation produces certain men who are peculiarly significant of its general conditions and temperament. The late William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, was not only a representative of the culture and manhood of New England, but he was a representative American. In the freedom and dignity of his mind, in the self-respecting democracy of his manner, in the purity and earnestness of his character, and in his «saving common sense,» he was recognized throughout the Union, both by political allies and adversaries, as one of those statesmen whom our soil and institutions are well fitted to breed.

A nation that produces such a man, that discovers him early in his career, and marks him out for present and future distinction, may take some honest credit to itself. Here was no trimmer, and no sensationalist; his appeal was always to reason, to the mood of judgment, not to that of prejudice or moonstruck madness. He would have cut off his right arm rather than utter a phrase that might array class against class, or section against section. He loved honor more than success. He died a soldier, fighting, as he believed, for the life of the party that was his choice, and the honor and welfare of the country that he passionately loved.

Lifting the Lid from Central Africa.

WITH the third paper, printed in this number of THE CENTURY, our readers have been offered glimpses of the most arduous half of the late E. J. Glave's remarkable journey from the mouth of the Zambesi diagonally northwest across Central Africa to the mouth of the Congo. That he died on the threshold of home lends emphasis to the self-sacrificing character of his motive, which was to uncover the haunts and methods of the Arab slave-raiders of the interior. It was his privilege to witness the destruction by force of arms of the chief organized bands of man-hunters in the region of the great lakes; in the first paper (in the August CENTURY) was described the war waged by the English on the Arab raiders of the Nyassa region; and in this number the Belgian forces from the Congo Free State are shown in the act of completing their conquest of the disturbers of native peacefulness west of Tanganyika. In the second paper (in the September CENTURY) an account was given of Glave's discovery of the tree under which was buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which still bears the inscription cut by the great missionary's followers.

These vivid extracts from Glave's journals seem to lift the lid from benighted Africa. They reveal the natives as generally peaceful tillers of the soil, as engaged in rude arts, and occupied with intertribal trade; they show that vast districts of the interior are adapted to planting, and point to a not distant day when the great rivers will be the highways of organized commerce. Other travelers have emerged from the interior of Africa as from a land of war and famine; Glave's intimate notes are of a world of primitive human life, and wherever he goes he shows a peaceful path wide open behind him.

A Little «Rift within the Lute.»[1]

IN order to close the «rift within the lute,» we must first understand one more feature of its cause. That feature is the financial distress in the West.

Two years ago that distress was due to crop failure so great that food, seed, and clothing had to be sent to «the Western sufferers.»

The years of plenty since have been years of such low prices that the distress is hardly less. There is food, but the surplus cannot be sold at a remunerative price, so as to pay taxes and interest and buy clothing.

A study of prices will show this; but to realize the actual condition, personal inspection alone can suffice. If part of the travel tide to Europe might be diverted to flow over our «uninteresting» prairie States, the money it would drop would help where help is most needed. And, more than money, there ought to result a more perfect understanding of and particular interest in the condition and needs of our own land.

This year let the word be, «Go West, traveler, and yourself become one of the bonds that shall unite all sections and heal the rift.»

William Jones Gregory.

THERE has been financial distress in more than one quarter of the country lately; in some sections that have shown a good deal of free-silver sentiment, conditions

[1] See «Topics of the Time» for August, 1896.

have been, however, not unfavorable. Statistics demonstrate that in some parts of the West «farm lands are selling for much more than they brought half a dozen years ago,» and mortgages are being paid up. Uncertain climatic conditions have had to do with the distress in certain sections, also competition, over-production, and other causes not allied to currency conditions. The questions for inquiry are as to the true causes of discontent and as to practicable and genuine cures.

It has always been a desire of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to make each section of the country known to all other sections. Hence the «Great South» and the «Great West» papers; the papers on farming in different localities and by different methods, and on great features of natural scenery; the recent papers on forestry, irrigation, etc. The magazine expects to continue in this line. For while actual travel cannot be forced, as the writer of the open letter generously wishes to force it, it is possible, and it is a public duty, to cultivate mutual understanding and good will by means of those «fireside travels» on which the illustrated magazine can conduct its immense company of tourists.

OPEN LETTERS

Sloane's Napoleon.

(SEE PORTRAIT ON PAGE 912.)

YOU are to be congratulated upon the publication of the most satisfactory life of Bonaparte which has yet been presented to the public. Professor Sloane deserves the highest praise for his recent contribution, in the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, to the verities of history. He will receive it not only from the lovers of a vivid and picturesque style of historical writing, but also from the scholar who searches the historic record with an impartial spirit, that the very truth of motive and of character may be ascertained. A still higher aim of the true historian is the interpretation of the underlying providential order of cause and effect which science finds in nature, and which the historian should find in the progress of humanity.

I have never read a story of Napoleon Bonaparte's life or career which so nearly attains this sum of attractions as does the work of Professor Sloane. While escaping the influence of the blinding hostility of English criticisms of the Corsican adventurer, he equally refuses to subordinate his judgment to the adoring enthusiasms with which the French surrounded their military emperor. He never loses sight of the *man*, whether his ambition is limited to the partizan seizure of a fortress on his native island, or contemplates the partition of the world between himself and the Emperor of Russia. The *man* is always revealed, within the lieutenant's uniform, or behind the embroidered robe of this ruler of kings. Nearly all previous writers upon this brilliant theme—the twenty-five dramatic years of France—have been thrown off their mental balance by the scenic glories of the stage as the curtain was lifted and revealed the greatest actor of modern centuries. This author, on the contrary, keeps his feet on the ground, and his eye steadily fixed upon the central figure, and the studied effects which he produces, from his first entrance to his final exit. And so he has been able to tell us the true life-story of the most astonishing international actor in all history.

Such a book is needed in all our libraries. The author has evidently put his material under great pressure of condensation. I could have wished to read his more complete portraiture of other great characters of the time associated with or against Napoleon, and drawn with equal candor and accuracy. But within its constrained limits the book is a treasure, is almost the only life of Napoleon to be safely submitted to the youth of the country as a part of its culture in history. Its characteristic portraits add a charm to the text.

John A. Kasson.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

FRANK W. BENSON. (SEE PAGE 917.)

FRANK W. BENSON, the painter of «Summer,» was born in Salem, Massachusetts, thirty-four years ago. When eighteen he entered the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where he studied four years. In 1883 he went to Paris, and became a pupil of the Academy Julien. There he had the benefit of two years' study under the eminent masters Boulanger and Lefebvre.

In 1889 he was chosen instructor in his former school, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a position he now holds.

Mr. Benson is a member of the Society of American Artists; a winner of the Shaw, Hallgarten, and Clarke prizes, National Academy of Design, New York; Jordan and Art Club prizes, Boston; and the third prize in the recent competition for the decoration of the Philadelphia City Hall. He is one of the artists at present engaged in the decoration of the new Congressional Library, Washington.

If what the distinguished French critic Albert Wolf said is true, «What gives value to a work of art is the artist's own sentiment added to his science,» Mr. Benson's works are precious. His sentiment seldom rises into poetry, but it is often akin to it. His science is excellent (by science I understand mastery over paints and brushes, and knowing how to *make* a picture). He composes with taste and rare decorative perception, and executes with charming freshness and delicacy of color.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Some Results of the Higher Education of Women.

MOST readers of THE CENTURY are familiar with the work of Toynbee Hall, in the east end of London, where

a number of Oxford graduates live for various periods of time, following their own personal business or study, yet taking part as neighbors in the life of the people of that neglected region. They are probably not as familiar with an enterprise of English college women on somewhat similar lines, whose modest beginnings antedate our American women's college settlements. In the spring of 1887 certain members of the Oxford and Cambridge women's colleges organized the community known as «The Women's University Association for Work in the Poorer Districts of London.»

The germ out of which grew this organized work of college women—individual workers having for years filled the positions which the University Association recommends to its members—was the conviction of Miss Grüner, the gifted first head worker of the association, and her chief assistant, Miss Elder, that they could do better work if they lived, for a time at least, among the people they wished to aid. An organization was consequently effected, and a house was taken at 44 Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, where the founders felt they could be most useful, while at the same time it would be near enough to other parts of London to serve the convenience of resident workers and those who might wish to help in special evening entertainments.

The chief object of the community is the promotion of the welfare of the people of the poorer districts of London, more especially of the women and children, and the lines along which the association works tend more particularly to the giving of better opportunities for education and recreation. An executive committee is formed exclusively of university women, and consists of seven members: two representatives of Girton College, two of Newnham, one of Somerville Hall, one of Lady Margaret Hall, and the head worker, the resident worker appointed as mistress of the house and director of all work. The committee has full power to arrange and control the work of the association, to appoint or remove the head worker, to admit or dismiss the resident workers, and to administer the funds of the community. The weekly expenses of the house—about $3.50 for each person—are divided among the «residents,» and each one, if able, is invited to help pay the rent of the house, etc. Each one must make to the head worker a daily report of all work done by her, and no one can undertake, without permission from the executive committee, work not already organized. Private almsgiving is not allowed.

The head worker is assisted by four or five residents in the settlement, who remain there for not less than two weeks, and in some cases indefinitely, as the good these women hope to do as members of various local committees and in direct work among the people must depend largely upon the personal influence that only time and knowledge can give. There are also non-resident workers, who either help occasionally in special work, or regularly on one or two evenings in the week, when there are meetings of library club, part-singing club, art-needlework club, or sewing, reading, and writing classes, lectures, etc. Most of the young women entering into the scheme have occupations of their own aside from their work in the settlement, as the committee think it an advantage for workers to have such occupations, partly because a variety of interests helps to keep the minds fresher, and partly because workers are more likely to be in sympathy with other workers.

The duties assumed by these social missionaries are numerous. As managers on the local committees of board schools, which correspond to our public schools, they have an important influence upon educational work, and as associates of the girls' division of the London Pupil-teachers' Association, they take parties of pupil-teachers to the National Gallery on Saturdays, and give evening receptions to the teachers of board schools, for the purpose of introducing a higher element and a broader interest into preparatory educational work. Also, as members of the Education Reform League and the Recreative Evening Classes Association, they aim to give a more general use of school buildings and grounds to the whole population, and to encourage boys and girls who have left the board schools to join evening classes in studies in which physical and technical elements are prominent. As active members of charity organizations and local sanitary aid committees, and as zealous workers for the spread of the coöperative movement among women, and the undertaking of fresh-air funds for the benefit of children, they are doing a work of incalculable value. The latest development of this London Settlement's work is an arrangement for several scholarships in social science, open to students of the several women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; they entitle the holders to two years' instruction and work at the settlement, and offer valuable preparation to women who wish to fill posts in charity organization societies, reformatories, and other philanthropic and governmental institutions.

One of the most pronounced features of social development in modern society is an increased sensitiveness on the part of educated men and women to the claims of their wide outside duties toward humanity; and must not the most conservative admit that the growth of the movement for the higher education of women is reassuring, when the association of graduates and students of the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge presents among its first fruits the University Settlement in Southwark?

Catherine Baldwin.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Arcadie.

I TRAVELED many winding ways
That weary seemed to me,
In cloudy nights and windy days,
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand:
«We fain would go with thee,
Save for our sheep, to that sweet land,
That far-off Arcadie.»

Along the selfsame way I fare,
And shepherds ask of me:
«Hast found those green fields anywhere?»
«Yea; but the people dwelling there
Know not 't is Arcadie.»

Arthur Willis Colton.

Honey.

DERE 's honey in de roses when dey 're bloomin' roun' de door,
An' dere's honey in de water where it laps along de shore;
Dere 's honey in de dewdrop as it glistens on de grass,
An' dere 's honey in de glow-worm when at night it flutters past;
Dere 's honey in de flicker o' de mellow yeller moon,
An' dere 's honey in its shadders, an' de cryin' o' de coon;
Dere 's honey in de chirrup o' de frogs up in de trees,
An' dere 's honey in de soo'in' an' de sighin' o' de breeze;
Dere 's honey in de sunlight dat is shinin' from on high,
An' dere 's honey in de cotton fleece a-floatin' roun' de sky;
Dere 's honey on de hilltops, an' dere 's honey down below,
An' dere 's honey, double honey, where de watermelons grow;
Dere 's honey in de clover blossom growin' 'long de road,
An' dere 's honey in de burden when love helps to tote de load:
Dere 's honey at de finish, an' dere 's honey at de start,
An' dere 's honey all de way when dere 's honey in de heart.

George Orne Percy.

To Chloe.

(FOR A MENDED GLOVE.)

FAIR Chloe looked upon the old torn glove,
Then touched its ragged edges with her fingers,
And lo! the rent was closed—as if for love
Sweet healing follows where her touch but lingers.

If all the rents that follow Chloe's eyes,
And all the hearts despairingly defended,
Were healed so soon—we 'd straightway realize
That love and life are good as new when mended.

Robert Bridges.

In an Old Garden.

THE roses blossom on the wall,
The larkspur clusters by the gate,
And stately lilies grave and tall
Sway to the breeze. In twilight late
The garden long untenanted
Lies vague, mysterious, and it seems
Enchanted land where memory dreams.

Adown the prim box-bordered walk
Perchance young lovers one time strayed
In twilight hours with tender talk—
Ah, quaint, old-fashioned, pretty maid!
I fancy how you bent your head
Listening, and how the whippoorwill
Called from the meadows past the hill.

The breezes whispered to the pines
Perhaps just as they do to-night,
And where the Provence rose-bush twines,
Pink as your cheeks, the petals light
Soft fluttered down, a rosy snow;
On this crape myrtle scarred and dim
I trace the letters dear to him.

The flowers are blooming, starred with dew,
Bright as they did that yester-year;
The mocking-bird which sang to you
Trilled the same songs to-night I hear.
But youth and maiden—many a day
Has waxed and waned and passed away
Since, last borne through this narrow gate,
They left the garden desolate.

Irene Norman McKay.

Interpretation.

THOROUGHNESS.

«A STITCH in time saves nine;»
But I would rather wait,
To let the tailor sew more fine
And take the other eight.

PUBLICITY.

'T is said that «good wine needs no bush,»
Since he who 's tasted buys it;
But dealers who their trade would push
Had better advertise it.

ACTIVITY.

«A rolling stone gathers no moss»
(Which the stone may account little loss);
And if it will roll in the snow
In bulk it will certainly grow.

H. G. Paine.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONCIERGE." BY HENDRICK CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(SEE PAGE 17.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MY MIDWINTER GARDEN.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.

A BREEZY headland curving parallel with the line of a fair horizon; some cat-boats and luggers leaning against the sky; a smell of acacia whisked along in broken puffs; a wandering sound of uncertain quality passing between the white-capped sea and the dusky pine-woods afar; roses tossed about on emerald sprays; great sea-birds winging aloft —and I in the midst of this my Midwinter Garden, loafing under a yapon-tree.

Two days ago, at the hour of noon, a snow-storm, an Eskimo wind, the earth frozen to granite solidity, and icicles clinking on the boughs of my Indiana apple-orchard, when our southward flight was begun. We left the blue jays, muffled and ill-tempered, jeering in the bare hedge of *bois d'arc* at Sherwood Place, where but lately the grackles and robins made a great din on the eve of migration. Two days ago, bear in mind, wrapped to the eyes in fur of otter and seal, gasping against the ringing, frost-spiked strokes of a norther, we gave chase to the migrating thrushes; and now I loll drowsily by the gulf-side, making note of some gray pelicans striking mullet in the tepid surf-waves five rods from the beach. Beside a wall of shell concrete, crumbling and vine-matted, great rusty yellow oranges still hang on a tree. In the yapon overhead are masses of scarlet berries, temptingly fresh and luscious in appearance, but as bitter as disappointment can be.

The season is winter; a weather report in the morning paper tells of five degrees below zero at some point in Wisconsin, and of a blizzard spinning down from Canada across country to the Wabash and the Kankakee; and yet my nostrils realize what the violets spill and the roses loose in the open air—sweets rarer than summer's best.

Skirting the indefinite area called the semi-tropics, a thermal dream hangs in the air. You enter it when, on your southward flight, your railway-train whisks round a sharp curve by the gulf shore. The first hint of it is a dash of salt in the air; then you catch the shimmer flung from rollicking whitecaps; and presently, far away, in a turquoise film, an island comes to view, with a lighthouse, a clump of palmettos, and some mossy live-oaks behind its dazzling sand-spit, which cuts the haze and seems obtrusively real in the midst of a dream. The change is so easy and so sudden that it gives the fine surprise of a new rhyme in a song.

Doubtless our migrant birds have an obscure sense of the beauty which even we

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WILD-PLUM BLOSSOM.

cannot fully realize—the dreamy, elusive display of formless and tenuous substance hovering along the line where summer is a perpetually resident spirit. The first thing I note, on arriving at my Midwinter Garden each year, is the apparent wondering curiosity with which the birds, just dropping down from the North, go about in the golden weather, silently flitting from tree to tree, peering askance amid the dusky foliage, evidently affected by the change of surroundings. They behave much as do the human tourists who come a little later on their limited railway-tickets. Everything is theirs for the time being. They chatter when they meet, invade all private closes, and presently disappear, going still farther southward, even beyond the great gulf.

It would probably be best to make the journey into the South a desultory, hesitating flight, lingering by the way in all the attractive places, thus softly stealing through the climatic change; but there is something exhilarating in a sudden plunge from boreal cold to an atmosphere of balm and bloom-dust. Some people, who flock and flutter hurriedly round the swift loop of a winter tour, find the warm weather enervating. It has the effect of a light yet heady wine on me. No sooner have I passed through the palmetto-shaded gate of my Midwinter Garden than my blood bubbles, as it did when in boyhood I climbed to the top of Yonah, and swung my hunting-cap for joy, stimulated beyond silent endurance by the upper streams of air. The strong tipples freely wasted by the bucaneers have made this Caribbean breeze deliciously intoxicating. All nature blinks, nods, drowses in its fitful current. Yet nothing seems to sleep. The long moss moves warily; the oleanders never quite close their eyes; the palmettos wag their bayonets at the shrinking and swaying roses; nor at any time do the great pines and stately magnolias fall silent.

While early midwinter is not the season of flowers, even on the Creole coast, we frequently have a swell of precocious springtide in December and January, which lifts the sap from root to tip in the plants and trees, greening the twigs and freshening the bark and leaves. A pear-orchard will fling out tender vernal banners, with a dash of snowy petals among the sprays, affording a certain fruity effluence bandied about by the gusts. Beside a wall, or in the warmest angle of a cot, the lush banana-stalks, clumpered picturesquely against a hedge of Cherokee rose-vines, suddenly renew their upper leaves;

and scattered here and yonder some gnarled peach-trees blow wavering whiffs of tender pink from their bare branches.

It may be that early in February, or even late in January, a mulberry-tree begins to show fruit. Once I saw the ripe berries "cooked to a turn" by a singeing frost on the second day of March; but that was a memorably unusual freak of weather. The mocking-birds were beginning to build, the brave males in full feather and song, when the norther swooped upon us, and it was pitiful to see how dazed they looked. It was as if the blast from Michigan or Kansas had blown their frozen songs in choking crystals back down their throats.

The Midwinter Garden is a shifting and elastic domain; for in the low country of the South no such thing as a boundary is seriously considered. All the adjoining lands are yours; what you can see you hold. I claim as my heronry a marsh-meadow of an extent unknown. So vast is it that schooners and luggers and lumber-tugs go through it along many bayous. Sportsmen have shooting-boxes in lonely spots on these waterways, where wild fowl congregate temptingly. I hear the far booming of guns, and with my glass see puffs of pale smoke jet suddenly and then drift away.

Coming from our thick-walled Northern house at Sherwood Place to the typical cottage of the Creole is a change as sharp as that of climate. The rooms have been duly aired against our arrival, but there hangs all about a musty odor; the beds threaten us with mildew; the ceiling and wainscoting exhale a chill; the halls and chambers seem atrociously drafty from all directions. Every year we experience the same discomfort; every year we duly find out that it means nothing dangerous; yet, all the same, every year we feel mortally aggrieved that our advent has not been specially prepared for by the genius of the semi-tropics, and the opportunity to grumble is flooded with appreciatory acceptance. To be sure, a little later, when the tourists mutter and complain at everything and everybody, we console them with self-satisfied promptness, saying that it is all a delusion, that in fact the beds are not musty, the halls not drafty, and that a fire on the hearth would be an insult to a climate so balmy. What! toast your shins indoors, while in the open air great beds of violets are ablow, roses flaunting, jonquils flaming, and an oleander hedge is winking full-flowered at the sun?

Sometime I shall have to thank a meteorologist, the Weather Bureau, or whomsoever can explain to me why it is that up yonder in my Northern home in winter if the thermometer in a room registers as low as sixty-four there must be a good fire built at once, while down South we sit out of doors at the same temperature without a shiver. Moreover, why does one from the North, freshly released out of a zero blizzard, have to muffle up in storm furs and fleece-lined overshoes when first dropping into weather just below seventy in a low latitude? Man, bird, every migrant, knows of these curious contradictions of temperature and feeling. The experience doubtless has a dry and perfectly wooden explanation fit for works of science and dusty brains; but you and I, being subject to our senses, cannot comprehend it. Let us, therefore, drop the subject as the slow-footed half breed passing yonder drops the rind of a grape-fruit orange, because really it has no further interest, and go in to luncheon of oyster gumbo and broiled flounder. After that, if you smoke, here is the veranda facing the dancing sea, beyond which loom two or three gulf-caps against the daintiest sky that ever curved over a world. A few sips of black coffee add something to your comprehension of the garden spreading far and fair around you. Coffee in the open air,



"A SMELL OF ACACIA."



"AN ISLAND COMES TO VIEW, WITH A LIGHTHOUSE, A CLUMP OF PALMETTOS."

holding its heat, testifies to winter's good character, as likewise does the chameleon on the leaf of sago-palm yonder. A lizard never mistakes the weather, no matter what blunders are on the thermometer's record; and of all lizards this little blotch of changeable color is most sensitive to his atmospheric and substantial environment. Riley's tree-frog may have more power over the rain-clouds than my gay imitation of a three-inch saurian—he may have told the whole truth when he squeaked:

"I fetched her, oh, I fetched her!"

and maybe, in sheer despair, the cloud did cry downward:

"If you 'll quit, I 'll rain!"

But our modest chameleon has no quarrel with the sun, being content to take the warm shine in lazy, basking silence, or in creeping with many a shift of color, snapping the insects unaware as they hum and dance amid the leaves. If a norther fall suddenly he will scurry down into the nest he knows of in the palm's frowzy crown, and patiently await the return of pleasant warmth.

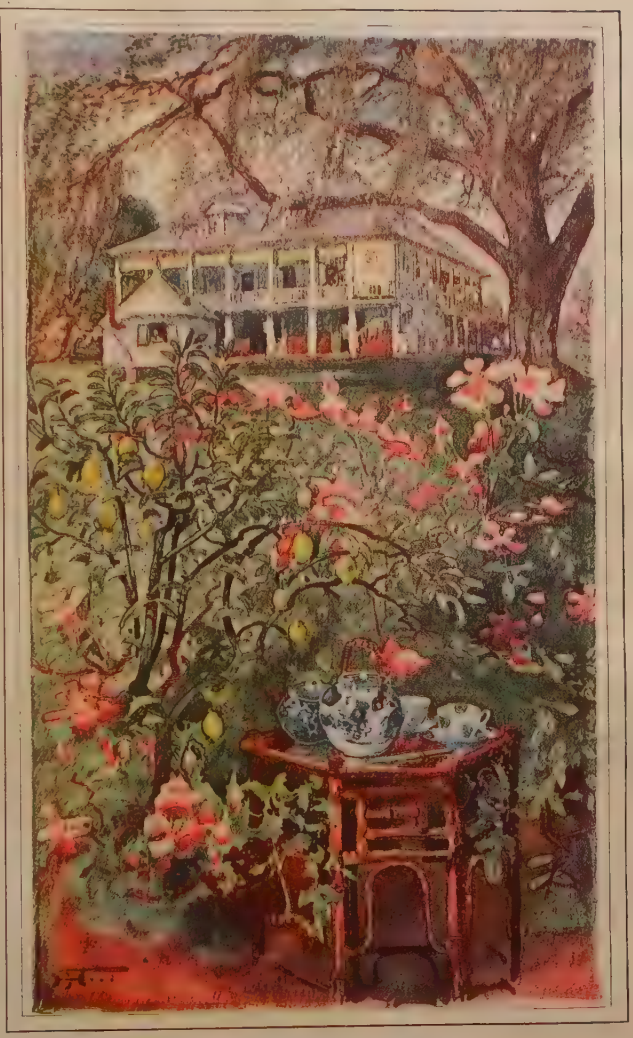
Many birds also have a barometric and thermometric faculty, knowing some time beforehand of a change in the pressure and temperature of the atmosphere. We sit on the veranda facing the gulf, and can foresay a stiff blow from the southward by the coming in of shore-birds off those dim and treacherous islands far away yonder. Instinct assures the killdees and sandpipers of a great dash which will submerge all the spits and marshes where they feed; so here they come flickering to our headland where the beach-line is sheltered. I see them first just this side of the horizon, a low, swinging and loitering rank of silvery wings, winking like pale flames above the blue water. Gradually they seem to rise, growing more and more distinct, and a few minutes later they arrive. Next day a storm is sure to be on. The curve of islands has disappeared under a tremendous splash of sea; gulls, pelicans, teal, and other wild aquatic things have joined the plovers; our beach looks as if a winged army had suddenly landed upon it.

The house commanding our garden is a rude structure into which not the least architectural art has ever entered, not even by stealth. It spreads out its body and wings widely, like those of a chicken in the sun, having an air decidedly self-complacent, its low and disproportionately broad verandas smothered in vines.



"AGAINST A HEDGE OF CHEROKEE ROSE-VINES."

Great live-oaks embower it, letting fall a beard of Spanish moss to dangle on the roof-slopes. Loopholes are made in the vines, so as to give a full view of every space and vista, while out in an area, beside a huge century-plant, stands a sun-dial brought here a hundred and thirty years ago by a seafaring Frenchman, whose name, François Victor de Montmartin, is cut in the base. I could tell you a story, as told to me, of this same François, but you would not care for it—a story of almost ancient flavor, about a young wife he brought here from San Domingo or some other distant land, and housed in a cabin, or rather a spacious log pen thatched with palms. He loved her madly, surrounded her with rich things from all climes, clothed her in queenly splendors, and watched her by day and by night, as if he feared she would vanish upon first exposure to solitude.



A HOME IN THE DREAM-COUNTRY.

As for the lady, she seemed neither greatly interested nor wholly indifferent. Her beauty of face and form suited well her priceless finery of dress and jewels; but she did not show pride or haughtiness. Every one loved her. In that strange sylvan home, amid the palms, cacti, and roses, she lived nearly two years, and meantime bore a child which was gloriously beautiful. The dark husband beamed with passionate joy, scarcely ever passing an hour out of sight of his wife and babe.

It was all a great mystery, however, and the people somehow got ear of a rumor, vague enough to be romantic, which hinted that the young wife was not happy and that the husband feared lest she should escape from him.

Rarely is a story so crisp and short when love and mystery combine, but this one ended in an explosion, as it were; for on a fine day in April a fleet and beautiful vessel sailed into this bight of ours. A boat was lowered, manned by six stalwart sailors armed to the teeth, and directed by a grand-looking old man, whose white beard fell in ripples to his waistband. The ship, the sailors, and the venerable, giantesque commander had every mark of wealth and power about them.

Now, when M. François Victor de Montmartin saw the vessel, which had actually come to anchor close inshore before he observed it, he uttered a great cry, and rushed to the chamber of his wife and babe; but they were not there, and when he looked out of a window he saw a gloriously robed form with a child in its arms flying down the headland slope to the beach. Again he let go that terrible cry of anguish, dashed out in furious pursuit, and was shot dead, midway between the house and the beach.

Away sailed the superb vessel, with the young woman and her child on board, and that was all ever known about them. A clump of acacia is said to mark the spot on

the highest swell of our bluff where François Victor de Montmartin was buried. But then, to say the whole truth, every angle and curve of this Creole coast, from Tampa around to Bay St. Louis, has its story of strange arrivals and romantic disappearances—a current of picturesque legend doubtless strongly tinctured with truth.

One feature of our domain, rarely observable elsewhere, is the blending of savage nature with the most advanced results of landscape culture. Two hundred years have slipped back into shadow since civilized man first appeared hereabout; but before that, possibly for many centuries, Indians had the good taste to regard our airy white bluffs with favor, coming in summer to camp all around under the live-oaks, magnolias, and liquid-ambar trees, and to bathe in the salt surf. Numerous plants not native to the spot have been brought by white man and red from afar and planted. Since then, during periods throughout which the whole coast was abandoned, these representatives of an alien flora have slipped out of the closes and crept away year by year into the woods, across glade and marsh, adapting themselves to soil and climate, thus becoming, after a long lapse of time, as indigenous as the Creoles themselves. I have seen acacia in full flower scenting an apparently primitive nook in a forest; but there I have also noted long, well-defined cotton-ridges, with pine-trees eighteen inches through the bole growing thick upon them and between, indicating a time when the slave plowmen worked and sang there in vast open fields given to the operations of that strange system of agriculture generated by a civilization the most picturesque ever wiped out by relentless Progress.

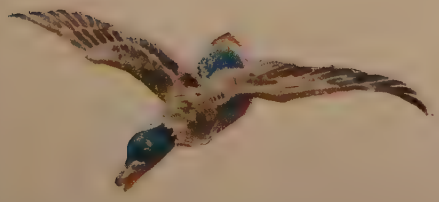
Sojourning in such a region, one has a sense of vague records upon records stamped in the soil, making it a sort of palimpsest where the old-time roving Spaniard, the daring Frenchman, the bucaneer, the early colonist, and the lordly mid-century planter have each traced his aspirations, his deeds, and finally his characteristic sign manual to attest his good faith or his reckless defiance. The women, too, have sketched many a touching paragraph in this curious history. The pansies they lovingly tended so long ago are now found blowing in waste places, dwindled to mere specks of purple and yellow, hardy yet pathetic descendants of a royal ancestry. Nor should it be offensive to remark that somehow the Creoles themselves seem more beholden to the past than to the present for a certain fine charm of spirit and manner. There is, indeed, a medieval bouquet haunting the air in the vicinity of every French cottage in the warm low country. Time works a truly artistic deception by touching with lines of age the roof and walls, the rude fences, and the rickety scuppernong arbors. Surely, you will think, this place, with its gnarled fig-trees and its moss-tapestried orange-orchard, dates back into the days of chain-armor and carven crossbows. It would hardly surprise one to see Friar Tuck fill up the cabin's low front door with his massive body and genially truculent face.

The little lady who presides in the Midwinter Garden has a theory assuming that whatever is old is precious, and that whatever is faded, discolored, moldy, or dilapidated is old. She it is who has enriched the library with dog-eared French volumes from the second-hand book-stores in a street named Royal, but smelling distinctly plebeian. Thence, too, she fetches Venetian bottles and glasses, squat brass candlesticks, and grim little claw-footed tables to match an Empire desk of the same smoky mahogany, much patched and reglued. Like a busy, self-satisfied bird building a nest out of faded shreds of last year's autumn leaves and bark, with a few bits of snake-skin and two or three bright feathers, she has woven a charm against the rough walls and above the gaping fireplace. Such is the magnetic allurement of this shelved and book-dusty and archaic den that when a norther comes, giving practical excuse for a pile of burning logs on the hearth, a steaming kettle on the crane, and a semicircle of complacent sitters in the glow, we all forget our low-country environment, and behave as true Northerners, one of us reading aloud, the rest listening, not more to the literary mouthing than to the loud boom of wind in the chimney-top. Strangely distinct at intervals, cutting sharply, yet not shrilly, down through night's tumult, comes the cry of a wandering sea-fowl from far aloft, where bird and storm-cloud career wing and wing against a dusky sky. It is an hour for one of those ample romances written before the ink-pots of genius, running dry of magic fluid, were refilled with a gross solution of raw realism. Come, Ivanhoe, come, D'Artagnan, come, any hero of the mighty ages, and make us forget the story of debauching innuendo and ill-favored love. Better coarse deeds of arms than flabby and unsound domestic morals set in a frame of unholy suggestion.



WHERE WILD FOWL CONGREGATE.

On the very next morning after the night of storm a twittering of small birds in the mossy tangles round about calls up the sun from a swaying sea, out of which he flares gloriously, like a tremendous fire-lily blossoming against the sky. It is well worth the effort to rise early and see this. Moreover, the oyster fleet goes out betimes, a straggling line of bellying sails drawing away with the stately grace of wild fowl, each smack trailing behind it a tow-line at the end of which bobs a dark little boat wherefrom the oystermen will let down their tongs to grapple the shells in the muddy sea-floor. A twinge of chilliness, a nipping edge on the air, suggests frost; but there is none. All this shivering does no more than brace one's appetite for breakfast—that fragrant morning function of our fat black cook, who speaks gumbo French, and brews a coffee delightful beyond praise. If you are educated to the altitude of taste which brooks a Bordelais steak piping hot and overtopped with onion, garlic, red pepper, and bacon-drip, move lively when the bell rings, or you may have but a savory and fragrant bone to pick for your share, which would be a notable loss in our climate, where trencher delights seem more vivid than in colder surroundings.



Speaking of mensal attractions, a part of our garden, lying far in the rear, is given over to an Italian master who knows all the secrets of vegetable-growing. With a short-handled hoe he goes about, digging industriously about the roots of things, his back



"THE OYSTER FLEET GOES OUT BETIMES."

arched like a furious cat's, his nose almost touching the ground. It is he who brings in the great heads of cauliflower, the young red radishes, the silver-tipped onion-shoots, the spinach, the crisp lettuce, the bur-artichokes, and the strawberries. Everything, indeed, which can be coaxed or forced to grow into edible bulb, leaf, stalk, flower, or fruit he wrestles with. All sorts of phosphates, cotton-seed meal, bone-dust, leaf-mold, and swamp-muck are lavished to fertilize the sand withal. He feeds his plants as if they were his children, talking to them in a queer monotone while pruning, weeding, and watering them. It is from his area of cultivation that comes all this pungency which now and again loads the air. A whiff of garlic even strays into the flower-plats, and makes an inartistic foil for the perfume of rose and the aroma of acacia.

Our neighbors, scattered hither and yon in the vast pine wood, come and go along the white sand-paths leading from house to house amid well-kept pear-orchards and dusky fig-clumps. They nearly all have the Latin volatility we expect in Creoles, singing on their way, not infrequently with a joyous timbre and a bird-like carelessness in their voices. The young girls are sweet, after a fashion, and the youths have a certain debonair cast of face and a lightness of bearing which somehow cannot be quite reconciled with the main features of their decidedly limited lives. A few, better to do than the rest, are educated, have been to Paris for some years of school and gaiety; but even they bear about them a something like a drapery of the long ago—their personal atmosphere attending them always, giving a very romantic effect of hazy distance and dim perspective.

In looking over our garden paling at the little world abutting us, we witness many things which impress our lives with memorable light sketches. These delicious people—the phrase comes nearest the true description—these delicious people are not only lovable, but they love. Nowhere else, probably, does the thought of marriage so insistently betray itself in man and maid; wherefore we naturally take a silent part in many a pretty little romance. Love-passages so simple and sincere that they scarcely seem a part of real life, iridescent bubbles of frank passion we might call them, shining a moment in this Southern sunlight, then bursting to nothingness with a twitter of girlish laughter and the half-sullen yet always flippant jocundity of a baffled boy, are as frequent as the billing of birds. But coquetry finally yields to such seriousness as matrimony demands, and the bell of our village church is kept busy ringing for weddings. Nor does this lavish marrying, with



"VENETIAN BOTTLES AND GLASSES."

its swift and generous result in progeny, bring appreciable hardships to the daring twain, who usually have but their love and two pairs of somewhat indolent hands for means of livelihood. Nature takes care of her own in the low country, where life can flaunt a gorgeous banner of luxury on no capital beyond a mullet-net, a potato-patch, and some pigs in a pen. We have a neighbor who congratulates himself as a man of substance, having a wife and eleven children, the eldest not yet eighteen. His estate consists of a little sandy plat of ten acres, with a cabin in the middle. He has six large pecan-trees, three fig-trees, a scuppernong-vine, a dozen pear-trees, an acre of cabbages, potatoes, and carrots, a horse, two cows, and six pigs. Ah, but he rubs his hands together to relieve his oppressive sense of prosperity!

After a few spiteful flurries, winter in our low country lays aside all make-believe of frost and bleakness. The weather-god puffs his sunburnt jowls and blows a flute of spring. All about in haw and yapon the mocking-birds begin to show signs of vernal lustiness. Here and there one tries a bar of his love-tune, which sounds as if the notes, although as liquid as water, clogged his syrinx. A sparkling twitter soon follows, however, and then the rapture of May fills the February hedges and orchards. Thrush and bluebird join in, a vireo wanders by, the voices of jay and woodpecker take on a soft and tender shade of meaning, the delicate innuendo of resurgent love suiting the mood apparent in sky, sea, boscage, and air. To-morrow we may hear the dropping-song, that wonderful ecstasy of the mocking-bird's love.

In this land of leisure there is no hurrying through the season of nest-building and melody. The birds devote two or three weeks to sketching in the careless foundation of twigs upon which will sometime rest the cleverly woven cup of avian domestic bliss; meantime they wander, the cock singing passionately, the demure little hen coquetting with every ball of animated feathers in sight. It all comes to a brisk and harmless



ORANGE BOATS.

fight between jealous males here and there. The war-cries ring fiercely at intervals, and out of prickly thickets rush the combatants, clashing their wings together, and mayhap losing a bright feather or two. One would think they had just returned from a peace congress, were their battles a trifle more viciously stubborn.

Spring extends from the middle of January to an indefinite point, which sometimes touches June. Day after day the temperature is monotonously even; night after night a wonderful sky, profoundly deep between its stars, loops a dusky blend of Milky Way and empyrean over the warm sea and wavering islands. All of the most interesting plants, shrubs, vines, trees in our garden now rise to the highest achievement and spread abroad such bewildering splendors of leaf, spike, bud, flower, and painted stalk as only the favored spots of earth ever yield. Rich colors seem to imbue every natural object, vegetable and animal; even the snakes in the grass, basking or gliding, betray their kinship with the birds by a fine glow on their variegated scales. Doubtless the master serpent himself, who tempted the mistress of Eden, is lurking somewhere in my domain, a gorgeously pied skin of fire-opals mailing his back, and a dazing fascination in his eyes. But let him shine; I am not an ophiologist.

With spring arrive the crab, the flounder, and the pompano, a trio of luscious significance. Perhaps the allusion just made to Satan in his first form has led directly to deviled crab; but the soft-shelled little backsliders, the earliest caught, we do not devil; they are fried brown, while the fish are broiled and buttered to nestle in a greenery of cress—a bouquet more influential with a hungry man than a queen's vase of roses! Still, we never desert the banner of Flora in a garden land. Not only roses, but pots foaming high with magnificent wild violets from a distant glade, sweeten the morning's board, and reflect soft hues upon the plates round about. Indeed, violet-hunting is one of our recreations. It goes along with bird-study and sylvan archery, a sort of decorative interlude flashing blue as the sky between science and sport. Certain spaces in the pine forest, open to the sun, are fairly painted with these large odorless violets, the stems of which are sometimes almost a foot tall. We gather lupines, too; and in a few



"IN A FEW MARSHY PLOTS THE GLORIOUS FLOWERS OF IRIS."

marshy plots the glorious flowers of iris and pitcher-plant gleam in scattered array, the latter showing both a yellow and a purple species. Along the swales, where little half-hidden streams trickle darkling among the roots of magnolia and sweet-gum, we find gay fringes of azalea, with dogwood-trees



"HALF-HIDDEN STREAMS TRICKLE DARKLING."

spreading above them wide sprays of bloom as white as snow.

But all play and no work would be too great a stress of luxury, even in the low country. I have found literary labor far more easy and satisfactory here than in a higher latitude. By shifting my home so as to be throughout the year virtually within the periphery of summer, I am able to have, almost every day, my full measure of outdoor exercise and free access to the solitude of wild nature. To the sedentary craftsman this means a great deal, in both recreation of mind and refreshment of body. What is food for one may be poison for another; but there is a general rule, a law of biology, which cannot be dodged by any of us—the law known to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; namely, that life depends upon waste and renewal. He who labors with the brain wastes vitality without stint; he sows with the sack; and he must renew his fund of energy just as generously and frequently as he gives it out. This he cannot do in a boreal climate. Bitter cold weather is mightily stimulating to him who habitually lives out in it; but the desk-man, the sedentary artist, must work in a warm air. During our Northern winter our libraries and studios are necessarily superheated; therefore, when we go forth from their atmosphere directly into air forty degrees below freezing temperature, the change is too sudden and extreme for recreational effect. Nor can any degree of precaution reduce the risk to the line of safety. Nature has not built us for such violent strains upon our most delicate organs—the eyes, ears, nose, throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Not only does the atrocious cold immediately affect these organs when suddenly applied to them while they are attempered to suit a furnace-heated atmosphere, but it paralyzes every pore of the skin, and thrusts back into the blood a load of waste tissue.

In my Midwinter Garden we have no such plunges from heat to cold. During the chillest weather I write by an open fire, and when I fling aside the pen for the bow or the fishing-rod, the change from the atmosphere of the study to the open air is but a sweetly tonic experience, which goes through my brain like a gust of song. No swaddling in furs, no gasping, no icy inhalations, no numbing feet or fleece-gloved hands; we hold our shoulders back and breathe as if the

draught were something to make one greedy beyond reserve.

Doubtless the Southern summer added to the Southern winter would enervate us; but the birds found out eons ago that a swinging life, alternating summer in a high latitude with winter in the warm South, afforded just the climatic influences necessary to perfect health. I have studied wild birds with persistence and with every facility at hand, in all seasons and under all conditions, between Canada and the islands of the Gulf of Mexico; but I never yet knew of one that died of old age, never killed one that, when dissected, appeared in the least affected with senile decay. I do not say that birds never die of old age—domesticated birds certainly do; and it may be all right for men of science to make eyes at me when I do roundly deny the existence of any evidence, worth serious attention, tending to prove that wild birds, in their natural habitat, with plenty of their natural food to eat, ever die, save when stricken by disease or accident.

Breaking away from a fascinating question like this of bird immortality—a question to which I am bound sometime to return with plenty of facts to uphold my theory—reminds me that the time for northward migration is at hand. This morning there was a redoubled clamor of voices circulating through the garden tree-tops and a fresh rustle of wings round about. I awoke with a longing softly astir in my blood, while in my nostrils the far-off spring fragrance of the Wabash country and of the banks of Rock River made me understand that winter was no more. A tide of migrating birds had overlapped my garden at sunrise, and was flowing on, tumultuously vocal, toward the land of blue-grass, vast fertile farms, and blooming apple-orchards.

At breakfast some one of the circle hints a desire to feel a brisk waft of Hoosier air off the Wea plains, and I venture a remark or two upon the fine spring weather reported from the Indianapolis station. As if through leagues upon leagues of golden haze, I see the hyacinths purpling a slope at Sherwood Place. Like the mere trickle of water which pierces a Mississippi levee, our desultory mouthing grows firmer and stronger all in one direction, until presently it fairly roars, sweeping away every remnant of a barrier; and before we comprehend fully what possesses us, lo! we are packing our bags and trunks, actually trembling meantime, and breathless with delight at thought of flying northward.

An intoxicating sense of moving apace with one of the ancient universal impulses fills us during our passage over mountain and valley; for by day we see the song-birds on each side of us, and at night, high above us, the wild geese honk assuringly, heading for the Tippecanoe and the Kankakee. In Alabama we see the foot-hills of Sand Mountain blotched pink and blue with flowers not known to the lowlanders. Farmers are planting corn in Tennessee. We rush across Kentucky by night, and when the sunshine again falls into our swaying berth we look out upon apple-orchards fair with bloom reeling past us as if hurrying into the vast dream-country from which we are so joyously taking our farewell flight. And far behind us we hear a soft, melodious stroke, the gate of my Midwinter Garden closing to shut in our abandoned dreams.





EQUESTRIAN STATUE. BY HENDRICK CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(SEE PAGE 17.)



A PORTRAIT BUST. BY HENDRICK CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A NEW SCULPTOR.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

I WISH that the little lady of the frontispiece could show us more than her profile. Of course she ought not to turn her head; that would disturb the childish dignity of the pose. But when we see her as the artist made her—not in a picture, but in a colored terra-cotta bust—and look at her from different points of view, we appreciate even her pose more fully. No other could have been as characteristic. The proud demureness, the naïve self-possession, shown by the way in which the head is poised on the slender neck and sloping shoulders, speak also from the drooping eyelids, from the serious mouth compressed beneath the long upper lip. And the quaint costume does not seem a wilful device to increase picturesqueness. It seems an appropriate setting for a definite and peculiar little personality.

It is this personality that first attracts us when we see the bust, and gives it a lasting, growing interest like that of a living human head. Naturally, we delight in the skill that could thus vitalize a bit of clay. But the sculptor's result seems more important than his method, and the chief element in the charm of the result is the expression of character.

Mr. Andersen was very young—he had just begun his studies in Paris—when he made this portrait of the daughter of his concierge. Very different are some of his most recent works—the colossal equestrian statue shown here, and two large groups, each of two nude figures, called "Serenity" and "Fellowship." If we know these we understand that idealistic art chiefly attracts him. But for this very reason his portraits, beginning with the bust of the strange little French girl, are doubly interesting. They show that he possesses that keen love for the real, for prosaic and personal natural facts, which alone can give truth and vitality to idealistic work; and, on the other hand, they prove that his idealism is genuine, because, while faithful as portraits, they are not mere bald, photographic transcripts from life.

All Mr. Andersen's works, of whatever kind, tell us that his main concern is the

into an error too common among modern artists and identify character with physical ugliness or eccentricity. But he does not think, with the great bulk of the modern public, that an insipid, meaningless portrayal of academically correct forms and features can have artistic value. He knows that art can draw beauty of some sort from almost any source, but he believes that to reach its highest level it must appeal as strongly as possible to both the mind and the eye. To quote some of his own words, the noblest art is that which "most successfully unites physical and mental nobility." A sculptor should "symbolize the finest qualities of the human form," should infuse the shapes he creates with "the highest intellectual expressiveness of which they are capable." Even in portraiture he cannot use his chances well unless he perceives, interprets, and accentuates the best that the model offers. And in idealistic work his opportunities are limited only by his own power to conceive fine ideals and to realize them clearly. To cultivate this power he must be sympathetically alive to every mental and physical impression he receives from the world around him, studying each and all with his intelligence as well as his eyesight, and searching for those most worthy of artistic record. He must feel, Mr. Andersen says, that "a head is not interesting in itself, but only in so far as it interprets interesting qualities, that a form is not fine unless it reaches or approaches some ideal that will elevate as well as animate the mind that perceives it."

I need hardly explain that a sculptor who looks at his art from this point of view does not value technical brilliancy for its own sake. He knows that nothing can be well expressed in any art unless its language has been mastered, and that beautiful conceptions need to be elucidated by beautiful workmanship. But the handiwork, the technical style, is merely the voice of the idea. It is not valuable in itself; its excellence, its charm, depend in every case upon its fitness to reveal the special characteristics that the artist wished to show.

My allotted space is almost filled. I cannot speak, as I should like to, about the



A PORTRAIT. BY HENDRICK CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

technical methods Mr. Andersen has employed, or dwell upon the love for color—common among sculptors of earlier times, but rare to-day—that has led him to experiment with many materials. I cannot praise as they deserve the drawings which show that in studying to be a sculptor he did not think it wise to confine himself to a sculptor's tools. I must leave the pictures on these pages to suggest the interest of their originals, merely adding that we do not very often find a young artist who is determined to work with mind and heart as well as with eyes and fingers, to speak to the intellect and the higher emotions as well as to



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A PORTRAIT. BY HENDRICK CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

these desires, and who has studied long and hard to fit himself to realize them, deserves the sympathetic attention of all who care for the higher forms of art.

Hendrick Christian Andersen was born, in 1872, in the town of Bergen, Norway. While he was still very young his family came to America and settled at Newport, Rhode Island. His efforts to educate himself in art took him first to Boston and then to Paris (where he worked in the École des Beaux-Arts and in other schools), to Florence, Rome, and Naples. A year ago he returned to America and opened a studio in New York.

Mr. Andersen's most conspicuous works

—his equestrian statue and the two groups called "Serenity" and "Fellowship"—were executed in Rome. All are intended for casting in bronze, but only the "Serenity" has yet been seen in this form. It was shown during the spring of 1900 at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York, and is now in the Metropolitan Museum, where it will probably be seen in the autumn, when the new wing of the building is finished. In the same collection were busts, both in marble, of Mrs. Howe and Miss Brice; also a bust in red terra-cotta of a young Italian, and one in bronze of Mr. Andersen's brother.

TIOBA.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

FROM among the birches and pines, where we pitched our moving tent, you looked over the flat meadow-lands; and through these went a river, slow and almost noiseless, wandering in the valley as if there were no necessity of arriving anywhere at appointed times. "What is the necessity?" it said softly to any that would listen. And there was none; so that for many days the white tent stood among the trees, overlooking the haycocks in the meadows. It was enough business in hand to study the philosophy and the subtle rhetoric of Still River.

Opposite rose a strangely ruined mountain-side. There was a nobly poised head and plenteous chest, the head three thousand feet nearer the stars—which was little enough from their point of view, no doubt, but to us it seemed a symbol of something higher than the stars, something beyond them forever waiting and watching.

From its feet upward half a mile the mountain was one raw wound. The shivered roots and tree-trunks stuck out helplessly from reddish soil, boulders were crushed and piled in angry heaps, veins of granite ripped open—the skin and flesh of the mountain torn off with a curse, and the bones made a mockery. The wall of the precipice rose far above this desolation, and, beyond, the hazy forests went up a mile or more clear to the sky-line. The peak stood over all, not with triumph or with shame, but with the clouds and stars.

It was a cloudy day, with rifts of sunlight. An acre of light crept down the mountain, as you have seen, on the river-boats at night, the search-light feeling, fingering along the shore.

In the evening an Arcadian, an elderly man and garrulous, came up to see what it might be that glimmered among his pulp-trees. He was a surprise, and not as Arcadian as at first one might presume, for he sold milk and eggs and blueberries at a price to make one suddenly rich. His name was Fargus, and he it was whose haycutter clicked like a locust all day in the meadow-lands. He came and made himself amiable beside us, and confided anything we might care to know which experience had left with him.

"That 's Tioba," he said. "That 's the name of that mountain." And he told us the story of one whom he called "Jim Hawks," and of the fall of Tioba:

SHE 's a skinned mountain [he said]. She got wet inside and slid. Still River used to run ten rods in further, and there was a cemetery, too, and Jim Hawks's place; and the cemetery 's there yet, six rods underground, but the creek shied off and went through my plow-land scandalous.

Now, Jim Hawks was a get-there kind, with a clawed face—by a wildcat, yes, sir. Tioba got there; and Jim he was a wicked one. I 've been forty years in this valley, with the Petersons and the Storrses and the Merimys at Canada Center, all good, quiet folk. And nothing happened to us, for we did nothing to blame, till Jim came, and Tioba ups and drops on him.

Now look at it, this valley! There 've been landslides over beyond in Helder's valley, but there 's only one in mine. Looks as if the devil gone spit on it. It 's Jim Hawks's trail.

He come one day with a buckboard and a

"Sell me that land from here up the mountain."

"Who be you?" says I.

"Jim Hawks," says he, and that 's all he appeared to know about it. And he bought the land, and put up a house close to the

the valley anything but his name and a bit of money sufficient.

He got his face clawed by a wildcat by being reckless with it; and he ran a deer into Helder's back yard once, and shot it, and licked Helder for claiming the deer. He was



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"'WHAT YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT, MERIMY?'"

mountain, so you could throw a cat down his chimney if you wanted to, or two cats if you had 'em.

He was a long, swing-shouldered man, with a light-colored mustache and a kind of flat gray eye that you could n't see into. You look into a man's eye naturally to see what his intentions are. Well, Jim Hawks's eye appeared to have nothing to say on the subject. And as to that, I told my wife it was none of our business if he did n't bring into

the recklessest chap! He swings his fist into Helder's face, and he says:

"Shoot, if you got a gun. If you hain't, get out!"

I told Jim that was no place to put a house, on account of Tioba dropping rocks off herself whenever it rained hard and the soil got mushy. I told him Tioba 'd as soon drop a rock on his head as into his gridiron.

You can't see Canada Center from here. There 's a post-office there, and three houses,

the Petersons', the Storrses', and the Merimys'. Merimy's house got a peaked roof on it. I see Jeaney Merimy climb it after her kitten a-yowling on the ridge. She was n't but six years old then, and she was gritty the day she was born. Her mother—she 's old Peterson's daughter—she whooped, and I fetched Jeaney down with Peterson's ladder. Jeaney Merimy grew up, and she was a tidy little thing. The Storrs boys calculated to marry her, one of 'em, only they were n't enterprising; and Jeaney ups and goes over to Eastport one day with Jim Hawks—cuts out early in the morning, and asks nobody. Pretty goings on in this valley! Then they come back when they were ready, and Jim says:

"What you got to say about it, Merimy?"

Merimy had n't nothing to say about it, nor his wife had n't nothing to say, nor Peterson, nor the Storrs boys. Dog-gone it! Nobody had n't nothing to say; that is, they did n't say it to Jim.

That was five years ago, the spring they put up the Redman Hotel at Helder's. People 's come into these parts now thicker 'n bugs. They have a band that plays music at the Redman Hotel. But in my time I 've seen sights. The bears used to scoop my chickens. You could hear wildcats 'most any night crying in the brush. I see a black bear come down Jumping Brook over there, slapping his toes in the water and grunting like a pig. Me, I was plowing for buckwheat.

Jeaney Merimy went over to Eastport with her hair in a braid, and came back with it put up like a crow's nest on top of her head. She was a nice-looking girl, Jeaney, and born gritty, and it did n't do her any good.

I says to Jim: "Now, you 're always looking for fighting," says I. "Now, me, I 'm for peaceable doings. If you 're looking for fighting any time, you start in beyond me."

"You!" says Jim. "I 'd as soon scrap with a haystack."

I do' know how it would be, doing with a haystack that way, but you take it from Jim's point of view, and you see it would n't be what he 'd care for; and you take it from my point of view, and you see I did n't poke into Jim's business. That 's natural good sense. Only I 'm free to say he was a wicked one, 'stilling whisky on the back side of Tioba, and filling up the Storrs boys with it, and them gone to the devil off East where the railroads are, and laying Peterson to his front door, drunk. My, he did n't know any more 'n his front door! "He 's my grandfather," says Jim. "That 's the humor of it"—meaning he was Jeaney's grandfather. And mixing the singularest drinks, and putting 'em into an old man named Fargus, as ought to known better. My wife she said so, and she knew. I do' know what Jeaney Merimy thought, but I had my point of view on that. Jim got drunk himself on and off, and went wilder 'n a wildcat, and slid over the mountains the Lord knows where. Pretty goings on in this valley!

This is a good climate if you add it all up and take the average. But sometimes it won't rain till you 're gray waiting for it, and sometimes it will snow so the only way to get home is to stay inside, and sometimes it will rain like the bottom fallen out of a tub. The way of it is that when you 've lived with it forty years you know how to add up and take the average.

Now, that summer Tioba kept her head out of sight from June to September mainly. She kept it done up in cotton, as you might say, and she leaked in her joints surprising. She 's a queer mountain that way. Every now and then she busts out a spring and dribbles down into Still River from a new place.

In September they were all dark days and drizzly nights, and there was often the two sounds of the wind on Tioba that you hear on a bad night. One of 'em is a kind of steady grumble and hiss that 's made with the pine-needles and maybe the tons of leaves shaking and falling. The other is the toot of the wind in the gullies on edges of rock. But if you stand in the open on a bad night and listen, you 'd think Tioba was talking to you. Maybe she is.

It come along the middle of September, and it was a bad night, drizzly, and Tioba talking double. I went over to the Hawkses' place early to borrow lantern-oil, and I saw Jeaney Merimy sitting over the fire alone, and the wind singing in the chimney. "Jim has n't come," she says, speaking quiet; and she gets me the lantern-oil. After, when I went away, she did n't seem to notice; and what with the wind in the chimney, and Jeaney sitting alone with her big black eyes staring, and Tioba talking double, and the rain drizzling, and the night falling, I felt queer enough to expect a ghost to be standing at my gate. And I came along the road, and there *was* one!

Yes, sir; she was a woman in a gray, wet cloak, standing at my gate, and a horse and buggy in the middle of the road.

"'Mighty!" says I, and drops my oil-can smack in the mud.

"Does Mr. Hawks live here?" she says

seeing me standing like a tomfool in the mud.

"No, ma'am," says I. "That 's his place across the flat half a mile. He ain't at home, but his wife is."

The wind blew her cloak around her sharp, and I could see her face, though it was more or less dark. She was some big and tall, and her face was white and wet with the rain. After a while she says:

"He 's married?"

"Yes, ma'am. You 'd better not—'Mighty, ma'am!" says I, "where you going?"

She swung herself into the buggy quicker 'n women are apt to do, and she whops the horse around and hits him a lick, and off he goes, splashing and galloping. Me, I was beat. But I got so far as to think if she was n't a ghost, maybe Jim Hawks would as lief she would be, and if she did n't drive more careful she 'd be liable to oblige him that way. Because it stands to reason a woman don't come looking for a man on a bad night, and cut away like that, unless she has something uncommon on her mind. I heard the buggy-wheels and the splash of the horse dying away; and then there was nothing in the night but the drip of the rain and Tioba talking double—*um-hiss, toot-toot.*

Then I went into the house, and did n't tell my wife about it, she disliking Jim on account of his singular drinks, which had a tidy taste, but affecting a man sudden and surprising. My wife she went off to bed, and I sat by the fire, feeling like there was more wrong in the world than common. And I kept thinking of Jeaney Merimy sitting by herself off there beyond the rain, with the wind singing in the chimney, and Tioba groaning and tooting over her. Then there was the extra woman looking for Jim; and it seemed to me if I was looking for Jim on a dark night, I 'd want to let him know beforehand it was all peaceable, so there would n't be a mistake, Jim being a sudden man and not particular. I had the extra woman on my mind, so that after some while it seemed to me she had come back and was driving *splish-splash* around my house, though it was only the wind. I was that foolish I kept counting how many times she went round the house, and it was more than forty; and sometimes she came so close to the front door I thought she 'd come through it—*bang!*

Then somebody rapped sudden at the door, and I jumped, and my chair went slap under the table, and I says, "Come in," though I 'd rather it would have stayed out, and in walks Jim Hawks. "'Mighty!" says I. "I thought you was a horse and buggy."

He picked up my chair and sat in it himself, rather cool, and began to dry off.

"Horse and buggy?" says he. "Looking for me?"

I just nodded, seeing he appeared to know all about it.

"Saw 'em in Eastport," says he. "I suppose she 's over there"—meaning his place. "Gone down the road! You don't say! Now, I might have known she would n't do what you might call a rational thing. Never could bet on that woman. If there was one of two things she 'd be likely to do, she would n't do either of 'em."

"Well," says I, "speaking generally, what might she want of you?"

Jim looks at me kind of absent minded, rubbing his hair the wrong way.

"Now, look at it, Fargus," he says. "It ain't reasonable. Now, she and me, we got married about five years ago. And she had a brother named Tom Cheever, and Tom and I did n't agree, and naturally he got hurt; not but that he got well again—that is, partly. And she appeared to have different ideas from me, and she appeared to think she 'd had enough of me, and I took that to be reasonable. Now, here she wants me to come back and behave myself, cool as you please. And me inquiring why, she acts like the country was too small for us both. I don't see it that way myself." And he shook his head, stretching his hands out over the fire.

"I don't see either end of it," says I. "You 're a bad one, Jim, a downright bad one."

"That 's so. It 's Jeaney you mean," he says, looking kind of interested. "It 'll be hell for Jeaney, won't it?"

The wind and rain was whooping round the house so we could hardly hear each other. It was like a wild thing trying to get in, which did n't know how to do it, and would n't give up; and then you 'd hear like something whimpering, and little fingers tapping at the window-glass.

My opinion of Jim Hawks was that I did n't seem to get on to him, and that 's my opinion up to now; and it appeared to me then that Jim might be the proper explanation himself of anything the extra woman did which seemed unreasonable; but I did n't tell him that, because I did n't see rightly what it would mean if I said it.

Jim got up and stretched his legs. "Now,

I tell you, Fargus," says he, "I 'm going to put the thing to Jeaney, being a clipper little woman, not to say sharp. If it comes to the worst, I dare say Canada Center will give us a burying; or if she wants to slide over the mountains with me, there 's no trouble about it; or if she 'd rather go her own way, as things are; and maybe you 've seen the last of me, and maybe you would n't mind if you had."

"Speaking generally," says I, "you 're about right, Jim."

With that he laughed, and went out, pulling the door to hard against the storm.



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"AN OLD MAN NAMED FARGUS, AS OUGHT TO KNOWN BETTER."

and me mine, that 's reasonable; or if she says to do nothing but hold the fort, why, that 's all right, too, only Canada Center would be likely to take a hand, and then there 'd surely be trouble, on account of me getting mad. Now, I have to say to you, Fargus, that you 've been as friendly as a man could be,

Next day the rain came streaming down, and my cellar was flooded, and the valley was full of the noise of the flood brooks. I kept looking toward the Hawkses' place, having a kind of notion something would blow up there. It appeared to me there was too much gunpowder in that family for the house

to stay quiet. Besides, I saw Tioba had been dropping rocks in the night, and there were new boulders around. One had plowed through Jim's yard, and the road was cut up frightful. The boulder in Jim's yard looked as if it might be eight feet high. I told my wife the Hawkses ought to get out of there, and she said she did n't care, she being down on Jim on account of his mixed drinks, which had a way of getting under a man, I 'm free to say, and heaving him up.

About four o'clock in the afternoon it come off misty, and I started over to tell Jim he 'd better get out; and sudden I stops and looks, for there was a crowd coming from Canada Center—the Storrses and the Petersons and the Merimys, and the extra woman in a buggy with Henry Hall, who was county sheriff then. "Well, 'Mighty!" says I.

They pulled up in front of Jim's place, and I took it they were going to walk in and settle things prompt. But you see, when I got there, it was Jim a-standing by his door with his rifle, and the sheriff and Canada Center was squeezing themselves through the gate, and Jim shooting off sideways at the pickets on his fence. And the sheriff ups and yelled:

"Here, you Jim Hawks! That ain't any way to do."

Then Jim walks down the road with his rifle over his arm, and Jeaney Merimy comes to the door. She looked some mad and some crying, a little of both.

"Hall," says he, "you turn your horse and go back where you come from. Maybe I 'll see you by and by. The rest of you go back to Canada Center, and if Jeaney wants anything of you she 'll come and say so. You go, now!"

And they went. The extra woman drove off with the sheriff, hanging her head, and the sheriff saying, "You 'll have to come to time, Jim Hawks, soon or late." Jeaney Merimy sat in the door with her head hung down, too; and the only one as ought to have been ashamed, he was walking around uppish, like he meant to call down Tioba for throwing rocks into his yard. Then Jeaney sees me, and she says:

"You 're all down on Jim. There 's no one but me to stand up for Jim."

She began to cry, while Jim cocked his head and looked at her curious. And she kept saying, "There 's no one but me to stand up for Jim."

That was a queer way for her to look at it.

Now, that night set in, like the one before, with a drizzling rain. It was the longest wet weather I ever knew. I kept going to the window to look at the light over at the Hawkses' and wonder what would come of it, till it made my wife nervous, and she 's apt to be sharp when she 's nervous, so I quit. And the way Tioba talked double that night was terrible—*um-hiss, toot-toot,* hour after hour; and no sleep for me and my wife, being nervous.

I do' know what time it was, or what we heard. All I know is, my wife jumps up with a yell, and I jumps up too, and I know we were terrible afraid and stood listening maybe a minute. It seemed like there was almost dead silence in the night, only the um-m went on, but no hissing and no tooting, and if there was any sound of the rain or wind I don't recollect it. And then, "Um!" says Tioba, louder and louder and *louder!* till there was no top nor bottom to it, and the whole infernal world went to pieces, and pitched me and my wife flat on the floor.

The first I knew, there was dead silence again; or maybe my hearing was upset, for soon after I began to hear the rain buzzing away quietly. Then I got up, and took a lantern, and my wife grabs me.

"You ain't going a step!" says she, and the upshot was we both went, two old folks that was badly scared and bound to find out why. We went along the road, looking about us cautious; and of a sudden, where the road ought to be, we ran into a bank of mud that went up out of seeing in the night. Then my wife sat down square in the road and began a-crying, and I knew Tioba had fallen down, and I knew I was a sinner.

Now, there 's Tioba, and that 's how she looked next morning, only worse—more mushy and generally clawed up, with the rain still falling dismal, and running little gullies in the mud like a million snakes.

According to my guess, Jim and Jeaney and the cemetery were about ten rods in, or maybe not more than eight. Anyway, I says to Peterson, and he agreed with me, that there was n't any use for a funeral. I says: "God A'mighty buried 'em to suit himself." It looked like he did n't think much of the way Canada Center did its burying, seeing the cemetery was took in and buried over again. Peterson and me thought the same on that point. And we put up the white stone, sort of on top of things, that maybe you 've noticed, and lumped the folk in the cemetery together, and put their names on it, and a general epitaph; but not being strong on the dates, we left them out mostly. We put Jeaney Merimy with her family, but



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"AND THE SHERIFF AND CANADA CENTER WAS SQUEEZING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE GATE."

Canada Center was singular united against letting Jim in.

"You puts his name on no stone with me or mine," says Merimy, and I 'm not saying but what he was right. Yes, sir; Merimy had feelings, naturally. But it seemed to me when a man was a hundred and fifty feet underground, more or less, there ought to be some charity; and maybe I had a weakness for Jim, though my wife would n't hear of him, on account of his drinks, which were slippery things. Anyway, I takes a chisel and a mallet, and I picks out a boulder on the slide a decent ways from Canada Center's monument, and I cuts in it, "Jim Hawks"; and then I cuts in it an epitaph that I made myself, and it 's there yet:

HERE LIES JIM HAWKS, KILLED BY ROCKS.
HE DID N'T ACT THE WAY HE OUGHT.
THAT 'S ALL I 'LL SAY OF JIM.
HERE HE LIES, WHAT 'S LEFT OF HIM.

And I thought that stated the facts, though the second line did n't rhyme really even. Speaking generally, Tioba appeared to have dropped on things about the right time, and that being so, why not let it pass, granting Merimy had a right to his feelings?

Now, neither Sheriff Hall nor the extra woman showed up in the valley any more, so

it seemed likely they had heard of Tioba fallin', and agreed Jim would n't be any good, if they could find him. It was two weeks more before I saw the sheriff, him driving through, going over to Helder's. I saw him get out of his buggy to see the monument, and I went up after, and led him over to show Jim's epitaph, which I took to be a good epitaph, except the second line.

Now, what do you think he did? Why, he busted out a-haw-hawing ridiculous, and it made me mad.

"Shut up!" says I. "What 's ailing you?"

"Haw-haw!" says he. "Jim ain't there! He 's gone down the road."

"I believe you 're a blamed liar," says I; and the sheriff sobered up, being mad himself, and he told me this.

"Jim Hawks," says he, "came into Eastport that night, meaning business. He routed me out near twelve o'clock, and the lady staying at my house she came into it, too, and there we had it in the kitchen at twelve o'clock, the lady uncommon hot, and Jim steaming wet in his clothes and rather cool. He says: 'I 'm backing Jeaney now, and she tells me to come in and settle it to let us alone, and she says we 'll hand over all we 've got and leave. That appears to be her idea, and being hers, I 'll put it as my own.' Now, the lady, if you 'd believe it, she took on fearful, and would n't hear to reason unless he 'd go with her, though what her idea was of a happy time with Jim Hawks, the way he was likely to act, I give it up. But she cried and talked foolish, till I see Jim was awful bored, but I did n't see there was much for me to do. Then Jim got up at last, and laughed very unpleasant, and he says: 'It 's too much bother. I 'll go with you, Annie, but I think you 're a fool.' And they left next morning, going south by train."

That 's what Sheriff Hall said to me then and there. Well, now, I 'm an old man, and I don't know as I 'm particular clever, but it looks to me as if Providence and Tioba had made a mistake between 'em. Else how come they hit at Jim Hawks so close as that and missed him? And what was the use of burying Jeaney Merimy eight rods deep, who was a good girl all her life, and was for standing up for Jim, and him leaving her because the extra woman got him disgusted? Maybe she 'd rather Tioba would light on her, that being the case—maybe she would have; but she never knew what the case was.

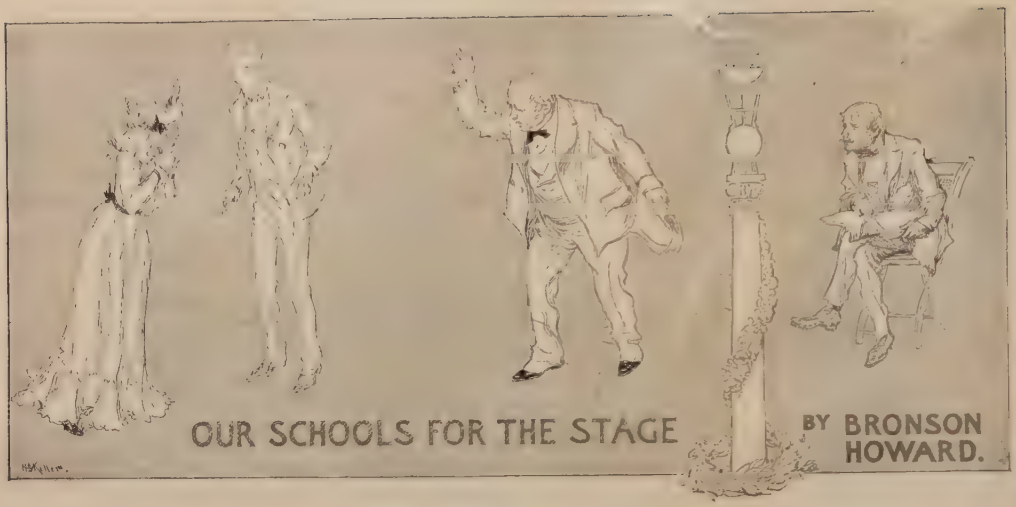
That epitaph is there yet, as you might say, waiting for him to come and get under it; but it don't seem to have the right point now, and it don't state the facts any more, except the second line, which is more facts than rhyme. And Tioba is the messiest-looking mountain in these parts. And now, I say, Jim Hawks was in this valley little more than a year, and he blazed his trail through the Merimy family, and the Storrs family, and the Peterson family, and there 's Tioba Mountain, and that 's his trail.

No, sir; I don't get on to it. I hear Tioba talking double some nights, sort of uneasy, and it seems to me she is n't on to it either, and has her doubts maybe she throwed herself away. And there 's the cemetery six to ten rods underground, with a monument to forty-five people on top, and an epitaph to Jim Hawks that ain't so, except the second line, there being no corpse to fit it. Canada Center thinks they 'd fit Jim to it if he came round again; but they would n't: for he was a wicked one, but sudden to act, and he was reckless, and he kept his luck. For look there! Tioba Mountain drawed off and hit at him, slap! and he dodged her.

SYMPATHY.

BY GERTRUDE BALDWIN.

THE sound of sympathy once passed my door,
And with the hush I first knew discontent;
So must the parchèd meadow thirst the more,
When the cool shadow of a cloud is spent.



WITH PICTURES BY A. I. KELLER

IN a number of "Punch" for 1880 there was a picture by Du Maurier representing a lord bishop of the Church of England in his episcopal palace, chatting, after dinner, with his favorite son, a handsome young man in full evening dress. A second reverend dignitary is seated at the same table, apparently the dean of the cathedral, or a canon. The lord bishop says:

"Now, why should n't you adopt the stage as a profession, Theodore? Lord Ronald Beaumanoir, who 's a year younger than yourself, is already getting sixteen guineas a week for low-comedy parts at the Criterion Theater. The duchess told me so herself only yesterday."

If the reader can comprehend these two social dignitaries, in a single effort of the imagination, he will know how strong the conviction must have been which led "Punch" to acknowledge a new fact in modern society: that the calling of the actor, despised for centuries, and nowhere more than in England, had become a recognized field of honorable labor for young men of all ranks.

With us the possible callings for young men to choose from, in reference to the stage, are more numerous. But when a young woman is thrown upon her own resources, it seems quite natural in America to think of the theater as a means of support. This slight difference between the two countries, in the new modern view of the theatrical profession, is shown in the exchange of histrionic exports. While England sends to our stage many educated and carefully bred young men, we send to the English theaters an equally valuable class of young women. But this is only an accidental condition of our international relations in art, for all the signs indicate that we shall soon be supplying our own stage with the young men as well. The important underlying fact is the same in both countries: the profession of acting, throughout the English-speaking world, has taken its proper and natural place, at last, with other artistic professions, instead of being considered a mere desperate resort in the last emergency of need, as it undoubtedly was considered a third of a century ago in both countries.

We have been the first in the world to establish a fully organized school for the training of young men and women for the stage, with a large corps of teachers (twenty-four) for the various branches of the art, with additional lecturers, and with special exercises in each requirement, physical and intellectual, and a graded curriculum, regular classes, and all such details as belong to other academical institutions. The Conservatoire of Paris immediately comes to the reader's mind, of course. But that excellent institution has no such organization as a school. At best, its histrionic section is only a part of an institution more especially devoted to music and originally founded in the interest of that art. In the "dramatic" department there are four or five professors. A student entering becomes the pupil of one of these, and remains his pupil to the end, with such assistant and subsidiary teaching, besides his own, as that professor may think necessary to prescribe. The Conservatoire has had a splendid career and some glorious results in art; but it is only a located and subventioned institution, based on the old system of teaching by great masters indi-

vidual, not an organization sustaining itself as a single unit with many subdivisions. Various historical efforts to found dramatic schools—such as one by the English government in 1665, and one by the Italian government as early as 1350—need not be considered, for they were all unsuccessful and left little or no influence.

We may describe the retired actor, Mr. Herman Vezin, and the retired actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, both now teaching in London, as, in their individual activity, parts of a *conservatoire* on the French principle. Mr. F. F. Mackay occupies a similar position in New York, where he has recently established the National Dramatic Conservatory. The Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, conducted by Mrs. Adeline Stanhope-Wheatcroft, is a somewhat older organization, while the oldest and most fully organized school of acting in the United States, the oldest of its own kind in the world, is the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, of which president. The latter, dating from 1884, as the Lyceum School of Acting, was united, in 1887, with the Empire Theater Dramatic School.

The phrase "art of acting" has become so familiar, and it trips so lightly off the tongue, that no one needs to think when he uses it. There are many other comfortable phrases like that in the language. Not one "lay" reader in a thousand, probably, ever had a definite idea passing through his head when he was using the words "art of acting." Let me submit an incomplete and superficial, but fairly clear, definition of the phrase—one on which, so far as it goes, we may all agree. Suppose we put it in this shape:

"The art of acting is the art of moving, speaking, and appearing on the stage as the character assumed would move, speak, and appear in real life, under the circumstances indicated in the play."

This seems a reasonable definition; it would m[illegible]e views of nearly every reader, and



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"MY DAUGHTER'S TALENT IS AN INHERITANCE."



AN APPLICANT'S TRIAL EXAMINATION.

even the more philosophical playgoer would merely add something about "feeling," "soul," "sympathy," or "magnetism." This last word fills all the chinks, like putty in the work of a bad house-carpenter. Mechanics have the proverb: "Putty makes many a good carpenter." We may paraphrase it: "Magnetism makes many a profound dramatic critic." But the above definition of the art of acting, with or without the philosophical playgoer's embroidery, is absolutely and radically false—for this reason: it lacks the one small word "seeming." It ought to read as follows:

"The art of acting is the art of seeming to move, speak, and appear on the stage as the character assumed moves, speaks, and appears in real life, under the circumstances indicated in the play."

In that word "seeming" lie nearly all the difficulties, the intricacies, the technicalities of acting. The writer is assuming no special nor superior wisdom as an "expert", for every actor, from the greatest of them down to the second-month student, knows that the definition we had first agreed on is inaccurate. Move, speak, and appear as the character does? Real life? One might as well say that a painter's art is the use gray stone to represent an old church in Rome, instead of mere pigments mixed with oil The painter appeals to the eye by artificial, not by natural, means. So, the actor's art is to make the people in an audience, some of them a hundred feet or more away, think that he is moving, speaking, and appearing like the character assumed: and, in nine cases out of ten, the only way to make them think this is to be not doing it; to be doing something else—something that you would never dream of unless you were taught or learned it from long and weary experience without a teacher.

Nothing can be conceived more absolutely unlike a delicate, beautiful, and refined woman in a drawing-room, than the painted young creature, with dark shadows about her eyes and flagrant carmine on her lips and cheeks, who looks, to her companion on the stage, like a gaudily painted wooden doll. She speaks to him confidentially, three feet away, so that every man in the back row of the auditorium can hear what she says; moving her features, in the coquettish by-play of timid love, with the well-defined and positive motions of a jumping-jack pulled by a string. If the most graceful and delicate of our actresses should carry the technical

the stage to an afternoon recep- ould be a curiosity and a "holy

Nor is it merely a matter of exaggerating nature on account of distance. To do this, of course, and not to overdo it, to make the audience feel that the actor is strictly within the limits of nature when in reality he is far beyond them, quite outside, is a most difficult part of the art to practise or to teach. But many natural effects can be secured only by being positively unnatural, not merely exaggerating. In the "make-up" of the face, for instance, the footlights throw all the shadows the wrong way; to counteract this requires almost repulsive discoloration of the skin. And this is merely physical. There are quite as difficult problems in the realms of emotion. It is not true, in real life, that our emotions always show in our faces and in our gestures or attitudes. Nearly all people, under the most trying circumstances, have something of the American Indian's stoicism in them. If, therefore, we take a dozen good actors in the cast of a piece, their tones, expressions, glances, gestures, startings, gasps, nearly all of them, are what the same people would not have, or do, under similar circumstances in real life. They are arbitrary and unnatural. The actors are merely trying to convey to a distance, by artificial means, an idea of the emotions supposed to be passing in the minds of the characters. To do this well requires the keenest technical knowledge of technical means. Such is the actor's occult, intricate, and difficult art. The purely artificial means of appearing natural is what our schools for the stage are teaching, what professors of the art have always taught, and what must be taught forever.

The "make-up room" of the Academy of the Dramatic Arts, with a class of students in full practice, is particularly interesting, because it illustrates, in a physical way and directly to the eye, many of the principles of dramatic teaching. The professor of this department may be showing his class, with charcoal on a hanging sheet of paper, the lines of the face which indicate character for histrionic purposes—either the broad, general variations of character in the face, or the special peculiarities of individuals, or perhaps he may be showing them the lines which will intensify the emotions demanded in a certain class of scenes. How little the audience knows that these lines are there for this purpose when an actor first steps upon the stage!—a raised outer corner of the eyebrow, for instance, for a social Mephistopheles in evening dress, with a crush hat. Whether this peculiar eyebrow came originally from observation of nature, or was the mere grotesque freak of medieval actors in making up a comic devil, it is now impossible to say; it is enough for dramatic art that it carries the idea of evil to the modern audience. It has taken its place with the downward stroke for melancholy, the permanent frown, and other traditional lines of the face, most of them based on nature, but, on the stage, as truly artificial and conventional as the old Greek mask.

Then, the professor will take a human skull in his hands and talk of general principles in "make-up," showing the arch of the cheek-bones, the orbits of the eye, and the sunken temple-bones, to guide his students in making their own faces appear what they like. One sees rows of young men and women, with "grease-paint" on their faces, looking into glasses and seeing there what seem to be a lot of Comanche Indians, ready for the war-path or the squaw-dance. But if they are experienced seniors, they can step from that class-room to the stage and suddenly become so many "natural" characters. If they are juniors, just beginning, they may be merely working, on general principles, to overcome the wrong shadows and false color produced by the footlights; and so on, for seniors or juniors *ad infinitum*, in the endless details of what is a great art in itself, to be perfected in their professional life afterward.

In the fencing-classes of the schools, we see young men learning, first, the true art of fencing, and then the variations from that art required by the stage. In real fencing, men usually stand still, watching each other, long enough at a time to kill the dramatic effect of any scene; and even their movements are too quick to be followed by an audience. Stage fencing cannot reproduce actual fencing, but merely illustrate it by a few leading strokes. The same thing is true of stage boxing. Once I saw a man knocked down in a New York hotel, and was looking straight at the man who felled him, yet did not see a motion of the arm. Would an audience be satisfied with this? They might think the man had fallen backward over a fold in the carpet. The histrionic student must learn the necessary differences between art and real life in these as in other things. There is a serious element of danger, too, in stage fencing without proper training. In the original performance

of "The Banker's Daughter," in Chicago, one of the principal actors ended the dueling scene with a two-inch vertical cut between the eyes. When this play was produced in London, the most famous stage fencer of England, Edmund Leathes,—the *Laertes* to Irving's *Hamlet* for two hundred nights,—was engaged for this same duel. With the most distinguished fencing-master in London to teach his untrained antagonist, Mr. Leathes was in constant danger, night after night, for five months. I never once saw that scene without holding my breath until it was over. Actors reverse the very intent of the real duelist; their care and skill is not to hurt their antagonists. Nature? No! Go to school, young man, and (for the stage) learn how not to be natural.

In the dancing-classes the students learn, first, the general principles of all dance-movements, then to apply them, so far as time permits, to the dances of all countries and all times—prepared, thus, to meet any demand from future stage-managers, and from those special professors of the art of dancing who are usually employed in great productions at the theater. The classes in physical culture, also, are particularly important. Physical weakness means awkwardness, on or off the stage; and the many strange uses of the body, for man or woman, in various plays—falling is only one of them—call for persistent cultivation of nearly all the muscles. One who had been through the exercises of a regular gymnasium would be astonished at the new and unexpected motions he would be called upon to make in the physical-culture class of a histrionic school.

Here, again, we have the "seeming" to provide for, and not the real thing: the seeming to fall, when you do not fall, but sink down in sections; the seeming to trip lightly up-stairs, when you are straining every nerve to reach the top with enough breath left to speak another line; the seeming to rush across the room with all the strength of sudden desperation, when you are carefully avoiding a lady's train; seeming to spring savagely upon a man with a single bound, when you must interpolate a few intermediate steps, like grace-notes in music, to reach him at all. Nature? Go to school, young would-be actors, and educate your muscles, so that you can appear to be doing, and yet not be doing, the things which men and women, without educated muscles, do instinctively in real life. Believe me, good acting is always art, and it is never nature—even though nature is its origin and the illustration of nature should be its object.

Colonel Mulberry Sellers—, rather, John T. Raymond, though Sellers seems, now, to have been the real human being we knew and admired—was walking down Fourth Avenue with me, one day, when suddenly a crowd passed us, with a policeman and a poor old tramp. "Good-by," said Raymond, as he turned on his heel and joined the crowd on the way to the station-house. He had gone to make a study of character. It was the last time I ever saw him. When I heard that a department of "life study" had been established in the Academy of the Dramatic Arts, this little incident came back vividly to my mind. All the students belong to this class. They are expected to observe their fellow human beings, and afterward to illustrate their actions and speech on a platform in the school: beginning with the mere movement of the hand, or head, or other parts of the body, under the various circumstances of every-day life; then constructing little scenes for themselves, based on their own observation, even bits of unwritten plays, after they have become sufficiently skilled in the minor work. No part of the academic course is more interesting than this, to the student or to the visitor. No other part is more important, for it trains that habit of observation so conspicuous in every successful artist on the stage.

The art of pantomime, in its two great divisions, has its distinct place in the histrionic curriculum: the pantomime common to all the race, expressing the various human emotions by movements; and also that artificial language of pantomime, with its vocabulary of signs, almost with a grammar, that has grown up in the theatrical art of the Latin races. The "natural pantomime," so called, is of very great value in all acting; and the conventional pantomime of the Italians and the French is a thing to be studied, just as one may study the meter and rhyme of their poetry, as an accomplishment, and to quicken the intelligence. This exquisite art, too, enhances physical grace. Stage-management also is a special study, and of great importance. Every actor should understand stage-management; for he is always subject to its restrictions, always under commission to execute its laws, and he should be able to avail himself of its opportunities. Some actors have become, themselves, the greatest of stage-managers.

I once witnessed an amateur performance of "The Hunchback," at Detroit, then one of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A STUDY IN ACTION.

our most brilliant military stations, and I remember that a captain in the regular army who played *Lord Tinsel* and who moved, with a fellow-amateur, across the stage and disappeared did so without a single word being heard from either of the actors. The fact that the gallant captain was made up for a courtier like a Modoc Indian chief was merely incidental; what aroused the curiosity of everybody was the silence. We all agreed, finally, that the scene was a strictly confidential one, not intended for the audience. But the most astonished man of all was the captain himself when told that no one had heard him. "Why," he said, "I kept on talking all the time!" That is exactly what some of our untrained actors are constantly doing on the professional stage: they "keep on talking," and yet it is impossible to understand what they say. We seldom have the consolation of not hearing them, but oh, that straining of the ear to catch enough of what these professional incompetents say to follow the story of a play!—last syllables swallowed; whole sentences engulfed in their undeveloped throats; a dropping of the voice to be "natural," before they have learned how to make their low tones carry to a distance. No classes in our stage schools are of more vital importance than those of voice-training and articulation.

The visitor may hear, at any of these schools, a class of young men and women going through the elemental sounds. It has a comic effect; but the teacher is always very earnest. The pupils are learning not only to utter sounds clearly, but to breathe properly as they talk—a mechanical process, just as a young blacksmith must learn to work the bellows to keep a steady flame. In the higher classes of the same department the niceties of tone are taught—purity, resonance, flexibility, these things and many more, before they come to expression. With that, of course, comes in the great art of dramatic elocution, but not until these grown children have gone back to their babyhood and relearned how to talk. Let the reader think, for a moment, how perfectly under control they must have the organs of speech to be able only to express to auditors many feet away the various human emotions without apparent exertion, but also to imitate, when needed be, the myriad vocal eccentricities and faults of their fellow-creatures, to say nothing of the various dialects which should be at the actor's command.

Vocal music is now taught, also, at the academy. This department may not develop into a school for the opera—reversing the history of the Paris Conservatoire, where, as we have said, the dramatic section is merely incidental to musical training. But singing is of great use in many characters of the regular serious drama, to say nothing of the light entertainments of the theater; and it is of value, generally, in voice culture.

Of course "deportment" is a matter directly vital in the education of an actor, and it has its special classes and lectures. This is not merely the art of "entering a room," as the word implies to most of us, reminding us of our early dancing-masters. It involves the correction of awkward personal habits, nervousness, unconscious movements, unsuspected gaucheries, general clumsiness, affectations, and an immense group of vulgarities known, on the professional stage, as "mannerisms." The untrained actor, sometimes a great "star," comes to love these vulgar mannerisms as a manufacturing grocer loves his trade-mark; he almost seems to think he could protect them in law. They are truly and really "his own," like a little girl's broken doll; he would part with anything else—with his common sense and his art—before he would part with these.

Hygiene, too, it may well be believed, is an important matter to the young actor, entering a hard-working profession; and, of all professions, this calls for the most special knowledge, to avoid the effects of close dressing-rooms or cold ones, changes of costumes from heavy to light, fatiguing travel, bad hotels.

Besides all these "practical" matters for study, the actor should have the general information of a well-bred man or woman. Particularly important is a fair knowledge of history, for actors may be called upon to illustrate characters in any historical period. And dramatic literature, surely, ought to be made familiar to them; otherwise they will know nothing of the very element in which they exist. Even the principles of play-writing are taught. No man is better equipped than an actor to become a playwright himself; and if he does not, he should always work in close intellectual sympathy with the dramatic authors whose writing he interprets.

Public performances by the students of our three dramatic schools have become a feature of the winter season in New York. The artistic results are now admirable. It is only fair and just to say that these students—such of them as have the proper



THE MAKE-UP.



qualities of voice and figure for the parts assumed—show the equivalent of at least five years of continuous work, without training, as professional actors. They have, besides, a ground knowledge of their complex art which cannot come to any one by mere practice on the stage in any number of years; except, that is, to those special and very few

[illegible] other arts. One curious feature of these [illegible]rmances is this: we see many charming [illegible]e-act and two-act plays performed by the [illegible]idents of all these schools which can be seen nowhere else, because these short plays have been banished from our regular theaters. The academy has also given us many play[illegible] classic or antique interest which [illegible]lace except in these exhibi-

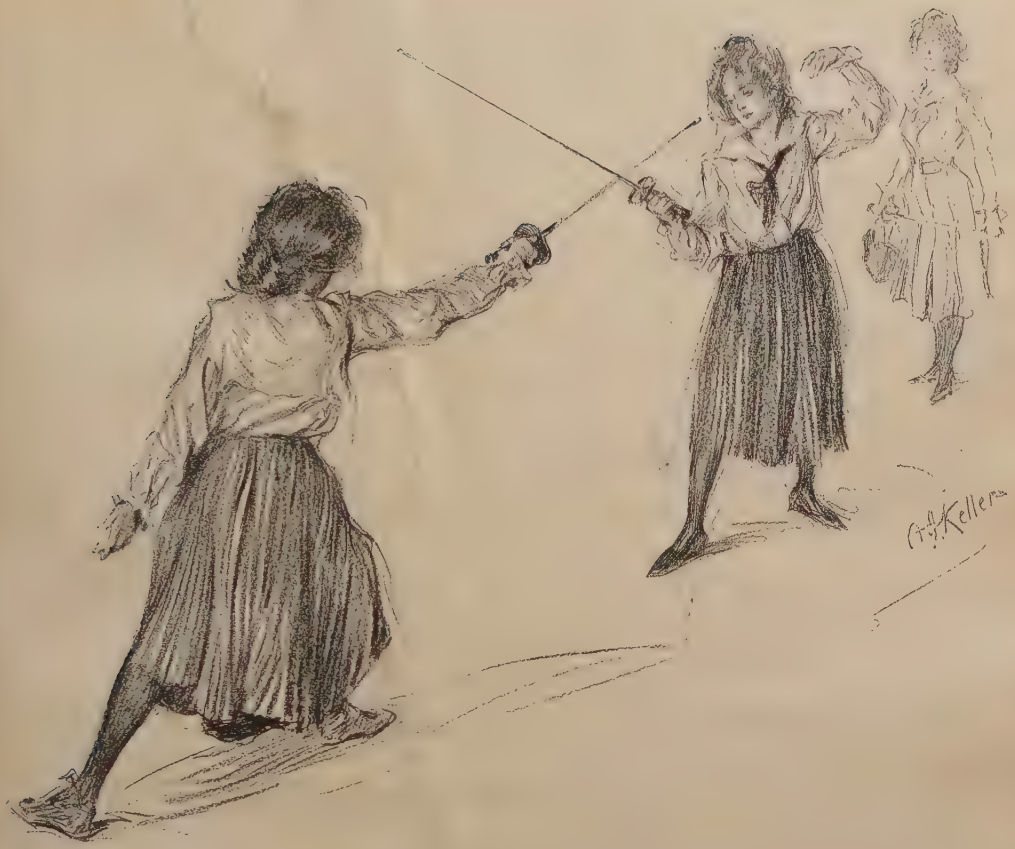
tions: among them, the "Electra" of Sophocles, in English, with full choral effects; the first French comedy ever written; one of the old English moralities; a comedy from the Italian of Goldoni; the "Plaideurs," Racine's only comedy, or rather his one farce; also one of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies.

A school-boy, with wicked intentions and a bent pin, has fewer possibilities in him of pain to other people than an untrained actor. Every human being in America, therefore, that ever occupies a seat in the theater has direct personal interest in the work done by our schools for the stage, and by our individual teachers. Bad acting is a prolific source of distress to the public; for we all know that the aggregate of petty discomforts is human misery. And the "star" actors, oddly enough, are of little importance in this connection. We can either dodge them by keeping out of the theater when they are in it, or brace our nerves against the faults that may have come to them by lack of training, bad articulation, wrong emphasis, inflection, and pronunciation, awkward movements, and, of course, those petted mannerisms. The special good qualities, if any, which make them "stars" may be a compensation to us.



A STUDY OF INTEN

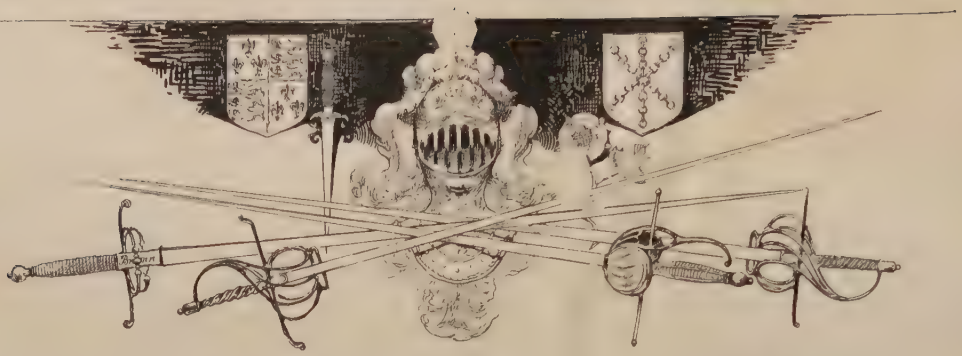
It is from a low standard of acting, in general, the filling of minor parts by untrained actors, that the public suffers most. If an economical housewife would put what she calls "cooking-butter" on the table, in a silver butter-dish, one could eat it, or not, at his pleasure; but when it pervades the entire meal we are helpless. It is in forcing a high quality of art on thrifty managers that a general system of histrionic teaching will be most useful. No training ever yet "produced" great geniuses of any kind. We can only ascribe their production to some special evolution in the race. If they have training, so much the better for art and for our nerves; if not, we must take them without training—just as they come. But West Point and Annapolis are not conducted for the education of military "geniuses." They are intended to supply a body of officers, in all ranks, thoroughly trained, in their profession as soldiers, to support their commanders properly. The latter may or may not be "geniuses," and may or may not be educated at these academies. The function of our stage schools is similar. Histrionic education may discover special talent, and it offers those who have it a shorter way to become "stars." But otherwise the schools have no bearing on the production of "star" actors, except in this way: when the general standard of acting is raised by a system of thorough training—as general as that for medicine or the law—the "star" cannot appear above the theatrical horizon unless it is a very bright one and worth looking at. Some of the "celebrated" actors now on the stage of England and America ought to be at school, learning the a-b-c of their profession. Men and women like them in the next generation, if our schools and great teachers make their full influence felt, will have no place on the stage at all. The public will say to them: "Go and learn your business first, as other people do, and then come back to us."



A DESIRABLE PART OF THE TRAINING.

Is it to be supposed that, when the other parts of a play are filled by men and women who speak correctly, naturally, and with trained voices, moving gracefully and appropriately, the public will tolerate mouthing, harsh tones, awkwardness, and unmeaning actions in the well-advertised leading player, that walks on the stage among these humble and unknown superiors? Certainly not! With a few rare exceptions, even the eccentricities of genius must be less disagreeable, or be resented, not welcomed, by the public. For those rare exceptions, of course, there can be no rule. We cannot force a comet into the humdrum orbit of a regular planet, moving with dignified propriety through the twelve signs of the zodiac. But, after all, one of these uninvited comets, joining our circle for a few days, is not a very important heavenly body, however bright it may be; it is thin, weak, and insignificant. So are these "eccentricities" in any art. With more general training for the stage, "originality" will cease to cover as many sins as charity.





THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

XVI. MAYENNE'S WARD.

LUCAS sprang up.

"You have him? Where?"

"Yes, I have him," Mayenne answered with his tantalizing slowness.

"Alive?"

"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told them I was not done with him. I thought we might have a use for him. He is in the oratory there."

"Diable! Listening?" cried Lucas, as if a quick doubt of Mayenne's good faith to him struck his mind.

"Certainly not," Mayenne answered. "The door is bolted; he might be in the street for all he can hear. The wall was built for that."

"What will you do with him, monsieur?"

"We 'll have him out," said Mayenne. Lucas, needing no second bidding, hastened down the room.

All this while mademoiselle, on the floor at my feet, had neither stirred nor whispered, as rigid as the statued Virgin herself. But now she rose and for one moment laid her hand on my shoulder with an encouraging pat; the next she flung the door wide just as Lucas reached the threshold.

He recoiled as from a ghost.

"Lorance!" he gasped, "Lorance!"

"Nom de dieu!" came Mayenne's shout from the back of the room. "What! Lorance!"

[illegible] caught up the candle[illegible] strode [illegible]

[illegible]ne

courage that knows no fear, but she had the courage that rises to the need. Crouching on the oratory floor she had been in a panic lest they find her. But in the moment of discovery she faced them unflinching.

"You spying here, Lorance!" Mayenne stormed at her.

"I did not come here to spy, monsieur," she answered. "I was here first, as you see. Your presence was as unlooked for by me as mine by you."

His next accusation brought the blood in scarlet flags to her pale cheeks; she made him no answer, but burned him with her indignant eyes.

"Mordieu, monsieur!" Lucas cried. "This is Mlle. de Montluc."

"Then why did you come?" demanded Mayenne.

"Because I had done harm to the lad and was sorry," she said. "You defend me now, Paul, but you did not hesitate to make a tool of me in your cowardly schemes."

"It was kindly meant, mademoiselle," Lucas retorted. "Since I shall kill M. le Comte de Mar in any case, I thought it would pleasure you to have a word with him first."

I think it did not need the look she gave [illegible]m to make him regret the speech. This [illegible]cas was an extraordinary compound of [illegible]rewdness and recklessness, one separating from the other like oil and vinegar in a [illegible]sloven's salad. He could plan and toil and wait, to an end, with a skill and fortitude and patience; but he could not govern his own gusty tempers.

"You have been crying, Lorance," Mayenne said in a softer tone.

"For my sins, monsieur," she answered



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CAMPAGNE.

"'SORRY TO DISTURB MONSIEUR, BUT [illegible] HORSES MUS[illegible]



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

ST: "HE WAS DEPOSITED IN THE BIG BLACK COACH."

quickly. "I am grieved most bitterly to have been the means of bringing this lad into danger. Since Paul cozened me into doing what I did not understand, and since this is not the man you wanted, but only his servant, will you not let him go free?"

"Why, my pretty Lorance, I did not mean to harm him," Mayenne protested, smiling. "I had him flogged for his insolence to you; I thought you would thank me for it."

"I am never glad over a flogging, monsieur."

"Then why not speak? A word from you and it had stopped."

She flushed red for very shame.

"I was afraid—I knew you vexed with me," she faltered. "Oh, I have done ill!" She turned to me, silently imploring forgiveness. There was no need to ask.

"Then you will let him go, monsieur? Alack that I did not speak before! Thank you, my cousin!"

"Of what did you suspect me? The boy was whipped for a bit of impertinence to you; I had no cause against him."

My heart leaped up; at the same time I scorned myself for a craven that I had been overcome by groundless terror.

"Then I have been a goose so to disturb myself," mademoiselle laughed out in relief. "You do well to rebuke me, cousin. I shall never meddle in your affairs again."

"That will be wise of you," Mayenne returned. "For I did mean to let the boy go. But since you have opened his door and let him hear what he should not, I have no choice but to silence him."

"Monsieur!" she gasped, cowering as from a blow.

"Aye," he said quietly. "I would have let him go. But you have made it impossible."

Never have I seen so piteous a sight as her face of misery. Had my hands been free, Mayenne had been startled to find a knife in his heart.

"Never mind, mademoiselle," I cried to her. "You came and wept over me, and that is worth dying for."

"Monsieur," she cried, recovering herself after the first instant of consternation, "you are degrading the greatest noble in the land! You, the head of the house of Lorraine, the chief of the League, the commander of the allied armies, debase yourself in stooping to take vengeance on a stable-boy."

"It is no question of vengeance; it is a question of safety," he answered with impatience. Yet I marvelled that he answered at all, since absolute power is not obliged to give an account of itself.

"Is your estate then so tottering that a stable-boy can overturn it? In that case be advised. Go hang yourself, monsieur, while there is yet time."

He flushed with anger, and this time he offered no justification. He advanced on the girl with outstretched hand.

"Mademoiselle, it is not my habit to take advice from the damsels of my household. Nor do I admit them to my council-room. Permit me then to conduct you to the staircase."

She retreated toward the threshold where I stood, still covering me as with a shield.

"Monsieur, you are very cruel to me."

"Your hand, mademoiselle."

She did not yield it to him, but held out both hands, clasped in appeal.

"Monsieur, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do your pleasure. I thought you meant harm to the boy because he was a servant to M. de Mar, and I knew that M. de St. Quentin, at least, had gone over to the other side. I did not know what you would do with him, and I could not rest in my bed because it was through me he came here. Monsieur, I was foolish and frightened and indiscreet, and punish the lad for my wrong-doing."

Mayenne was still holding out his hand for her.

"I wish you sweet dreams, my cousin Lorance."

"Monsieur," she cried, shrinking back till she stood against the door-jamb, "will you not let the boy go?"

"How will you look to-morrow," he said with his unchanged smile, "if you lose all your sleep to-night, my pretty Lorance?"

"A reproach to you," she answered quickly. "You will mark my white cheeks and my red eyes, and you will say, 'Now, there is my little cousin Lorance, my good ally Montluc's daughter, and I have made her cry her eyes blind over my cruelty. Her father, dying, gave her to me to guard and cherish, and I have made her miserable. I am sorry. I wish I had not done it.'"

"Mademoiselle," the duke repeated, "will you get to your bed?"

She did not stir, but, fixing him with her brilliant eyes, went on as if thinking aloud.

"I remember when I was a tiny maid of five or six, and you and your brother Guise (whom God rest!) would come to our house. You would ask my father to send for me as you sat over your wine, and I would run in to kiss you and be fed comfits from your pockets. I thought you the handsomest and

gallantest gentleman in France, as indeed you were."

"You were the prettiest little creature ever was," Mayenne said abruptly.

"And my little heart was bursting with love and admiration of you," she returned. "When I first could lisp, I learned to pray for my cousin Henri and my cousin Charles. I have never forgotten them one night in all these years. 'God receive and bless the soul of Henri de Guise; God guard and prosper Charles de Mayenne.' But you make it hard for me to ask it for my cousin Charles."

"This is a great coil over a horse-boy," Mayenne said curtly.

"Life is as dear to a horse-boy as to M. le Duc de Mayenne."

"I tell you I did not mean to kill the boy," Mayenne said. "With the door shut he could hear nothing. I meant to question him and let him go. But you have seen fit to meddle in what is no maid's business, mademoiselle. You have unlocked the door and let him listen to my concerns. Dead men, mademoiselle, tell no tales."

"M. de Mayenne," she said, "I cannot see that you need trouble for the tales of boys —you, the lord of half France. But if you must needs fear his tongue, why, even then you should set him free. He is but a serving-boy sent here with a message. It is wanton murder to take his life; it is like killing a child."

"He is not so harmless as you would lead one to suppose, mademoiselle," the duke retorted. "Since you have been eavesdropping, you have heard how he upset your cousin Paul's arrangements."

"For that you should be thankful to him, monsieur. He has saved you the stain of a cowardly crime."

"Mordieu!" Mayenne exclaimed, "who foully murdered my brother?"

"The king."

"And his henchman, St. Quentin."

"Not so," she cried. "He was here in Paris when it happened. He was revolted at the deed."

"Did they teach you that at the convent?"

"No, but it is true. M. de St. Quentin warned my cousin Henri not to go to Blois."

"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."

"I think them brave and honest gentlemen, as I think you, Cousin Charles."

"That sounds ill on the lips that have but now called me villain and murderer," Mayenne returned.

"I have not called you that, monsieur. I said you had been saved from the guilt of murder, and I knew one day you would be glad."

He kept silence, eying her in a puzzled way. After a moment she went on:

"Cousin Charles, it is our lot to live in such days of blood and turmoil that we know not any other way to do but injure and kill. I think you are more harassed and troubled than any man in France. You have Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots and half the provinces to fight in the field, and your own League to combat at home. You must make favour with each of a dozen quarrelling factions, must strive and strive to placate and loyalize them all. The leaders work each for his own end, each against the others and against you; and the truth is not in one of them, and their pledges are ropes of straw. They intrigue and rebel and betray till you know not which way to turn, and you curse the day that made you head of the League."

"I do curse the day Henri was killed," Mayenne said soberly. "And that is true, Lorance. But I am head of the League, and I must do my all to lead it to success."

"But not by the path of shame!" she cried quickly. "Success never yet lay that way. Henri de Valois slew our Henri, and see how God dealt with him!"

He looked at her fixedly; I think he heeded her words less than her shining, earnest eyes. And he said at last:

"Well, you shall have your boy, Lorance."

"Ah, monsieur!"

With tears dimming the brightness of those sweet eyes, she dropped on her knees before him, kissing his hand.

Lucas, since his one unlucky outburst, had said never a word, but stood looking on, with a ruefulness of visage that it warmed the cockles of my heart to see. Certes, he was in no very pleasant corner, this dear M. Paul.

His mistress had heard his own lips describe his plot against the St. Quentins; there was no possibility of lying himself clear of it. Out of his own mouth he was convicted of spycraft, treachery, and cowardly murder. And in the Hôtel de Lorraine, as in the Hôtel de St. Quentin, his betrayal had come about through me. I was unwitting agent in both cases; but that did not make him love me the more. Could eyes slay, I had fallen of the glance he shot me over mademoiselle's bowed head; but when she rose he said to her:

"Mademoiselle, the boy is as much my

prisoner as M. le Duc's, since I got him here. But I, too, freely give him up to you."

She swept him a courtsey, silently, without looking at him. He made an eager pace nearer her.

"Lorance," he cried in a low, rapid voice, "I see I am out of your graces. Now, by Our Lady, what 's life worth to me if you will not take me back again? I admit I have tried to ruin the Comte de Mar. Is that any marvel, since he is my rival with you? Last March, when I was hiding here and watched from my window the gay M. de Mar come airily in, day after day, to see and make love to you, was it any marvel that I swore to bring his proud head to the dust?"

Now she turned to him and met his gaze squarely.

"The means you employed was the marvel," she said. "If you did not approve of his visits, you had only to tell him so. He had been ready to defend to you his right to make them. But you never showed him your face; of course, had you, you could not have become his father's housemate and Judas. Oh, I blush to know that the same blood runs in your veins and mine!"

"You speak hard words, mademoiselle," Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort. "You forget that we live in France in war-time, and not in the kingdom of heaven. I was toiling for more than my own revenges. I was working at your cousin Mayenne's commands, to aid our holy cause, for the preservation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic kingdom of France."

"Your conversion is sudden, then; only an hour ago you were working for nothing and no one but Paul de Lorraine."

"Come, come, Lorance," Mayenne interposed, his caution setting him ever on the side of compromise. "Paul is no worse than the rest of us. He hates his enemies, and so do we all; he works against them to the best of his power, and so do we all. They are Kingsmen, we are Leaguers; they fight for their side, and we fight for ours. If we plot against them, they plot against us; we murder lest we be murdered. We cannot scruple over our means. Nom de dieu, mademoiselle, what do you expect? Civil war is not a dancing-school."

"Mademoiselle is right," Lucas said humbly, refusing any defence. "We have been using cowardly means, weapons unworthy of Christian gentlemen. And I, at least, cannot plead M. le Duc's excuse that I was blinded in my zeal for the Cause. For I know and you know there is but one cause with me. I went to kill St. Quentin because I was promised you for it, as I would have gone to kill the Pope himself. This is my excuse; I did it to win you. There is no crime in God's calendar I would not commit for that."

He had possessed himself of her hand and was bending over her, burning her with his hot eyes. Mass of lies as the man was, in this last sentence I knew he spoke the truth.

She strove to free herself from him with none of the flattered pride in his declaration which he had perhaps looked for. Instead, she eyed him with positive fear, as if she saw no way of escape from his rampant desire.

"I wish rather you would practise a little virtue to win me," she said.

"So I will if you ask it," he returned, unabashed. "Lorance, I love you so there is no depth to which I could not stoop to gain you; there is no height to which I cannot rise. There is no shame so bitter, no danger so awful, that I would not face it for you. Nor is there any sacrifice I will not make to gain your good will. I hate M. de Mar above any living man because you have smiled on him; but I will let him go for your sake. I swear to you before the figure of Our Blessed Lady there that I will drop all enmity to Étienne de Mar. From this time forward I will neither move against him nor cause others to move against him in any shape or manner, so help me God!"

He dropped her hand to kiss the cross of his sword. She retreated from him, her face very pale, her breast heaving.

"You make it hard for me to know when you are speaking the truth," she said.

"May the lightning strike me if I am lying!" Lucas cried. "May my tongue rot at the root if ever I lie to you, Lorance!"

"Then I am very grateful and glad," she said gravely, and again curtsied to him.

"Yes, I give you my word for that, too, Lorance," Mayenne added. "I have no quarrel with young Mar. His father has stirred up more trouble for me than any dozen of Huguenots; I have my score to settle with St. Quentin. But I have no quarrel with the son. I will not molest him."

"Grand'merci, monsieur," she said, sweeping him another of her graceful obeisances.

"Understand me, mademoiselle," Mayenne went on. "I pardon him, but not that he may be anything to you. That time is past. The St. Quentins are the king's men now, and our enemies. For your sake I will let Mar alone; but if he come near you again, I will crush him as I would a buzzing fly."

"That I understand, monsieur," she answered in a low tone. "While I live under your roof, I shall not be treacherous to you. I am a Ligueuse and he is a Kingsman, and there can be nothing between us. There shall be nothing, monsieur. I do not swear it, as Paul needs, because I have never lied to you."

She did not once look at Lucas, yet I think she saw him wince under her stab. The Duke of Mayenne was right; not even Mlle. de Montluc loved her enemies.

"You are a good girl, Lorance," Mayenne said.

"Will you let the boy go now, Cousin Charles?" she asked.

"Yes, I will let your boy go," he made answer. "But if I do this for you, I shall expect you henceforth to do my bidding."

"You have called me a good girl, cousin."

"Aye, so you are. And there is small need to look so Friday-faced about it. If I have denied you one lover, I will give you another just as good."

"Am I Friday-faced?" she said, summoning up a smile. "Then my looks belie me. For since you free this poor boy whom I was like to have ruined I take a grateful and happy heart to bed."

"Aye, and you must stay happy. Pardieu, what does it matter whether your husband have yellow hair or brown? My brother Henri was for getting himself into a monastery because he could not have his Margot. Yet in less than a year he is as merry as a fiddler with the Duchesse Katherine."

"You have made me happy, to-night at least, monsieur," she answered gently, if not merrily.

"It is the most foolish act of my life," Mayenne answered. "But it is for you, Lorance. If ill comes to me by it, yours is the credit."

"You can swear him to silence, monsieur," she cried quickly.

"What use? He would not keep silence."

"He will if I ask it," she returned, flinging me a look of bright confidence that made the blood dance in my veins. But Mayenne laughed.

"When you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will not so flatter yourself, Lorance."

Thus it happened that I was not bound to silence concerning what I had seen and heard in the house of Lorraine.

Mayenne took out his dagger.

"When I do a thing I do it thoroughly. I said I 'd set you free. Free you shall be."

Mademoiselle sprang forward with pleading hand.

"Let me cut the cords, Cousin Charles."

He recoiled a bare second, the habit of a lifetime prompting him against the putting of a weapon in any one's hand. Then, ashamed of the suspicion, which indeed was not of her, he yielded the knife, and she cut my bonds. She looked straight into my eyes, with a glance earnest, beseeching, loving; I could not begin to read all she meant by it. The next moment she was making her deep curtsey before the duke.

"Monsieur, I shall never cease to love you for this. And now I thank you for your long patience, and bid you good night."

With a bare inclination of the head to Lucas, she turned to go. But Mayenne bade her pause.

"Do I get but a curtsey for my courtesy? No warmer thanks, Lorance?"

He held out his arms to her, and she let him kiss both her cheeks.

"I will conduct you to the staircase, mademoiselle," he said, and taking her hand with stately politeness, led her from the room. The light seemed to go from it with the gleam of her yellow gown.

"Lorance!" Lucas cried to her, but she never turned her head. He stood glowering, grinding his teeth together, his glib tongue finding for once no way to better his sorry case. He was the picture of trickery rewarded; I could not repress a grin at him. Marking which, he burst out at me, vehemently, yet in a low tone, for Mayenne had not closed the door:

"You think I am bested, do you, you devil's brat? Let him laugh that wins; I shall have her yet."

"I will tell M. le Comte so," I answered with all the impudence I could muster.

"By Heaven, you will tell him nothing," he cried. "You will never see daylight again."

"I have Mayenne's word," I began, but his retort was to draw dagger. I deemed it time to stop parleying, and I did what the best of soldiers must do sometimes: I ran. I bounded into the oratory, flinging the door to after me. He was upon it before I could get it shut, and the heavy oak was swung this way and that between us, till it seemed as if we must tear it off the hinges. I contrived not to let him push it open wide enough to enter; meantime, as I was unarmed, I thought it no shame to shriek for succour. I heard an answering cry and hurrying footsteps. Then Lucas took his weight from the door so suddenly that mine

banged it shut. The next minute it flew open again, mademoiselle, frightened and panting, on the threshold.

A tall soldier with a musket stood at her back; at one side Lucas lounged by the cabinet where the duke had set down the light. His right hand he held behind his back while with his left he poked his dagger into the candle-flame.

Mayenne, red and puffing, hurried into the room.

"What is the pother?" he demanded. "What devilment now, Paul?"

"Mademoiselle's protégé is nervous," Lucas answered with a fine sneer. "When I drew out my knife to get the thief from the candle he screamed to wake the dead and took sanctuary in the oratory."

I had given him the lie then and there, but as I emerged from the darkness Mayenne commanded:

"Take him out to the street, d'Auvray."

The tall musketeer, saluting, motioned me to precede him. For a moment I hesitated, burning to defend my valour before mademoiselle. Then, reflecting how much harm my hasty tongue had previously done me, and that the path to freedom was now open before me, I said nothing. Nor had I need. For as I turned she flashed over to Lucas and said straight in his face:

"When you marry me, Paul de Lorraine, you will marry a dead wife."

XVII. "I 'LL WIN MY LADY!"

LUCAS'S prophecy came to grief within five minutes of the making. For when the musketeer unbarred the house door for me, the first thing I saw was the morning sun.

My spirits danced at sight of him, as he himself might dance on Easter day. Within the close, candle-lit room I had had no thought but that it was still black midnight; and now at one step I passed from the gloomy house into the heartening sunshine of a new clean day. I ran along as joyously as if I had left the last of my troubles behind me, forgotten in some dark corner of the Hôtel de Lorraine. Always my heart lifts when, after hours within walls, I find myself in the open again. I am afraid in houses, but out of doors I have no fear of harm from any man or any thing.

Though Sir Sun was risen this half-hour, and at home we should all have been about our business, these lazy Paris folk were still snoring. They liked well to turn night into day and lie long abed of a morning. Although here a shopkeeper took down shutters, and there a brisk servant-lass swept the door-step, yet I walked through a sleeping city, quiet as our St. Quentin woods, save that here my footsteps echoed in the emptiness. At length, with the knack I have, whatever my stupidities, of finding my way in a strange place, I arrived before the courtyard of the Trois Lanternes. The big wooden doors were indeed shut, but when I pounded lustily awhile a young tapster, half clad and cross as a bear, opened to me. I vouchsafed him scant apology, but, dropping on a heap of hay under a shed in the court, passed straightway into dreamless slumber.

When I awoke my good friend the sun was looking down at me from near his zenith, and my first happy thought was that I was just in time for dinner. Then I discovered that I had been prodded out of my rest by the pitchfork of a hostler.

"Sorry to disturb monsieur, but the horses must be fed."

"Oh, I am obliged to you," I said, rubbing my eyes. "I must go up to M. le Comte."

"He has been himself to look at you, and gave orders you were not to be disturbed. But that was last week. Dame! you slept like a sabot."

It did not take me long to brush the straw off me, wash my face at the trough, and present myself before monsieur. He was dressed and sitting at table in his bedchamber, while a drawer served him with dinner.

"You are out of bed, monsieur," I cried.

"But yes," he answered, springing up, "I am as well as ever I was. Félix, what has happened to you?"

I glanced at the serving-man; Yeux-gris ordered him at once from the room.

"Now tell me quickly," he cried, as I faltered, tongue-tied from very richness of matter. "Mademoiselle?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed. "Mademoiselle is—" I paused in a dearth of words worthy of her.

"She is, she is!" he agreed, laughing. "Oh, go on, you little slow-poke! You saw her? And she said—"

He was near to laying hands on me, to hurry my tale.

"I saw her and Mayenne and Lucas and ever so many things," I told him. "And they had me flogged, and mademoiselle loves you."

"She does!" he cried, flushing. "Félix, does she? You cannot know."

"But I do know it," I answered, not very

lucidly. "You see, she would n't have wept so much, just over me."

"Did she weep? Lorance?" he exclaimed.

"They flogged me," I said. "They did n't hurt me much. But she came down in the night with a candle and cried over me."

"And what said she? Now I am sorry they beat you. Who did that? Mayenne? What said she, Félix?"

"And then," I went on, not heeding his questions in sudden remembrance of my crowning news, "Mayenne and Lucas came in. And here is something you do not know, monsieur. Lucas is Paul de Lorraine, Henri de Guise's son."

"Mille tonnerres du ciel! But he is a Huguenot, a Rochelais!"

"Yes, but he is a son of Henri le Balafré. His mother was Rochelaise, I think. He was a spy for Navarre and captured at Ivry. They were going to hang him when Mayenne, worse luck, recognized him for a nephew. Since then he has been spying for them. Because Mayenne promised him Mlle. de Montluc in marriage."

He stared at me with dropped jaw, absolutely too startled to swear.

"He has not got her yet!" I cried. "Mayenne told him he should have her when he had killed St. Quentin. And St. Quentin is alive."

"Great God!" said M. Étienne, only half aloud, dropping down on the arm of his chair, overcome to realize the issue that had hung on a paltry handful of pistoles. Then, recovering himself a little, he cried:

"But she—mademoiselle?"

"You need give yourself no uneasiness there," I said. "Mademoiselle hates him."

"Does she know—"

"I think she understands quite well what Lucas is," I made answer. "Monsieur, I must tell you everything that happened from the beginning, or I shall never make it clear to you."

"Yes, yes, go on," he cried.

He sat down at table again, with the intention of eating his dinner as I talked, but precious few mouthfuls he took. At every word I spoke he got deeper into the interest of my tale. I never talked so much in my life, me, as I did those few days. I was always relating a history, to Monsieur, to mademoiselle, to M. Étienne, to—well, you shall know.

I had finished at length, and he burst out at me:

"You little scamp, you have all the luck! I never saw such a boy! Well do they call you Félix! Mordieu, here I lie lapped in bed like a baby, while you go forth a knight-errant-ing. I lie here with old Æsculapius for all company, while you bandy words with the Generalissimo himself! And make faces at Lucas, and kiss the hands of mademoiselle! But I 'll stand it no longer. I 'm done with lying abed and letting you have all the fun. No; to-day I shall take part myself."

"But monsieur's arm—"

"Pshaw, it is well!" he cried. "It is a scratch—it is nothing. Pardieu, it takes more than that to put a St. Quentin out of the reckoning. To-day is no time for sloth; I must act."

"Monsieur—" I began, but he broke in on me:

"Nom de dieu, Félix, are we to sit idle while mademoiselle is carried off by that beast Lucas?"

"Of course not," I said. "I was only trying to ask what monsieur meant to do."

"To take the moon in my teeth," he cried.

"Yes, monsieur, but how?"

"Ah, if I knew!"

He stared at me as if he would read the answer in my face, but he found it as blank as the wall. He flung away and made a turn down the room, and came back to seize me by the arm.

"How are we to do it, Félix?" he demanded.

But I could only shrug my shoulders and answer:

"Sais pas."

He paced the floor once more, and presently faced me again with the declaration:

"Lucas shall have her only over my dead body."

"He will only have her own dead body," I said.

He turned away abruptly and stood at the window, looking out with unseeing eyes. "Lorance—Lorance," he murmured to himself. I think he did not know he spoke aloud.

"If I could get word to her—" he went on presently. "But I can't send you again. Should I write a letter— But letters are mischievous. They fall into the wrong hands, and then where are we?"

"Monsieur," I suggested, "if I could get a letter into the hands of Pierre, that lackey who befriended me—" But he shook his head.

"They know you about the place. It were safer to despatch one of these inn-men—if any had the sense to go rein in hand. Hang me if I don't think I 'll go myself!"

"Monsieur," I said, "Lucas swore by all things sacred that he would never molest you more. Therefore you will do well to keep out of his way."

"My faith, Félix," he laughed, "you take a black view of mankind."

"Not of mankind, M. Étienne. Only of Lucas. Not of Monsieur, or you, or Vigo."

"And of Mayenne?"

"I don't make out Mayenne," I answered. "I thought he was the worst of the crew. But he let me go. He said he would, and he did."

"Think you he meant to let you go from the first?"

"Who knows?" I said, shrugging. "Lucas is always lying. But Mayenne—sometimes he lies and sometimes not. He 's base, and then again he 's kind. You can't make out Mayenne."

"He does not mean you shall," M. Étienne returned. "Yet the key is not buried. He is made up, like all the rest of us, of good and bad."

"Monsieur," I said, "if there is any bad in the St. Quentins I, for one, do not know it."

"Ah, Félix," he cried, "you may believe that till doomsday—you will—of Monsieur."

His face clouded a little, and he fell silent. I knew that, besides his thoughts of his lady, came other thoughts of his father. He sat gravely silent. But of last night's bitter distress he showed no trace. Last night he had not been able to take his eyes from the miserable past; but to-day he saw the future. A future not altogether flowery, perhaps, but one which, however it turned out, should not repeat the old mistakes and shames.

"Félix," he said at length, "I see nothing for it but to eat my pride."

I kept still in the happy hope that I should hear just what I longed to; he went on:

"I swore then that I would never darken the doors again; I was mad with anger; so was he. He said if I went with Gervais I went forever."

"Monsieur, if you repent your hot words, so does he."

"I must e'en give him the chance. If he do repent them, it were churlish to deny him the opportunity to tell me so. If he still maintain them, it were cowardly to shrink from hearing it. No, whatever Monsieur replies, I must go tell him I repent."

I came forward to kiss his hand, I was so pleased.

"Oh, you look very smiling over it," he cried. "Think you I like sneaking back home again like a whipped hound to his kennel?"

"But," I protested, indignant, "monsieur is not a whipped hound."

"Well, a prodigal son, as Lucas named me yesterday. It is the same thing."

"I have heard M. l'Abbé read the story of the prodigal son," I said. "And he was a vaurien, if you like—no more monsieur's sort than Lucas himself. But it says that when his father saw him coming a long way off, he ran out to meet him and fell on his neck."

M. Étienne looked not altogether convinced.

"Well, however it turns out, it must be gone through with. It is only decent to go to Monsieur. But even at that, I think I should not go if it were not for mademoiselle."

"You will beg his aid, monsieur?"

"I will beg his advice at least. For how you and I are to carry off mademoiselle under Mayenne's hand—well, I confess for the nonce that beats me."

"We must do it, monsieur," I cried.

"Aye, and we will! Come, Félix, you may put your knife in my dish. We must eat and be off. The meats have got cold and the wine warm, but never mind."

I DID not mind, but was indeed thankful to get any dinner at all. Once resolved on the move, he was in a fever to be off; it was not long before we were in the streets, bound for the Hôtel St. Quentin. He said no more of Monsieur as we walked, but plied me with questions about Mlle. de Montluc—not only as to every word she said, but as to every turn of her head and flicker of her eyelids; and he called me a dull oaf when I could not answer. But as we entered the Quartier Marais he fell silent, more Friday-faced than ever his lady looked. He had his fair allowance of pride, this M. Étienne; he found his own words no palatable meal.

However, when we came within a dozen paces of the gate he dropped, as one drops a cloak, all signs of gloom or discomposure, and approached the entrance with the easy swagger of the gay young gallant who had lived there. As if returning from a morning stroll he called to the sentry:

"Holà, squinting Charlot! Open now!"

"Morbleu, M. le Comte!" the fellow exclaimed, running to draw the bolts. "Well, this is a sight for sore eyes, anyway."

M. Étienne laughed out in pleasure. It put heart into him, I could see, that his first greeting should be thus friendly.

"Vigo did n't know what had become of you, monsieur," Charlot volunteered. "The old man was n't in the best of tempers last night, after Lucas got away and you gave us the slip, too. He called us all numskulls and cursed idiots. Things were lively for a time, nom d'un chien!"

"Eh bien, I am found," M. Étienne returned. "In time we 'll get Lucas, too. Is Monsieur back?"

"No, M. Étienne, not yet."

I think he was half sorry, half glad.

"Where 's Vigo?" he demanded.

"Somewhere about. I 'll find him for monsieur."

"No, stay at your post. I 'll find him."

He went straight across the court and in at the door he had sworn never again to darken. Humility and repentance might have brought him there, but it was the hand of mademoiselle drew him over the threshold without a falter.

Alone in the hall was my little friend Marcel, throwing dice against himself to while the time away. He sprang up at sight of us, agleam with excitement.

"Well, Marcel," Yeux-gris said, "and where is M. le Capitaine?"

"I think in the stables, monsieur."

"Bid him come to me in the small cabinet."

He turned with accustomed feet into the room at the end of the hall where Vigo kept the rolls of the guard. I, knowing it to be my duty to keep close at hand lest I be wanted, followed. Soon Marcel came flying back to say Vigo was on his way. M. Étienne thanked him, and he hung about, longing to pump me, and, in my lord's presence, not quite daring, till I took him by the shoulders and turned him out. I hate curiosity.

M. Étienne stood behind the table, looking his haughtiest. He was unsure of a welcome from the contumacious Vigo; I read in his eyes a stern determination to set this insolent servant in his place.

The big man entered, saluted, came straight over to the young lord's side, no whit hesitating, and said, as heartily as if there had never been a hard word between them:

"M. Étienne, I had liefer see you stand here than the king himself."

M. Étienne displayed the funniest face of bafflement. He had been prepared to lash rudeness or sullenness, to accept, *de haut en bas*, shamed contrition. But this easy cordiality took the wind out of his sails. He stared, and then flushed, and then laughed. And then he held out his hand, saying simply:

"Thank you, Vigo."

Vigo bent over to kiss it in cheerful ignorance of how that hand had itched to box his ears.

"What became of you last night, M. Étienne?" he inquired.

"I was hunting Lucas. When does Monsieur return, Vigo?"

"He thought he might be back to-day. But he could not tell."

"Have you sent to tell him about me?" he asked, colouring.

"No, I could n't do that," Vigo said. "You see, it is quite on the cards that the Spanish gang may come hither to clean us out. I want every man I have if they do."

"I understand that," M. Étienne said, "but—"

"So long as you are innocent a day or two matters not," Vigo pronounced. "He will presently turn up here or send word that he will not return till the king comes in. But since you are impatient, M. le Comte, you can go to him at St. Denis. If *he* can get through the gates *you* can."

"Aye, but I have business in Paris. I mean to join King Henry, Vigo. There 's glory going begging out there at St. Denis. It would like me well to bear away my share. But—"

He broke off, to begin again abruptly:

"Ah, Vigo, that still tongue of yours! You knew, then, that there was more cause of trouble between my father and me than the pistoles?"

"I knew he suspected you of a kindness for the League, monsieur. But you are cured of that."

"There you are wrong. For I never had it, and I am not cured of it. If I hung around the Hôtel de Lorraine, it was not for politics; it was for petticoats."

Vigo made no answer, but the corners of his grim mouth twitched.

"That 's no news, either? Well, then, since you know so much, you may as well know more. Step up, Félix, and tell your tale."

I did as I was bid, M. Étienne now and then taking the words out of my mouth in his eagerness, Vigo listening to us both with grave attention. I had for the second time in my career the pleasure of startling him out of his iron composure when I told him the true name and condition of Lucas. But at the end of the adventure all the comment he made was:

"A fool for luck."

"Well," said M. Étienne, impatiently, "is that all you have to say? What are we to do about it?"

"Do? Why, nothing."

"Nothing?" he cried, with his hand on his sword. "Nothing? And let that scoundrel have her?"

"That is M. de Mayenne's affair," Vigo said. "We can't help it."

"I will help it!" M. Étienne declared. "Mordieu! am I to let that traitor, that spy, that soul of dirt, marry Mlle. de Montluc?"

"What Mayenne wishes he 'll have," Vigo said. "Some day you will surely get a chance to fight Lucas, monsieur."

"And meantime he is to enjoy her?"

"It is a pity," Vigo admitted. "But there is Mayenne. Can we storm the Hôtel de Lorraine? No one can drink up the sea."

"One could if he wanted to as much as I want mademoiselle," Yeux-gris declared.

But Vigo shook his head.

"Monsieur," he said gravely, "monsieur, you have a great chance. You have a sword and a good cause to draw it in. What more should a man ask in the world than that? Your father has been without it these three years, and for want of it he has eaten his heart out. You have been without it, and you have got yourself into all sorts of mischief. But now all that is coming straight. King Henry is turning Catholic, so that a man may follow him without offence to God. He is a good fellow and a first-rate general. He 's just out there, at St. Denis. There 's your place, M. Étienne."

"Not to-day, Vigo."

"Yes, M. Étienne, to-day. Be advised, monsieur," Vigo said with his steady persistence. "There is nothing to gain by staying here to drink up the sea. Mayenne will no more give your lady to you now than he would give her to Félix. And you can no more carry her off than could Félix. Mayenne will have you killed and flung into the Seine, as easy as eat breakfast."

"And you bid me grudge my life? Strange counsel from you, Vigo."

"No, monsieur, but I bid you not throw it away. We all hope to die afield, but we have a preference how and where. If you fell fighting for Navarre, I should be sorry; Monsieur would grieve deep. But we should say it was well; we grudged not your life to the country and the king. While, if you fall in this fool affair—"

"I fall for my lady," M. Étienne finished. "The bravest captain of them all does no

"M. Étienne, she is no wife for you. You cannot get her. And if you could 't were pity. She is a Ligueuse, and you from now on are a staunch Kingsman. Give her up, monsieur. You have had this maggot in your brain this four years. Once for all, get it out. Go to St. Denis; take your troop among Biron's horse. That is the place for you. You will marry a maid of honour and die a marshal of France."

M. Étienne laid his arm around Vigo's shoulder with a smile.

"Good old Vigo! Vigo, tell me this: if you saw a marshal's baton waiting you in the field, and at home your dearest friend were alone and in peril, would you go off after glory?"

"Aye, if 't was a hopeless business to stay, certes I would go."

"Oh, tell that in Bedlam!" M. Étienne cried. "You would do nothing of the sort. Was it to win glory you stayed three years in that hole, St. Quentin?"

"I had no choice, monsieur. My master was there."

"And my mistress is here! You may save your breath, Vigo; I know what I shall do. The eloquence of Cicero would n't change me."

"What is your purpose, M. Étienne?" Vigo asked.

Indeed, there was a vagueness about his scheme as revealed to us.

"It is quite simple. I purpose to get speech with mademoiselle if I can contrive it, and I think I can. I purpose to smuggle her out of the Hôtel de Lorraine—such feats have been accomplished before and may be again. Then I shall bring her here and hold her against all comers."

"No," Vigo said, "no, monsieur. You may not do that."

"Ventre bleu, Vigo!" his young lord cried.

"No," said Vigo. "I can't have her here, and Mayenne's army after her."

"Coward!" shouted M. Étienne.

I thought Vigo would take us both by the scruff of our necks and throw us out of the place. But he answered undisturbed:

"No, that is not the reason, monsieur. If M. le Duc told me to hold this house against the armies of France and Spain, I 'd hold it till the last man of us was dead. But I am here in his absence to guard his hôtel, his moneys, and his papers. I don't call it guarding to throw a firebrand among them. Bringing Mayenne's niece here would be worse than that."

"Monsieur would never hesitate! Monsieur is no chicken-heart!" Yeux-gris cried. "If he were here, he 'd say, 'We 'll defend the lady if every stone in this house is pulled from its fellow!'"

A twinkle came into Vigo's eyes.

"I think that is likely true," he said. "Monsieur opposed the marriage as long as Mayenne desired it; but now that Mayenne forbids it, stealing the demoiselle is another pair of sleeves."

"Well, then," cried M. Étienne, all good humour in a moment, "what more do you want? We 'll divert ourselves pouring pitch out of the windows on Mayenne's ruffians."

"No, M. Étienne, it can't be done. If M. le Duc were here and gave the command to receive her, that would be one thing. No one would obey with a readier heart than I. Mordieu, monsieur, I have no objection to succouring a damsel in distress; I have been in the business before now."

"Then why not now? Death of my life, Vigo! When I know, and you know, Monsieur would approve."

"I don't know it, monsieur," Vigo said. "I only think it. And I cannot move by my own guesswork. I am in charge of the house till Monsieur returns. I purpose to do nothing to jeopard it. But I interfere in no way with your liberty to proceed as you please."

"I should think not, forsooth!" M. Étienne blazed out furiously.

"I could," rejoined Vigo, with his maddening tranquillity. "I could order the guard —and they would obey—to lock you up in your chamber. I believe Monsieur would thank me for it. But I don't do it. I leave you free to act as it likes you."

My lord was white with ire.

"Who is master here, you or I?"

"Neither of us, M. le Comte. But Monsieur, leaving, put the keys in my hand, and I am head of the house till he returns. You are very angry, M. Étienne, but my shoulders are broad enough to bear it. Your madness will get no countenance from me."

"Hang you for an obstinate pig!" M. Étienne cried.

Vigo said no more. He had made plain his position; he had naught to add or retract. Yeux-gris's face cleared. After all, there was no use being angry with Vigo; one might as well make fists at the flow of the Seine.

"Very well." M. Étienne swallowed his wrath. "It is understood that I get no aid from you. Then I have nobody in the world with me save Félix here. But for all that I 'll win my lady!"

XVIII. TO THE BASTILLE.

But Vigo proved better than his word. If he would give us no countenance, he gave freely good broad gold pieces. He himself suggested M. Étienne's need of the sinews of war, not in the least embarrassed or offended because he knew M. le Comte to be angry with him. He was no feather ruffled, serene in the consciousness that he was absolutely in the right. His position was impregnable; neither persuasion, ridicule, nor abuse moved him one whit. He had but a single purpose in life; he was born to forward the interests of the Duke of St. Quentin. He would forward them, if need were, over our bleeding corpses.

On top of all his disobedience and disrespect he was most amiable to M. Étienne, treating him with a calm assumption of friendliness that would have maddened a saint. Yet it was not hypocrisy; he liked his young lord, as we all did. He would not let him imperil Monsieur, but aside from that he wished him every good fortune in the world.

M. Étienne argued no more. He was wroth and sore over Vigo's attitude, but he said little. He accepted the advance of money—"Of course Monsieur would say, 'What coin is his is yours,'" Vigo explained—and despatched me to settle his score at the Three Lanterns.

I set out on my errand rather down in the mouth. We had accomplished nothing by our return to the hôtel. Nay, rather had we lost, for we were both of us, I thought, disheartened by the cold water flung on our ambitions. I took the liberty of doubting whether perfect loyalty to Monsieur included thwarting and disobeying his heir. It was all very well for Monsieur to spoil Vigo and let him speak his mind as became not his station, for Vigo never disobeyed *him*, but stood by him in all things. But I imagined that, were M. Étienne master, Vigo, for all his years of service, would be packed off the premises in short order.

I walked along in a brown study, wondering how M. Étienne did purpose to rescue mademoiselle. His scheme, so far as vouchsafed to me, was somewhat in the air. I could only hope he had more in his mind than he had let me know. It seemed to me a pity not to be doing something in the mat-

ter, and though I had no particular liking for Hôtel de Lorraine hospitality, I had very willingly been bound thither at this moment to try to get a letter to mademoiselle. But he would not send me.

"No," he had said, "it won't do. Think of something better, Félix."

But I could not, and so was taking my dull way to the inn of the Trois Lanternes.

The city wore a sleepy afternoon look. It was very hot, and few cared to be stirring. I saw nothing worth my notice until, only a block away from the Three Lanterns, I came upon a big black coach standing at the door of a rival auberge, L'Oie d'Or. It aroused my interest at once, for a travelling-coach was a rare sight in the beleaguered city. As Yeux-gris had said, this was not a time of pleasure-trips to Paris. I readily imagined that the owner of this chariot came on weighty business indeed. He might be an ambassador from Spain, a legate from Rome.

I paused by the group of street urchins who were stroking the horses and clambering on the back of the coach, to wonder whether it would be worth while to wait and see the dignitary come out. I was just going to ask the coachman a question or two concerning his journey, when he began to snap his whip about the bare legs of the little whelps. The street was so narrow that he could hardly chastise them without danger to me, so it seemed best to saunter off. The screaming urchins stopped just out of the reach of his lash and set to pelting mud at him with a right good will, but I was too old for that game. I reflected that I was charged with business for my master, and that it was nothing to me what envoys might come to Mayenne. I went on into the Three Lanterns.

The cabaret was absolutely deserted; one might have walked all about and carried off what he pleased, as from the sleeping palace in the tale. "This is a pretty way to keep an inn," I thought. "Where have all the lazy rascals got to?" Then I heard a confused murmur of voices and shuffle of feet from the back, and I went through into the passage where the staircase was.

Here were gathered, in a huddle, like scared sheep, some dozen of the serving-folk, men and maids, the lasses most of them in tears, the men looking scarce less terrified. Their gaze was fixed on the closed door of Maître Menard's little counting-room, whence issued the shrill cry:

"Spare me, noble gentlemen! Spare a poor innkeeper! I swear I know nothing of his whereabouts."

As my footsteps sounded on the threshold, one and all spun round to look at me in fresh dread.

"Mon dieu, it is his lackey!" a chambermaid cried. In the next second a little wiry dame, her eyes blazing with fury, darted out of the group and seized me by the arm with a grip of her nails that made me think a panther had got me.

"So here you are," she screamed. I declare I thought she was going to bite me. "Oh-h-h, you and your fine master, that come here and devour our substance and never pay one sou, but bring ruin to the house! Now, go you straight in there and let them squeeze your throat awhile, and see how you like it yourself!"

She swept me across the passage like a whirlwind, opened the door, shoved me in, and banged it after me before I could collect my senses.

The room was small; it was very well filled up by a bureau, a strong box, a table, two chairs, three soldiers, one innkeeper, and myself.

The bureau stood by the window, with Maître Menard's account-books on it. Opposite was the table, with a captain of dragoons on it. Of his two men, one took the middle of the room, amusing himself with the windpipe of Maître Menard; the other was posted at the door. I was shot out of Mme. Menard's grasp into his, and I found his the gentler of the two.

"I say I know not where he went," Maître Menard was gasping, black in the face from the dragoon's attentions. "He did not tell —I have no notion. Ah—" The breath failed him utterly, but his eyes, bloodshot and bulging, rolled toward me.

"What now?" the captain cried, springing to his feet. "Who are you?"

He wore under his breastplate what I took to be the uniform of the city guards. I had seen the like on the officer of the gate the night I entered Paris. He was a young man of a decidedly bourgeois appearance, as if he were not much outside of his uniform.

"My name is Félix Broux," I said. "I came to pay a bill—"

"That is his servant," Maître Menard contrived to murmur, the dragoon allowing him a breath.

"Oh, you are the Comte de Mar's servant, are you? Where have you left your master?"

"What do you want of him?" I asked in turn.

"Never you mind. I want him."

"But Mayenne said he should not be touched," I cried. "The Duke of Mayenne said himself he should not be touched."

"I know nothing about that," he returned, a trifle more civilly than he had spoken. "I have naught to do with the Duke of Mayenne. If he is friends with your master, M. de Mar may not stay behind bars very long. But I have the governor's warrant for his arrest."

"On what charge?"

"A trifle. Merely murder."

"*Murder?*"

"Yes, the murder of a lackey, one Pontou."

"But that is ridiculous!" I cried. "M. le Comte did not—"

I came to a halt, not knowing what to say. "Lucas—Paul de Lorraine killed him," was on the tip of my tongue, but I choked it down. To fling wild accusations against a great man's man were no wisdom. By accident I had given the officer the impression that we were friends of Mayenne. I should do ill to imperil the delusion. "M. le Comte—" I began again, and again stopped. I meant to say that monsieur had never left the inn last night; he could have had no hand in the crime. Then I bethought me that I had better not know the hour of the murder. "M. le Comte is a very grand gentleman; he would not murder a lackey," I got out at last.

"You can tell that to the judges," the captain rejoined.

At this I felt ice sliding down my spine. To be arrested as a witness was the last thing I desired.

"I know nothing whatever about it," I cried. "He seemed to me a very fine gentleman. But you can't always tell about these nobles. The Comte de Mar, I've only known him twenty-four hours. Until he engaged me as lackey, yesterday afternoon, I had never laid eyes on him. I know not what he has been up to. He engaged me yesterday to carry a message for him to the Hôtel St. Quentin. I came into Paris but night before last, and put up at the Amour de Dieu in the Rue Coupejarrets. Yesterday he employed me to run his errands, and last night brought me here with him. But I had never seen him till this time yesterday. I know nothing about him save that he seemed a very free-handed, easy master."

To a nice ear I might have seemed a little too voluble, but the captain only laughed at my patent fright.

"Oh, you need not look so whey-faced; I have no warrant for your arrest. I dare say you are as great a rogue as he, but the order says nothing about you. Don't swoon away; you are in no peril."

I was stung to be thought such a craven, but I pocketed the insult, and merely answered:

"I assure you, monsieur, I know naught of the matter." Yesterday I would have blurted out to him the whole truth; decidedly my experiences were teaching me something.

"Come now, I can't fool about here all day," he said impatiently. "Tell me where that precious master of yours is now. And be quicker about it than this old mule."

Maître Menard, then, had told them nothing—staunch old loyalist. He knew perfectly that M. le Comte had gone home, and they had throttled him, and yet he had not told. Well, he should not lose by it.

"Monsieur is about the streets somewhere. On my life, I know not where. But I know he will be back here to supper."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? Then perhaps Gaspard can quicken your memory."

At the word the soldier who had attended to Maître Menard came over to me and taught me how it feels to be hanged. I said to myself that if I had talked like a dastard I was not one, and every time he let me speak I gasped, "I don't know." The room was black to me, and the sea roared in my ears, and I wondered whether I had done well to tell the lie. For had I said that my master was in the Hôtel St. Quentin, still those fellows would have found it no easy job to take him. Vigo might not be ready to defend Mlle. de Montluc, but he would defend Monsieur's heir till all was blue. Yet I would not yield before the choking Maître Menard had withstood, and I stuck to my lie.

Then I bethought me, while the room reeled about me and my head seemed like to burst, that perchance if they should keep me here a captive till M. le Comte's arrival he might really follow to see what had become of me. I turned sick with the fear of it, and resolved on the truth. But Gaspard's last gullet-gripe had robbed me of the power to speak. I could only pant and choke. As I struggled painfully for wind, the door was flung open before a tall young man in black. Through the haze that hung before my vision I saw the soldier seize him as he crossed the threshold. Through the noise of waters I heard the captain's cry of triumph.

"Oh, M. Étienne!" I gasped in agony that

my pain had been for nothing. Now all was lost. Then the blur lifted, and my amazed eyes beheld not my master, but—Lucas!

"How now, sirrah?" he cried to the dragoon. "Hands off me, knaves!" For the second soldier had seized his other arm.

"I regret to inconvenience monsieur," the captain answered, "but he is wanted at the Bastille."

"Wanted? I?" Lucas cried, fear flashing into his eyes.

He felt an instant terror, I deem, lest Mayenne had betrayed him. Quick as he was, he did not see that he had been taken for another man.

"You, monsieur. You are wanted for the murder of your man, Pontou."

He grew white, looking instinctively at me, remembering where I had been at three o'clock this morning.

"It is a lie! A foul lie! He left my service a month back, and I have never seen him since."

"Tell that to the judges," the captain said, as he had said to me. "I am not trying you. The handcuffs, men."

One of them produced a pair. Lucas struggled frantically in his captors' grasp. He dragged them from one end of the room to the other, calling down all the curses of Heaven upon them; but they snapped the handcuffs on for all that.

"If this is Mayenne's work—" he panted.

The officer caught nothing but the name Mayenne.

"The boy said you were a friend to his Grace, monsieur, but orders are orders. I have the warrant for your arrest from M. de Belin."

"At whose instigation?"

"How should I know? I am a soldier of the guard. I have naught to do with it but to arrest you."

"Let me see the warrant."

"I am not obliged to. But I will, though. It may quiet your bluster."

He took out the warrant and held it at a safe distance before Lucas's eyes. A great light broke in on that personage.

"Mille tonnerres! I am not the Comte de Mar!"

"Oh, you say that now, do you? Pity you had not thought of it sooner."

"But I am not the Comte de Mar! I am Paul de Lorraine, nephew to my Lord Mayenne."

"Why don't you say straight out that you 're the Duc de Guise?"

"I am not the Duc de Guise," Lucas returned with dignity. He must have been cursing himself that he had not given his name sooner. "But I am his brother."

"You take me for a fool."

"Aye, and you shall hang for your folly!"

"You must think me a fool," the captain repeated. "The Duke of Guise's eldest brother is but seventeen—"

"I did not say I was legitimate."

"Oh, you did not say that? You did not know, then, that I could reel off the ages of every Lorraine of them all. No, M. de Mar, I am not such a greenhorn as you think. You will come along with me to the Bastille."

"You insolent fool! I 'll have you broken on the wheel for this," Lucas stormed. "I am no more Mar than I am King of Spain. Speak up, you old turnspit," he shouted to Maître Menard. "Am I he?"

Poor Maître Menard had dropped down on his iron box, too limp and sick to know what was going on. He only stared helplessly.

"Speak, rascal," Lucas cried. "Am I Comte de Mar?"

"No," the maître answered in low, faltering tones. He was at the last point of pain and fear. "No, monsieur officer, it is as he says. He is not the Comte de Mar."

"Who is he, then?"

"I know not," the maître stammered. "He came here last night. But it is as he says—he is not the Comte de Mar."

"Take care, mine host," the officer returned; "you 're lying."

I could not wonder at him; if I had not been in a position to know otherwise, I had thought myself the maître was lying.

"If you had spoken at first I might have believed you," the captain said, bestowing a kick on him. "Get out of here, old ass, before I cram your lie down your throat. And clear your people away from this door. I 'll not walk through a mob. Send every man Jack about his business, or it will be the worse for him. And every woman Jill, too."

"M. le Capitaine," Maître Menard quavered, rising unsteadily to his feet, "you make a mistake. On my sacred word, you mistake; this is not—"

"Get out!" cried the captain, helping him along with his boot. Maître Menard fell rather than walked out of the door.

A gray hue came over Lucas's face. His first fright had given way to fury at perceiving himself the victim of a mistake, but now alarm was born in his eyes again. Was it, after all, a mistake? This obstinate disbelief in his assertion, this ordering away of all

who could swear to his identity—was it not rather a plot for his ruin? He swallowed hard once or twice, fear gripping his throat harder than ever the dragoon's fingers had gripped mine. Certainly he was not the Comte de Mar; but then he was the man who had killed Pontou.

"If this is a plot against me, say so!" he cried. "If you have orders to arrest me, do so. But arrest me by the name of Paul de Lorraine, not of Étienne de Mar."

"The name of Étienne de Mar will do," the captain returned; "we have no fancy for sobriquets at the Bastille."

"It is a plot!" Lucas cried.

"It is a warrant; that is all I know about it."

"But I am not Comte de Mar," Lucas repeated.

His uneasy conscience had numbed his wits. In his dread of a plot he had done little to dissipate an error. But now he pulled himself together; error or intention, he would act as if he knew it must be error.

"My captain, you have made a mistake likely to cost you your shoulder-straps. I tell you I am not Mar; the landlord, who knows him well, tells you I am not Mar. Ask those who know M. de Mar; ask these inn people. They will one and all tell you I am not he. Ask that boy there; even he dares not say to my face that I am."

His eyes met mine, and I could see that, even in the moment of challenging me, he repented. He believed that I would give the lie. But the dragoon who was bending over him, relieving him of his sword-belt, spared me the necessity.

"Captain, you need give yourself no uneasiness; this is the Comte right enough. I live in the Quartier Marais, and I have seen this gentleman a score of times riding with M. de St. Quentin."

Lucas, at this unexpected testimony, looked so taken aback that the captain burst out laughing.

"Yes, my dear monsieur, it is a little hard for M. de Mayenne's nephew—you are a nephew, are you not?—to explain how he comes to ride with the Duc de St. Quentin."

It was awkward to explain. Lucas, knowing well that there was no future for him who betrayed the Generalissimo's secrets, cried out angrily:

"He lies! I never rode out with M. de St. Quentin."

"Oh, come now. Really you waste a great deal of breath," the captain said. "I regret the cruel necessity of arresting you, M. de Mar; but there is no use your making such a fuss about it. I usually know what I am about."

"You do not know! Nom de dieu, you do not know. Félix Broux, speak up there. If you have told him behind my back that I am Étienne de Mar, I defy you to say it to my face."

"I know nothing about it, messieurs," I repeated my little refrain. "Monsieur captain, remember, if you please, I never saw him till yesterday; he may be Paul de Lorraine for all I know. But he did not call himself that yesterday."

"You hell-hound!" Lucas cried.

"Go tell Louis to drive up to the cabaret door, Gaspard," bade the captain.

Lucas gazed at him as if to tear out of him the truth of the matter. I think he was still a prey to suspicion of a plot in this, and it paralyzed his tongue. He so reeked with intrigue that he smelled one wherever he went. He was much too clever to believe that this arresting officer was simply thick-witted.

"I say no more," he cried. "You may spare yourself your lies, the whole crew of you. I go as your prisoner, but I go as Paul of Lorraine, son of Henry, Duke of Guise."

He said it with a certain superbness; but the young captain, bourgeois of the bourgeois, did not mean to let himself be put down by any sprig of the noblesse.

"Certainly, if it is any comfort to you," he retorted. "But you are very dull, monsieur, not to be aware that your identity is known perfectly to others besides your lackey here and my man. I did not come to arrest you without a minute description of you from M. de Belin himself."

"Ventre bleu!" Lucas shouted. "I wrote the description. I myself lodged information against Mar. I came here to make sure you took him. Carry me before Belin; he will know me."

I trembled lest the officer could not but see that the man spoke truth. But I had no need to fear; there is a combination of stupidity and vanity which nothing can move.

"I have no orders to take you to M. de Belin," he returned calmly. "So you wrote the description, did you? Perhaps you will deny that it fits you?"

He read from the paper:

"'Charles André Étienne Marie de St. Quentin, Comte de Mar. Age, three-and-twenty; figure, tall and slender; was dressed yesterday in black with a plain falling-band; carries his right arm in a sling—'"

"Is my arm in a sling?" Lucas demanded.

"No, in a handcuff," the captain laughed, at the same moment that his dragoon exclaimed, "His right wrist is bandaged, though."

"That is nothing! It is a mere scratch. I did it myself last night by accident," Lucas shouted, striving with his hampered left hand to pull the folds apart to show it. But he could not, and fell silent, wide-eyed, like one who sees the net of fate drawing in about him. The captain went on reading from his little paper:

"'Fair hair, gray eyes, aquiline nose'—I suppose you will still tell us, monsieur, that you are not the man?"

"I am not he. The Comte de Mar and I are nothing alike. We are both young, tall, yes but that is all. He is slashed all up the forearm; my wrist is but scratched with a knife-edge. He has yellow hair; mine is brown. His eyes—"

"It is plain to me, monsieur," the officer interrupted, "that the description fits you in every particular." And so it did.

I, who had heard M. Étienne described twenty times, had yesterday mistaken Lucas for him; the same items served for both. It was the more remarkable because they actually looked no more alike than chalk and cheese. Lucas had set down his catalogue without a thought that he was drawing his own picture. If ever hunter was caught in his own gin, Lucas was!

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "You know I am not Mar. You lie, the whole pack of you!"

"Gag him, Ravelle," the captain commanded with an angry flush.

"I demand to be taken before M. de Belin!" Lucas shouted.

The next moment the soldier had twisted a handkerchief about his mouth.

"Ready?" the captain asked of Gaspard, who had come back just in time to aid in the throttling. "Move on, then."

He led the way out, the two dragoons following with their prisoner. And this time Lucas's fertile wits failed him. He did not slip from his captors' fingers between the room and the street. He was deposited in the big black coach that had aroused my wonder. Louis cracked his whip, and off they rumbled.

I laughed all the way back to the Hôtel St. Quentin.

(To be continued.)

A FAR CRY.

BY HARRIET BOYER.

I WALK the streets I do not know,
A stranger, ill at ease;
And alien faces come and go
That do not please;
The very airs that round me blow
Blow from strange seas.

I know a hill in mine own land
Where I would be;
I know a hearth-fire burning bright
That burns for me.

Around that home, this winter-tide,
The snow lies deep;
The midnight moon shines clear and high,
The vagrant winds are all asleep.

An exile in this sultry land,
In dreams I seek those snow-fields free,
The hill, the hearth-fire burning bright,
And thee.

THE EDUCATION OF SAM.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

SAM is comparatively a young dog, only eighteen months old, with the world before him. It is not his fault that he has not a romantic name; he did not choose it, nor did I. He came to our house simply as Sam. Although a puppy in months, he displayed an independence of character that accounted for the fact that he was not called "Sammy."

Sticklers about breeds declare that he is a pure mongrel. He has the head of a hound, with a large brain, a handsome face, and fine eyes, commonly sad in expression, but capable of sparkling with joy or beaming with affection, and of flashing with rage and excitement when he encounters an enemy or cannot have his own way. In color he is a glossy black-and-tan, with a round, sinewy body, but with legs, alas! too short to carry out the idea of his face that he is a hound; but he is so immensely vigorous that he can go along almost as fast as a sparrow. The tail is not bushy, but if it had a knot of ribbon on the end it would resemble a Chinaman's queue, or the single braid of a school-girl. Many people say that he is not handsome, considered as a dog; and he is not, if a dachshund is a beauty, or if a pug is considered presentable—a kind of dog cut off square at both ends, as if one of many sawed off from a scantling of dogwood to be sold by the dozen. Whatever is the meaning of the biblical dictum that "He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man," those who know Sam best cease to criticize him in this respect.

If Sam were a child he would be described as a bad boy with an affectionate disposition; he has no more inclination to "mind" than a child, is quick to repent after a beating, and eager to do wrong again immediately, and to repent again and be forgiven. He has never been punished to the point of breaking his spirit, but he seems to know exactly when he has had enough, ceases his angry yelping, sits down and puts up his right paw in token that he yields, and is sweetness and affection itself to his instructor until some new idea comes into his head for another educational experiment. I have never known a dog exhibit so much affection for his master, and less disposition to obey him when there is a difference of opinion between them. He is often as winning as a child in his ways, but in intelligence and knowledge of the world no child of his age is to be compared with him. He not only knows more than any child of eighteen months, but he has more sense of responsibility. His development has been much more rapid. The point of interest is the study of his mind and its limitations.

With his great and early intelligence in many ways, it is incomprehensible that he should not go on beyond what is generally assumed to be the dog limit. It is from this point of view that I venture to consider his education. At the outset, however, it should be said that I am not trying to educate him in the common acceptation of that word, but am trying the new method of awakening his mind and letting him develop and educate himself like a dog and not like a man. The mistake is commonly made of training a dog to imitate people. I wish to teach him no tricks, nor to cram him for an examination or an exhibition. I should like to see him grow up a good, capable dog on dog lines.

It should be borne in mind that a dog has a much more difficult task in his development in this world than a child. The child has simply to be developed as a human being on well-defined lines. The dog is expected to develop as a dog, and at the same time to adjust himself to human life in our social state—to learn human ways and accommodate his nature to artificial conditions. He has, therefore, a double task.

In a state of savagery the dog is a savage, —that is admitted,—and probably he would remain so without human companionship, though doubtless dogs differ in character when wild, and, if we knew, we should find among them noble dogs, generous and capable of leadership. The question is whether there is any possibility of the higher education of the dog as a dog, and not as a mere imitation of a man. His present education is generally through fear, or through hope of gratification. In the former case he be-

comes a cringing slave of his master, and in the latter a sort of hypocrite. I dislike a learned pig, and I have little pleasure in seeing the performance of a trained dog. It is, indeed, pathetic to watch the tricks of imitation, so un-doglike, induced by fear, or by hunger, or by an appeal to the appetite. But it is always agreeable to see a dog do anything for his master, or for another dog, out of affection.

How far Sam can educate himself, when his attention is called to the necessity, is, of course, a matter of experiment. It seems to be agreed that dogs are prone to take their character from their human environment. If brought up among vulgar and brutal people they will be vulgar and brutal, whereas they will acquire a certain gentleness and even aristocratic fastidiousness with associations of a different sort. Without trying to educate Sam out of his nature, I have been trying to influence him to good and polite behavior by treating him with gentle firmness and uprightness. His great passion is for taking walks, preferably in the country rather than in the city streets, and while his companion walks a mile Sam will usually run five miles, following scents on the ground, and chasing birds and other objects, like cats, that excite his curiosity. In this way he works off his superfluous energy and gets into a good frame of mind. Since he has been indulged daily in these long and free rambles, especially in the fields and woods, he has grown much more amenable and inclined to listen to reasonable counsel, and the cook says he is a "changed dog."

Occasional chastisement has benefited him, but the chief hold on him is through his affection and his love of wandering with his master. He will do anything rather than be cut off from that privilege. No punishment equals that of being left at home when one of the family goes for a stroll. As an illustration of this, I recall that one morning when we started out he was so full of uncontrollable spirits that he ran and barked violently at every carriage, automobile, or bicycle in the road. I remonstrated in vain; and after going a square or two, I took him home and shut him up. He understood perfectly what that meant, for when we went out again after lunch he behaved like a little gentleman, and only exercised his impetuous playfulness on sparrows and cats and small game. Did he remain good and obedient? No more than a boy. Line upon line is needed with a dog, and he continually does things he knows to be wrong, only gradually giving up his bad habits. It seems to be a struggle in his nature whether he shall please himself or please me, and he acts a good deal on lightning impulse, like a child.

Yet some lessons he can learn perfectly. One day, as we were quietly walking along, his attention was suddenly attracted to an electric-car sprinkler. It was a new thing, and he thought it would be fun to run alongside of it and bark. Instantly he was off like a flash, paying no attention to my call. It was going at high speed, and Sam went straight at it with all his might. Unfortunately, he had not noticed the sprinkling-boom that swept the street close to the ground. This instrument knocked him down, carried him along, rolled him over and over, and drenched him. The motor-man and his master thought the dog was killed; but he got up, stood a moment dazed by the attack before he comprehended the situation, and then came back to me with the most downcast and humiliated mien. A moment after, a sparrow on the walk attracted his attention, and he was off like a shot. This shows the thoughtlessness of youth. But the lesson was learned, and now when Sam sees a sprinkler he makes the most respectful circuit around it. Day by day he is learning, in a dozen ways, that it is not most comfortable for him to have his own way in everything.

In speaking of his education, I do not mean to say that he is likely to be amenable to any system or traditionary curriculum. Indeed, he seems to have the modern idea of taking only the electives. He is probably incapable of pursuing a regular course. At the best his education must be superficial, but it is all the more interesting to see what he will make of his opportunities. There is one thing, however, that he may escape: he will not be a victim of what may be called the electric education. It is well known that an electric automobile can only be charged to run a certain time or distance. After the charge is out it is a dead machine. In some of our schools this process is used with the pupils. They are charged, or filled up, or "crammed," as it is called, in order to pass an examination, or to go a certain "term," and after the term is up, or the examination is safely passed, they have nothing in them, and would need to be newly charged for another effort. Whatever learning Sam gets, I want him to absorb it, have it a part of his nature, so that he will not run down and come to a standstill when the artificial stimulus is wanting.

It would be worth while to study Sam's morals from an evolutionary point of view. In this respect he would be placed somewhere in the list of those described by the reporter who recently spoke of the fall of the rain, at a picnic, upon the just and the unjust and upon the middle class. He has one trait which is specially interesting to the scientist. He has always had it, but it has come into special prominence since he has learned to swim—which he did without learning—and to go into the water after a stick. He will get it, but he will not, for love or money, bring it to me or surrender it if he thinks I want it. He does not care for the stick, and he drops it and leaves it if let alone; but if I make any move to take it up, he promptly claims it. This disposition to keep all you can get hold of, mainly to keep it from other people, a common trait of individuals and of nations, was evidently in the dog in the remote evolutionary period before he diverged from the main stem. And the persistence of this trait in the human race, in its present development, shows how impossible it is that it can be educated or evolved out of the dog in any calculable period.

It is very difficult to gage Sam's mental capacity, or its limitations, and fairly to judge how much of it is chargeable to what we contemptuously call "instinct." The lack of a mutual medium of communication is in the way of this investigation. This is more my fault than his. He understands me better than I understand him. He is learning my language, while he cannot make me understand his language, which is mostly signs. He knows a great many words that I use, while I can little understand his bark, or interpret properly the wag of his tail or the wiggle of his body. He may be expressing joy or rage or dissatisfaction or the want of something, and I have no doubt he thinks I am very stupid not to comprehend him. I have seen him, at times, almost beside himself, in a frenzy of tearing about and barking, when he evidently wanted me to do something, or was trying to express some emotion, either of affection or dislike. He certainly has great capacity of attachment; or perhaps his affection for his master might be called adhesiveness; for he sticks to me, in all our waking hours, closer than an Italian flea.

It is clear that some of his senses are developed far beyond ours, and probably beyond that of savage man, certainly his senses of hearing and smell, though I doubt if his sight is as keen or as far-reaching as that of a trained woodsman or a prairie-dweller, or of the natural man in freedom. But there is another respect in which he is superior, and that is the quickness with which he responds to a sensation, or a suggestion transmuted into an idea, conveyed by the motor nerves. For instance, a fly lights on the finger. The sensation caused by this is conveyed to the brain, and the brain orders a motor nerve to move the finger and get rid of the fly. An appreciable time is consumed in this operation, and the time differs in different people. There was, and perhaps is, a series of experiments carried on at Cambridge, with very delicate machinery, to test the muscular response in different individuals to sense impressions. In this school or laboratory—all our schools will probably be called laboratories before long—Sam would take a high rank among the subjects or pupils. His response to anything he hears, sees, or smells appears to be instantaneous. If anything attracts his attention, whatever he may be doing, he is after it like a ball from a catapult. The sensation, the making up the mind, and the muscular action appear to be simultaneous. This may show that he is a very highly organized being. He has the faculty of dropping asleep instantly whenever he chooses; but he must be a light sleeper, for any incident that interests him puts him instantly in motion, without wasting the time to "wake up" taken by people generally. Why should not this great alertness of body be evidence of great alertness of mind?

Some of Sam's limitations are discouraging to an educator. I doubt if he has any correct comprehension of numbers, or if he can compute the passing of time. His memory shows that he recalls the past, but there is no sign that he has any comprehension of a future, consequently none of any world except this. It seems a pity to bring up a dog a pagan in a Christian country. If he lived in Europe he would be in the way of going to church, and would not be driven out of a place of worship, like a Congregational dog. But he could not be a Roman Catholic, for even if he could get rid of his seven deadly sins,—one of which, as has been said, is barking at passing carriages, automobiles, bicycles, and people carrying packages,—he has no sense of repentance, only the common sorrow for wrong-doing that makes him suffer. He can, however, be taught conduct, but not by "absent treatment"; and though anything like a religious tendency is indiscernible, he might be made a better dog by the Society of Ethical Culture.

I cannot say that Sam is a fighting dog. If invited, he would probably join the Peace and Arbitration Society. This peacefulness of his would discredit him with most people, who like a fighting dog and eagerly see a dog-fight; that is, they like best in a dog that which is savage in him. This shows about how far the human race has got on in its evolution out of savagery. It likes to fight and kill, and the best part of the race boasts of love of fighting as an Anglo-Saxon trait. The bulldog quality is highly valued. The highest compliment that can be paid to a soldier is to call him a bulldog. Sam certainly is not a model of this sort of valor; and merely to fight in self-defense, like a Quaker pushed to the wall, gives at present no reputation for heroism. The subject has, of course, another side. Is a non-resistant dog fitted for this world? Would a dog so civilized as to fight only in self-defense be likely to fight even in a war of self-defense for his country? Would he volunteer? Is the fighting spirit still a necessary part of doghood as it is of manhood? I doubt if Sam would make even a good modern missionary, since it is necessary to send a Gatling gun before or behind every missionary. It is only when Sam loses his temper that he acts like a Jingo, and is no more amenable to reason than an Expansionist.

Bad as Sam is in many respects,—he seems to be aware that I am writing about him, as he lies by my chair,—I am confident that he must be educated through his affection, and that the discipline he gets must be so administered as not to make him cringing and mean-spirited. He really, at times, seems disposed to do what I wish, if he can understand what that is and it does not interfere with his own inclinations; and he likes being praised. Many of his imperfections are due to his youth, and I realize the truth of the old saying that it is hard to teach a new dog old tricks. But I do not wish to teach him tricks, or to make him conceited, but to educate him to be a good companion, and not to pervert his dog nature.

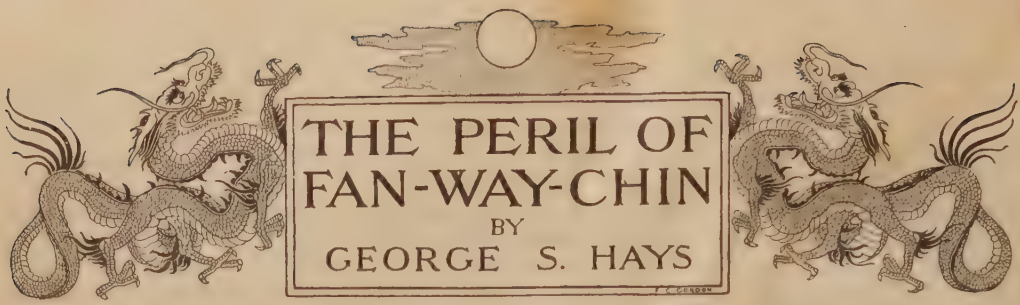
When Sam, conscious of having done wrong, stands quite out of the reach of my stick, all affection tempered by humorous expression in his eyes, and all dodging alertness in his legs, I often say to him: "Sam, you rascal, if you only knew how I have yearned for you to be a good dog!"



INEVITABLE.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

THE hour of our last parting threw its shade
On our first hour of meeting; overwise
With prescience of sorrow were your eyes
In that first glance ere hand on hand was laid;
The shadow of a sudden passing wing
One little moment blurred the keen, glad sea,
And minor notes possessed its threnody
Like some sad warning that a seer might sing.
And we, who stand to-night, poor pawns of Fate,
With unclasped hands and lips that dare not kiss,
May we rebel with empty words at this,
Who knew this hour must dawn or soon or late?
Poor, broken blades that strove against a thing
Mighty as love and strong as suffering.



THE PERIL OF FAN-WAY-CHIN

BY

GEORGE S. HAYS

FOR more than a month Fan-way-chin had been slowly traveling northward. His home lay in the extreme southwest province of the Celestial Kingdom; his destination was the northern capital. He had almost crossed the empire, and in doing so had nearly traversed the known world. At the point where our story begins, his equipage consisted of a cart, the carter, and two mules driven tandem.

A hot afternoon in May found him within a few days of Peking, where he hoped to pass his coming examination and obtain an official appointment. Fan, balancing himself on the front part of the cart, was trying to catch a breath of cool air, and the muleteer at his side was dozing away the monotony of the journey, when at a turn of the road they were suddenly brought to a stand. The led mule gave a great snort and ran up on the bank as far as possible from the object of his fright, and stood trembling and pawing until it was well out of his way. The muleteer, half asleep, was jolted from his place, and fell in front of the cart, and Fan-way-chin involuntarily started from his seat, and stood rubbing the dust from his eyes and staring after the party which had just passed.

The occasion of the disturbance was a criminal—probably a murderer or a highwayman, perhaps both. He was carried by four men in a rude litter of ropes swung between two poles. An iron collar about his neck was riveted to a heavy iron chain, and with these, and fetters on both hands and feet, the miserable wretch was lashed to his nest, in which he reclined like some wild beast taken captive against his will.

He was an enormous man, fully six feet high, with a low, retreating forehead, massive throat and jaws, and dull, sunken eyes. More expressive, and at the same time more repulsive, than all else, was the thick, coarse black hair which had grown during his imprisonment until it stood up on his head a hideous border of black bristles. This feature added tenfold emphasis to the savage leer with which he regarded Fan-way-chin as he passed within a few feet of him.

"What an inhuman beast it is!" gasped Fan. "It makes my flesh creep to look at him. And what a hellish crop of bristles grows out of his head!"

"That means they will shave his head for him very soon," chuckled the muleteer.

"Closer than he will relish," replied the other.

"Just below the ears," laughed the muleteer, brutally.

After some reviling, the mule was persuaded to return to the beaten track, and Fan-way-chin continued his journey. But he was not able easily to shake off the feelings he experienced at the sight he had just witnessed, and long after he fell asleep that night he saw in his dreams a creature, half man, half beast, with horrid, bristly hair, crouching as if about to spring upon him and overpower him. As matters turned out, Fan was not soon to forget the manacled prisoner and his dreams, for this same long-haired man was destined once more to cross his path.

Two more days and they would reach their destination. They were nearing the great city of Peking—Peking, with its millions of souls, its thousands of officials and thousands of candidates for office, its Supreme Ruler, its far-famed sacred altars and places of worship, its beggars and thieves; Peking, with its regal wealth and corroding want.

Fan was delighted with the thought that his journey was almost completed. He thrilled at the prospect of visiting the great capital of the north. Here at last was the Mecca of his pilgrimage. Here was the city of which he had dreamed as far back as he could remember. Here he should take his first step on the road to fortune and fame. He could hardly keep his place inside the cart. At no time during the whole journey had the mules seemed to move so slowly, or the muleteer appeared so stupidly oblivious of his surroundings.

"Why don't you go on?" demanded Fan of the driver, who had come to a dead stand. Receiving no answer, Fan pulled aside the

curtain and looked out to see who was talking to his muleteer.

He saw a fine-looking old man, richly dressed in silk, who was saying: "His Excellency has come, has he? Is he well?"

The muleteer replied that his honorable fellow-traveler was well, and Fan-way-chin descended from his cart and began a series of profound bows.

"You have been a long time on the way," said the old man. "We have been looking for you for three days."

"There is some mistake," replied Fan, smiling good-naturedly. "I am from Yun-nan, Da-li-fu, Da-li-hien, Chang-hing town. My disreputable name is Fan. I 'm called Fan-way-chin."

"Precisely so," returned the other, apparently very much amused, "and you are on your way to the city to be examined, and you are our kinsman. We have come out to look you up and take you home with us. It is still several days before the examination comes off, and you will have plenty of time to see your relatives and get a little rest."

"You are mistaken in the man," shouted Fan, who found difficulty in making the people of the north understand his southern dialect, and thought to make matters clearer by shouting as if speaking to the deaf. "I am from Yun-nan province, the prefecture of Da-li. My home is in Chang-hing town. My disreputable name is Fan, and they call me Fan-way-chin."

While this conversation was taking place, two servants came up and were told that their master had come at last. "He did n't recognize me," continued the old man, "and was about to go on without even stopping to drink a cup of tea, but I think I have persuaded him that we cannot allow him to do that."

One of the servants took the mule by the head, and turning the cart about into a more private road, soon drew up before a fine large building in a small village near at hand.

Fan still stood in the middle of the road, staring now after the retreating cart and now at his newly found relative.

"Evidently there is some mistake," he again shouted. "For whom do you take me, anyhow?"

"You are my sister's son-in-law," replied the old man, with great dignity. "Your mother-in-law lives in that brick house over there. She and your wife are anxiously expecting you."

"What is your relative's name?" inquired Fan, feeling nervous and clumsy in the presence of this elegantly dressed old gentleman with his polished manners.

"His name is Fan, and his home is in Yun-nan," replied the old man. "I 've never been in the south myself, but they told me his native town is called Chang-hing, which is in the prefecture of Da-li."

Fan was thoroughly mystified. His tongue, which on ordinary occasions was only too ready to do his bidding, became almost unmanageable.

"I 've never been north," he stammered. "I 've never been three days' journey from my home in Yun-nan before. How could I marry your niece who lives in this village?"

"That will hardly pass," returned the old man, impatiently. "I myself did not see much of you at the time you were married, as business called me from home soon after, and that is five years ago. I could not be absolutely certain of your identity; but, by your own admission, your town and your very name correspond exactly with those of my niece's husband. Let us see if my sister will recognize you or be able to assist your memory."

Fan now recollected his cart, and thought it might be as well to keep an eye on his muleteer and luggage. He slowly followed the old gentleman toward the village, pausing again and again to repeat his inquiries, and wondering what he could do to extricate himself from his embarrassing position.

When they reached the house, he found that his luggage had been unloaded, the muleteer's wages paid, and that the muleteer had already started off for the next inn, several miles distant.

"Our kinsman is dusty and tired with his long journey," called the old man to the steward. "Take him to his room and supply him with any articles of clothing he may need, and see that he has everything necessary for his comfort. Send word at once to Lady Fang that her son-in-law has come."

Still protesting that there was some mistake, Fan suffered himself to be led into an elegantly furnished suite of rooms in the northwest corner of the middle courtyard. A smaller room at each end opened off the main entrance. In one of these were handsomely carved wardrobes, which the servant unlocked, displaying a goodly supply of silk and fur garments. From these the steward selected a complete outfit, which he pressed on Fan-way-chin.

"Your own clothes are worn and soiled with the long journey," said he, regarding his guest from head to foot. "It will never

do to appear before Lady Fang and her daughter looking as you do now. Your friends will not like it if you decline the hospitality they have provided."

Fan hesitated. He looked down at his dusty robes of blue cotton. They were certainly very shabby. He glanced at the glistening folds of the white grass-cloth temptingly held forth by the steward. How cool it looked! The handsome short vest of pale-blue satin was exquisite. Fan had always been called a handsome youth, but in these garments! He could not resist the temptation, and wondering what would be the outcome of his adventure, he allowed the servant to help him with his dress.

"It 's several days since I had my head shaved," said Fan, complacently regarding his feet, clad in snow-white stockings and faultless shoes of black satin. "Would you not better call a barber and have my hair done up?"

"No matter about that," replied the servant; "it 's getting late, and Lady Fang is very anxious to see you. I 'll braid your hair afresh, and you can have your head shaved to-morrow."

He proceeded with deft fingers, and soon tied the long queue with a handsome cord of heavy silk.

"You have very fine hair," he said admiringly. "You look like another man in your new clothes. Send word to her Ladyship that her son-in-law is ready to see her," he called to one of his fellows.

Fan was at once conducted through the inner courtyard to a large and airy room. As the servant drew back to allow him to enter, he saw at the farther end of the room a group of several women. In the dim light of evening their faces were indistinct. On hearing his name announced, an old lady with silvery hair and a still fresh and handsome face quickly arose and came forward to meet him. Lady Fang's commanding presence, her rich dress and sumptuous surroundings, and, above all, the flood of inquiries and reproaches with which she greeted him, so overwhelmed the bashful student that he could find no language for reply.

"Oh, my son, you are too proud," she ended; "you marry my daughter and take her to your home in Yun-nan, and I suppose you are both happy; and then you send her back after keeping her for a year, with the excuse that you can't provide for her, and neither of us ever sees or hears from you again. It was only by accident that my brother learned you were on your way to the city to attend the examinations. Why have you treated us so? Did my daughter offend you in any way?"

Fan struggled to clear himself. "My venerable lady is mistaken," he replied. "I am not your son-in-law. I am from Yun-nan province, Da-li-fu, Da-li-hien, Chang-hing town. My disreputable name is Fan. I 'm called Fan-way-chin."

"Why do you pretend you are not my son-in-law?" cried the old lady, her voice trembling with emotion. "Do you think we would all be mistaken? Do you think I would not know my own son-in-law, who lived under my roof a whole month? Do you suppose I 'm in my dotage? Do you think my daughter would n't know her own husband after living with him for more than a year? My daughter must have displeased you. Here, daughter, come and kotow to your husband and acknowledge your fault."

Fan-way-chin was half amused and altogether embarrassed. He looked doubtfully at the girl. What kind of bride was this, provided for him without his seeking? He could distinguish only a white face with sparkling eyes regarding him defiantly. The daughter did not move.

"Now, look at the nuisance!" cried Lady Fang, angrily, beating the brick floor with her staff. "Will you disobey your own mother? Come here at once and confess your fault. If you promise loving obedience, I 'm sure your husband will forgive you."

The girl hung down her head, her face crimson with blushes, but she did not move.

"Bring my daughter to me," cried Lady Fang to the two slave girls standing by the door. "I 'll make her obey."

Catching the girl by the shoulders, the two slaves began to drag her forward, and Lady Fang raised her heavy staff threateningly; but before she could strike, the trembling girl sank on her knees and began to knock her head on the floor.

While this was taking place, Fan was becoming more and more ill at ease. He caught the girl gently by both arms and compelled her to rise.

"Don't kotow to me," he said. "You never wronged me. I am not your husband. You are entirely mistaken." Then turning to the mother, he shouted: "I am from Yun-nan, Da-li-fu, Da-li-hien. My disreputable place is called Chang-hing town. My name is Fan, and they call me Fan-way-chin."

"Now, look at this obstinate boy!" cried Lady Fang, a flush of anger spreading over her face. "What can I do to get you into

a good humor? Don't be so proud," she pleaded; "my daughter has prostrated herself to you, and you know she would n't do that for any one but her own husband, whom she loves dearly. Why are you so disagreeable?"

Again Fan labored for speech. "You are mistaken in the man. I am from—"

"Come, come," interrupted the mother-in-law, "forgive my daughter and let us be friends, and we will be so happy together. You know I have no son and no other daughter, and we have lots and lots of money. Why, you will be my only heir! Now, don't be so obstinate."

Fan was about to make further remonstrance, but the old lady turned to her servants. "Light the lamps and tell the cook to bring the dinner at once," she commanded. "And let us have plenty of good food and wine. My son must be very hungry after his long ride."

Two waiters were called, and soon a great feast was spread. It was such a dinner as Fan had never seen before in all his life. He ate and drank heartily, and as he drank he forgot all his embarrassment and apprehensions, and resigned himself entirely to the luxuries and comforts of his new home.

At last the feasting and merrymaking were over, and all had retired. Left in the solitude of the night to reflect on his strange situation, Fan finally agreed with himself, as he was dozing off to sleep, that if *they* could stand this kind of thing he was sure *he* could.

So with feasting and amusement the hours, and even several days, sped swiftly. There was just one discomfort, however, which, though a trifle, chafed and irritated Fan: he could not get his head shaved. Again and again he sent his valet for a barber.

At last he was thoroughly angry. "Why did n't you get me a barber?" he demanded of the steward.

"The barber was engaged to-day and could n't come," returned the servant.

"Do you mean to say that all the barbers were engaged?"

"No; but the best one was out of town. He will be back to-morrow, and I thought you would prefer to wait for him."

"There is truth in what he says," commented the old lady, mildly. "It is always hard to get a respectable barber in a small village like this."

Then she turned to Fan: "Your countenance shines, so I am sure you will get your degree. It is a true sign. Come, eat and drink, and let us enjoy ourselves on this your last evening with us, for to-morrow you will go to Peking. Your cart is already hired, and will be here at noon. Let us have a royal feast in honor of your departure."

But the wine affected him strangely. Fan had never been thoroughly intoxicated before, and was surprised to find himself becoming drowsy and stupid with the first cup. "This wine makes me dizzy," he said, leaning back in his chair and resting his head against the wall. "There must be something wrong with it."

"No; it is a new brand," replied Lady Fang. "And it is said to be a very fine wine. It ought to be, for it costs enough. But I am no judge of wine; I scarcely ever drink it."

"It goes to my head," said Fan. "I think I will lie down for a little." He staggered to his bed and lay down, thinking he would continue the conversation and feasting later; but he soon fell into a heavy, troubled sleep.

About daylight he wakened, feeling cold and stiff. He put out his hand; it was as heavy as lead. His fingers came in contact with the cold iron chain with which he was bound.

"What is this?" he shuddered. "What a horrible nightmare!"

He tried to turn over. Both hands and feet were in irons. He felt as if suffocating. He put up both hands to his throat; a heavy iron collar was about his neck.

Poor Fan! He was thoroughly awake now. By an extra effort he sat bolt upright. His hands pressed the cold, slimy floor of his dungeon.

"How did I get here?" he thought. "Or is this a beastly dream? Or has my life for the last few days been real or only a dream?"

He put up his hand and shuddered again, as it came in contact with his unshaved head. Then the truth in all its horror came upon him.

"These people are trying to take my life," he moaned. "Their friendly entertainment has been only a blind. All the difficulty about a barber was feigned. What a fool I am! They even made me grow long hair so I would resemble a condemned criminal."

He now remembered many incidents of the last few days which plainly indicated that he had been the victim of hatred or revenge.

His chains and collar of iron, his unshaved head, all his surroundings, indicated that he was in the position of one accused of the worst of crimes.

"What, must I die as a murderer or a highwayman!" he groaned.

He tore at his chains, he strained at his collar. The iron cut deep into his flesh, and he fell back weak and exhausted. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead, and he trembled from head to foot with terror.

"How I came here is plain enough," he meditated. "Lady Fang and her daughter are against me. They drugged the wine so they might send me off to prison. What a driveling fool I was to think people who never saw me before would adopt me and feast and clothe me for nothing! But why have they put me in prison? They never heard of me before the day the old man met me in the road. They knew nothing of my family, and nothing about my native province. They lied about the betrothal and the marriage. They lied to me at every step. I will tell the jailer just how I came here, and make him send to Lady Fang and compel her to come and release me. Why they have put me here I can't imagine."

He recalled all the horrible stories of murder and revenge he had ever heard, but could think of nothing in the history of crime which corresponded with his own case.

The gloom of his dungeon soon began to be dispelled, and this, with the sounds which came to him from the street, informed him that daylight had come. He listened intently to every sound. "Hot bread!" "Sugared biscuits!" "Bean-curd!" were some of the calls he recognized coming from the street.

After what seemed to him an age of waiting, he heard the outer doors banging, and persons engaged in conversation approaching. There were two of them, apparently on a tour of inspection. They soon passed Fan's cell and were retiring, seemingly satisfied that all was well.

"Help!" cried Fan. "Oh, save me! Oh, my mama, help me! Let me out of this horrible place!"

The inspector of the prison turned and came to the door of his cell. "What makes this man act so?" he asked of the warden.

"He 's condemned to death," replied the jailer. "This is the man who killed his teacher in a fit of anger. He will be beheaded to-day at noon."

"Condemned to death!" shouted Fan. "Who says I 'm condemned to death? I 've committed no crime. Help me out!"

"What makes him scream that way?" inquired the official, who was evidently puzzled.

"Oh, he feigns insanity, and pretends we have imprisoned the wrong man," replied the warden, laughing. "Come along, inspector; he 's not worth looking after. Such a brute as he is ought to be drawn and quartered alive. He does n't deserve a decent man's notice."

"You lie!" shouted Fan. "I am from Yunnan province, Da-li-fu, Da-li-hien, Changhing town. My disreputable name is Fan, and I am called Fan-way-chin. Oh, sir, if your Excellency can do anything for me, do help me," he sobbed.

"This matter must be looked into," thought the inspector. He turned sharply on the warden. "You say he is the man who murdered his teacher? But the man who murdered his teacher is a native of the north and speaks the Peking dialect. This man must be from the distant south, for I can scarcely understand him."

The warden shuffled uneasily, but made no reply, and was quietly slipping out when the inspector called him back and ordered him to remain.

The mandarin turned to the prisoner. "How came you here?" he demanded sternly.

"That 's what I can't tell," answered Fan. "I am from Yun-nan—"

"Yes; but what brought you here?" interrupted the inspector, impatiently.

"I 've taken my third degree, and I 'm on my way to Peking to try for my fourth. I thought if I could n't pass I might buy a small office—"

"That 's all very well," again interrupted the inspector; "but how did you get in prison?"

Fan repeated his strange experience of the last few days. The mandarin asked particularly about the locality of the house and village in which he had been entertained.

"How do you expect me to believe all these lies?" grumbled the official, after listening attentively to everything Fan had to tell him. "You say you are a scholar and have taken several degrees. Let me have some proof of your scholarship. Recite one of your essays."

Fan repeated the essay by which he had obtained his third degree.

"That 's very fine language indeed for a dog that is chained up as you are." The inspector laughed heartily, and loudly applauded the merits of the essay; but Fan was in no mood to enter into the fun of the situation.

The mandarin and the warden now passed out, and Fan was left to his dismal forebodings.

The inspector at once took a posse of four

policemen, and went in person to the village which the prisoner had described. He was confident that there had been foul play. But would it be possible to accomplish anything by going to this house? From long experience with the criminal classes, he thought it very improbable. Still, there was a chance that he might find some clue to the mystery.

The village and the house were easily recognized by the description which Fan had already furnished. The mandarin examined the gate, and found it secured with a bolt and chain on the inside. Not wishing to delay or give any alarm by knocking for admittance, he commanded one of his men to scale the wall and open the gate from the inside. They passed quietly in and secured the gate with a padlock.

After taking a general survey of the grounds, the inspector posted his men and began a thorough search of the premises, looking into every room and behind every door.

Nowhere was anything found to indicate that the rooms had been recently occupied. The very beds were stripped of their matting, and all the furniture had been removed.

When the mandarin reached the inner court he remarked that, as in the middle court, so here, all the doors were fastened on the outside with chains hasped to their staples. But on the west side of the courtyard was one exception. One room, at least, was either not secured or it had been bolted by some one on the inside. He hurriedly examined the rooms on the east and north. Last of all, he approached the room on the west. He tapped gently at first, and, on hearing voices within, still louder. The door was unbolted, and the mandarin entered.

In the center of the main room stood a barber's outfit and portable wash-stand. Reclining on the brick bed of the inner apartment were three men. "Servants of some wealthy family," thought the mandarin.

The three, in company with the one who had opened the door, had apparently been taken by surprise at a game of cards. Standing behind the gamblers' table was a little boy, perhaps seven years of age. "The child of some aristocrat," thought the official.

"Who are you?" demanded the mandarin, sternly addressing the person who had opened the door.

"I cut hair; I am a barber," he stammered.

After a searching glance about the two rooms, the inspector came slowly and thoughtfully back to the wash-stand. In the basin, half full of water, he found a tuft of long, coarse black hair. Near by lay the razor, still wet. All bore traces of recent use.

The mandarin took up the lock of hair and examined it attentively. "Where 's the rest of this?" he demanded.

"That 's all there is," replied the barber. "It 's some I happened to bring in with me from the street."

"What makes you lie so?" roared the mandarin.

"I could n't lie to you, sir," protested the barber, meekly.

"You are my prisoner," thundered the official, catching him by the throat, "and if you don't tell me the truth I 'll have you beaten a thousand blows. Here, you," he called to his attendants, "bind his hands and keep an eye on him."

The barber groveled on the earthen floor. "I know it is against the law to gamble, but it 's not the custom to punish so severely," he whined.

"We want you for a worse crime than gambling. We want you, too," he said, turning to the three men, who had come down off the bed, and, with the child, were trying to sneak off.

The mandarin was angry and disappointed. He had hoped for some decisive proof. He had found little or nothing, only enough further to confirm his suspicions. He took possession of the pack of cards and the little piles of cash disposed about the table. Still he seemed reluctant to leave the place. He came back to the wash-stand and again examined the razor and the tuft of hair.

"Freshly cut," was his verdict. "But how does it happen to be here?"

For the third or fourth time he looked up at the ceiling and walls. There was no crevice or ledge half large enough to conceal a man. He turned abruptly to the child. "Whose child is this?" he demanded.

"This is my son," answered the barber.

"What a liar you are!" retorted the mandarin, angrily. "Do you suppose I don't know better? Here, little man," he called, "where 's your papa?"

The little fellow only stared at him with large, round eyes.

The mandarin caught him by the shoulder and gave him a shake. "Where is your daddy, my boy?"

The child was thoroughly frightened, and broke away from the mandarin to run and climb on the brick bed, sobbing piteously. He threw his little body on the bed, and

spread out his arms as if to clasp the matting, crying and sobbing, "My papa, my papa, oh, my papa!"

The mandarin watched him attentively. "Take the matting off the bed," he whispered to one of his attendants, at the same time lifting the child to the floor.

The matting was removed, showing that the sun-dried bricks of which the bed was built had been recently broken and disturbed, and then hurriedly or carelessly replaced.

"Take away the bricks," again whispered the official, his suspicions and expectations now thoroughly aroused.

At the removal of the first bricks an exclamation of surprise escaped the policeman: "Hi-yah!"

Crouching down in the sooty flues of the brick bed lay a creature scarcely human. The policeman dragged him forth to the light. The inspector of prisons understood the situation perfectly. There before him, crawling at his feet and pleading for his life, was the real criminal.

On his escape from prison, the murderer had sent for his little son to come to him. And the innocent child was there to see that which he could never forget while memory lasted—his father hunted like a rat from his hiding.

What a ghastly, hunted expression on the face, with the one spot where the razor had passed, more ghastly still in contrast with the long, black, bristly hair which covered his forehead and shaded his eyes!

"Release the barber and these servants," commanded the official; "one prisoner will answer."

Little by little the inspector was able to draw from his captive the secret of his escape and the history of his crime.

Lin-Fung, the son of a wealthy family near Peking, employed a teacher for his son, a lad twelve years of age. The teacher was nearly related to the magistrate of that county. Lin-Fung demanded that his son should be taught to write essays, but the teacher objected that he was still too young. An altercation and finally a quarrel ensued, and Lin-Fung, seizing a heavy stone inkstand, struck the teacher on the head, unfortunately killing him at a single blow.

The aged father of Lin-Fung tried to bribe the magistrate of the county, and offered to buy him a very high position in the realm if he would release the murderer.

"Shall I buy the office with my uncle's blood? Never!" indignantly exclaimed the magistrate.

The old man then offered to enrich any family which would provide a substitute for his son, to be executed in his stead. Plenty of poor families were found, but no one was willing to sacrifice his own life for the sake of benefiting his children or his parents.

Failing in both these expedients, a friend then suggested the following plan:

Provide a house and furnish it well, and let two women and a retinue of servants take charge of it. Let the servants be on the lookout for persons on their way to attend the examinations at Peking. If the traveler happens to be from one of the nearer provinces, let him pass on; if from a distant province, endeavor by every means to entrap him. The more distant the better, as he would be the less likely to have friends who would investigate his case should he disappear.

As we have already seen, Fan-way-chin proved a fit subject for their purposes, and his execution was prevented only by the efficiency of the inspector of the prison.

The jailer was in the secret, and had been bribed to keep silence. The inspector had been omitted only because he was inducted into the office after all the arrangements had been completed.

"I will make you the richest man under heaven, I will give you all I possess, if you will only release me," pleaded the murderer.

But the mandarin shook his head. His mind was already fully made up, and he was not to be moved by either promises or entreaties. Fan was given his liberty, and Lin-Fung was dragged back to prison, where he took the place of Fan-way-chin, and was executed at noon.

Did Fan celebrate, do you ask? Oh, yes, indeed, at the very earliest moment possible—by taking a nice, clean, comfortable head-shave. And if you will step into the dusty, archaic barber-shop just outside the east gate of the walled city of Pao-ting-fu, the genteel old barber will tell you all about it, and show you a lock of Fan's long hair, while he strops his three-cornered razor and waits for custom.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

A YANKEE CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

JUST before I went to the war in South Africa I was asked by the editor of a London magazine to write about war correspondents and their work. What I wrote was in criticism of those of my occasional comrades who appear to fancy it a clever thing to put themselves in danger of death on the battle-field, and who afterward write about one another's sensational performances as if these reflected glory upon them and their profession. I have not changed my mind about the behavior of those who try to share the experience of the private soldier, thus bringing themselves to his rank, and needlessly jeopardizing their usefulness to the public in flat violation of the trust reposed in them by their employers. I have since been the companion of a man who honestly believed it his duty to enter a battle elbow to elbow with the private soldiers, in order, as he said, that he might know the temper of the "Tommies" and the conditions under which they were fighting. My opinion remains the same, not because this brave gentleman was disabled in the very first battle, and had to leave the war, but because he is a man apart from those I criticize—a born soldier, first of all, and a modest, sober, earnest workman, who never took or asked for credit beyond that which his published reports gained for him.

But I believe that in the London magazine I said it was not necessary for a war correspondent to incur danger on the battle-field. I have altered that opinion. It makes me laugh at myself when I put side by side the view I then held and the experience I have since gained. I had been on the edge of the Chino-Japanese war, in which the Japanese got a tremendous fame upon a very slender and dubious basis; and I had followed the Turks in their promenade into Greece: but I did not then fully realize that these were not real wars. When we come to consider the relations of a correspondent to a real war, perhaps the experience of a certain talented artist will serve to illustrate them better than any other case that I can state. He was simply an artist,—not a soldier or a seeker after martial glory,—anxious only to see what effective situations each battle might contain or create. Nothing was further from his desire than to serve as a target for Boer rifle-fire. In saying this I do not mean to belittle him. I shared with him his sensible ambition to see all he could and meet with as little danger as possible. That is very different from the course of another type of correspondent—staying five miles from the field with the transport-wagons or ten miles off at the next town, or being invariably called to Cape Town on the eve of each battle, to reappear when the army was again at rest. It is also equally different from rushing deliberately into the forefront of each fight, there to risk death, and limit one's knowledge of the battle to the narrowest possible point. But this was done by no correspondent on my side of the continent except the modest man above referred to, though it was also done by a man

attached to a member of our corps—whose story will better fit in another place.

To return to the artist who wanted nothing but a chance to do his duty. He succeeded at Belmont, but at the battle of Graspan, after establishing himself in a nice, safe, and commanding position, he found himself, in half an hour, amid such a hail of bullets that it seemed as if all Boerdom had singled him out as a mark for its concentrated desire for slaughter. He lay still with becoming dignity, and found himself alive at the end of the fight—alive, and resolved, with all the strength of his will, never again, while he lived, to mix his body up with flying bullets. At Modder River, in some manner which I have forgotten, he was suddenly pursued by shells and flying shrapnel, and made his way out of that danger, only to find himself under such Mauser fire that the bullets came in ropes. It was fun to hear him talk about the duty of correspondents after this second experience. To begin with, his was a round, chubby face, lit by steady, grave eyes, and he had a way of merely mentioning his own experiences, incidentally, with a gravity too droll to be either described in words or listened to without merriment. He canvassed the corps of correspondents at short intervals, and reported to each one that all the rest were resolved with him never to get under fire again.

And then came the fight at Maghrsfontein.

There was the advance in black and rainy night, then the grayish threat of dawn, then the hellish fusillade from the Boer trenches at the Highlanders, only a few rifle-lengths away. After that the panic, the confusion confounded, the awful dropping of scores upon scores of dead men, the reeling of ever so many wounded, the stampede to the rear, the shouting of the officers trying to restore order. And, finally, there was the artist, tousled, mud-stained, breathless, but still with the same round, cherubic face, and the same grave, well-considered speech. He was coming out of the jaws of death. He had been in the thick of the hell which, for a minute or two, daunted the tigers of the British army.

"You see," said he, in his most matter-of-fact way, "I was attached to one of the Highland regiments, and when we advanced this morning I went along with my battalion. It was bitter cold and raining, and it was too dark for me to grope about by myself, so I meant to advance with the rest until we got near the front, and then let them go ahead while I found a good vantage-ground for myself, out of danger. All of a sudden, as I was marching along in the very front, a streak of fire burst before us as if out of the earth. We were attacked and in a trap. Men fell all around me. There was a stampede, and I ran with the others. The worst of it was that I was wearing my spurs, and the men kept stepping on them and throwing me down. When I was down they trampled upon me; and, as fast as I got up, I was thrown down again. And all the time the bullets were coming like stones in a hail-storm."

His case proves how wrong I was to assert that a correspondent need not endanger his life on the battle-field. And yet, I am informed that the artist managed to keep out of danger after Maghrsfontein. If this be true, the point of his example cuts both ways.

The other case—that of the man semi-connected with our corps, who rushed into the thick of a fight—is the most singular that I have known or heard of in any war. He had attached himself to one of the correspondents in order to get to the front, to which he wished to go because his most intimate friends had enlisted as soldiers—a course for which he had no taste whatever. He witnessed battle after battle from a discreet distance, and at last, by purest accident, found himself in the front of one, lying flat on the veldt under heavy fire. He was now overcome by a fright so complete and monopolizing that when the stretcher-bearers came to gather their harvest of the wounded on the field, he said to the surgeon-major in charge: "I am not wounded; I am in a terrible funk." As if that confession rendered his shame stronger than his fear, he followed it by saying: "Wait a minute, please. Is n't there something I can do? Let me help you get in the wounded." He says himself that it was out of sheer desperation that he proffered this assistance. His one idea was to be able to say, and to prove, that he had voluntarily gone under fire. Then his plan was to escape, if possible, and wash his hands of war forever. He ran about the bullet-pelted field, looking for the wounded and assisting the ambulance-men, to all appearances as brave as the most valiant one among them. And if the Boer sharpshooters did not practise upon him, be sure he was the only conspicuous mark upon any of their fields of battle which they avoided. At last it became his duty to help bear a

man off the field, and once out of range of the Boer fire, he not only never ventured back again, but he shook the dust of the veldt from his feet, and made for Cape Town by the first train which went there.

I know another man of great merit in all that makes an accomplished and modest gentleman, who went about his duty soberly and thoroughly, facing danger whenever it could not be properly avoided, and never admitting, by word or hint or shrug, that he gave it a thought. Where thousands upon thousands were valorous, he was accounted the peer of the bravest. After months of campaigning, he took ill of what was termed a slow African fever, but it seemed to me beyond doubt that his malady was pure nervous prostration. He was too sensitive and imaginative to look on at the business of fighting and slaughter. Though he owned the bodily strength to endure hunger, thirst, and exposure to sun, frost, and prolonged wettings, his nerves were too fine for the strain to which they were put. The death of several warm friends, the sufferings of men all around him, and the riot of his imagination when he walked steadily and coolly in and out of many battles, all proved too much for his nerves, too revolting to his fine nature.

I noticed, when I saw British officers in the company of ladies in the towns we took or held, that these ladies invariably asked to be told of some horrid experience or act of heroism. I noticed, as well, that their national temperament and training always led the officers to begin such a tale with the phrase, "Well, you know, once I was in a horrible funk." That prelude was offered to excuse the modest story which was to follow. I do not believe they were often frightened —these men who are almost too valiant, since they seem always to rely upon courage, even when strategy would serve them better. But I can truthfully say that I was once in a funk, not in battle or on the way to it, but in a case of tremendous surprise following after a day of extreme nervous tension. By no will of mine, I had been under heavy Mauser and "pom-pom" fire for hours on the previous day at the Modder River fight. The next day broke, and, having lost my saddle-horse in the battle, I strolled ahead of the resting army to the vacated Boer trenches along the river-bluff. Seeing a Free State flag waving above a building beyond the river, I determined to secure it as a trophy and a souvenir. When I broke through the thicket of trees and bushes, I saw regarding me a dozen unmistakable Boers. I had no doubt I should be killed, but this was not when I trembled, for a danger that is prospective is never so fearful as that which seems to have seized you without warning. But, instead of shooting, these slouching, hairy, burly half-castes called to know what I wanted. I called back that I would like them to send over a boat which was by their feet, and bring me across to their shore. They refused. "You are more anxious to get over here than we are to go to your side," said a young man with a sense of humor. "Go up-stream and you will find a drift [i.e., a ford], where you can walk across." The building by which these men stood was a hospital, they told me, and by a closer study of them I saw that they were doctors and wounded men. I had, therefore, been in no danger, after all. I reached the drift just as some of the troopers of the Ninth Lancers were crossing, and, except that they threatened to shoot me for not instantly explaining to their satisfaction who I was, got over the river easily.

Ahead lay a yellow road, and a village beyond; a smiling yellow road, with enticing trees here and there,—where a tree is so rare that one seems almost as good as a park would in other lands,—and quiet and peace brooding over all the prospect. The sole reminder of war was beside me, where a tavern, wrecked by shell, was being searched by looters, who came forth with bottles of beer, armfuls of cigarettes, a turkey, a bottle of champagne, and the like. But before me all was as serene as the view of a little village at home on a Sunday morning. I had found an abandoned Boer horse, taken a saddle from a poorer beast near the river, and was riding to the village. The men of the Ninth Lancers clattered up, and were riding a few yards ahead, past two or three houses. Suddenly a fierce fusillade burst from the windows and garden walls of these cottages. The troopers swung off their horses, sank upon one knee each, and peppered away at their assailants. Bullets flew all around me, and I sat upright above the kneeling soldiers, a superb target, motionless, incapable of movement—in a funk. Perhaps it was because of the previous day's strain, and because I had been very long without food; but I cannot explain it, or say other than that it never happened before or afterward. The Boers ran out of the backs of the houses, leaped upon their horses, and spurred over the veldt. The Lancers bolted after them, shooting as they rode. I was

left alone upon the highway, and then the fit of nervousness left me as suddenly as it had come. I pulled a rein to turn my horse and follow the Lancers, when an army friend came trotting up.

"Hello," said he; "they say there 's food and drink at a tavern ahead."

"But there are Boers in all those houses," said a scout, joining us.

"Let 's chance it," said I to them; and to myself I whispered, "Heavens, what a funk I had!"

The danger to which war correspondents are exposed need not be enlarged upon, since the world has seen that something like one in each four or five correspondents in South Africa was killed, wounded, or incapacitated by injuries or sickness. But they must not ask for unalloyed commiseration. Their dangers and hardships do not compare with those of the fighting men. At most times they are followed by their servants and extra comforts—carts and tents as well, when it is possible. And this often happens when the officers are restricted to thirty or fifty pounds of impedimenta each—another way of spelling plainest food and lack of extra clothes and bedding. When a town is taken the correspondents put up at the hotels or take houses in which to gather their comforts. They are usually able to fare much better than the officers, who covet a chance to enjoy their hospitality. This was by no means the case in South Africa only. It was the same in the Turko-Greek War, and in a recent Sudan campaign the correspondents were rebuked by the charge that their luxurious living provoked discontent among the officers, and exerted a demoralizing influence in the army.

When the Turks, in their war with Greece, found a Yankee or two with their army, they treated them with the utmost courtesy and appearance of respect. For instance, at each city, as I approached the seat of war, the governing pashas dined and wined me, and were a great deal more than merely civil. It is true that they kept me waiting unconscionably everywhere,—and lied as to their reasons for doing so,—but it took time for me to find out how I was being played with, and at no time or place was anybody rude to me. Finally, when the American minister was appealed to, and obtained for me a permit to go forward as "a friend of the Sultan," every barrier was leveled, and I flew on toward Edhem Pasha's camp, not merely dining with the pashas, but having myself billeted upon the richest Greeks at each stopping-place for the best of board and lodging. Having joined the victorious army, the same unvarying courtesy and respect were lavished upon me, and my only complaint was that I could not write the truth (not, as one correspondent expressed it, that "we had to write our lies in French").

How different was my experience with the British army at the beginning of the war! It was such that on many a day I clenched my fists and ground my teeth, and either walked my indignation off upon the lonely veldt, or shut myself in my tent and "worked it off" in conversation with my comrade. I was treated precisely as a stranger would be who should appear in the Metropolitan Club in New York under such circumstances that he could not be excluded, and should then begin to ask for information, to make sketches of groups of the members, and to demand the service of the stewards and messengers. I was appointed by the crown to the rank of a lieutenant in her Majesty's army in order that I might perform an honorable, necessary, and hazardous task, and yet found myself regarded as an unwelcome intruder in a most exclusive social club. For perhaps half a century the club side of the fraternity of well-born and well-to-do men who officer that army had been ripening, with no check at all; for the petty wars which now and then engaged a very few had been regarded by them as sporting adventures. A "tiger hunt" is what one of them calls the last of these, which ended at Omdurman. I met with officers who screwed monocles insolently into their faces and said wearily, "Ah, who *are* you?" or "Look here, sergeant, why am I bothered in this way?" And these were men detailed to assist me and all others of the army who were pressing to the front. They had to do with lines of communication, travel permits, remounts, and the rest.

When I came to study the censors, with whom I was to have constant relations, I discovered that—as censors are not common to clubs—the men at the top had so little knowledge of their importance in war, and so little consideration for the press, that their appointees mainly appeared to be men found incompetent to fill any other places. Having appointed them, these superiors failed to acquaint them with the written law which orders them to "counsel and assist the correspondents." It is the simple truth that a censor in one town remarked to a lady whom he met there: "I am obliged to

bother with the newspaper correspondents. I cannot think why they are allowed to come. Do you know that one of them actually said to me, 'I am Bennet Burleigh,' as if he imagined I might have heard the name, whereas, in fact, I never in my life heard of any one among them all."

Arrived at De Aar, the advanced base of the Western Army, which place was little better protected than the stores of a London social club would be if the Germans should invade England, I went through my most unpleasant experiences. They did not begin at once, for I was made welcome by the late Captain Mackenzie, A. S. C., to whom I applied for advice in buying horses, and who permitted me to set up my tent in his camp, took me to his mess, and, from first to last, assumed that I was honorable, orderly, and of good repute. He was the first of this type of open-hearted, frank, practical, and ambitious military men that I met; and Colonel Barter of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, whose mess I joined when the fighting began, was the second. He, too, was at De Aar. But there was also there a prevalence of the haughty, heavily veneered type of the inexperienced, unambitious heroes of Aldershot and the autumn manœuvers, who were in the army until some rich relative should die or because "one has to be in the army for a time, don't you know." Here one of the officers who was appointed as censor for a time, instead of counseling and assisting the correspondents, gagged them all, snubbed all but one, and toyed, as a cat does with a mouse, with another one. Fancying himself humorous, he told one of us that if he wished to send any news home he could write a description of the Union Jack; and he said to another: "The only matter I will allow you to cable to your paper is an account of this sand-storm that is raging." How I was to earn my salary, maintain my standing in my profession, or endure the wounding of my self-respect, I could not tell. The situation would have been unendurable had I not known that there also followed the army such men as G. W. Steevens, E. F. Knight, Perceval Landon, H. A. Gwynne, James Barnes, and Winston Spencer Churchill—men not only of talent and position, but of dignity and polite training as well. I felt a keen interest in waiting to see to what lengths our experiences would go, and in what manner these stars of their profession would assert and defend themselves. I cannot think that the others all experienced quite what I went

and he did not feel handicapped as I did by the groundless yet natural assumption that, as a foreigner, I could not stir the English authorities and public to my rescue as I certainly would have roused my own had the army been American. I suspect that he knew all the while what I had yet to learn —that the moment it became necessary from a business point of view, a flat refusal to put up with mistreatment would be supported by the heads of the army, the bulk of the fighting force, and by the public in England.

On the battle-field of Poplar Grove, for instance, a number of war correspondents drove their Cape carts upon the field, and were met by an angry colonel, who, in the shortest, sharpest phrases, ordered them to be gone, and, on being informed to whom he was speaking, replied that he did not care; they must be off. Those of the correspondents who honored their calling reported this occurrence to Lord Stanley, the censor on the field-marshal's staff, with the result that the offending colonel apologized to the correspondents, though it turned out that they had halted their carts directly in the line of fire of his men. Having apologized, he busied himself in selecting a site for their camp, and in demonstrating, in a dozen ways, that he possessed the best instincts, and had erred only through a commendable zeal in his professional work. It was similar zeal in my own affairs which led me to be the first on my side of the field of war to assert my rights and my self-respect, and to make it clear that neither ignorance nor want of manners on the part of any officer should hinder my work or humiliate me without provoking a vigorous protest. Moreover, I afterward had offered to me a chance to pursue, with formal charges, the man who had behaved so outrageously to the newspaper men at De Aar; but I was enjoying easy going, and cabled to London that since I had joined the fighting forces I had no further cause to complain.

In the clear, luminous air which came with Lord Roberts as commander-in-chief, when he spoke to some of us in praise and sympathy, and called us "comrades," there was no further humiliation of correspondents by either the ignorant or the ill-bred, and no other suppression of the news than common caution demanded. Finally, it fell to the lot of four of us,[1] whose company

[1] H. A. Gwynne of Reuter's Agency, Perceval Landon of the London "Times," A. W. Buxton of Johannesburg, and myself.

Rudyard Kipling quickly joined (in place of one who was called away), to be honored with a trust and compliment unique in the annals of war. I refer to Lord Roberts's command (for so we considered any request that he made) to establish and conduct at his headquarters in Bloemfontein the "Friend" newspaper as the mouthpiece of Great Britain in cautioning, enlightening, and placating the Boers, and providing the news of the world to his army. I was not invalided until after we had performed this service, and found some South African journalists of loyal leaning and good repute to take over the property. Therefore, the earlier grievances of which I have spoken may be said to have been much more than atoned for in the respect shown for the press after Lord Roberts took command, and, in my case, in the honor that came to me at the finish.

It would not be fair, either to the army or the press, to close these remarks upon this topic without as strong a criticism of the newspapers as I have not hesitated to apply to the military. It is the custom of all civilized peoples to officer their armies with men of education and polish, to recruit the official grades from what Europeans call the "higher classes," or else to draw them from the people at large, and then to accord the officers high social rank the instant they receive their commissions. The two processes produce but one result, which is that all the armies of Christendom are led by men polished in their manners, proud of their social position, and more or less exclusive in their companionships. It is therefore an outrage for a publisher or editor to send with such an army any correspondent whose habits are low, whose manners are coarse, or whose instincts and principles are not those of which self-respecting and honorable men can approve. It is an insult to an entire army—as well as to the gild of journalism—to appoint as correspondents men given to foul speech, drunkenness, dishonorable dealing, and disregard for the rules by which they have agreed to abide. There were such men with the British army in South Africa—men who drank themselves delirious, men whose speech would shock a pirate crew, men whose double dealings worked injustice to the rest by gaining them a base advantage over the others, as well as by bringing us all within the range, if not the practice, of suspicion. There were still others who carried with them no pride either in their calling or their individualities, who fawned before rank and title so as to invite curt treatment, and, by keeping low company, shut themselves out of the circles of both the officers and their own self-respecting associates. I owe it to myself, to the decent comrades who were with me, and to my profession, to protest against the detailing of such men to report wars. It requires almost brazen assurance in a correspondent to complain of the behavior of the censors when his own ranks contain such characters. But let a man of pride complain or not, as he may, it is none the less true that unfit correspondents will provoke discourtesy to all their associates, and will produce rules which hamper all newspaper men alike, as well as conditions that render all reporting extra difficult. The censors' rules are drafted for the mass, not for the few, and by far the majority of us in South Africa felt, from first to last, that, but for the presence of these men who disparaged our calling, we would have had far freer hands and easier and pleasanter work. It would have been as it was when the "Friend" was given over to a chosen few of the correspondents. They were put under no actual restraint. They were even allowed to speak for the government and the army through editorials conceived and written without consultation with the authorities. Lord Stanley, the censor, called every day to see the proofs, but censored almost nothing, and always took the word of the editors upon the character of whatever proofs were not ready for him to see—sometimes amounting to the major part of what went into the paper.

But how about the officers with absurd airs, brusque speech, and a contempt for the press? I only met with one at the front, or in all the time I was with the fighting force. On that account, and because one who had behaved boorishly at De Aar was affectingly cordial at the front, I formed a theory. It was this: that a little "roughing it," a few rainings on, and experiences in battle, where it is quickly observed that bullets will draw blue blood as quickly as red, all served to bring out the simple, unaffected man in each uniform, as well as all the good that was in him. Others hold me wrong, and say that it was the shallow, pretentious, and inferior type of officer that was most often found on the way to the front, to which active locality such men strove their hardest never to be sent.

At any rate, with the combatants I was in delightful fellowship with as many hearty, frank, and gallant men as I had chances or time to know and as I ever met in my

life. Princes, dukes, lords, and commoners appeared alike on the tented field—each as dirty as the next, each with the same bulldog courage, each praising that quality in others and silent about himself—all simple, frank, sympathetic, friendly, and helpful.

You never can know what men are until you have seen from ten to eighty thousand of them living together, with never a woman among them, never a gallery to play to, never an impulse to deck their manners with, or conceal their natures beneath, any affectation. They become again as boys are in a large school, but with a truer and higher appreciation of the best qualities which make up civilized manhood. Collectively they could be cruel in battle. Discipline and red tape shifted responsibility from all in the care of the sick and wounded, as has always been the case in armies and in war. But individually they were a splendid lot, among all of whom no one (whom I knew) failed in gentleness, modesty, courtesy, or mercy, any more than any one failed in courage. I could go with that army another time, and not only laugh at the ill-bred and boorish incompetents on its outskirts, but I could defy them to hinder me in my work or give me one half the unhappiness that would come upon them the moment they were exposed, provided—always provided—that the men in the corps of correspondents were worthy to represent an enlightened public, and proud of themselves and their calling.



WHEN LOVE COMES.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

HAST seen the morn with first light 'twixt his lids,
And, at the playing of the katydids,
The day turn nightward, softly on and on
Slip by, yet none dare say that he was gone?
Hast seen the dream-shapes, pale with winter yet,
Warming wood-spaces for the violet?
Hast heard the spring song on the wild March air,
When all the world 's a lover listening there;
The lay the little wood-bird long did keep
Only, at last, to sing it in his sleep?
Hast heard the brook, where heavy shadows are,
Bubble new sweet up to the evening star?
Not yet thou knowest beauty, melody;
They wait the day Love comes and speaks to thee.

HER FIRST HORSE SHOW.

BY DAVID GRAY,
Author of "Gallops."

SHE folded the program carefully for preservation in her memory-book, and devoured the scene with her eyes. It was hard to believe, but unquestionably Angelica Stanton, in the flesh, was in Madison Square Garden at the horse show. The great arena was crowded; the band was playing, and a four-in-hand was swinging around the tan-bark ring.

What had been her dream since she put away her dolls and the flea-bitten pony was realized. The pony had been succeeded by Lady Washington, and with Lady Washington opened the epoch when she began to hunt with the grown-up people and to reflect upon the outside world. From what she had gathered from the men in the hunting-field, the outside world seemed to center in the great horse show, and most of what was interesting and delightful in life took place there.

Besides the obvious profit of witnessing this institution, there had arisen, later on, more serious considerations which led Angelica to take an interest in it. Since the disappearance of Lady Washington and the failure to trace her, Angelica's hope was in the show.

One of the judges who had visited Jim had unwittingly laid the basis of this hope. "All the best performers in America are exhibited there," he had said in the course of an interminable discussion upon the great subject. And was not Lady Washington probably the best? Clearly, therefore, soon or late Lady Washington would be found winning blue ribbons at Madison Square Garden.

To this cheering conclusion the doubting Thomas within her replied that so desirable a miracle could never be; and she cherished the doubt, though rather to provoke contrary fate into refuting it than because it embodied her convictions. She knew that some day Lady Washington must come back.

After Jim had sold Lady Washington, he had been informed by Chloe, the parlor-maid, how Angelica felt, and he repented his act. He had tried to buy the mare back, but the man to whom he had sold her had sold her to a dealer, and he had sold her to somebody who had gone abroad, and no one knew what this person had done with her. So Lady Washington disappeared, and Angelica mourned for her. Two years passed, two years that were filled with doubt and disappointment. Each autumn Jim went North with his horses, but never suggested taking Angelica. As for Angelica, the subject was too near her heart for her to broach it. Thus it seemed that life was slipping away, harshly withholding opportunity.

That November, for reasons of his own, Jim decided to take Angelica along with him. When he told her of his intention, she gasped, but made no demonstration. On the threshold of fulfilling her hope she was afraid to exult: she knew how things are snatched away the moment one begins to count upon them; but inwardly she was happy to the point of apprehension. On the trip North she "knocked wood" scrupulously every time she was lured into a day-dream which pictured the finding of Lady Washington, and thus she gave the evil forces of destiny no opening.

The first hour at the show overwhelmed her. It was too splendid and mystifying to be comprehended immediately, or to permit a divided attention. Even Lady Washington dropped out of her thoughts, but only until the jumping classes began. The first hunter that trotted across the tan-bark brought her back to her quest.

But after two days the mystery was no more a mystery, and the splendor had faded out. The joy of it had faded out, too. For two days she had pored over the entry-lists and had studied every horse that entered the ring; but the search for Lady Washington had been a vain one. Furthermore, all the best horses by this time had appeared in some class, and the chances of Lady Washington turning up seemed infinitesimal. Reluctantly she gave up hope. She explained it to herself that probably there had been a moment of vainglorious pride when she had neglected to knock wood. She would have liked to discuss it with somebody; but Chloe and her colored mammy, who understood such matters, were at the "Pines" in Virginia, and Jim would probably laugh at her; so she maintained silence and kept her despair to herself.

It was the evening of the third day, and she was at the show again, dressed in her habit, because she was going to ride. Her brother was at the other end of the Garden, hidden by a row of horses. He was waiting to show in a class of park hacks. There was nothing in it that looked like Lady Washington, and she turned her eyes away from the ring with a heavy heart. The band had stopped playing, and there was no one to talk to but her aunt's maid, and this maid was not companionable. She fell to watching the people in the boxes; she wished that she knew some of them. There was a box just below her which looked attractive. There were two pretty women in it, and some men who looked as if they were nice; they were laughing, and seemed to be having a good time. She wished she was with them, or home, or anywhere else than where she was.

Presently the music struck up again; the hum of the innumerable voices took a higher pitch. The ceaseless current of promenaders staring and bowing at the boxes went slowly around and around. Nobody paid any attention to the horses, but all jostled and chattered and craned their necks to see the people. When her brother's Redgauntlet took the blue ribbon in the heavy-weight green-hunter class, not a person in the whole Garden applauded except herself. She heard a man ask, "What took the blue?" And she heard his friend answer, "Southern horse, I believe; don't know the owner." They did n't even know Jim. She would have left the place and gone back to her aunt's for a comfortable cry, but she was going to ride Hilda in the ladies' saddle class, which came toward the end of the evening.

The next thing on the program were some qualified hunters which might be expected to show some good jumping. This was something to be thankful for, and she turned her attention to the ring.

"I think I 'll go down on the floor," she said to the maid. "I 'm tired of sitting still."

In theory Miss Angelica Stanton was at the horse show escorted by her brother; but in fact she was in the custody of Caroline, the maid of her aunt Henrietta Cushing, who lived in Washington Square. Miss Cushing was elderly, and she disapproved of the horse show because her father had been a charter member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and because to go to it in the afternoon interfered with her drive and with her tea, while to go to it in the evening interfered with her whist, and that was not to be thought of. Consequently, when Angelica arrived, the horse show devolved upon Caroline, who accepted the situation not altogether with resignation. She had done Miss Cushing's curls for twenty years, and had absorbed her views.

Angelica would have preferred stopping at the hotel with Jim; but that, he said, was out of the question. Jim admitted that Aunt Henrietta was never intentionally entertaining, but he said that Angelica needed her womanly influence. Jim had brought up Angelica, and the problem sometimes seemed a serious one. She was now sixteen, and he was satisfied that she was going to be a horsewoman, but at times he doubted whether his training was adequate in other respects, and that was why he had brought her to the horse show and had incarcerated her at Aunt Henrietta's.

The girl led Caroline through the crowd, and took a position at the end, between the first and last jumps. As the horses were shown they went round the ring, came back, and finished in front of them. It was the best place from which to watch, if one wished to see the jumping.

Angelica admitted to herself that some of the men rode pretty well, but not as well as some of the men rode at their out-of-door shows at home, and the tan-bark was not as good as turf. It was a large class, and after eight or ten had been shown, a striking-looking black mare came out of the line and started plunging and rearing toward the first jump. Her rider faced her at the bars, and she minced reluctantly forward. Just before they reached the wings the man struck her. She stopped short and whirled back into the ring.

From the time the black mare appeared Angelica's heart almost stopped beating. "I 'm sure of it, I 'm sure of it," she gasped. "Three white feet and the star. Caroline," she said, "that 's Lady Washington. He ought n't to strike her. He must n't!"

"Hush, miss," said Caroline. "We 'll be conspicuous."

The man was bringing the mare back toward the jump. As before, he used his whip, intending to drive her into the wings, and, as before, she stopped, reared angrily, wheeled about, and came back plunging. The man quieted her after a little, and turned her again toward the hurdle. It was his last chance. She came up sulkily, tossing her head and edging away from the bars. As he got near the wings he raised his whip again.

Then the people in that part of the Garden heard a girl's shrill, excited voice cry out:

"You must n't hit her! Steady, Lady Washington! Drop your curb!"

The black mare's ears went forward at the sound of the voice. The young man on her back put down his uplifted whip and loosened the rein on the bit. He glanced around with an embarrassed smile, and the next instant he was over the jump, and the mare was galloping for the hurdle beyond.

Suddenly Angelica became conscious that several thousand people were staring at her with looks of wonder and amusement. Caroline clutched her arm and dragged her away from the rail. The girl colored, and shook herself free.

"I don't care," she said. "He should n't have hit her. She can jump anything if she 's ridden right. I knew we 'd find her," she muttered excitedly. "I knew it."

Caroline struggled desperately through the crowd with her charge.

"Whatever will Miss Cushing say!" she gasped.

Angelica forgot the crowd "I don't care," she said. "If Aunt Henrietta had ever owned Lady Washington she 'd have done the same thing. And if you tell her I 'll pay you back. She 'll know that you let me leave my seat, and she told you not to." This silenced Caroline.

"There! He 's fussed her mouth again," she went on. The black mare had refused, and was rearing at the jump next the last. The girl stood on tiptoe and watched impatiently for a moment.

"There she goes," she murmured, with a sigh. The judges had ordered the horse out.

Angelica tagged along disconsolately through the crowd till a conversation between two men who were leaning against the rail caught her ear.

"I wonder who that little girl was," said one. "The mare seemed to know her voice, but Reggie does n't call her Lady Washington."

"No—Hermione," said the other. "He may have changed it, though," he added. "He gives them all names beginning with H."

"You 'll have an easy time beating him in the five-foot-six jumps," said the first man. "It 's a good mare, but he can't ride her."

Angelica wondered who they were, but they turned around just then, and she dropped her eyes and hurried after Caroline.

As they made their way through the crowd, a nudge from the maid took her thoughts from Lady Washington. She had been wondering how she would find the young man who had ridden her. She looked up and saw that a man was bowing to her. It was Mr. "Billy" Livingstone. Mr. Livingstone was nearly sixty, but he had certain qualities of permanent youth which made him "Billy" to three generations.

"Hello, Angelica!" he exclaimed. "When did you turn up? How you 've grown!"

"I came up North with Jim," she replied.

"You should have let me know," he said. "You know Jim never writes any one. This is the first time I 've been here. I 'm just back from the country. Where 's your box —that is, who are you with?"

"I 'm here with my maid," said Angelica, with a somewhat conscious dignity. "Jim is with the horses."

Livingstone looked from the slender girl to the substantial Caroline, and the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I prefer to be alone this way," she explained. "It 's more independent."

Mr. Livingstone thought a moment. "Of course that 's so," he said. "But I think I 've got a better plan; let 's hunt up Mrs. Dicky Everett."

"Is she an old woman?" asked Angelica.

"Not so terribly old," said Mr. Livingstone. "I suppose you 'd call her middle-aged."

"Thirty?" asked Angelica.

"Near it, I 'm afraid," he answered.

"Well, I don't know," said Angelica. "That 's pretty old. She won't have anything to say to me."

"She knows something about a horse," said Livingstone, "though, of course, she can't ride the way you do. If you find her stupid, I 'll take you away; but I want you to come because she will be very nice to me for bringing you."

He turned to Caroline. "I 'm a friend of Miss Stanton's brother. Go to your seat, and I 'll bring Miss Stanton back to you."

Then he led the way up the stairs, and Angelica followed, wondering what sort of person Mrs. "Dicky" Everett might be.

She cheered herself with the thought that she could not be any older or more depressing than Aunt Henrietta, and if she was fond of horses she might know who owned Lady Washington.

Livingstone consulted his program. "It 's down on this side," he said. She followed him mechanically, with her eyes wandering toward the ring, till presently they stopped.

"Hello!" she heard them call to Living-

stone, as he stepped in ahead of her, and the next moment she realized that she was in the very box which she had watched from her seat among the chairs.

"I want to present you to my friend Miss Stanton," Livingstone said. He repeated the names, but they made no impression upon her, because there, standing in front of her, was the young man who had ridden Lady Washington.

"You seem to know each other," said Livingstone. "Am I wasting my breath? Is this a joke?"

He looked at Angelica. She was speechless with mixed joy and embarrassment.

"Come here, my dear," said one of the two pretty women, "and sit down beside me. Miss Stanton," she went on to Livingstone, "very kindly tried to teach Reggie how to ride Hermione, and we are glad to have the chance to thank her."

"I don't understand at all," said Livingstone. "But there are so many things that I shall never understand that one more makes no difference."

Angelica's self-confidence began to come back.

"Why, he was riding Lady Washington with a whip," she explained. "And I just called out to him not to. You remember Lady Washington,—she was a four-year-old when you were at the Pines,—and you know you never could touch her with a whip."

"I remember very well," said Livingstone. "You flattered me by offering to let me ride her, an offer which, I think, I declined. When did you sell her?"

"Two years ago," said Angelica.

Then the other young woman spoke. "But how did you recognize the horse?" she asked. "You have n't seen it for two years."

"Recognize her!" exclaimed Angelica. "I guess if you had ever owned Lady Washington you would have recognized her. I broke her as a two-year-old, and schooled her myself. Jim says she 's the best mare we ever had." Angelica looked at the woman pityingly. She was sweet-looking and had beautiful clothes, but she was evidently a goose.

"Miss Stanton won the high jump with the mare," Livingstone remarked, "at their hunt show down in Virginia."

"It was only six feet," said the girl, "but she can do better than that. Jim would n't let me ride her at anything bigger."

"I should hope not," said the lady by whose side she was sitting. Then she asked suddenly, "You are not Jimmie Stanton's sister?"

"Yes," said Angelica.

"I 'd like to know why he has n't brought you to see me!"

"He 's awfully busy with the horses," the girl replied. "He has to stop at the Waldorf and see about the show with the men, and he makes me stay with Aunt Henrietta Cushing." She stopped abruptly. She was afraid that what she had said might sound disloyal. "I like to stop with Aunt Henrietta," she added solemnly. "Besides, I 've been busy looking for Lady Washington."

The young man whom they called Reggie, together with Mr. Livingstone and the lady beside Angelica, laughed openly at this allusion to Miss Cushing.

"Do you know her?" asked Angelica.

"Oh, everybody knows your aunt Henrietta," said the lady.

"And loves her," added Livingstone, solemnly.

The lady laughed a little. "You see, she 's connected with nearly everybody. She 's a sort of connection of Reggie's and mine, so I suppose we 're sort of cousins of yours. I hope you will like us."

"I don't know much about my relations on my mother's side," Angelica observed. The distinction between connections and relatives had never been impressed upon her. She was about to add that Jim said that his New York relatives tired him, but caught herself. She paused uneasily.

"Please excuse me," she said, "but I did n't hear Mr. Livingstone introduce me to you."

"Why," said Livingstone, who overheard, "this is Mrs. Everett. I told you we were coming into her box."

"I thought she must have stepped out," said Angelica. "You told me she was middle-aged."

A peal of laughter followed.

"Angelica! Angelica!" Livingstone exclaimed.

"But you did," said Angelica. "I asked you if she was an old lady, and you said, 'Not so terribly old—middle-aged.' And she 's not; she 's young."

"Things can never be as they were before," said Livingstone, mournfully, as the laughter died away.

"No," said Mrs. Everett.

There was a pause, and one of the men turned to Reggie. "What are you going to do about the five-foot-six jumps?"

"Let it go," said Reggie.

"It 's a pity," said the other. "If you had met Miss Stanton earlier in the evening, I

think she could have taught you to ride that mare. I wanted to see you win your bet."

"Bet?" said Livingstone.

"Reggie 's such an idiot," said Mrs. Everett. "He bet Tommy Tyler that Hermione would beat his chestnut in the five-foot-six jumps, and Reggie can't make Hermione jump at all, so he 's lost."

"Not yet; I 've got a chance," said Reggie, good-naturedly. "Perhaps I 'll go in, after all." The other men laughed.

"I should think you had made monkey enough of yourself for one evening," observed Palfrey, who was his best friend and could say such things.

"Five feet six would be easy for Lady Washington," said Angelica. "I can't get used to calling her by that new name." She hesitated a moment with embarrassment, and then she stammered: "Why don't you let *me* ride her?"

The people in the box looked aghast.

"I 'm afraid it would n't do," said Reggie, seriously. "It 's awfully good of you, but, you see, it would n't look well to put a lady on that horse. Suppose something should happen."

"Good of me!" the girl exclaimed. "I 'd love it! I want to ride her again so much!"

"Well," said Reggie, "I 'll have her at the park for you to-morrow morning. You can ride her whenever you like."

A low cry of alarm ran through the Garden, and the conversation in the box hushed. A tandem cart had tipped over, and the wheeler was kicking it to pieces.

"I don't like that sort of thing," said Mrs. Everett, with a shudder.

They finally righted the trap, and the driver limped off to show that he was not hurt. The great crowd seemed to draw a long breath of relief, and the even hum of voices went on again. The judges began to award the ribbons, and Angelica looked down at her program.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "The saddle class I 'm going to ride in is next. I 'm afraid I 'll be late. Good-by."

"Good-by," they all replied.

"Don't you come," she said to Livingstone. "It 's just a step"

"I must keep my word with Caroline," he answered, and he took her to her seat.

"She 's immense, is n't she?" he said, as he came back. "I 'm glad Reggie did n't let her ride that brute. She will be killed one of these days."

"She 's going to be a great beauty," said Mrs. Everett.

"She looks like her blessed mother," said Livingstone. "I was very fond of her mother. I think that if it had n't been for Stanton—"

"Stop!" interrupted Mrs. Everett. "Your heart-tragedies are too numerous. Besides, if you *had* married her you would n't be here trying to tell us why you did n't." And they all laughed, and cheerfully condemned the judging of the tandem class.

THE negro groom who had come up with the Stanton horses met Angelica as she was going down-stairs into the basement where the stalls were. Jim had not appeared, so Angelica and Caroline had started off alone.

"Hilda 's went lame behind, Miss Angie," the man said. "She must have cast huhself. They ain't no use to show huh."

Ordinarily this calamity would have disturbed Angelica; but the discovery of Lady Washington was a joy which could not be dimmed.

"Have you told my brother?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Angie," said the man. "He was gwine to tell you."

"I want to see her," said Angelica, and they went on toward the stall. But what Angelica most wanted was to get among the horses and look for a certain black mare.

Hilda was very lame, and there was fever in the hock. Angelica patted her neck, and turned away with a side glance at Caroline, who, she feared, would rebel at being led through the horses' quarters. She walked down the row of stalls till she came to the corner, then up through another passage till she stopped at a big box-stall over the side of which stretched a black head set on a long, thoroughbred-looking neck.

The small, fine ears, the width between the eyes, the square little muzzle, were familiar; and there was a white star on the forehead. But Angelica did not enumerate these things. Horses to her had personalities and faces, just as people had them. She recognized Lady Washington as she had recognized Mr. Livingstone. She made a little exclamation, and, standing on tiptoe, put her arms about the mare's neck, and kissed it again and again.

"The dear! She remembers me!" the girl said, wiping her eyes. "It 's Lady Washington," she explained to Caroline. She reached up to fondle the little muzzle, and the mare nipped playfully.

"Look out, miss," called the stable-boy, who was sitting on a soap-box; "she 's mean."

"She 's no such thing," said the girl.

"Oh, ain't she?" said the boy.

"Well, if she is, you made her so," retorted Angelica.

The boy grinned. "I ain't only been in the stable two weeks," he said. "She caught me one the second day and nigh broke me leg. You see her act in the ring? Mr. Haughton says he won't ride her no more, and she 's entered in the five-foot-six jumps."

The girl looked thoughtfully at the boy and then at the horse. An idea had come to her. She was reflecting upon the last words Mr. Haughton had spoken before she left the box: "*You can ride her whenever you like.*"

"I know," she said aloud. "I 'm going to ride her in that class. I 'm Miss Stanton. I used to own her, you know. My saddle is down there with Mr. Stanton's horses, and I want you to go and get it."

"Oh, never, Miss Angelica!" exclaimed Caroline. "Dear me, not that!"

"You hush," said Angelica.

The stable-boy looked at her incredulously. "I ain't had no orders, miss," he said. "I 'll have to see William. Did Mr. Haughton say you might?"

"Of course he said I might," she replied.

The boy said no more and went off after William.

"Of course he said I might," she repeated half aloud. "Did n't he say I might ride her 'whenever I wanted to'? 'Whenever' is any time, and I want to now." She fortified herself behind this sophistry, but she was all in a flutter lest Jim or Mr. Haughton should appear. The thought, however, of being on Lady Washington's back, and showing people that she was n't sulky and bad-tempered, was a temptation too strong to be resisted.

The boy came back with the head groom, to whom he had explained the matter.

"Why, miss," said William, "she 'd kill you. I would n't want to show her myself. Mr. Haughton, miss, must have been joking. Honest, miss, you could n't ride Hermione." The man was respectful but firm.

"Think what Miss Cushing would say," said Caroline.

"But I tell you I can," retorted Angelica. She paid no attention to Caroline; her temper flashed up. "You don't seem to understand. I owned that mare when she was Lady Washington, and broke her all myself, and schooled her, too. Mr. Haughton has n't any 'hands,' and he ought to know better than to raise a whip on her."

William grinned at the unvarnished statement about his master's "hands."

"Are you the young lady what called out to him in the ring?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," said Angelica. "And if he 'd done what I told him to she would have won. Here 's our Emanuel," she went on. "He 'll tell you I can ride her. Emanuel," she demanded, as the negro approached, "have n't I ridden Lady Washington?"

"You jest have, Miss Angie," said Emanuel. "Why," said he, turning to William, "this heah young lady have rode that maah ovah six feet. She done won the high jump at ouah hunt show. That 's Lady Washington all right," he went on, looking at the head poked out over the stall. "I got huh maahk on mah ahm foh to remembah huh."

The stable-boy grinned.

"Well, she never bit me," said Angelica.

"The young lady," said William, doubtfully, "wants to ride her in the five-foot-six class. She says Mr. Haughton said she might."

"Oh, Miss Angelica," interposed Caroline, "you 'll be kilt!"

"You 're a goose," said Angelica. "I 've ridden her hundreds of times."

"I don't know how Mistah Jim would like it," said Emanuel; "but she could ride that maah all right, you jest bet."

William was getting interested. He was not so concerned about Mr. Stanton's likes as he was that his stable should take some ribbons.

"Mr. Haughton said you might ride her?" he repeated.

"Of course he did," said Angelica; "I just left him in Mrs. Everett's box, and I 've got my own saddle and everything."

"All right, miss," said William. "Get the saddle, Tim."

William did not believe that Mr. Haughton had given any such orders, but he had gotten into trouble not long before by refusing to give a mount to a friend of Haughton's whom he did not know and who came armed only with verbal authority. He knew that if any harm was done he could hide behind that occurrence.

"I want a double-reined snaffle," said Angelica. "Emanuel," she added, "you have the bit I used to ride her with. Bring my own bridle."

"I 'm afraid you won't be able to hold her, miss," muttered William; "but it 's as you say. Hurry up with that saddle," he called to the stable-boy. "We ain't got no time to lose. They 're callin' the class now. You 're number two, miss; I 'll get your number for you."

"You 'll be kilt! You 'll be kilt!" said

Caroline, dolefully. "Think what Miss Cushing will say!"

"Caroline," said Angelica, "you don't know anything about horses, so you hush." And then she added under her breath, "If I can only get started before Jim sees me!"

IN the Everett box they were waiting for the five-foot-six class to begin. They called it the five-foot-six class because there were four jumps that were five feet six inches high; the others were an even five feet. It was the "sensational event" of the evening. Thus far the show had been dull.

"Those saddle-horses were an ordinary lot," observed Reggie.

"This is n't opening very well, either," said Palfrey. The first horse had started out by refusing. Then he floundered into the jump and fell.

"Let 's not wait," said Mrs. Everett. But the words were hardly spoken when, with a quick movement, she turned her glasses on the ring. Something unusual was going on at the farther end. A ripple of applause came down the sides of the Garden, and then she saw a black horse, ridden by a girl, come cantering toward the starting-place.

"It 's that child on Hermione! You must stop it, Reggie!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Before any one could move, Angelica had turned the horse toward the first jump. It looked terribly high to Mrs. Everett. It was almost even with the head of the man who was standing on the farther side ready to replace the bars if they should be knocked down.

Tossing her head playfully, the black mare galloped steadily for the wings, took off in her stride, and swept over the jump in a long curve. She landed noiselessly on the tan-bark, and was on again. Around the great ring went the horse and the girl, steadily, not too fast, and taking each jump without a mistake. The great crowd remained breathless and expectant. Horse and rider finished in front of the Everett box, and pulled up to a trot, the mare breathing hard with excitement, but well-mannered.

Then a storm of cheers and hand-clapping burst, the like of which was never heard at a New York horse show before.

As the applause died away, Reggie rose and hurried out. "Let 's all go," said Mrs. Everett.

Before they got through the crowd the judges had awarded the ribbons. There were only three other horses that went over all the jumps, and none of them made a clean score. There was no question about which was first. The judges ran their hands down the mare's legs in a vain search for lumps. She was short-coupled, with a beautiful shoulder and powerful quarters. She had four crosses of thoroughbred, and showed it.

"She 's a picture mare," said one of the judges, and he tied the blue rosette to her bridle himself. Then the great crowd cheered and clapped again, and Angelica rode down to the entrance as calmly as if she were in the habit of taking blue ribbons daily. But inside she was not calm.

"I 've got to cry or something," she thought.

At the gate some one came out of the crowd and took the mare by the head. Angelica looked down, and there were her brother and Reggie and Mrs. Everett's party. The Garden began to swim.

"Oh, Jim!" she murmured, "help me down. It 's Lady Washington." Then she threw her arms around his neck and wept.

THEY were at supper in the old Waldorf Palm Room before Angelica was quite certain whether actual facts had been taking place or whether she had been dreaming. It seemed rather too extraordinary and too pleasant to be true. Still, she was sure that she was there, because the people stared at her when she came in dressed in her habit, and whispered to each other about her. Furthermore, a party of the judges came over and asked Mrs. Everett to present them.

There never before was quite such an evening. It was after twelve, at least, and nobody had suggested that she ought to be in bed. One pleasant thing followed the other in quick succession, and there seemed no end to them. She was absorbed in an edible rapture which Mrs. Everett called a "café parfait" when she became aware that Reggie's friend Mr. Palfrey had started to address the party. She only half listened, because she was wondering why everybody except Mrs. Everett and herself had denied himself this delightful sweet. Grown-up people had strange tastes.

Mr. Palfrey began by saying that he thought it was time to propose a toast in honor of Miss Stanton, and which might also rechristen Reggie's mare by her first and true name, "Lady Washington." He said that it was plain to him that the mare had resented a strange name out of Greek mythology, and in future would go kindly, particularly if Reggie never tried to ride her again.

He went on with his remarks, and from



DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA.

"THEN A STORM OF CHEERS AND HAND-CLAPPING."

time to time the people interrupted with laughter; but it was only a meaningless sound in Angelica's ears. The words "Reggie's mare" had come like a blow in the face. She had forgotten about that. Her knees grew weak and a lump swelled in her throat. It was true, of course, but for the time being it had passed out of her mind. And now that Lady Washington had won the five-foot-six class and was so much admired, probably Jim could not afford to buy her back. It was doubtful if Mr. Haughton would sell her at any price.

Presently she was aroused by a remark addressed directly to her.

"I think that 's a good idea," said Reggie. "Don't you?"

She nodded; but she did not know what the idea was, and she did not trust her voice to ask.

"Only," he continued, turning to Palfrey, "it is n't my mare any more; it 's Miss Stanton's. Put that in, Palfrey."

Angelica's mouth opened in wonderment and her heart stood still. She looked about the table blankly.

"It 's so," said Reggie; "she 's yours."

"But I can't take her," she said falteringly. "She 's too valuable. Can I, Jim?"

"But Jim 's bought her," said Reggie, hurriedly.

Angelica's eyes settled on her brother's face; he said nothing, but began to smile; Reggie was kicking him under the table.

"Yes," said Reggie; "when I saw you ride Lady Washington, that settled it with me. I 'm too proud to stand being beaten by a girl; so I made Jim buy her back and promise to give her to you."

"Do you mean it?" said Angelica. "Is Lady Washington really mine?"

"Yes," he said.

She dropped her hands in her lap and sighed wearily. "It does n't seem possible," she murmured. She paused and seemed to be running over the situation in her mind. Presently she spoke as if unaware that the others were listening. "I knew it would happen, though," she said. "I knew it. I reckon I prayed enough." She smiled as a great thrill of happiness ran through her, and glancing up, saw that all the rest were smiling, too.

"I 'm so happy," she said apologetically. Then she bethought herself, and furtively reached down and tapped the frame of her chair with her knuckles.

"Well, here 's the toast," said Mr. Palfrey, rising. "To the lady and Lady Washington." And they all rose and drank it standing.

ALL SOULS' EVE.

BY KATHARINE WARREN.

"MOTHER, I 've barred the shutters close;
The wind is loud and wild."
"Nor bar nor shutter on this night
Will keep it out, my child."

"Mother, what makes you shiver so?
The fire is quick and warm."
"I hear the voices of the damned,
That cry upon the storm."

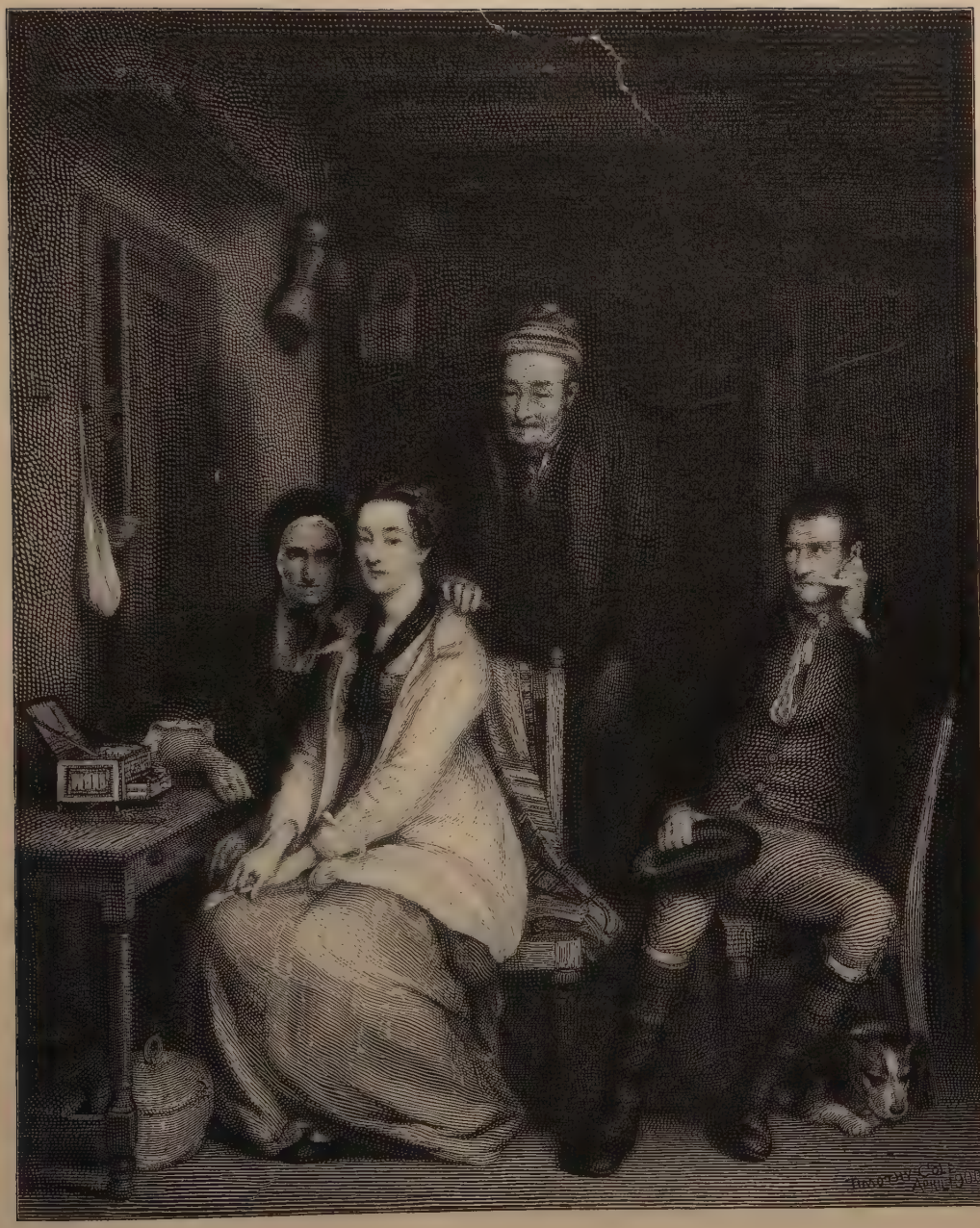
"Mother, why come they out to-night
To ride upon the wind?"
"This one night they have leave to go
And pray where once they sinned."

"Mother, sure never sinner's soul
Has need of coming here."
"Oh, hush, my child, and let me be!
The wind is passing near."

"Mother, what sobbed across the floor?
What was it shuddered so?
Oh, I am feard, you strain so white
And stare so wide with woe!

"What was it wailed beside the fire?
Oh, hold me in your arm!"
"Alas! it was the soul of one
That wrought us deadly harm."

"Mother, and is he not in hell,
And burning, heart and limb?"
"God knows he is, but would to God
That I were there with him!"



(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE REFUSAL. PAINTED BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. COLE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.
DIRECTOR AND GENERAL CURATOR.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

PROBABLY it would be difficult to find in any other spot of similar area such a magnificent diversity of sylvan scenery as nature, with prodigal hand, has modeled in Bronx Park. It is indeed a place worthy of the earnest effort now being made to exhibit living vertebrates amid natural surroundings adapted to their wants and habits. Entirely aside from what man has done in this park, its broad acres of billowy meadow, its delightful hills and valleys, its picturesque rocks, its sheltered basins, its long reaches of tree-fringed water, and, above all, its majestic primeval forest, are enough to arouse enthusiasm in the soul of a stoic. Even after the visitor has traversed the inclosed area from West Farms to the northwest entrance, and has seen all the animals, he will still be unacquainted with the most picturesque portions of the grounds. They lie along the northern and eastern sides of the park, adjacent to the shores of the Bronx and the lakes. (See map on page 101.)

That this ideal site for an animal park should have been dedicated to the purpose for which nature evidently intended it is singularly fortunate. A few years hence, when millions of people know the whole of this spot, the names of the men who preserved its beauties from spoliation, and of those who wisely made it a part of the municipal domain, should be carved in marble on the gates. When that is done, the names of David and Philip Lydig should lead

ownership they and their descendants carefully preserved the primeval forest which now constitutes the chief natural attraction of the Zoölogical Park grounds.

It is an easy matter for the site of a zoölogical garden or park to be too level, or too precipitous, or not properly sheltered, shaded, or watered. These ideal grounds consist of five great ridges of granite running north and south, four of which are broken squarely across to form the basin of Lake Agassiz and Cope Lake. Through the easternmost valley the Bronx River finds its way to the Sound, broadening out, as it passes through our park, into Bronx Lake. Through the next valley westward runs the old Boston Post Road, now a finely improved park drive, always open to carriages. Next comes Rocking Stone Hill, with its bald crown of pink granite, against one side of which the Bear Dens have been lodged. Directly north of this conspicuous landmark, in the deep, cool shade of Beaver Valley, lies the Beaver Pond, as wild and secluded a spot as ever the shyest beaver of Wyoming could reasonably demand. This is the heart of the forest; and below it is a beautiful grove of beeches, birches, hickories, oaks, and maples, where the rich, moist earth is thickly set with spring-beauties, violets, and other forest flowers.

Next westward beyond the Bear Dens is a broad ridge, open and sunny toward the south (for the rodents), but everywhere north of the Reptile House it is beauti-



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

YOUNG CARIBOU, AND CARIBOU HOUSE.

hickories. Beyond Beaver Valley it rises into a high, flat-topped knoll, on which the children's playground is situated. West of the Reptile House, and beyond the Aquatic Mammals' Pond, the fourth ridge stretches a long, sheltering arm of rocks and trees quite

The rapid disappearance of all the large wild creatures of the United States is now well known, and the desire for collections of living wild animals has rapidly spread. Of public collections the first development is the traveling or stationary menagerie, a lim-



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

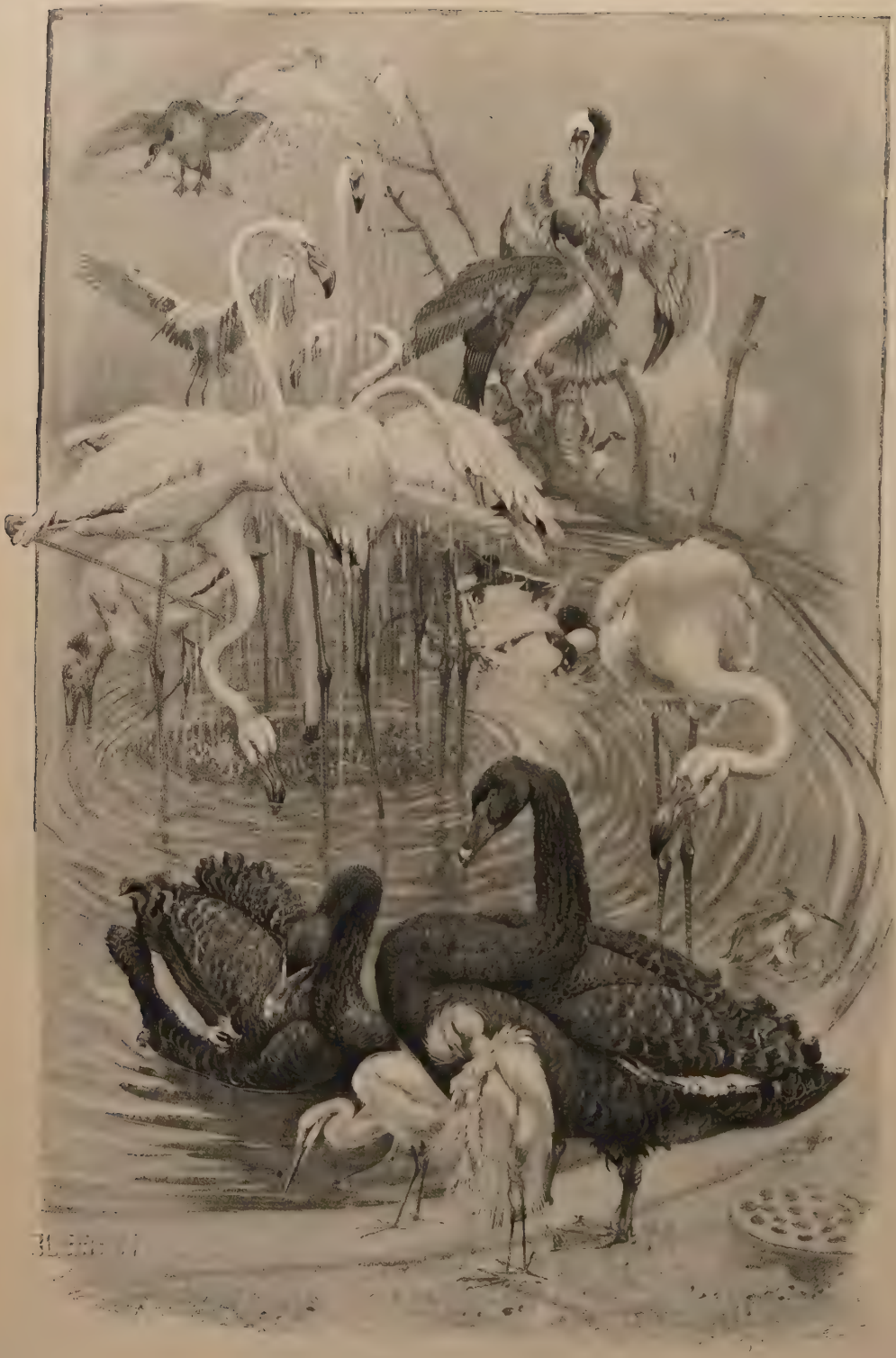
SNAKE-BIRD, OR DARTER (PLOTUS ANHINGA), FROM ST. JOHNS RIVER, FLORIDA.

to the southern boundary of the park; and along the eastern side of this natural barrier against cold west winds will shortly nestle the aviaries for eagles and vultures, pheasants and upland game-birds. Farther north this ridge broadens into a plateau, on which, in 1901, will rise the Lion House and the Monkey House, and a little later the large Bird House and the Elephant House. This plateau has been named Baird Court, in honor of Professor Spencer F. Baird, former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. At its foot lies Lake Agassiz (to be devoted to a large mixed collection of water-fowl), beyond which, overlooking all, rises the smooth slope of Audubon Hill, crowned with granite rocks in a setting of dark-green cedars.

ited gathering of animals, chiefly foreign, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in prison boxes. Then comes the dignified and scientific zoölogical garden, occupying about thirty acres of ground, a formal and compact museum in which all the hoofed animals are confined in pens, with no space for exercise or free roaming, and seldom with any opportunity to provide natural surroundings.

A broader development, such as we are here dealing with, is the zoölogical park, consisting of a generous tract of natural woods, waters, and meadows, in which wild animals enjoy a life of freedom in security and live as nearly in a state of nature as is consistent with sanitation and public safety.

The two original ideas around which crys-



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

INTERIOR OF AQUATIC BIRD HOUSE.



tallized the complete conception of the New York Zoölogical Park were, first, to provide a series of spacious inclosures in which the animals of the temperate zone might be shown in free range, amid natural surroundings; and, second, that all other species should be provided with the greatest possible amount of space, and also natural surroundings whenever possible. With the adoption of this ambitious policy, the work of the New York Zoölogical Society was fully cut out.



It was decided that the first effort should be directed toward the liberal maintenance of herds representing all those species of the large hoofed animals of our own continent which even yet are unknown to the generality of people, and particularly those which are threatened with extinction at no distant date. In providing ranges for these creatures, as an educational measure, special care has been taken to select prominent and ideal situations for five important species with which Americans should become personally acquainted, and which they should know by heart. Two of these, the buffalo and the prong-horned antelope, are of special interest because they are now rare; the other three are the elk, the moose, and the caribou; and if the Zoölogical Society did no more than to make these five interesting types familiarly known to the residents and visitors of Greater New York, its existence would, by that alone, be amply justified. In these spacious wild pastures the thoughtful visitor will find exemplified, to the fullest extent possible, the idea of providing for each species a setting of natural pasture, shade, water, rock, hill, and valley which shall at least reflect the character of its natural haunts. In them he may see what is meant by "freedom in security."







In the near future the rapid transit system will land passengers on the Boston Road, within one block of the West Farms entrance. As the visitor enters the grounds, he looks over the top of the wire fence into a long and narrow valley of emerald-green pasture which lies between the shady Boston Road foot-path and a tree-covered ridge farther west. Beyond that is a wide stretch of rolling meadow richly set in wild flowers and half-wild grass, sinking here and there into moist basins where the grass is always green and tender. This is the Buffalo Range, and that white dot on a high point among the cedars, a quarter of a mile away, is the famous Rocking Stone. The area of this inclosure is twenty acres, and in corrals, pools, shade, grass, and shelter it has everything that even the most exacting buffalo could ask. It is large enough for a herd of thirty specimens. At present it contains fourteen individuals, every one of which, save this year's calves, has been selected with the utmost care, to prevent deterioration from inbreeding. The herd has been started with five different strains of pure blood. "Cleveland," the shaggy old patriarch of the herd, was caught wild in the Texas Panhandle, in 1887, by C. J. Jones.





Half-way down the slope of Rocking Stone Hill, where it rapidly falls away toward the lower range, visitors are seen standing on what appears to be a graveled platform, overlooking the range and the corrals. That is the roof of the Buffalo House, which with great pains has been set deeply into the steep hillside, in order that its bulk shall not loom up into view and disfigure a beautiful landscape. Extending fairly into the heart of the series of paved corrals is a shady yard which commands a







DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

AQUATIC BIRDS' HOUSE.



ENTRANCE.

good view of the corrals above and below. This has been provided as a studio-yard for the exclusive use of artists and sculptors who wish to work from living buffalo models.

On this range the buffaloes are much given to wandering, quite as if they enjoyed the exercise. A slight alarm is sufficient to send the whole bunch dashing away at full speed, and the shaggy rascals avail themselves of every excuse for a run. How different is a buffalo range from a buffalo pen! As these black monsters—the most of them wild stock from the Texas Panhandle—stalk along the rocky hilltops, outlined against the sky, they look free, natural, and wholly fine.

On the broad, tree-clad knoll which overlooks the Buffalo Range from the west will soon be erected the building for the winter sheltering of the tropical deer, antelopes, equines, bovines, and (temporarily) the big pachyderms. This will be known as the Antelope House. Beyond this charming building site and its well-shaded grounds there lies a miniature prairie, four acres in extent, along the western side of which rises a steep ridge crowned with cedars. This inclosure is the Prong-horned Antelope Range, and contains representatives of a strange and interesting species, now found only in the United States, and all too rapidly following the bison into oblivion. Present indications are that it will be our next large species to become extinct, and that within a comparatively few years the coyotes of Wyoming will gnaw the bones of the last pronghorn.

But the antelopes are not alone. Out in the middle of their range we see several yellow mounds of earth, among which a dozen lively little animals are scurrying about, visiting or attending to their agricultural pursuits. Until the posting of a certain label, many visitors believed that these prairie-dogs had escaped from the fenced "village" on the other side of the walk. They represent one of a number of experiments in wild-animal colonization which for some months have been proceeding in various portions of the Zoölogical Park. Last year about twenty prairie-dogs were planted in the range, on a dry hillside where the soil was of good depth, and were inclosed by a flimsy temporary fence—which they laughed at gleefully and ignored. But the fence served its purpose. The "dogs" began to burrow, as was intended, and in a few days it was removed. These fat little fellows, living absolutely free in the range, rearing their young and feeding on the fare that nature provides, not only bring to us a bit of the wild West, but they are also the healthiest and finest specimens of their kind in any vivarium we know, not even excepting the inhabitants of the model village fifty feet north of the free colony. The walls of that inclosure go down to bed-rock, and the eighty-foot circle is virgin soil which cannot cave in and smother its inhabitants, as frequently happens in hand-made villages. On May 24, fifteen young prairie-dogs, as large as rats, were visible in the fenced village simultaneously, and eleven in the colony, feeding, playing, or basking in the sun.

The Elk Range is a wide, grassy valley twelve hundred feet long, lying between two ridges. On its eastern side it is bordered by



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

a stretch of timber which in summer affords a cool and delightful retreat from the heat of the sun. At the head of the valley lies a pond in which the elk are very fond of bathing in warm weather, and which contributes very materially to their health. In the autumn, when the elk are fully dressed for the winter, when their antlers are at their finest, their colors the brightest, and they are fat from good grazing, there are few finer pictures in animated nature than that made by this herd as it is seen against a background of russet and bronze and scarlet foliage of oaks, maples, and sumacs. It is at this time that the king of the Cervidæ is seen at his best, and his challenge is bugled across the glassy surface of the pond.

Along the northwestern side of the park are many acres of knolls and hollows, clothed with open forest of oak, chestnut, beech, elm, tulip, hickory, and ash, full of sunlit glades and brushy hillsides, such as deer, moose, and caribou love to frequent. These are the deer ranges, and in them the wild herds roam in comparative freedom, as contented and prosperous as they ever were in their native forests of Minnesota, Canada, Newfoundland, or the White Mountains.

Prominently situated on the western side of the walk which leads down Birds' Valley are the Moose Range and the Caribou Range, both of which have been located there to serve the double purpose of making their occupants very conspicuous, and of affording them a proper proportion of sunlight and shade, high ground and also miniature swamps.

It is a part of the society's plan that each one of these ranges shall contain, at an early date, a herd of from ten to fifteen individuals, showing all stages of development from the young to the adult. Great care is being taken to secure young specimens that have been captured wild, instead of cage-bred individuals that have been stunted by close confinement or injured by inbreeding.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

THE FLYING CAGE.

The largest structure of its kind. Dimensions: height, 55 feet; width, 72 feet; length, 152 feet.

All the fences in and around the ranges and corrals for hoofed animals are of hard steel wire of a pattern which is very elastic, so strong that nothing less than a locomotive can break through it, and so nearly invisible that it does not mar landscape effects in the very least. Next to actual inspection, the character of our game ranges may best be judged from the accompanying illustrations of scenes within them, the details of which have been reproduced with fidelity, extenuating nothing.

Come with me to the Lookout Rock, just off Osborn's Walk, where the corners of four ranges come together, and scramble to its top. As you suddenly rise into view, eight Virginia deer, wild as hawks and lithe as grey-



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

BUFFALO FIGHT.—BUFFALO HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.



hounds, spring to their feet, and, with their massive white tails held straight aloft, go bounding down the slope, and cross the brook in one flying leap. Occasionally you will see one leap high over the back of another in its haste to reach the opposite hill. No wonder this species is called the "white-tailed," "flag-tailed," and "fan-tailed" deer, for by that startling token may you instantly recognize it anywhere.

I wish it might be the visitor's fortune to see "Montana Billy," the mule-deer buck, take a flight diagonally across the hollow in his range, from one corner to the opposite, in those wonderful stiff-legged jumps, both far and high, by which he flies along, merely spurning the earth occasionally with his toes. The first time I saw him do it, the ground, the cedars, and the bushes were covered with snow, the woods were silent—and, in a flash, I was back again in the Bad Lands of the Musselshell, with a rifle in my hand, and the winter shooting season wide open. But that is past, and we kill deer no more. There are "not enough of them to go round."





Look north across Osborn's Walk, and you will see a herd of six exquisitely spotted axis deer (which lived through our winter very well) grazing near a fine little bunch of pure-blooded fallow deer, and a curious heavy-bodied brown animal with stocky antlers, called the equine deer. If you turn and look southward, you will see the European red deer, beyond which are the moose.





The building of an installation for bears is very much like matrimony: it requires a cold winter and a hot summer to determine the result of the venture. Although the Zoölogical Society felt quite certain that its Bear Dens were correctly located and planned, their first year of occupancy was watched with anxious interest.



A partial offset to the sorrows of zoölogical park people over the death of their pets is the genuine joy they feel whenever a fretting and miserable captive is taken out of close confinement and liberated in a place so spacious that the transition brings partial freedom and happiness. It is of keen interest to note how liberty affects different animals when it is bestowed upon them. With the majority, the ruling impulse is to run away, and hide as completely as possible from the terrors of the box. Most carnivores hasten to burrow, or hide in their sleeping-dens. Buffaloes look about for a few moments in a dazed way, roll on the ground with a delight that is almost fierce, then begin to graze as if quite at home. Most large birds stretch their wings, flap them repeatedly at full length, gaze up at the sky, ruffle and shake their feathers, and exclaim, "Thank goodness, I am free at last!" Ducks, pelicans, geese, and swans hurry into the water, and for half an hour or more bathe and play in a perfect abandon of delight.



The effect of our bear yards upon the health and spirits of their occupants has been noted with the same interest which watches the result of a costly surgical operation. After all our forethought, labor, and expenditure, could it be possible that bears would not thrive and be happy in such seemingly perfect quarters





DRAWN BY C. RUNGIUS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C MERRILL.

MOOSE, AND MOOSE HOUSE.



DRAWN BY C. RUNGIUS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ELK, AND ELK HOUSE.





DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

POLAR BEARS AND INTERIOR OF CAGE. STUDIES OF BEARS



as the liberality of the society had provided with never a demur on the score of cost?

When the grizzly and black bear cubs from Alaska, Colorado, and the Adirondacks were liberated in the dens, they galloped around the floor a few times, then fell to chasing and wrestling with one another like Western school-boys. They raced in mad scrambles up the rocks, up the slanting tree-trunks and down again, around and into the pools; and for eight months they have enjoyed an almost continuous series of wrestling-matches. The ample space for running, and the high rocks and trees for climbing, have led these bears to take as much exercise as they would have had in the same time had they remained in their wild haunts. They are as happy as the days are long, and the hope that the rocks and trees would tempt them to exercise vigorously, and develop good bone and muscle, has been realized beyond all expectations. Without exception, all are good-tempered animals, and although their play is very rough, there is no fighting.



The Bear Dens are situated in the narrow valley east of the Reptile House, and inclose the western side and northern end of Rocking Stone Hill. Against the base of the bare granite cliff, a spacious floor of concrete has been divided transversely by light and open steel fences ten feet high, with a two-foot overhang at the top. This cage-work runs up the face of the cliff, and along its top, ten feet back from the edge. After a trial of many different colors, the ironwork was painted a dull olive shade, which has proved very satisfactory to the eye, and in harmony with the rocks and trees. Along the base of the cliff extends a series of dry and warm sleeping-dens, faced with weathered granite rock so carefully selected and joined together that at a little distance the whole construction seems to be a part of the hill.



Each den is 32 by 70 feet in ground-plan, and the facilities for climbing on rocks and trees are such that no well-regulated bear can long resist them. Each inclosure is provided with three spacious and dry sleeping-dens and a bathing-pool; and all have an abundance of sunlight, shade, and pure water.

The Polar Bears' Den, with a very large swimming-pool, now under construction, is under the northern cliff, and its completion in the near future will afford the facilities for bathing which the polar bears' aquatic habits imperatively require. This is the finest den of the entire series. In due time the present dens will be doubled in number by an extension southward. The total cost of the first four bear dens and the eight wolf and fox dens was $20,050.



At the very beginning of work on the general plan of the Zoölogical Park, it was determined that the grand army of gnawing animals (Rodentia) inhabiting North America to the number of more than four hundred species should be adequately provided for and represented. Excepting hares, the beaver, and a few squirrels, few indeed are the animals of this great order now to be seen in zoölogical gardens; and yet there are many species of squirrels, spermophiles, and chipmunks so handsomely colored, so graceful and so active in exhibiting themselves, that they deserve to be classed with the most beautiful mammals of the world. Note, for example, Prevost's squirrel, the gigantic Malabar squirrel, and our own Abert's squirrel, golden-mantled and silver-sided ground-squirrels, and the Rocky Mountain chipmunk, the latter as perfect a little elf as nature ever formed.



Of the extensive series of outdoor cages, trees, and other accommodations that have been planned for rodents, the present Burrowing Rodents' Quarters are to be regarded as the beginning. Along the abrupt edge of the plateau south of the Reptile House, shaded and sheltered by a line of trees, we



have constructed fifteen inclosures, each 10 by 20 feet. Each one has masonry walls going down to bed-rock, and thorough drainage. The interiors are fitted up with weathered rocks, logs, and stumps artistically arranged, and each yard is set in grass and completely inclosed by wire netting.

The proportions of this installation have been designed on a new principle. The roof has been so placed that as a person of average height stands upon the walk, the pitch of the roof follows the line of vision so closely that with most persons no portion of the wire-work roof is visible—only the top horizontal bar of the front.

The marmots, spermophiles, and other deep burrowers can go down from three to four feet,—quite beyond the reach of frost, —but the rock- and log-dwellers are especially provided for according to their own desires. As its name implies, this installation is intended for *burrowing* rodents only, but during our first year it must accommodate, temporarily, several arboreal species. So far as we know, this plan for the exhibition of burrowing rodents is quite new.

Of course there are many species of burrowing rodents so nocturnal, and also so shy, that nothing can induce them to show themselves in the daytime. Only careful experiments can determine which species repay keeping, and which are failures for exhibition purposes. The intention is to procure and exhibit, of the multitude of small species, only those types which will best convey to the mind of the visitor a good general conception of the splendid fauna which this country still contains.

True to its avowed purpose to promote zoölogical knowledge, the society decided that its first large building should be erected in a field of ignorance which in America is almost unbroken. In view of the fact that there was then in all America only one public collection of living reptiles (at Philadelphia), that in exhibition collections even our best zoölogical museums are sadly behind the times, and that very few people have ever had an opportunity to learn even the outlines of reptilian classification, the society went to work eagerly, even joyously, to erect a great Reptile House, and fill it to overflowing with living contents. It was completed on November 7, 1899, and at last there is one place in New York city wherein it is possible to see crocodilians, serpents, lizards, turtles, tortoises, and amphibians in orderly array and appropriate surroundings, in excellent health, and correctly labeled.

In accordance with the fixed policy of the society, the ground-plan of the Reptile House was prepared by the director, and while it contains several ideas drawn from the London Reptile House, its main features are original. The building stands very nearly at the geographical center of the park, and is snugly ensconced in the southern edge of the fine open forest which stretches away southward from Lake Agassiz.

Like all animal buildings, it is only one story high; but the roof of its central portion is both lofty and broad. As the visitor approaches it, he is impressed by the generous breadth of the pilasters and facings of gray limestone, and the beautifully ornamented cornice of sculptured heads of alligators, turtles, and tortoises. So freely has Indiana limestone been used in the front of the building, the warm buff mottled brick which really forms the walls is scarcely noticed until the ends of the structure are inspected. Although but one story in height, the architectural effect of the building is really quite imposing.

The total length of this building is 146 feet, its greatest width 100 feet, and it cost $50,500. Taken all in all, it is a complicated machine for dispensing space, heat, light, ventilation, and water under perfect control.

The first room beyond the entrance is really a large lobby, and because it is always cooler than the main hall it is devoted to reptiles of the temperate zone. In its center, as an obstacle for the crowd to carom upon as it endeavors to "keep to the right," is an aquarium tank containing four giant salamanders from Japan. But the visitor does not, on his first visit, linger long in the lobby, being impelled straight forward by curiosity to see what is beyond.

The main hall is a grand room. Including the conservatory, which really is an integral part of it, it is 120 feet long by 46 feet wide. The roof is supported on steel arches which completely span the main hall, without any central supporting columns. With an abundance of light, a series of tall and finely finished glass-fronted cages along the east end and north side, plants everywhere, and for a climax the alligator pool, backed by a tropical jungle, at the extreme western end, it is a very imposing interior.

The large serpents and lizards occupy the tall cages along the walls. In table cases and aquaria along the eastern wall are the reptiles of the Zoölogical Park and a very good collection of amphibians. Down the center of the hall extends the turtle crawl, 40

feet long and 10 feet wide, its surface two and a half feet above the floor, and divided into ten sections by glass plates a foot wide, set on edge. This feature is entirely new, and as an experiment it is a success. A stream of water, a foot deep and three feet wide, flows between sand and gravel banks, set with growing plants of carefully selected species. All along one side of the stream lies a half-buried chestnut log, with the bark upon it, which is the favorite resting-place for about a hundred fresh-water turtles, representing more than twenty-five species; and no doubt these creatures are as contented and happy as they look.

The most striking single feature of the Reptile House interior is the alligator pool, which is another new departure in the keeping of saurians. The pool is 35 by 9 feet, and contains four feet of water, heated to 90° F. On the farther side of the pool are spacious gravel banks, beyond which rises a dense maze of palms, Spanish bayonets, and other tropical plants, representing a living jungle. Leaning over the pool is a tree resembling a live-oak, overgrown with tillandsias, orchids, and Spanish moss from Florida. A flood of light streams down upon the pool and its banks, the water is warmed by concealed pipes, and the six alligators are so contented that they have long since ceased to be vicious. Being properly warmed, they feed freely, grow rapidly, and are always ready for a meal. The largest specimen, called "Jumbo," now twelve feet six inches in length, has added six inches to himself since he was placed in the pool last November. When the sea-lions are removed to their big pool in Baird Court, the one they now occupy will be the summer home of the large alligators now in the building.

The room in the eastern end of the building, corresponding to the conservatory, is to be devoted wholly to the tortoises as soon as the temporary lunch-room now there is replaced by the Rocking Stone Restaurant.

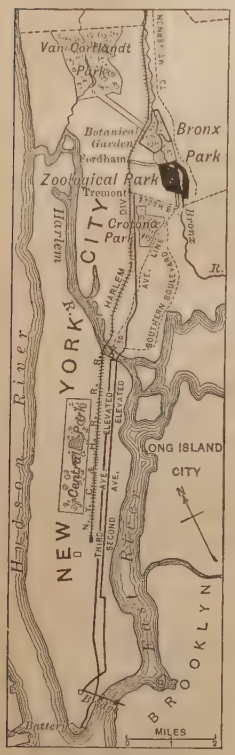
In forming the various collections of reptiles, much care was taken to represent adequately each of the great reptilian orders. On the opening day, November 8, 1899, the reptile catalogue showed seventy-eight species of reptiles, represented by five hundred and eleven specimens. Special attention has been paid to exhibiting a large collection of the venomous serpents of America, and this series now contains twelve species.

The keen interest manifested in the reptilian collection amply justifies the society's estimate of the need for the Reptile House. On Sundays, when it is possible for men to leave their business and bring their wives and children to the Zoölogical Park, the building is crowded. Outside the entrance, knowing people form in line in order to get nearest the cases, and the lock-step is maintained until the entire circuit of the interior has been traversed. The labeling of the collections will presently be extended far beyond what it has been possible to provide thus far.

America's unusually rich series of water-birds naturally suggested special facilities for their care and display. As a rule, it is only the student who pauses to examine in detail large collections of small birds; but such large and attractive species as flamingos, ibises, storks, egrets, herons, pelicans, geese, swans, and ducks appeal to every one. These birds of showy plumage and ready wing naturally suggested a cage of grand proportions, with living trees and shrubs, a pool of water, and so spacious every way that flight within it would be not only possible but enjoyable. The outcome of this idea is the great Flying Cage, a veritable colossus of its kind, 152 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 55 feet high. A block of ten three-story houses could stand within it, with a ten-foot sidewalk in front, and back yards twenty-five feet deep. Three forest-trees have been inclosed by the cage, many saplings and shrubs grow within it, and a spacious pool of living water, bordered by a profusion of aquatic plants, makes this water-birds' paradise quite complete. The trees afford shade, shelter, and nesting-places for the egrets, herons, storks, and ibises, and the lakelet and the shrubbery are the homes of the ducks, geese, and flamingos. In all captive bird life, I know of no other sight so inspiring as these clean, bright birds, flying in joyous exercise, wheeling and circling to and fro in the upper regions of this great wire-inclosed section of nature. With conditions which make it possible, herons, egrets, and ibises are as fond of flying as monkeys are of climbing. During the whole of the past summer a wild night-heron has haunted the vicinity of the Flying Cage, and very often was seen perching on its top, to get as near as possible to his relatives within.

I think that visitors consider the Flying Cage the greatest wonder and novelty, and also the most beautiful open-air feature, in the park. The birds within it are healthy and happy, and it is a pleasure to watch them at their work and play. The cage consists of huge Gothic arches of four-inch steel pipe, over which is spread a specially made gal-

vanized-wire netting of two-inch mesh. The whole structure cost, exclusive of the pool and planting, $8500. It is the only flying cage in this country, and it is considerably larger than the cages which serve the same purpose in three of the zoölogical gardens of Europe.



HOW TO REACH THE ZOÖLOGICAL PARK.

It happens that occasionally New York State is visited by a winter of subarctic severity, which the birds of the Flying Cage could not endure without close shelter and some heat. This fact gave rise to the Aquatic Birds' House. As planned by the director, it was to have been a house of substantial but comparatively cheap construction, with a roof composed wholly of glass. It was finally determined, however, that inasmuch as this was to be the society's first building, it would be wise to have it uniform in style with the Reptile, the Monkey, the Lion, and other large houses of the first class, so that from it the public might judge fairly the society's ideas of Zoölogical Park architecture. The result was a building of decided architectural beauty, at a cost of $26,000 instead of $10,000 as originally planned. It is built of buff mottled brick, Indiana limestone, and terra-cotta to match, and is roofed with copper. On each corner sits a figure of the brown pelican, and over each entrance appears a pelican in full flight through the seal of the Zoölogical Society —all of these done in terra-cotta, by Mr. A. P. Proctor.

On entering the building, the visitor first beholds in the center of the main floor a flying cage 38 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high, raised a foot and a half above the floor of the building. Its center is a pool of water fed by a spray fountain, surrounded by banks of clean sand, dead tree-stubs, and rustic nesting-boxes. During the winter season this cage is quite filled with the birds, which on the approach of warm weather are liberated in the big Flying Cage. During the past winter and spring was shown most strikingly the value of space to captive birds. They were happy, healthy, and interesting, and as active as circumstances would permit. Even the big and seemingly heavy pelicans rejoiced in the privilege of rising with whistling wings, flapping slowly and majestically across the pool, and settling on the sand in the farthest corner of the cage. The death-rate in this cage, even during the winter, was almost a cipher. The temperature of the building was maintained quite evenly at about 65° F. Although the water of the fountain was almost icy cold, the flamingos stood in its chilly shower all winter long, save when actually driven away by other occupants of the cage.

Along each interior wall of the Aquatic Birds' House is a series of seven cages, each nine feet long by six feet wide, to accommodate smaller groups of water-birds, and also to confine the great blue herons and other species which are too quarrelsome to live in the large central cage. Although designed solely for water-birds, the absence of other aviaries and of the principal bird house (to stand in Baird Court) has rendered it necessary to quarter here temporarily quite a number of species which really are interlopers. This is the reason, also, why the exterior cages are to-day occupied by the eagles, condors, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey instead of water-birds.

A dead wall behind live animals is an abomination unto nature. In equipping the Bird House it was decided to try the experi-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

DUCKS' AVIARY.


Northwest Entrance
PELHAM AVENUE
Cope Lake
Audubon Hill
Lake Agassiz
Waterfall
E. 189TH ST.
BOULEVARD
SOUTHERN
E. 183RD ST.
E. 180TH ST.
GROTE ST.
GARDEN ST.
Southwest Entrance
E. 182D ST.
FALLOW DEER RANGE
MULE DEER RANGE
BLACK TAILED DEER RANGE
VIRGINIA DEER RANGE
RED DEER RANGE
CARIBOU RANGE
MOOSE RANGE
ELK RANGE
PRONG HORNED ANTELOPE RANGE
BUFFALO RANGE
BUCK'S WINTER QUARTERS
WOMENS COTTAGE
FLYING CAGE
MENS COTTAGE
LAKESIDE RESTAURANT
BIRD HOUSE
BAIRD COURT
SEA LIONS POOL
IRON HOUSE
MONKEY HOUSE
ELEPHANT HOUSE
Service Road Entrance
WOMENS COTTAGE
MENS COTTAGE
WOLF DENS
FOX DENS
CRANES AVIARY
REPTILE HOUSE
Drinking Fountain
SEA LIONS POOL
AQUATIC MAMMALS POND
ALLIGATOR POOLS
SMALL MAMMALS
BURROWING RODENTS
PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE
ANTELOPE HOUSE
BUFFALO HOUSE
WHEELMENS REST
BEAVER PONDS
POLAR BEARS DEN
BEAR DENS
ROCKING STONE RESTAURANT
Rocking Stone
Entrance
NURSERY
BRONX LAKE
BOSTON ROAD
Buffalo Entrance
BOAT HOUSE
Entrance
FARMS ROAD
WEST
E. 182D ST.
ASSUMED NORTH
MAGNETIC NORTH
MORGAN AV.
HONEYWELL AV.
DALY AV.
WISE AV.
BRYANT AV.
MAP OF THE
NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK
AS FAR AS COMPLETED
FEET
0 100 200 300 400 500 600
METERS
0 20 40 60 80 100
L.L. POATES, ENGR., N.Y.

ment of painting an appropriate landscape on each wall, behind the side cages. Accordingly, Mr. Robert Blum has painted in oil-colors, on the western wall, a landscape representing an actual scene on the edge of the Florida Everglades (see headpiece), while on the eastern wall was portrayed a Northern marsh, with hills in the distance. Both were executed in quiet tones, and with such fine atmospheric effect that the dead walls have disappeared, the distance is magnificent, and the experiment is pronounced a most gratifying success. It is safe to predict that this idea will be carried out in a striking manner in other animal buildings.

In the eastern series of side cages is placed the diving-birds' tank,—a large aquarium full of filtered water crystal-clear,—in which snake-birds and penguins give interesting exhibitions of diving in pursuit of live fish. Here, as in no other way, the movements of birds under water can be studied and sketched from life.

It has been said many times that the Zoölogical Society has made rapid progress in its work. Although it is not yet time to write its history, it is impossible to end these notes without rendering unto Cæsar some of the things that are Cæsar's.

The society which created the Zoölogical Park owes its existence and its success to the good judgment, business energy, and genuine devotion of its executive committee of eight persons, backed by the twenty-eight other members of the board of managers, and a total active membership of eight hundred and twenty-seven of the best men and women of New York and neighboring cities. The attention of the committee to the work in hand has been constant and tireless. Not only has it been given to matters of prime importance, but it has also been lavishly bestowed upon matters of detail; and there are few features of work in the park which do not bear the visible impress of the careful suggestion, criticism, and direction of Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, chairman of the executive committee, and of Madison Grant, general secretary of the society. The park has also had the valuable counsel, support, and oversight of the other members of this committee, ex-Governor Morton, John L. Cadwalader, Philip Schuyler, John S. Barnes, William White Niles, and Charles T. Barney. The committee is composed wholly of workers, and every member has taken an active part in certain stages of the work.

Through the generosity of private individuals the society has already expended $219,000 in the Zoölogical Park, and must supply enough more to make up a round quarter of a million. The city of New York has furnished the grounds free of rental, and $425,000 in money, of which only $115,000 has been expended up to date, for the construction of the necessary walks, roads, water-lines, fences, entrances, restaurants, grading, and planting, and for the erection of the Lion House and the Monkey House. The city provides an annual fund for maintenance, and the park is open free to the public on five days of each week, and on all holidays and Sundays. The city government has always manifested toward the society a spirit of cordial helpfulness and coöperation, which is not only very gratifying, but absolutely indispensable to rapid and satisfactory progress.

The work already accomplished in the Zoölogical Park represents about one third of the whole undertaking. The construction work now in progress includes the Monkey House, Lion House, Rocking Stone Restaurant, Service Building, and additional walks, roads, sewers, and water-lines. All of these features will be finished by the end of 1901. In the future looms up a third mountain of endeavor—the Antelope House, Elephant and Bird Houses, the Administration Building, and more aviaries and small installations than there is space to name.

Let us hope that nothing will occur to halt or hinder the steady progress of the Zoölogical Society until in the completed Zoölogical Park it beholds the full realization of its ambitious dreams.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL.



Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

THIRTY YEARS OF PREPARATION.

WEBSTER'S FATHER.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, when New Hampshire was a royal province, when the frontier of civilization had not been pushed farther up the Merrimac than Concord, when the French still held the Mississippi valley, the Great Lakes, and the river St. Lawrence, and were about to build their forts at the headwaters of the Alleghany, when events were hurrying on the seven years' struggle that was to settle once and for all who should rule America, a band of hardy pioneers took up land under patent, and, in the heart of the forest, some eighteen miles north of Concord, laid the foundation of Major Stevens's town.

The venture was scarcely started when the storm of war burst upon the country, and not until the victory on the Plains of Abraham gave peace and quiet to the frontier did Stevenstown, soon renamed Salisbury, begin to thrive. Another band of backwoodsmen then made it their home, and among these was a young Indian-fighter of four-and-twenty, Ebenezer Webster. He came of a race of commonwealth-builders who, for a century past, had lived and fought on the soil of New Hampshire, and was himself a splendid type of sturdy and vigorous manhood. Born at Kingston, his youth was passed in the exciting times of King George's War, when the French and Indians were harrying the frontier, and when all New England rang with joy over the capture of the fortress of Louisburg. He was fifteen when the surrender of Fort Necessity opened the Seven Years' War in serious earnest, and before it ended he saw service that was no child's play in a famous corps known as Rogers' Rangers.

The war over, Ebenezer Webster came back to the settlements, selected Stevenstown as his future home, took up land, and built a log cabin, to which, a year later, he brought a wife. The town was then on the very edge of the frontier, and as his cabin was farther north than any other, not a habitation save those of the red man lay between him and Canada. In this wilderness home five children were born before the mother died, after ten years of wedded life, and the father brought to it as his second wife Abigail Eastman.

Wringing a livelihood from such a soil in such a climate was hard enough at any time, but the task was now made more difficult still by the opening of the long struggle between the colonies and the mother-country, and the constant demand on his time for services, both civil and military. Now we see him, after the fights at Concord and Lexington, hurrying at the head of his company to join the forces around Boston; now home again to serve as delegate to the convention which framed the first constitution of New Hampshire. Now we see him, a true minute-man, resigning his captaincy and hastening to serve under Washington, in an hour of dire need at White Plains; then home again to become a member of a committee to prevent forestalling and to regulate the prices of commodities. Now we behold him at the head of seventy men pushing through the wilderness for the relief of Ticonderoga; now returning when he hears of the evacuation of the fort, and reaching home just in time to lead back another band that fought gallantly at Bennington. Once again at home we find him at the head of more committees to regulate prices, to enlist the town's quota for the Continental army, and finally in command of four companies raised to aid in the defense of West Point. Public services of such various sorts bespeak a man with a will not easily bent, with a capacity

to do equal to any emergency, with a patriotism rising above all considerations of self; a man courageous, resourceful, self-reliant, and commanding the entire confidence and respect of his fellows.

By the time Cornwallis surrendered and the fighting ended, three more children had been added to the little flock. The log cabin had now become too small, and a farm-house was built near by. It was the typical New England farm-house of the day—one story high, clapboarded, with the chimney in the center, the door in the middle of the south side, four rooms on the ground floor, and a lean-to in the rear for a kitchen; and in this house, on January 18, 1782, another son was born, and named Daniel.

When the child was a year and more old the parents moved to the banks of the Merrimac, to Elms Farm, a place of some local interest, for on it, within a cabin whose site was plainly visible in Webster's day, had been perpetrated one of the many Indian massacres that make up so much of frontier history, and near this had stood one of the last of the forts built to protect the inhabitants of Salisbury and the neighboring towns against the savages.

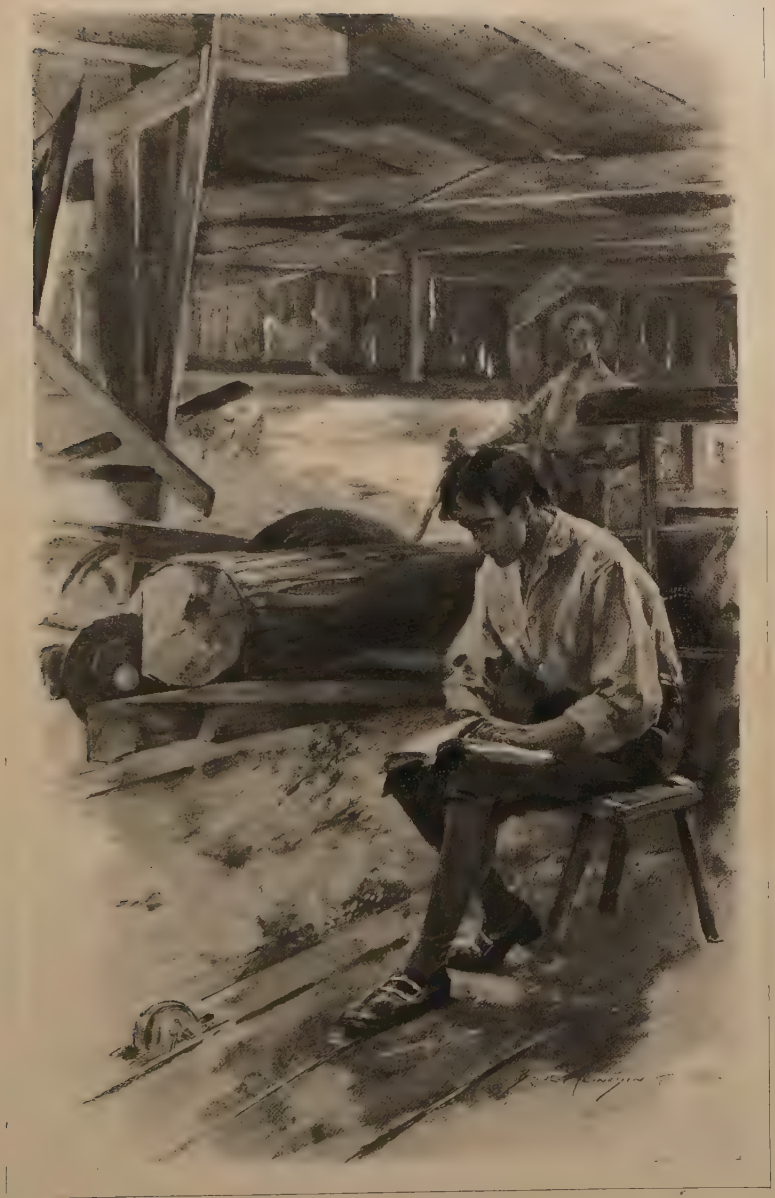
THE BOY WEBSTER.

As the boy grew in years and stature his life was powerfully affected by the facts that he was the youngest son and ninth child in a family of ten; that his health was far from good; that he showed tastes and mental traits that stood out in marked contrast with those of his brothers and sisters; and that he was, from infancy, the pet of the family. Such daily work as a farmer's lad was then made to do was not for him. Yet he was expected to do something, and might have been seen barefooted, in frock and trousers, astride of the horse that dragged the plow between the rows of corn, or raking hay, or binding the wheat the reapers cut, or following the cows to pasture in the morning and home again at night, or tending logs in his father's sawmill. When such work was to be done it was his custom to take a book along, set the log, hoist the gates, and while the saw passed slowly through the tree-trunk, an operation which, in those days, consumed some twenty minutes, he would settle himself comfortably and read.

He was taught to read, he tells us, by his mother and sister at so early an age that he never knew the time when he could not peruse the Bible with ease. With this humble beginning, his further education was intrusted to the village schoolmaster. The town of Salisbury was then so divided for school purposes that the district in which Webster lived stretched away from the Merrimac River to the hills several miles off, and had within it three rude log school-houses. One stood near the river-bank, another was on the old North Road, and the third in the west end of the township. So little was there attractive in this backwoods community that the wandering schoolmaster seems never to have visited it, and his place was filled by some humble resident who added to the profits of his farm or his store by keeping the district schools, teaching spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic for a few weeks each year, and receiving in return the pittance of a few dollars. It was in the shop kept by one of these teachers that Daniel, while still a mere child, first beheld a copy of the Federal Constitution, printed with gorgeous adornment on a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Attracted probably by the eagle, the flags, and the brilliant coloring, he bought the handkerchief, read the text, and "from this," says he, "I learned either that there was a constitution or that there were thirteen States."

Most parents were then content to send their boys and girls when school was kept in the house nearest to their homes. But the father of Daniel was determined to give his son the best education the land afforded, so he was made to follow the master from place to place. When school was held in the middle house, but a few miles off, he walked to and fro each day; when at the western end of the district, Daniel was boarded out in some family near by. When no schooling was to be had the boy roamed the woods and fields with a rough old British sailor who taught him to row and to fish, and filled his head with stories of bloody fights and strange adventures on land and sea. For Jack had served under Admiral Byng in the Mediterranean; had deserted from the garrison at Gibraltar; had wandered through Spain, France, and Holland; had been arrested and sent back to the army; had fought at Meriden; had come over to Boston with Gage; had thrice marched up Bunker Hill on the ever-memorable day in June; had deserted to the Continentals; had enlisted in a New Hampshire regiment, and, the war over, had built a little cabin on one corner of the Elms Farm.

In 1791, when Daniel had just turned nine,



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

WEBSTER READING IN THE SAWMILL.

a new honor which deeply affected his later career came to his father. The many evidences of confidence and esteem a grateful community had bestowed on Ebenezer Webster in the dark days of the Revolution did not cease with the war. The leader in strife remained a leader in peace, was sent year after year first to one and then to the other branch of the Assembly, was a delegate to the convention which ratified the Federal on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which he resided. These courts were composed of a presiding judge, always an able lawyer, and two side justices, usually laymen of hard common sense and sterling integrity; and it was to one of these side justiceships that Ebenezer Webster was appointed. The office was one of honor and dignity, and carried with it an annual salary of several hundred dollars, just enough to

meditated plan for the education of Daniel.

Of his five sons, Ebenezer, David, and Joseph had grown to manhood, were settled in life, and long past the school age. To educate the two remaining, Ezekiel and Daniel, was beyond his means. But if his longing to see at least one son rise above the humble calling of a farmer was to be gratified, it must be one of these, and to choose which cost the father a



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SECOND ACADEMY BUILDING, PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY, AS IT STOOD WHEN ATTENDED BY DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1796.



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

"WEBSTER'S HOUSE," DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, WHERE DANIEL WEBSTER ROOMED WHEN A STUDENT.

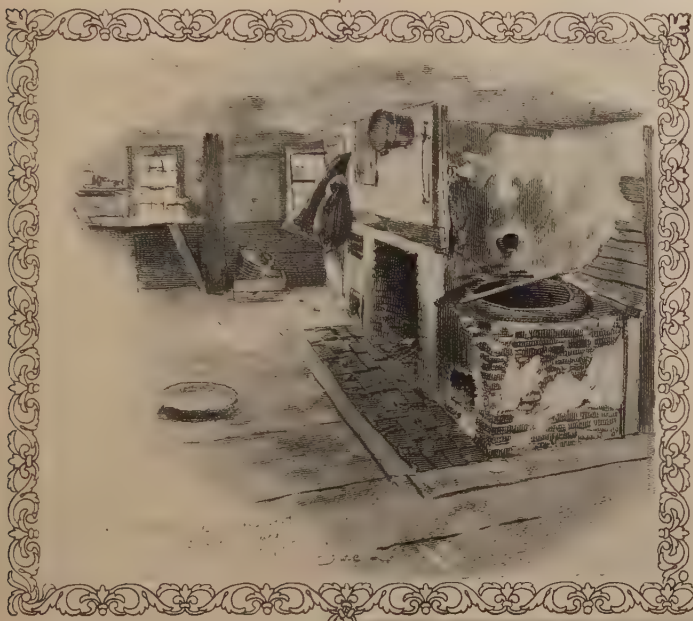
When he was gone my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a haycock. He said: 'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his education I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and we will wear our hands out, and you shall rest.' And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. 'My child,' said he, 'it is of

bitter struggle. He met it with the unfaltering courage which marked the man, made his decision, and one day in 1795 announced his determination. "On a hot day in July," said Webster, describing the scene many years later, "it must have been in one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm-tree. About the middle of the forenoon the Hon. Abiel Foster, M.C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.'"



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

ROOM IN WHICH DANIEL WEBSTER WAS BORN, SALISBURY, N. H. (PRESENT CONDITION.)

EDUCATION.

ALMOST a year passed, however, before the plan so long cherished was fairly started, and Daniel, dressed in a brand-new home-made suit and astride a side-saddle, rode with his father to Exeter to be entered at the famous academy founded by John Phillips. The principal then and forty years thereafter was Dr. Benjamin Abbot, one of the greatest teachers our country has yet produced. As the doctor was ill, the duty of examining the new pupil fell to Joseph S. Buckminster, then an usher at the academy, but destined to influence strongly the religious life of

doctor, we are told, to conduct the examination of applicants with pompous ceremony, and that, imitating him, young Buckminster summoned Webster to his presence, put on his hat, and said, "Well, sir, what is your age?" "Fourteen," was the reply. "Take this Bible, my lad, and read that chapter." The passage given him was St. Luke's dramatic description of the conspiring of Judas with the chief priests and scribes, of the Last Supper, of the betrayal by Judas, of the three denials of Peter, and of the scene in the house of the high priest. But young Webster was equal to the test, and read the whole passage to the end in a voice and with a fervor such as Master Buckminster had never listened to before. "Young man," said he, "you are qualified to enter this institution," and no more questions were put by him. The voice and manner so famous in later life were even then strikingly manifest. But one other gift of nature still lay dormant—he could not declaim. Long after he had become the great-



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ELMS FARM, TWO MILES FROM FRANKLIN, N. H., WEBSTER'S HOME AS A CHILD.

"I could not speak before the school. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse in my room over and over again, but when the day came, and the schoolmaster called my name, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

His stay at the academy was short. At the close of the year he was home again, teaching a small class of boys and girls at his uncle's house on the North Road, and while so engaged he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Samuel Wood, minister at Boscawen, some six miles from Salisbury. But Dr. Wood was more than a minister: he was an educator, and in the course of a pastorate covering nearly half a century taught in his own house, often without remuneration and sometimes at the cost of board and lodgings, one hundred and fifty-five young men. That so promising a lad as Webster should be cut short in his school career seemed a pity, and arming himself with the testimony of Dr. Abbot, he went to Colonel Webster, said what he thought, urged that the boy be sent to college, and offered to fit him. Nothing was closer to the father's heart, and the next few months were spent in the house of Dr. Wood.



HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE PRESENTED TO MISS GRACE FLETCHER (AFTERWARD MRS. WEBSTER) BY MR. WEBSTER. LENT BY MRS. ETTA LINCOLN PIERCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A YOUNG MAN.



HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY R. C. COLLINS, FROM SILHOUETTE IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

WEBSTER'S MOTHER.

The doctor took charge of his Latin; a young senior from August, 1797, Webster became a freshman in Dartmouth College, more through the influence of Trustee Wood than by merit. He had now reached a turning-point in his career. Save during the nine months spent at Phillips Exeter, he had never been so far from home, had never been so completely thrown on his own resources, nor brought in close contact with so many young men of his own age and generation. He was free to make of himself what he pleased, and acted accordingly, following the path of least resistance. Greek and mathematics he disliked and shunned; but he read widely in English literature and in history, acquired a familiarity with Latin and with Latin authors, never forgot anything once acquired, was always able to display his knowledge to the best advantage, was in no sense a student or a scholar, but became the best-informed man in college, and impressed all who met him as a youth of uncommon parts, with promise of being a great man. "So much as I read," says he, "I made my own. When a half-hour, or one hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought over what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect my object. Then if, in debate or conversa-

which I had read something, I could talk very easily so far as I had read, and there I was very careful to stop."

WEBSTER'S FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY ADDRESS.

As time passed, this wide reading stood him in good stead, and for a year he paid his board by aiding in editing a weekly newspaper for which he made selections from books and contemporary publications, now and then writing a few paragraphs himself. Nor were his physical characteristics less striking. College mates never forgot his deep-set eyes, the solemn tones of his voice, the dignity of his carriage, and, above all, his eloquence. The old shyness that tormented him so at the academy was gone. At last the greatest of his natural gifts was developing rapidly and was used freely. At first his audience was the Society of the United Fra-

people of Hanover were casting about for an orator to speak to them on the Fourth of July, 1800, they turned with one accord to young Webster.

Judged by the side of his later efforts, the oration delivered on that day was indeed a weak and school-boy production. Yet it is not beneath the vast mass of patriotic speeches to which our forefathers gladly listened, on fast-days and Thanksgiving days, on the 22d of every February and the 4th of every July, and it richly deserved the honor of publication.

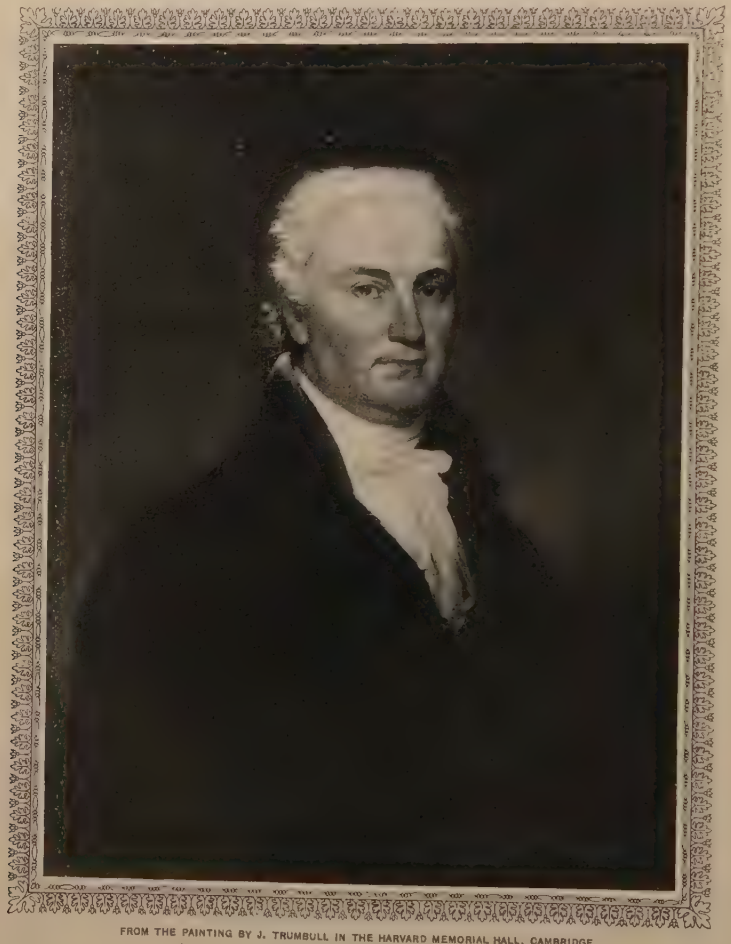
There is plenty of that sort of rhetoric, which was the fashion of the day, and without which any speech, in the opinion of the crowd, would have been but a poor affair. Washington was the man who "never felt a wound but when it pierced his country, who never groaned but when fair freedom bled." Napoleon is "the gasconading pilgrim of



FROM THE PAINTING BY C. HARDING IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

GRACE FLETCHER (MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER).

ereign America." Great Britain is "haughty Albion." Columbia is now seated "in the forum of the nations, and the empires of the world are amazed at the bright effulgence of her glory." The cannon of our navy is to "fulminate destruction on Frenchmen till the ocean is crimsoned with blood and gorged with pirates." But the bombast detracts in no wise from our interest in the speech. On from the people, their only origin, and directed to the public good, their only proper object." It was the people of these States "who engaged in the transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approach toward human perfection the political world ever yet witnessed, and which, perhaps, will forever stand in the history of mankind without a parallel."



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. TRUMBULL IN THE HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

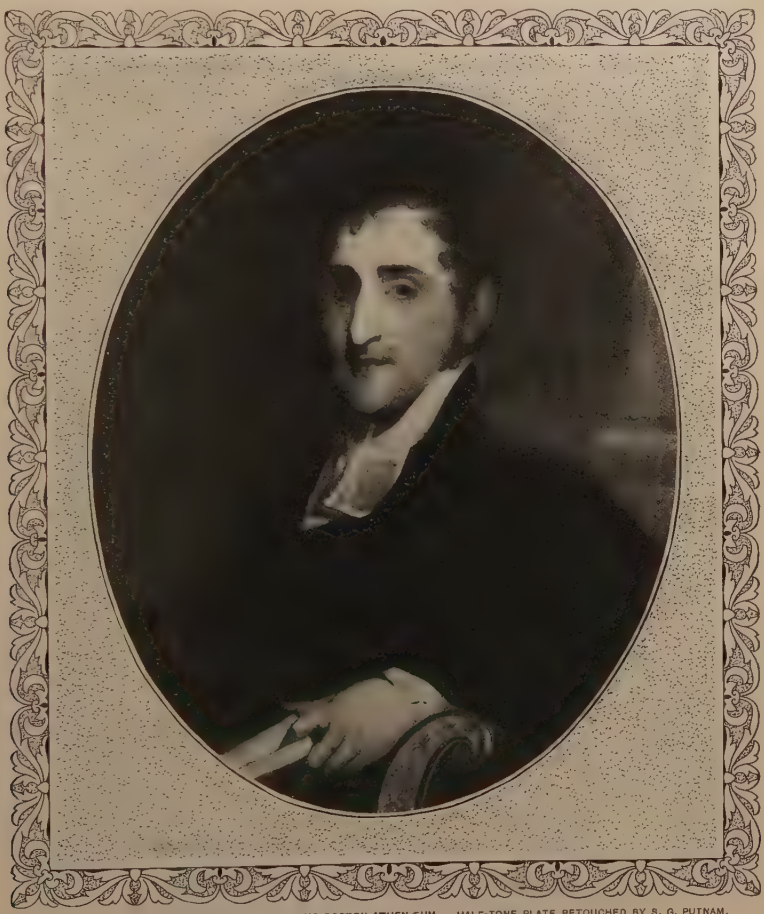
CHRISTOPHER GORE.

that day, for the first time in his life, Webster spoke to a popular audience, and to the political doctrine then announced he ever remained faithful. Love of country, devotion to the Union, the grandeur of the Constitution, and the blessings of a free government administered by the people, made his theme. No question of State rights troubled him. "In the adoption of our present systems of jurisprudence," said he, "we see the powers necessary for government voluntarily [illegible]

This was rank federalism; but that the lad should be a Federalist was inevitable. He had been reared at the knee of a man who had fought and toiled and spent his substance in the struggle for independence, who followed the leadership of Washington in peace with the same unfaltering loyalty that he had followed it in war, and had received from his father a political creed of no uncertain kind. Since coming to years of

but much to strengthen, the belief so inherited. He had seen a foreign power meddling in our domestic affairs, had read the letter in which Adet threatened the vengeance of France if Mr. Jefferson were not elected, and had since beheld that insolent threat made good. He had seen our minister to the French republic rejected, the X. Y. Z. commissioners insulted, and the whole country roused to indignation and ringing with

All these things, in his opinion, took place because a large part of his countrymen had been deaf to the advice of Washington, had quit their own to stand on foreign ground, and had formed in America a party warmly devoted to France. "But why," he asked, "shall every quarrel on the other side of the Atlantic interest us in its issue? Why shall the rise or depression of every party there produce here a corresponding vibration?

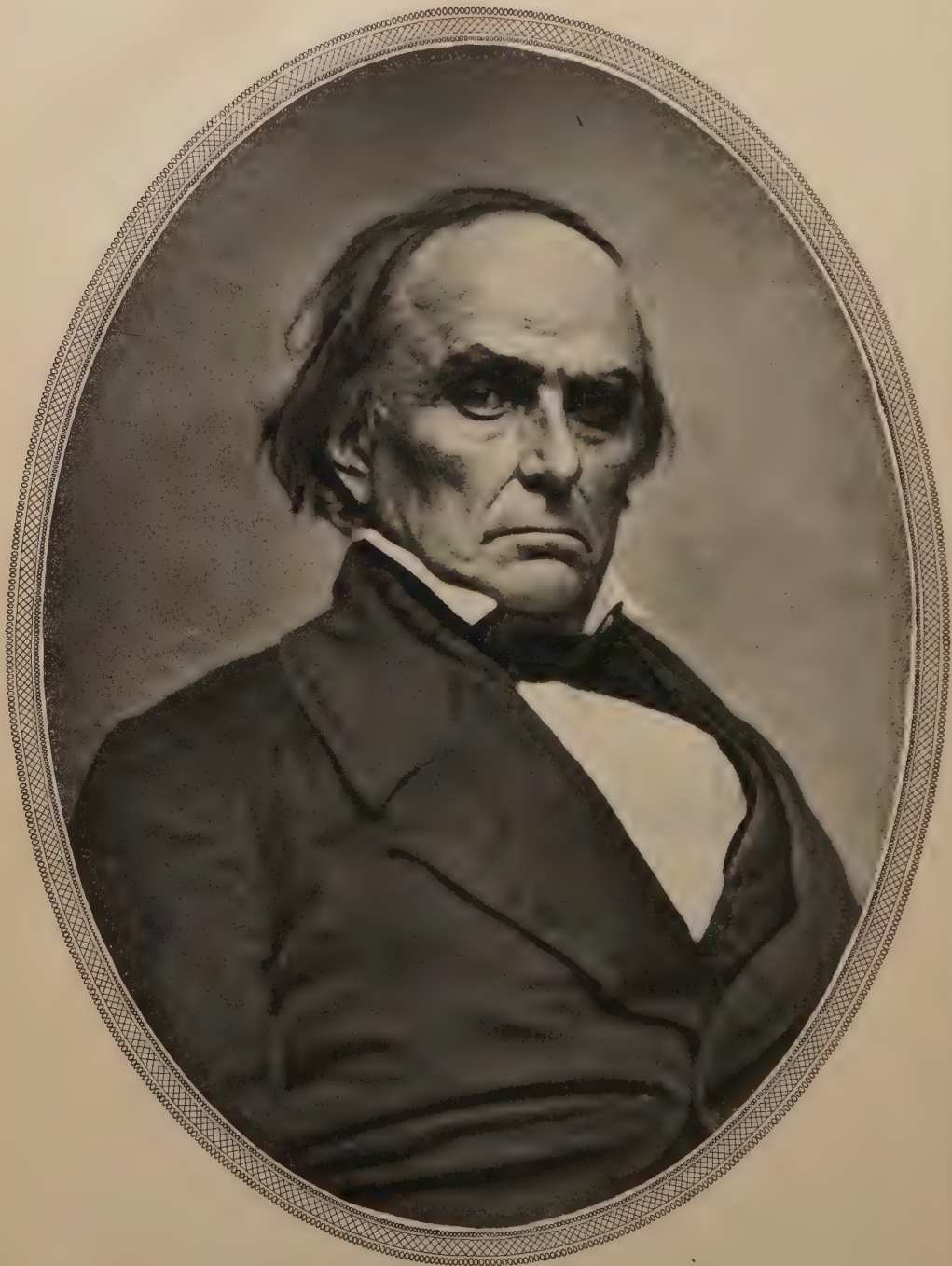


FROM THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

REV. JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER.

the cry: "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute." He had seen a provisional army raised and Washington put in command; he had seen the young men associate for defense, and the old men once again mount the black cockade of the Revolution, as an open defiance to those who, to their shame, wore the tricolor of France; he had seen seaport after seaport arm and equip a vessel of war, and had beheld the little navy so created triumph over every foe and bring

Was this continent designed as a mere satellite to the other? Has not nature here wrought all operations on her broadest scale? The natural superiority of America clearly indicates that it was designed to be inhabited by a nobler race of men, possessing a superior form of government, superior patriotism, superior talents, and superior virtues. Let, then, the nations of the East muster their strength in destroying each other. Let them aspire to conquest and contend for dominion till their continent is del-



FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY HARRY DAVIDSON

Daniel Webster

uged in blood. But let none, however elated by victory, however proud of triumph, ever presume to intrude on the neutral position assumed by our country." A little later these ideas found expression in the Monroe Doctrine.

STUDIES LAW AND TEACHES.

THE year after his Hanover speech Webster was graduated from Dartmouth, went back to his father's farm, and began the study of law in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, where, six years before, as a barefoot urchin of thirteen, he had served as office-boy and told the clients when they called where Mr. Thompson was to be found. There he read Vattel, Montesquieu, and Blackstone, the histories of Robertson and Hume, and was deep in the plays of Shakspere and the poetry of Milton, Cowper, and Pope, when his studies were suddenly cut short by the dire need of money. Yielding to his earnest pleadings, his father, who indeed "lived but for his children," had consented that Ezekiel should have the same chance in the world that had been given to him, and the lad had entered Dartmouth College. But the family treasury was empty. Money must be had, and to get it Daniel once more became a teacher, accepted the charge of an academy, and having purchased a horse and stuffed his saddle-bags with clothes and books, rode across country to the little town of Fryeburg, Maine. His salary was to be three hundred and fifty dollars a year; but the county register, with whom he boarded, gave him the work of copying deeds sent to be recorded, and so enabled him to earn a trifle more. Of a long winter's evening he could copy two deeds, for which he was paid fifty cents. "Four evenings in a week," says he, "I earned two dollars, and two dollars a week paid my board." But it did more: it enabled him to save every cent of salary, and at the end of the first quarter he rode across the hills to Hanover and put all of it into the hands of his brother for college expenses.

After teaching for nine months at Fryeburg, Webster went back to the study of law at Salisbury. The academy trustees would gladly have retained him, and offered twice the old salary, a house and a plot of ground; but his father's wish prevailed, and he was soon back again in the office of Mr. Thompson, struggling with poverty, eager for a wider field of action, and longing for the day to come when some "miracle," as he said, would enable him to finish his studies in Boston. Tired of waiting for this miracle, he finally took the matter into his own hands and went to Boston in search of employment for Ezekiel and himself. Save an old college mate then conducting a private school, he knew not a soul in the city. But it so happened that this friend had just secured a position in one of the public schools, and now offered his own to Ezekiel. The offer was accepted, and, with the money the school produced, Ezekiel was enabled to help Daniel finish his study of law in Boston.

A TURNING-POINT IN HIS CAREER.

ONCE there he set off, without friends or even letters of introduction, to find an office in which to study. The youth who had given his school to Ezekiel went along, and in the course of their search they presented themselves one day to Mr. Christopher Gore, told him that Webster was from the country, had studied law, had come to Boston to work, not to play, was most desirous to be his pupil, and asked that a place be kept for him till letters could be had from New Hampshire. Impressed by the presence and seriousness of the unknown youth, Mr. Gore talked with Webster awhile, and when he was about to go said: "You look as though you might be trusted. You say you come to study, not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may hang up your hat at once and write at your convenience to New Hampshire for your letters." Describing the scene in a letter, Webster declares that when he was introduced by his friend, who was as much a stranger as he to Mr. Gore, his name was pronounced indistinctly, and that he was a week in the office before Mr. Gore knew what to call him. "This," he said, "I call setting out in the world. But I most devoutly hope that I shall never have to set out again."

The acquaintance thus begun fast ripened into a friendship, of which Mr. Gore soon gave a signal proof. The clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Ebenezer Webster was a side justice, having died, the chief justice promptly tendered the office to Daniel. The place yielded, in fees, some fifteen hundred dollars a year, a sum sufficient to enable him to raise the load of family debt, make his father's last days comfortable, be independent, help Ezekiel, and in time lift the mortgage on the farm. Overjoyed at such good fortune, he hurried with the news to Mr. Gore, who astonished him with the remark, "You don't mean to accept it,

surely." "I told him," says Webster, "as soon as I could speak, that I had no thought of anything else. 'Well,' said he, 'you must decide for yourself; but come, sit down, and let us talk it over. The office is worth fifteen hundred dollars a year, you say. Well, it will never be worth any more. Ten to one if they find out it is so much, the fees will be reduced. You are appointed now by friends; others may fill their places who are of different opinions, and who have friends of their own to provide for. You will lose your place; or, supposing you do retain it, what are you but a clerk for life? Go on, and finish your studies; you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on no man's favor. What bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence.'"

Webster had now reached another turning-point in his career. The temptation to accept the clerkship was great. "Here," said he, "was present comfort, competency, and, I may even say, riches, as I then viewed things, all ready to be enjoyed, and I was called upon to reject them for the uncertain and distant prospect of professional success." But the advice of Mr. Gore was sound, and was taken, to the bitter regret of the father, whose heart was set on seeing his son clerk of the court. He had long had the office in view for Daniel; to disappoint him was hard, but it had to be done, and Webster with a heavy heart went home to do it. "I got home," he said, when describing the scene in after years, "one afternoon just after sunset, and saw my father in his little room sitting in his arm-chair. He was pretty old then. His face was pale and his cheeks sunken, and his eyes, which were always very large and black, seemed larger and blacker than I ever saw them. He seemed glad to see me, and almost as soon as I sat down he said: 'Well, Daniel, we have got that office for you.' 'Yes, father,' said I. 'The gentlemen were very kind. I must go and thank them.' 'They gave it to you without my saying a word about it.' 'I must go and see Judge Farrar, and tell him I am much obliged to him.' And so I talked about it very carelessly, and tried to make my father understand me. At last he began to have some suspicion of what I meant, and he straightened himself up in his chair, and looked at me as though he would look me through. 'Daniel, Daniel,' said he, 'don't you mean to take that office?' 'No, indeed, father,' said I; 'I hope I can do better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an orator, not a register of other men's acts.' For a moment I thought he was angry. He looked at me for as much as a minute, and then said very slowly: 'Well, my son, your mother has always said you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her.'"

Having thus announced his purpose to be a lawyer, not a clerk, Webster went back to the office of Mr. Gore, was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas in Boston in March, 1815, and opened an office in the little town of Boscawen, hard by Elms Farm, that he might be near his father. There he lived for two years and more, built up a small practice in the three neighboring counties, found plenty of time to read and study, added still more to his reputation as a public speaker, and wrote a couple of essays for the "Monthly Anthology," a Boston magazine from which the present "North American Review" is descended.

AT THE BAR.

CONCERNING his work as a lawyer, innumerable traditions have come down to us. One presents him as arguing his first case before the court of which his father was a judge. Another pictures him as pleading a cause so ably before the chief justice that his Honor remarked, on leaving the court-house, that he had "never before met such a young man as that." A third recalls a famous murder trial in the course of which Webster astonished all present by his deep insight into the workings of the human mind, and depicted the infirmities of human nature with such eloquence that the jury and the bystanders were moved to tears. These tales were told long after Mr. Webster had become famous, and are to be treated accordingly. That he was a good lawyer with a steadily growing practice, was an effective public speaker, and had won no little local fame before removing to Portsmouth, is all that is certain.

This removal took place in 1807. His father was then dead, and feeling no longer bound to waste his energies on the petty business of a country attorney, Daniel made over his office to Ezekiel, and during nine years was a citizen in the great seaport and chief town of New Hampshire. While living in Portsmouth he married Miss Grace Fletcher, who became the mother of his four children: a daughter, Grace, who died while a girl; a son, Daniel Fletcher; a daughter, Julia; and a son, Edward, who died of disease in the Mexican War.

From a business standpoint the change was most fortunate. The cases that came to him were far more important than any in Boscawen. They brought him in contact with the great lawyers of the State, called forth his best efforts, and made him more widely known. At Boscawen and Salisbury he was by far the most eloquent speaker, the ablest lawyer, the brightest young man in the community, and had very naturally formed an estimate of himself which neither his years nor his experience justified. But at Portsmouth he soon found himself contending with lawyers who could and did teach him much that he had the good sense to learn.

A story is told of an early encounter with William Plumer, then a senator from New Hampshire, and one of the best lawyers in the State, which well illustrates Webster's youthful manner. In the course of an argument Mr. Plumer cited a few lines from a book called "Peake's Law of Evidence," whereupon Webster scoffed at the passage as bad law, ridiculed the book as a wretched compilation, and throwing it down upon the table, exclaimed: "So much for Mr. Thomas Peakes's compendium of the Law of Evidence." But Mr. Plumer, not at all abashed, quietly produced a volume of reports, read from it the despised passage, and informed the court that it was taken word for word from one of Lord Mansfield's decisions.

The man who at this time influenced Webster most powerfully was Jeremiah Mason, one of the greatest masters of common law our country has produced. "If anybody," said he, "should think I was somewhat familiar with the law on some points, and should be curious enough to desire to know how it happened, tell him that Jeremiah Mason compelled me to study it. He was my master." No man then practising at the New Hampshire bar was such a "cause-getter," and this success, as Webster was shrewd enough to see, was due quite as much to a plain and simple manner of speech as to knowledge of the law. Everything which made up what then passed for oratory was wanting. No figures of speech, no sounding sentences, no bursts of eloquence, no gestures, marred Mason's argument. In the language of the plain people, the language of the market-place and the farm, he said what he had to say and stopped. "He had a habit," said Webster, "of standing quite near the jury, so near that he might have laid his finger on the foreman's nose, and then he talked in a plain conversational way, in short sentences, and using no word that was not level to the comprehension of the least educated man. This led me to examine my own style, and I set about reforming it altogether."

Mr. Mason in turn has left us a description of his first encounter with Webster: "It was the first case in which he appeared at our bar; a criminal prosecution, in which I had arranged a very pretty defense, as against the attorney-general, Atkinson, who was able enough in his way, but whom I knew very well how to take. Atkinson being absent, Webster conducted the case for him and turned in the most masterly manner the line of my defenses, carrying with him all but one of the jurors, so that I barely saved my client by my best exertions." But he saved his client, and in so doing taught Webster a lesson he was not slow to learn. Trained by such experiences, his progress from a country lawyer to a leader of the bar was rapid. The rough and overbearing manner gave place to a stately and dignified courtesy. The declamation that did so well on the Fourth of July was replaced by a style unsurpassed in modern oratory for simplicity and earnestness. The law was studied as he had never studied it before; a power was acquired of going through a mass of confusing arguments to the very heart of a question and dragging forth the vital points; and a manner of close and logical reasoning was cultivated to perfection. A few years of such application sufficed to make him a great lawyer in the community. He was retained in the leading cases, followed the Supreme Court on its circuit, was rarely—not ten times, he says—a junior counsel, and made one year with another as much as two thousand dollars annually—a large sum for so poor a State as New Hampshire during the first decade of the century.

Webster had now reached his first goal. Success, a good income, and some leisure were his, and having achieved this, he began to be drawn irresistibly toward politics. The profession of the law was chosen, he tells us, because his father wished it, because good friends advised it, and because the opportunity to make a fair start was then at hand. No fondness for the profession, no belief that he was specially fitted for the work, prompted him in the choice of a career.

"What shall I do?" said he when the people of Fryeburg offered him the clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas of Oxford County, and the principalship of the academy, with a house and a salary of six hun-

dred a year. "Shall I say yes, gentlemen, and sit down here to spend my days in a kind of comfortable privacy, or shall I relinquish these projects, and enter into a profession where my feelings will be constantly harrowed by objects either of dishonesty or misfortune, where my living must be squeezed from penury (for rich folks seldom go to law), and my moral principle continually be at hazard?" To fish and shoot, "to contemplate nature, to hold communion, unbroken by the presence of human beings, with the universal frame, this wondrous fair," to read the masterpieces of Latin and English literature, to study history and government, and now and then write a paper for the "Monthly Anthology," or deliver an oration on some historic day, were far more to his liking than cross-examining witnesses and pleading before juries.

THE FRYEBURG ADDRESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING this early dislike for law, Webster was long in entering on that career in which his name and fame were made, and passed his thirtieth birthday without holding a political office of any kind. He had not, however, been unmindful of what was going on about him. Scarcely a Fourth of July passed without a call to be somewhere the orator of the day. In 1802 he spoke at Fryeburg, in 1805 at Salisbury, and in 1806 before the "Federal Gentlemen of Concord."

The Fryeburg address was not printed, but long after Webster was dead a bundle of papers found its way to an old junk-shop in Boston. The proprietor of the shop, while rummaging among the manuscripts, saw the name of Webster, and making a more careful examination, came upon the original of the Fryeburg speech, which has since been published. His theme was again the Constitution and the Union, the dangers that beset them, and the duty of guarding them. He reminded his audience that their government was free, was practical, and of their own choice. No consul dictated it; no philosophers taught its principles; it was not brought to them, as were those of Switzerland and Holland, by the bayonets of the magnanimous sister republic across the Atlantic. If they wished to preserve it they must love it, shun changes both great and small, and keep up a high tone of public morals. "When," said he, "the public mind becomes depraved, every attempt to preserve it is in vain. Laws are then nullities, and constitutions waste paper."



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS AFTER A SKETCH IN THE FRYEBURG WEBSTER MEMORIAL.

THE OLD FRYEBURG ACADEMY, IN WHICH WEBSTER TAUGHT.

THE CONCORD SPEECH.

BUT the oration has yet another interest. It furnished the model for the Concord speech four years later, and likewise much of the substance, and closed with a peroration which is found in the Concord address and in that delivered before the United States Senate in July, 1850. Here again all manner of tales are told of his influence over his hearers; but one bit of reliable evidence, at least, has come down to us which goes far to prove the lively appreciation of the listeners. In the audience were the trustees of the academy, who, when the exercises were over, met and "Voted, That the thanks of the Board be presented to Preceptor Webster for his services this day; and that he would accept five dollars as a small acknowledgment of their sense of his services this day performed."

At Concord, as at Fryeburg, his subject was still the preservation of the Union and the spirit rather than the letter of the Constitution. Indeed, whole passages were taken from the Fryeburg oration, of which it was little more than a revision to suit the great political changes four years had wrought.

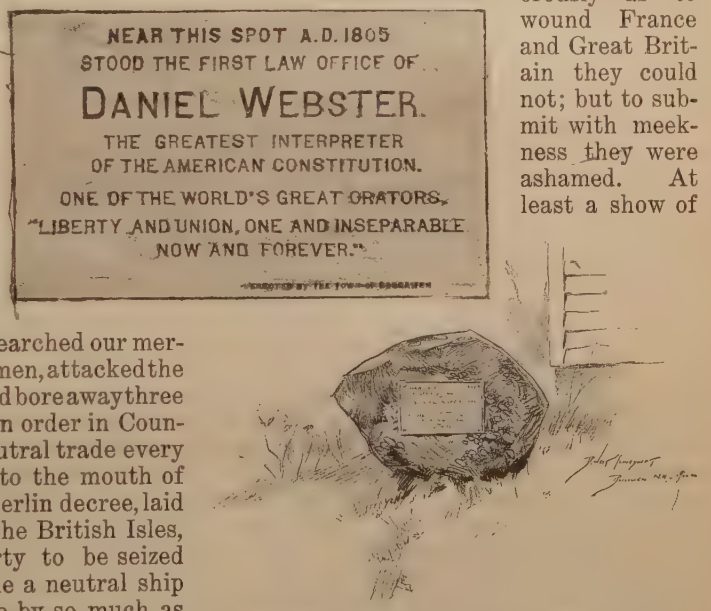
"When we speak of preserving the Constitution," said he, "we mean not the paper on which it is written, but the spirit which dwells in it. Government may lose all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its appearance. Republicanism, unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment, like a snake out of its skin. You may have a despotism under the name of a republic. You may look on a government and see it possess all the external modes of freedom, and yet find nothing of the essence, the vitality, of freedom in it, just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion

and form, amid nerves without motion, and veins void of blood."

It was the liberty for which the fathers fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, the republic as they founded it, the Constitution as by them interpreted, that he believed were injured by the policy of Jefferson.

Holding these views, he went to Portsmouth, and found himself in a ship-building, ship-owning, seafaring community, whose very life depended on commerce and trade, now threatened with ruin by the edicts of Great Britain and France. The Lords Commissioners of Appeal in London had declared the broken voyage a fraud on the neutral flag, had placed more than half the commerce of America under ban, and had thrown the whole commercial world into confusion. British cruisers patrolled our coast, blockaded our ports, searched our merchantmen, impressed our seamen, attacked the *Chesapeake* on the high sea, and bore away three sailors from her deck. By an order in Council, Great Britain shut to neutral trade every port of Europe from Brest to the mouth of the Elbe. Napoleon, by his Berlin decree, laid a blockade on the coast of the British Isles, commanded British property to be seized wherever found, and forbade a neutral ship that had broken the voyage by so much as touching at a British port to enter any port or colony of France. Great Britain retaliated and prohibited neutral trade between two ports both of which were in the possession of France or her allies, made the ship and cargo lawful prize when captured, and finding this of no avail, followed it with a third order more ruinous still. All the ports of France, of her allies, of their colonies, of any country at war with Great Britain, all the ports of Europe from which for any reason the British flag was barred, were shut to neutral trade save under British license. It was now the turn of Napoleon to strike again, and he did so with his Milan decree, which denationalized every ship whose captain touched at a British port, bought a British license, or submitted to search by a British officer, and made the craft the lawful prize of the captor, whether taken in a port of France or in that of one of her allies, or seized on the ocean by a man-of-war or privateer.

That our countrymen in such an emergency should have hesitated for one moment what to do, that they should have been divided in opinion, that one great party should have defended the course of Napoleon, while another with equal vehemence justified the conduct of King George, is hardly credible. But so it was, and the measures that resulted were worthy of men who carried their political differences beyond low water. Fight for the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the sea they would not; strike back so vigorously as to wound France and Great Britain they could not; but to submit with meekness they were ashamed. At least a show of resistance must be made, and in the vain hope of punishing the powers and avoiding the consequences of the decree and orders in Council, the sea was abandoned, the embargo was laid, and our countrymen adopted, in the language of the time, a terrapin policy and withdrew into their shell.



WEBSTER MEMORIAL, ERECTED BY THE TOWN OF BOSCAWEN, N. H.

Of all acts six-and-fifty Congresses have placed on the statute-books, the most harmful were the embargo law of 1807, and its many supplements. The first shut our ports for an unlimited time and stopped our foreign trade. The second exacted heavy bonds from those engaged in the coasting-trade. The third spread the embargo over every harbor, lake, bay, sound, and river; exacted bonds from the owners of market-boats and oyster-boats, from the broadhorns that went down the Mississippi, and the craft that pleasure-parties used for a day's fishing; forbade export by land, and subjected every cart, wagon, wheeled vehicle, and sleigh so engaged to

forfeiture, and their owners to enormous fines. The fourth prescribed that no coaster should have a clearance unless the loading was done in the presence of a revenue officer, nor sail for a port of the United States near a foreign possession without permission of the President, nor go anywhere if a collector thought fit to refuse consent. The fifth and worst of all was the Force Act. A restriction on commerce, originally intended to distress Great Britain and France, had now become perverted into an instrument for the destruction of the domestic trade and commerce of the United States, and was fast doing its work. All New England rose in resistance. Never within the memory of men then living had the people been more aroused. As a measure of coercion the embargo was declared to be a failure; as a commercial restriction it was held to be unnecessary and ruinous; as a law, the act to enforce it was claimed to be oppressive, tyrannical, and unconstitutional, and its repeal was demanded.

As Webster beheld the idle seamen, the dismantled ships, the grass growing on the wharves, the closed warehouses, and the ruined merchants, he too began to share the just indignation of the community, and taking up his pen, wrote a Federalist pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Embargo." No name was attached, and it was soon lost to sight in the mass of petitions, memorials, addresses, and resolutions that poured forth from a score of towns and legislatures. The repeal of the embargo laws and the press of professional work now turned him for a time from politics; but his interest had been aroused, hostility to the policy of the administration had been awakened, and when at last the war opened, he at once took the place of opposition leader and began his political career in earnest.

AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE Washington Benevolent Society of Portsmouth had invited him to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July, 1812. Before the day came Congress had declared that a state of war existed with Great Britain, and all New England was again aflame with resistance. As the news passed from one seaport to another, bells were tolled, shops were shut, business was suspended, and the flags on the embargoed shipping were raised to half-mast. The sea-power of Great Britain, the weakness of the United States, the needlessness of the war, the prospect of an alliance with Napoleon, the wisdom of the advice of Washington, the hostility of the Republicans to New England and the navy, the folly of intrusting the defense of the coast to a fleet of Jefferson gunboats, and the duty of carrying resistance to the verge of rebellion, were the topics of the hour, and were made topics of the speech. Hitherto the orations of Webster on Independence Day, good as they were, contained little more than the sentiments and historical allusions suitable to that anniversary. Now the crisis furnished a theme deeply interesting to his audience and to himself, and, rising to the occasion, he delivered a speech which was heard with delight, was printed, went quickly through two editions in pamphlet form, and greatly added to his local reputation. Two passages in particular were read with hearty approval—that in which he condemned the foreign policy of Jefferson, and that in which he marked out the proper course of opposition.

THE BRENTWOOD CONVENTION.

OPPOSITION of Webster's sort was, however, too calm and reasonable to be acceptable to everybody. The belief was wide-spread that the administration was bent on the destruction of commerce, that it longed for nothing so much as the ruin of New England, that its measures were animated by a fierce, implacable hatred of old England. Feeling ran high, party spirit was bitter, and in a little while notice appeared in the public journals calling on all who loved the memory of Washington to attend a convention at Brentwood to consider the state of the Union. Brentwood was a small town in Rockingham County, some twenty miles from Portsmouth, and thither Webster went. Never before had such a gathering been known. Men came by scores in carriages and on horseback, till five hundred vehicles of all sorts, twice as many horses, and two thousand men were gathered in and about the town. To assemble in the meeting-house was impossible, so a rough stage was hastily put up out of doors, a moderator was chosen, and stirring speeches were made by several men well known as popular orators. What Webster said on this occasion has not been preserved, but one who was present declares that he surpassed himself, that he surprised those who knew his power and expected much, and that he held the great throng spellbound for more than ninety minutes. When the speaking was finished a

committee of seventeen, of which Webster was one, was instructed to frame resolutions and write a report expressive of the sense of the meeting, while a recess of two hours was taken.

To draft so important a document in so short a time would have been a physical impossibility. But long before the day of meeting Webster had been selected to prepare the report, and had brought with him a most carefully written paper. As he was far more used to making arguments and delivering orations than to writing addresses, he seems to have fancied himself the spokesman of the convention, and put his report in the form of an oration addressed to President Madison. He reviewed the course of events leading up to the war, explained and justified the opposition of the Federalists of New England, urged a vigorous naval defense, warned the President of the dangers of an alliance with Napoleon, and of the breaking up of the Union which might follow a steady adherence to the present policy. He said:

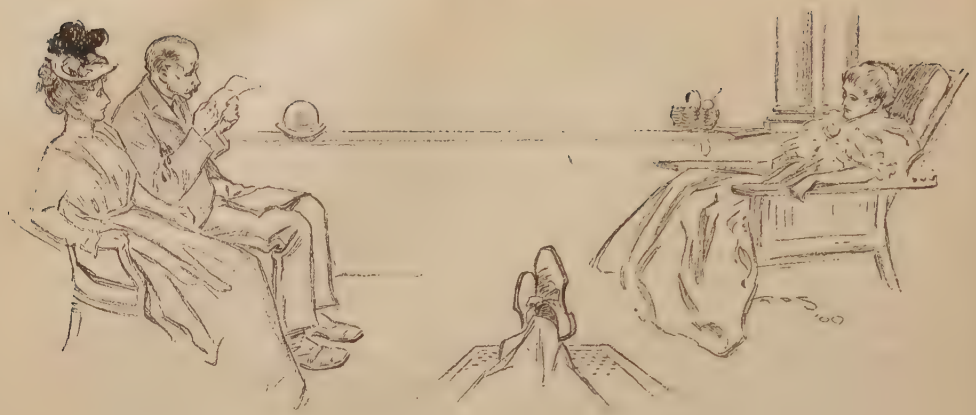
"We are, sir, from principle and habit, attached to the Union of the States. But our attachment is to the substance, and not to the form. It is to the good which this Union is capable of providing, and not to the evil which is suffered unnaturally to grow out of it. If the time should ever arrive when this Union shall be holden together by nothing but the authority of the law; when its incorporating, vital principle shall become extinct; when its principal exercises shall consist in acts of power and authority, not of protection and beneficence; when it shall lose the strong bond which it hath hitherto had in the public affections; and when, consequently, we shall be one, not in interest and mutual regard, but in name and form only—we, sir, shall look on that hour as the closing scene of our country's prosperity.

"We shrink from the separation of these States as an event fraught with incalculable evils, and it is among our strongest objections to the present course of measures that they have, in our opinion, a very dangerous and alarming bearing on such an event. If a separation of the States ever should take place it will be on some occasion when one portion of the country undertakes to control, to regulate, and to sacrifice the interests of another, when a small and heated majority in the government, taking counsel of their passions and not of their reason, contemptuously disregarding the interests and perhaps stopping the mouths of a large and respectable minority, shall, by hasty, rash, and ruinous measures, threaten to destroy essential rights and lay waste the most important interests.

"It shall be our most fervent supplication to Heaven to avert both the event and the occasion, and the government may be assured that the tie which binds us to the Union will never be broken by us."

FIRST ELECTION TO CONGRESS.

THE resolutions and the address to the President having been adopted, the convention proceeded to nominate men to represent New Hampshire in the Thirteenth Congress. The custom of dividing the State into as many districts as it had members of the House of Representatives, and assigning to the voters in each the duty of electing one, had not then come into use. Each party named six candidates, and the general ticket so framed was voted for all over the State. Among the six names on the Federalist ticket now prepared at Brentwood was that of Webster, and when the election came off it stood at the head of the poll. He received two more votes than any other Federalist and twenty-five hundred more than any of the six Republicans. He was now a member of Congress. He had reached the goal for which his father longed, and as he heard the result of a hotly contested canvass, his thoughts must have gone back to that day in the hay-field when the stern old soldier told him of a disappointed ambition and implored him to "learn, learn," that he might not be doomed to that life of toil which had made his father old before his time.



POMONA AND JONAS TELL A STORY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,
Author of "Rudder Grange," "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

RECENTLY I had a visit from Pomona and Jonas, formerly of Rudder Grange. They looked well and prosperous, and I was very glad to see them. I called Euphemia, and we all spent a very pleasant quarter of an hour talking over old times and new.

But, although Jonas was as tranquil as he ever was, I could see that Pomona had something on her mind, and that as soon as propriety would permit she would let us know what it was.

"Jone and me came here to see you, sir," she said at last, "about somethin' perticuler. We 've been told that some editors has been askin' you to get us to enter fiction again, and what we want to say is that we don't want to enter it no more. What we did when we was in it was all very well, but that 's past and gone, although I 've said to Jone, a good many more times than once, that if I had to do over again some of the things that 's set down in the book, I 'd do them different. But then he always answers that if I 'd done that I 'd spoiled the story, and so there was no more to say on the subject. What we 've done we gladly did, and we 're more than glad we did it for you, but as for doin' it again, we can't do it, for it ain't in us. Even if we tried to do the best we could for you, all you 'd get would be somethin' like skim-milk, good enough for cottage cheese and bonnyclabber, but nothin' like good, fresh milk with the cream on it."

"I think you are perfectly right," said Euphemia. "If you don't want to go into fiction again you ought not to be made to do it."

I agreed entirely with Euphemia, and said that I would not do such a thing as to put anybody in fiction who did not want to go there. Pomona and Jonas now thanked us heartily, and the load that was on Pomona's mind dropped from it entirely.

"Now, sir," said she, "we 've got another thing to say, and it will seem queer to you after what we 've said already: we *do* want to go into fiction, but not in the way we was in it before. The fact is that between us we 've written a story, and we 've brought it with us, hopin' you would n't mind lettin' Jone read it to you both. It is n't a very long story, but we 've been a long time workin' at it, and we would n't think of callin' it finished until you 've heard it. Now, if you don't mind, and will say when you would like to hear it, Jone will read it to you."

"Read it now!" cried Euphemia. "This is precisely the time we want to hear it."

The quiet and good-natured Jonas now drew a manuscript from his pocket and began.

"The name of our story," said he, "is 'The Foreign Prince and the Hermit's Daughter.'"

"We thought of a good many other names for it," said Pomona, "and I wanted to call it 'The Groundless Prince'; but Jone he said that the word 'groundless' applies to things

there is no reason for, and as so many princes are of that kind, somebody's feelin's might be hurt; so I gave in."

"Now, this is the way the story begins," said Jonas:

"In that period of time which is not modern, and yet is not too far back, and in which a great many out-of-the-way things have happened, a certain young prince went traveling in foreign parts of the world with the general purpose of broadening his mind. He wanted to study the manners and customs of other nations in order that he might better know how to govern his own people.

"But when, after several years' absence, he came back to the place of his nativity, he found that neighboring nations had made war upon his country, that they had conquered his army and subjugated his people, and that they had partitioned his principality among themselves. Consequently, he found himself in a strange position; he had gone forth to visit foreign lands, and now he returned to find himself a foreigner on the very spot where he was born. In fact, his nationality had been swept away from under him; his country had disappeared.

"But he was still a prince: nothing could deprive him of his noble birth; but to all the world, save to one person, he was an alien prince, and must always so continue. The exception was a single adherent, who had followed him when he began his travels, and whose loyal spirit would not suffer him to leave his master now.

"Slowly, with crossed arms and head bent low, the Prince strode away from the place that had once been his home, his Single Adherent following his footsteps.

"After a long day's journey they came to a little valley chiefly remarkable for streams and rocks. Here, at the entrance of a commodious cave, he beheld an elderly hermit, seated upon a stone, calmly surveying the sunset sky. The Hermit looked up with a pleasant smile, for it had been long since a traveler had passed that way, and perceiving that the stranger was not only well bred, but tired, invited him to take a seat upon a stone near by his own, at the same time motioning the Adherent to a smaller stone at a little distance.

"In reply to the numerous questions of the Hermit, the Prince soon told his story.

"'Well, well,' exclaimed the Hermit, 'then you are the Prince Ferrando! I might have known it, for you so closely resemble your father.'

"'You knew him, then?' the Prince inquired.

"'I have often seen him,' the Hermit replied. 'The likeness is wonderful. And so you have come back to find that your principality does not exist! It is a strange condition of things; but believe me—I mingled a great deal with the world before I came to this cave and I know what I am talking about—when I tell you that there are many potentates who would be glad to come back from a journey and find that their dominions had ceased to exist, and that with them had disappeared all the trials, responsibilities, and dangers of sovereignty.'

"'But I am not that sort of person,' said Ferrando. 'I do not allow care to oppress me; I do not shrink from responsibility; I am not afraid of danger. I traveled far to broaden my mind; I came back prepared to reign wisely over my subjects. But I have no subjects, and therefore I cannot exercise that enlightened rule for which I have, with so much toil and study, prepared myself. Wherever I go, I must always be an absolute alien, and as such I must try to learn to consider myself.'

"'Cheer up, my friend,' said the Hermit; 'you are too young to give up things in that way. And now allow me, sir, to introduce you to my daughter.'

"Ferrando sprang up quickly, and beheld, standing near him, a very handsome young woman carrying a large basket filled with water-cress. The Prince bowed low. 'It is very unusual, I think,' said he, 'for a hermit to have a daughter.'

"The Hermit smiled. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is rather out of the common; but when I came here to seek rest and peace within these rocky walls, my daughter could not be dissuaded from accompanying me.'

"'It is plain that she possesses a noble soul,' said the Prince, again bowing low.

"'I wonder if he ever thinks that of me?' the Single Adherent asked himself, as he stood respectfully by his low stone.

"When the Hermit's Daughter had been made aware of Ferrando's former station and his misfortunes, she went away to prepare supper. The meal was soon ready, and consisted of cress fresh from a stream, of fried cress and toasted cress, with cress tea, and also freshly drawn water from a spring.

"After supper the Hermit filled a pipe with dried water-cress, and offered another to his guest, and the three sat at the entrance of the cave and discussed the Prince's affairs, in which the Hermit and his Daughter seemed

to take a lively interest. At a little distance, on the small stone, sat the Single Adherent, also smoking a pipe of water-cress; and his inability to enjoy this novel sensation was plainly evident in the radiant beams of the full moon. In the course of an hour the Prince and his Adherent retired to a guest-cave near by; but the Hermit and his Daughter sat up far into the night, discussing the Prince and the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself.

"The next morning, after breakfast, the principal dish of which was a *salmi* of water-cress, the Hermit, his Daughter, and their guest held council together, while the Adherent stood at a respectful distance and listened with earnest attention to all that was said.

"'My daughter and I,' said the Hermit, 'agree that it is a lamentable thing that a prince such as yourself, so eminently qualified to rule, should have no opportunity to exercise his abilities for sovereignty; therefore, we think the best thing you can do is to rent a principality for a term of years. In some ways this would be better than inheriting one, for if you do not like it you can give it up at the end of the term.'

"'But where could I find a principality to let!' exclaimed the Prince. 'I never heard of anything like that.'

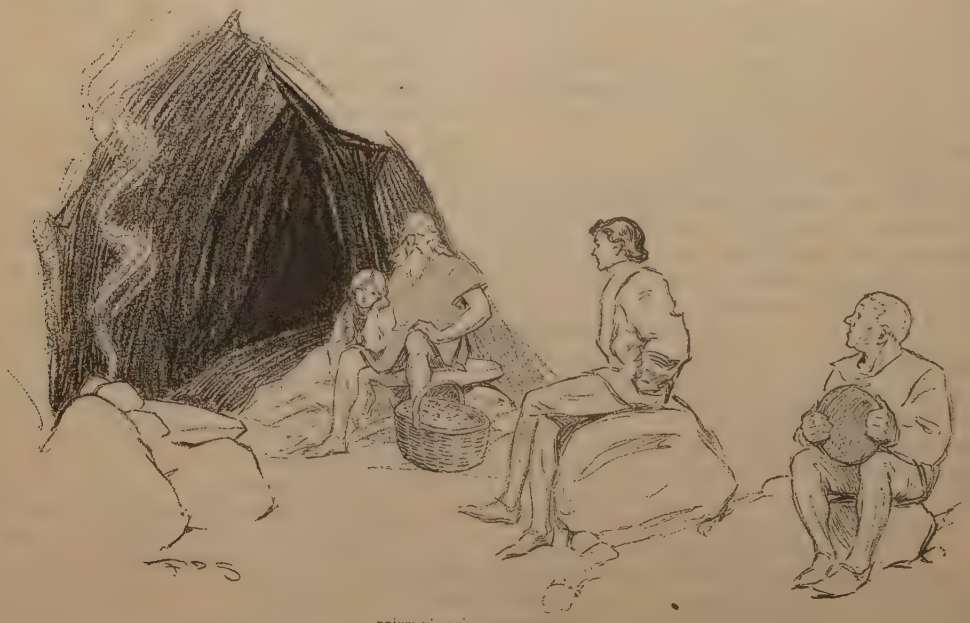
"'Very likely,' said the Hermit; 'but if you were to look around, I think you might find something to suit you which the reigning potentate might be willing to lease.'

"'I am of my father's opinion,' said the Hermit's Daughter, 'and if you will take my advice you will investigate the country north of this valley. There are several principalities in that direction, and it would not at all surprise me if before the end of a day's journey you were to find something that might be rented.'

"The Prince was very much pleased with the interest taken in his affairs by the Hermit and his Daughter, and he decided to follow their advice. As he and his Single Adherent were about to depart, the Hermit said to him: 'I shall be very glad to hear from you, and if you should succeed in renting a principality I will willingly give you any advice and assistance in my power. When I mingled with the general world I saw a great deal of governing and all that sort of thing, and it may be I can give you some points which will be of advantage to you.'

"The Prince accepted with thankfulness the kind offer of his host, and when he approached his Daughter to take leave of her, she graciously stuck a sprig of water-cress in his buttonhole.

"After walking a few miles, the Prince and his Adherent stopped at a roadside inn, where they ate an abnormal breakfast, and then, with invigorated bodies, they continued their journey.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"'BUT WHERE COULD I FIND A PRINCIPALITY TO LET!' EXCLAIMED THE PRINCE."

"Late in the afternoon the Prince became a little tired, and suggested that they stop at a farm-house which stood near the road, and sojourn there for the night. The Adherent, however, was of the opinion that they should go on until they reached the crest of a hill before them; they would then be able to survey the country. He placed a high opinion on the statement of the Hermit's Daughter that they would be likely to find what they wanted before nightfall.

"When they reached the crest of the hill they were delighted to see before them, at no great distance, a small city. When they had approached it nearer they perceived by the side of a great gate a sign-board which bore the inscription:

PRINCIPALITY TO LET,
FURNISHED.
APPLY TO DOWAGER,
AT THE PALACE.

"The Single Adherent nodded his head as he said to himself, 'This is just about what I expected.'

"'A remarkable young woman, that Hermit's Daughter,' said the Prince, 'and her suppositions should not be disregarded.'

"After passing the night in an inn near the gate, the Prince and his Single Adherent repaired to the palace to make inquiries regarding the principality.

"The Dowager was a middle-aged woman dressed in rusty black, with a quick eye and an eager expression. Having demanded references of Ferrando, she declared herself perfectly satisfied with his statements, for she had met his father, and the likeness was unmistakable. She told him she would be very much pleased to have him for a tenant, and that she was quite sure the principality would suit him exactly. She then showed him all over the palace, the Adherent following and taking notice of everything.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"SHE GRACIOUSLY STUCK A SPRIG OF WATER-CRESS IN HIS BUTTONHOLE."

"The furniture and appointments of the princely mansion were somewhat time-worn and shabby, and the Dowager, noticing the scrutinizing glances of the Adherent, thought it wise to state that during the life of her late husband everything in the palace had been kept in the most admirable order, but, of course, it could not be supposed that she, by herself, could go to the expense of new carpets and furniture-coverings. She assured the Prince, however, that a very little expenditure of money would make the palace look as bright and clean as if it had been recently furnished.

"'Of course you have an army,' remarked the Prince.

"'Oh, yes,' said the Dowager, 'an excellent army—that is, considering the size of my principality. The infantry is very good indeed; in fact, I heard my late husband say, on an occasion when the infantry corps had just been furnished with new uniforms, that he never saw a finer-looking set of men. The cavalry is also in excellent condition. It is true that in time of peace it is not necessary to keep these men supplied with horses, but in an agricultural country it is not difficult to obtain horses whenever they are really needed.'

"'And the artillery?' inquired the Prince.

"'I am sorry to say,' replied the Dowager, 'that the artillery is not yet supplied with cannon. It was the intention of my late husband to furnish them with the necessary cannon, ammunition, horses, and all that, but he never did so; and, of course, being a woman, I could not be expected to attend to such things. But I have no doubt whatever that you can easily and inexpensively put this branch of the army on a proper footing; that is, if you care for artillery.'

"The Prince asked no further questions

about the army, but inquired if the principality was furnished with a navy.

"'Oh, no,' said the Dowager; 'we have no water-front, and my late husband used often to say that this impossibility of having a navy saved him a great deal of expense, to say nothing of the trouble war-ships might get him into when they were out of sight in distant parts of the world.'

"At this point the Dowager was called out by a servant, who, in a whisper, asked her if the visitors were going to stay to dinner. The Adherent seized this opportunity of saying in a low voice:

"'If your Royal Highness will excuse me, I will suggest that you ask if there is a legislative body and a judiciary.'

"The Dowager, having shaken her head at the servant, returned to the Prince.

"'Have you a legislature?' asked the Prince.

"'Certainly,' she said. 'I cannot say that I think it is a very good one, for I have more trouble with it than with anything else in the principality; but it has now less than a year to run, and my advice would be that you should not convene it again. My experience has taught me that one can get along a great deal better without a legislative body than with one. For my part, I do not approve of them at all.'

"'And a judiciary?' remarked the Prince. 'I suppose you have that.'

"The Dowager hesitated a moment as if she did not exactly understand, but she recovered herself and answered quickly: 'Oh, yes, we have one, but I have so little to do with it that for the moment I forgot it. It has been a very good one, but it has been little used of late, and it may be out of order. I have found that plain, straightforward decrees from the throne are a great deal cheaper and much quicker in their operations than an ordinary judicial decision. But if you desire a regularly organized judiciary, it will not cost you much to establish one, if you do not employ your judges by the month or year. I find piece work a great deal more satisfactory, and you can get so much law for nothing in this country that it is not worth while giving much for it when you do have to pay.'

"The countenance of the Single Adherent had been growing darker and darker, and he now stepped up to the Prince.

"'Your Royal Highness,' said he, 'it might be well to speak of the rent.'

"When the Prince asked the Dowager how much she wanted per year for her principality, she did not immediately answer, but reflected with her chin in her hand, and then, turning to the Prince, she stated the amount.

"'You must understand,' she added, 'that I would not rent this principality to every one for such a sum as that; but as I know you to be a regular prince, who will appreciate the advantages and responsibilities of a place like this, and as you are unmarried, and, I presume, without encumbrances of any sort, I would much prefer to let it to you, even at a lower price, than to rent it to a perfect stranger.'

"When the Adherent heard the sum mentioned by the Dowager, his countenance grew almost black, and Prince Ferrando stood in silent amazement.

"'It would be impossible for me to pay such a sum as that,' he said at last. 'I have studied political economy and am familiar with the principles of internal revenue, and the income to be derived from ordinary taxes and imposts, in a principality of this size, would not enable me to pay that sum.'

"'Oh, you are very much mistaken,' cried the Dowager. 'Of course, as a woman, I have not been able to make the principality pay me what it ought to, but my late husband received a very good revenue from it, and I am sure you could do the same, if not a great deal better; for my late husband was not a good business man: he thought too much of other people and not enough of his family.'

"The Prince looked at his Adherent, and the latter shook his head violently.

"'It is impossible,' said Prince Ferrando; 'I cannot pay such a sum as that'; and he rose to go.

"'Of course,' said the Dowager, hastily, 'if you think that is too much, and that you would not be able to pay it, I might take off something in your case. I would not do this for everybody, but as it is you, I will take off one per cent. of the amount I have named.'

"For a moment Ferrando stood undecided. He greatly wanted the principality; he would be homeless and forlorn without one; and yet, this Dowager was asking him a most outrageous price.

"'I will consider this matter,' said he, 'and if you will give me the refusal of the principality for twenty-four hours, I will see you again to-morrow.'

"The Dowager considered this request as favorable to her interests, and fearing that she had asked him too little, she remarked:

'Of course, in case of a reduction like this, it must be stipulated in the lease that I reserve some rooms in the palace where I shall board at your expense. You cannot expect me to accept a reduced rent and to be turned out of my house besides.'

"The Prince bowed, and, without reply, he



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"THE PRINCE BOWED, AND . . . LEFT THE PALACE."

and his Adherent left the palace, followed by the eager, wistful glances of the Dowager. When they reached the inn the Prince said to his Single Adherent:

"'I am greatly troubled, and I wish I had the advice of that good Hermit. I will write a letter to him, and you shall take it. But you must not walk that long distance; tomorrow you will hire a vehicle and go to the Hermit.'

"The Prince wrote his letter, and the Adherent took it to the Hermit. That good man and his Daughter read it with the greatest interest, and retired to the back of the cave to consider it. Presently the Hermit approached the Single Adherent.

"'Is there room in your vehicle for three persons?' said he. Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: 'Then my daughter and I will go back with you. We think the Prince is in danger of making a very bad bargain, and as we know a great deal about these things, we believe that our presence and advice will be of great advantage to him.'

"So, after the horse had all the watercress it could eat, the little party started back to the city.

"When the Prince heard the sound of the wheels, and came down to the door of the inn, he was amazed and delighted to see the Hermit and his Daughter, and welcomed them with unusual ardor.

"'Of all people in the world,' he exclaimed, 'I am most happy to see you! I am in great doubt and difficulty, and I want your advice and counsel.'

"'Which is what we came to give you,' said the good Hermit, as he warmly pressed the hand of the Prince.

"After supper the Prince and his guests retired to an inner room for consultation, while the Adherent stood in the background. After some discussion it was decided that early in the morning the Prince should go to the palace, and should agree to lease the principality for five years, provided the Dowager would accept one half the sum she had originally asked; and he should also absolutely refuse to board the Dowager, or to allow her to reserve any part of the palace for her own use. He would promise to pay one quarter's rent in advance if these terms were agreed upon on the spot.

"It was nearly high noon on the following day when the Dowager left the palace, taking with her all her belongings. As she departed she turned and cast a black look at the Adherent.

"'It is to his advice,' she said to herself, 'that I owe this very bad bargain I have made. If that young fellow had been left to himself he would have agreed to everything I demanded.'

"For an hour or two before she left, the Prince had been wandering about the premises, impatiently waiting for her departure. As soon as she was gone, he called to his Adherent, and sent him to the inn to summon the Hermit and his Daughter to his presence. He wished to be grateful to these good friends, but as he had a respect for appearances, he did not desire the Dowager to know that these humble persons were to be his first guests in the palace.

"When the Hermit and his Daughter arrived at the palace they received a princely welcome, and Ferrando informed them that he wished them to make him a visit of at least a week.

"'You have been so good to me that I wish to do the best for you, and so I have arranged that you shall occupy the state suite in the right wing,' said he.

"'We are thankful for this great honor,' said the Hermit, 'but, if it would please your Royal Highness, we should prefer the corresponding rooms in the left wing. We think they will suit us better.'

"The Prince raised his eyebrows in surprise, but he gave orders that his guests' wishes should be gratified. The Adherent, who was standing in the background, raised his eyes also, but he was not surprised.

"In about half an hour the Hermit and his Daughter rejoined the Prince in the grand hall. To his utter amazement, Ferrando beheld his guests dressed in rich and handsome garments.

"'Did they bring any trunks with them?' he whispered to his Adherent, as they approached.

"'No, your Royal Highness,' was the answer. 'They brought nothing but a basket of water-cress, which the lady said had been freshly picked and ought not to be wasted.'

"With great dignity the Hermit advanced to the Prince, and by his side walked his Daughter, who was so beautiful in her silks and laces that the Prince found it impossible to remove his eyes from her.

"'In order to explain this change in our appearance,' said the Hermit, 'I will state that the Dowager from whom you rented this principality is my brother's widow. Before he died he arranged that the Dowager should reign over the principality as long as she lived, and that my daughter should then succeed her. At the same time, knowing that his wife did not understand the governing of principalities, he appointed me assistant prince with a salary. This seemed like a very good plan, but it did not work. The Dowager soon showed such a disposition to meddle with everything that was going on that my position gradually became so intolerable I determined to retire to a hermit's cell, to which my daughter accompanied me.'

"With his mind scarcely able to grasp the situation, the Prince gazed from one to the other of his guests. 'Can it be possible,' he said presently, 'that in renting this principality I have interfered with your prospects?'

"'Oh, not at all, not at all,' replied the Hermit. 'In the first place, you have given us the great honor of visiting you and of occupying our old suite of apartments. I cannot describe to your Royal Highness the pleasure I felt when I saw my dressing-gown hanging on its accustomed hook, with my favorite slippers beneath it.'

"'I take back my invitation for a week,' cried the Prince. 'Now that I know who you are, you must stay with me for a long time. I wish you could stay always,' he added, his eyes still fixed upon the beautiful young woman. And then, as if to explain this outburst of interest, he said: 'I rely so much on your advice and counsel, and there is no knowing what the Dowager may do next.'

"'You are right,' said the ex-Hermit; 'there is no possible way of knowing. But a plan has suggested itself to me which I think may relieve you of any possible annoyance or molestation. My idea is that you shall marry my daughter. Then, in virtue of your lease, you will reign over the principality, and she will be your consort. After a time, when the Dowager departs this life, my daughter, by virtue of inheritance, will reign over the principality, and you will be her consort. Thus, you see, the Dowager will have no show at all.'

"The countenance of the Prince shone like the sun. 'A heaven-born plan!' he cried. 'From the moment I saw your daughter with the basket of water-cress, I loved her. By your permission, I will embrace her.'

"The permission was given, and he embraced her. She might have said that, from the moment she had understood the peculiar circumstances in which the prince had found himself, her heart had gone out to him like a dove seeking the nest of its partner, but

she did not think it needful to occupy the time with unnecessary statements.

"'Your Royal Highness,' said the Adherent, approaching with a bow, 'I think it is only right to inform you that the Dowager, when she left, said to me that she would return early in the afternoon to superintend the removal of her parrots.'

"'What!' cried the Prince, 'have n't those beastly birds gone yet? Send them after her without the loss of a minute. I don't want to see her back here again.'

"The ex-Hermit, who had drawn his daughter aside for a few words of consultation, now advanced with uplifted hand. 'Nay,' said he; 'if you will excuse me, I think I can suggest a better plan than that. The old lady is bound to come back, and the sooner she comes and goes, the better. But we should be prepared for her. I suggest that a priest be summoned, and that you and my daughter be married immediately. Our position in the palace will then be assured, and the Dowager will have nothing to say, either about our presence here or about anything else. How does my plan suit your Royal Highness?'

"Ferrando did not answer, but turning to the Adherent, he ordered him to summon a priest without delay, and to order the assemblage in the great hall of all the courtiers and servants who could be found. The Adherent sped away on his errand, and as he did so he smiled and said to himself, 'She is a better manager than the old woman, and her views are broader.'

"When the marriage ceremony had been concluded, the Prince ordered a sumptuous wedding-feast to be spread; but he was soon informed that there was nothing to eat in the house, for the Dowager had not thought it at all incumbent upon her to provide eatables for her tenant.

"'It matters not!' cried the ex-Hermit, his face glowing with pleasure. 'There will be time enough to provide a good supper, and in the meantime what could be more appropriate for a wedding repast than the basket of cress which my daughter brought with her!'

"A table was spread, with a great dish of water-cress in the center, and it may be remarked that the Prince was so wild with delight that if this dish had been suddenly changed to one containing fried chicken with white gravy, he would not have perceived the difference.

"Early in the afternoon the Dowager returned to superintend the removal of her parrots. As she entered the great hall she perceived the wedding-party waiting to receive her, and her amazement was such that her toes turned upward and she sat down with great suddenness in a chair which the Adherent thoughtfully placed behind her.

"'Ah,' thought the Dowager, 'it is these wretched people who have been giving him advice.'

"'How do you do, my dear sister-in-law?' said the ex-Hermit. 'I do not wonder you are surprised to see us here, and in order to relieve your mind, I will instantly explain the state of affairs.' Whereupon he explained them.

"The Dowager then found her voice and her strength; springing to her feet, she cried: 'This is a plot! I have been deceived, and the lease is void. Not one of you has any right in this palace, and I hereby order you out!'

"The ex-Hermit smiled and drew a paper from his pocket. 'Before we obey your orders, my dear sister-in-law,' he remarked, 'I wish to call your attention to a little business matter. You will remember that when I was here with you, acting as your assistant, you found great difficulty in paying me my salary. The first year you told me to take it out of the custom duties. The sum I received was not equal to the amount due me, but I made no complaint. The second year I was obliged to rely on the taxes on internal production, but, as you required most of the income from this source, I found myself very short of money at the end of the year. The third year I was obliged to rely upon the taxes on pew-rents, and that, as you are aware, yielded me almost nothing. After that you paid me no salary at all. Here is my bill for the money due me. But if you cannot conveniently pay me now, I will agree, in the presence of these good friends, to postpone the settlement until the next time I lay my eyes upon you. If you do not then pay me I shall levy upon your personal possessions.'

"The Dowager glared at the Princess Ferrando, and having shaken her long forefinger at that beautiful young lady, she departed, and was never seen in the palace again."

DURING the reading of this story Pomona had listened with great interest and had not interrupted, but now she spoke.

"There 's two ways of endin' a story," said she; "one is to wind it up and the other is to let it run down. Now when a story is

runnin' down, as if it was a clock, it 's often a good deal longer than you think before it stops, so we thought we would wind this one up right there."

Euphemia laughed. "But if you wind it up," she said, "you help it to keep on going."

For a moment Pomona looked embarrassed, but she quickly recovered herself. "I don't mean to wind it up like a clock," she said, "but to wind it up like an old-fashioned clothes-line, which is n't wanted again until you have some more things to hang on it."



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"THE DOWAGER . . . DEPARTED, AND WAS NEVER SEEN IN THE PALACE AGAIN."

I stated that it was my opinion this was an excellent way to stop a story; but Euphemia did not agree with me.

"I think," she said, "that a story of this kind ought to end with a moral. They nearly always do."

Pomona now looked at Jonas and Jonas looked at Pomona.

"Several times, when we was writin' the story," said Pomona, "I had a notion that Jone was tryin' to squeeze a moral into it, but he did n't say nothin' about it, and I did n't ask him, and if there 's anything more to say, it 's for him to do it."

Jonas smiled. "My opinion about morals to stories is that the people who read them ought to work them out for themselves," said he. "Some people work out one kind of moral, and others work out another kind. It was a pretty big job to write that story, which I had to do the most of, and I don't think I ought to be called on to put in any moral, which is a good deal like bein' asked to make bread for the man who buys my wheat."

Pomona looked down at the ground, then she looked up at the ceiling, and then said: "If you would n't mind hearin' a little bit of a story, I 'd like to tell you one." And as we did not mind, she began: "Once there was a young married man, who was in the habit of goin' to his business in a canoe. Every mornin' he paddled himself down to his office, and every afternoon he paddled himself back. About half-way down the beautiful stream on which he lived there was a little point of rocks projectin' out into the water, and the young man was obliged to paddle his canoe very near the opposite shore in order to get out of the way. This was toublesome, and after a while he got tired of it. It would be very much pleasanter, he thought, if he could paddle along the middle of the stream without thinkin' about the rocks. So one mornin', when he was in a great hurry, he said to himself that he would steer his canoe right straight against that point of rocks and break it off. After that he would have a clear passage up and down the stream. So, as soon as he got near enough, he carried out his plan. That young man did n't go to his office that mornin', and the fragments of his canoe was picked up by a poor family livin' on the banks of the stream, and used for kindlin'-wood.

"Now," added Pomona, looking at Jonas, "if you can think of a good moral to that story I 'm sure we 'd be glad to hear it."

Jonas smiled and looked at me. "As I said before," he remarked, "I don't want to have anything to do with morals. In my opinion, every man ought to be his own moral-maker."

Pomona gave her head a little jerk, as if she thought he was perfectly right and was also able to act on his own opinion; but Euphemia smiled and then knitted her brow.

"I am not so sure about all that," she said. "It is sometimes very hard to get at the moral of anything, and I think the morals of stories ought to be made as easy as possible for the readers. Now, I may be all wrong, but if I were asked what was the moral of the first story I should say that it was mostly written by somebody who thought that somebody, probably a wife, was trying to do too much managing, and that the moral of the second story relates to somebody who thought he could reform his wife."

Pomona looked at Jonas, and Jonas looked at Pomona, and then we all laughed.

"If it suits you all," I said, "I think we will leave the moral question just where it stands."

It suited them all, and the question was left standing.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

(THE EAST OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.)

BY HENRY C. POTTER.

IN Le Sage's "Bachelor of Salamanca" there is recounted a series of stirring incidents which issue in the arrival of the hero, Don Cherubin de la Ronda, in Mexico, in which, for a time, he leads a vagrant life, and in which, for a still longer time, he holds an official position of considerable importance. The book is interesting, though characteristically coarse reading, and as throwing a very helpful side-light upon not only usages, but standards, ceremonious, commercial, or moral, of the Spanish rule in Mexico, it is of enduring value.

For nothing can be plainer to one reading the volume than that, to use a modern vulgarism, the Spaniards were not in Mexico, or in any other colony, "for their health." The ordinary term of office of a governor was five years, and, however poor a man came to the colony, he was expected to leave it a man of independent fortune. When Don Cherubin de la Ronda's friend and patron, the Count de Gelves, retires from the viceroyalty of New Spain, the former relates that "finally we set out from Mexico, and it may be said that on the day of our departure we presented a spectacle to the Americans which gave ample scope for their curses. The wags, at seeing two hundred mules loaded with bales, mostly of silver, made themselves a little merry at our expense, and we repaired with their money to Vera Cruz"—which goes a good way to explain the long-suffering patience of the natives under Spanish rule.

And no estimate of the Philippine, any more than of the original Mexican situation, or of the people with whom chiefly the former is concerned, can be even moderately intelligent which leaves this feature out. Spain found the islands as the fruit of that fine spirit of adventure which will forever preserve her name illustrious. Columbus was not a greater hero nor a more daring explorer in his way than was Magellan in his. But neither Magellan nor the men who followed him, as indeed such an incident in their history unmistakably reveals, rose above the spirit of their times. That the aims of the Spanish-American and Spanish-Pacific ventures were not those of colonization so much as of mere conquest is plain enough. True, the church went in the ships with the soldiers, and the priest and his paraphernalia were often landed first of all. But, without impugning the spirit or the purposes of the reverend clergy of that day, it is enough to say that, having startled the simple savages among whom they landed with their unfamiliar ceremonies, they seem to have done little or nothing to teach or to protect them. When Manila was occupied by the Spaniards the historian tells us that they first of all established a system of taxes to be imposed upon the natives, and later built hospitals for their own soldiers, penitentiaries for the punishment of the recalcitrant, and war-ships to enforce their decrees. Of schools and the development of industries we hear nothing, nor, indeed, do the Spaniards seem to have contemplated the latter as practicable among the untutored savages. And yet, later experience has demonstrated that in handicrafts, the mechanic arts, and kindred industrial pursuits the native Filipino has exhibited unusual aptitude. The factory-hand of to-day, in such cotton-mills as I visited, is usually a lad or a girl under seventeen or eighteen years of age. Yet I was assured by their Scotch overseer that they learned their somewhat delicate and intricate tasks, which involved the manipulation of machinery easily disarranged or misdirected, in about half the time that a European boy or girl would acquire the same knowledge.

But of development along lines that, to our American thinking, are those which alone are legitimate in the work of colonization, it is plain that the Spanish conquerors had no conception, or, if they had, regarded it with not the slightest interest. The pages of Philippine history, from the year (1521) when Magellan landed on the north coast of

Mindanao, in the southern Philippines, down to our own time, have, indeed, little else to record than successive struggles for a group of islands which the most cursory inspection proved to be rich in natural resources, and for the possession of which, before a great while, Chinese, Dutch, and English in turn vigorously and more or less successfully contended. It would be interesting to speculate upon what would have been the history of the islands if the British fleet which, under Admiral Cornish, on September 22, 1762, arrived before Manila had maintained the hold which the land forces under General Draper, a little later, established there, and which was only relaxed when, after the ratification of the treaty of Paris in February, 1763, Manila was evacuated.

It is undoubtedly probable that, had British control of the islands been maintained, their history would have been more prosperous and peaceful than it subsequently proved to be. Whatever we may deny to her, England has the genius of colonization. And yet, if, in 1762, she had retained possession of the Philippines, it is by no means certain that she would have ruled them more easily than did Spain. Britain's most signal triumph as a colonizer has been in India, and in India she has the difficult task of dealing with different tribes, rulers, and tongues. But the local divergences in these respects can in no degree be compared with what Spain found in the Philippines, nor can the original conditions be considered at all similar. India had a civilization, however we may disesteem much that distinguished it. It had a religion which, however much of it was clouded by superstition, was still the parent and propagator of great ideas. But the civilization of the native tribes of the Philippines was utterly unworthy of any such name, and their religious ideas were at once pagan and puerile. Mr. Foreman, to whose admirable work[1] I shall have occasion more than once to refer, relates that in the year 1881 he had occasion to visit a village in Upper Pampanga which the Spanish authorities had established as a kind of model for the elevation and instruction of the Negritos. They were housed in bamboo and palm-leaf huts of excellent sanitary construction, and supplied with food and clothing for a year, with instruction in tilling the soil and other industries. But at the end of a year or two they had fled to the mountains, and no persuasion could bring them back to anything that separated them from the low animalism and the nomadic habits which were their ancestral inheritance. Now, this, it must be borne in mind, was after Spain had been in possession of the Philippines for more than three hundred years.

[1] "The Philippine Islands," by John Foreman, F.R.G.S.

It is quite true, of course, that this has not been the history of Spanish colonization in all the islands or in connection with all the tribes. I shall never forget the profound impression which was made upon me when I entered the harbor of Manila. The spectacle of solid and stately structures, forts, arsenals, municipal halls, churches, viceregal palaces, and the rest, was worthy of any port of Spain, distinctly recalling, indeed, impressions which I had received when entering the harbors of Cartagena, Malaga, and Barcelona. And when one goes to and fro in Luzon, and to a greater or less degree in others of the Philippine Islands, he sees manifold material evidences of commercial, municipal, civic, and ecclesiastical activity. The question at once arises, Why has it accomplished so little, and why, on the whole, is the type of civilization which one finds in the Philippines so low and in some instances so exceptionally debased? These are questions which the nation which has assumed the burden of governing these islands has need to ask and to press until it shall have an answer. In that answer, if it is soluble at all, we shall find the solution of the Philippine problem.

It is partially answered as soon as we have intelligently recognized the elements that went to make up the Spanish civilization. Whatever Spain might have hoped to do or to be to the Philippines, she could not have expected to create among them a social order or to introduce and establish moral standards that were higher than her own. Those that she did introduce were translated to the people whose soil she invaded and whose tribes she undertook to rule by four powerful agencies: the army, the civil ruler, the church, and commerce. In speaking of them I shall content myself mainly with the testimony of her own witnesses.

And, first, the army. Substantially the first knowledge that the Filipino had of the Spaniard was as a soldier. The men who came in ships and who first landed on his shores came as the servants of those who sailed in them as the conquering hosts of Spain, and when, as at Cebu, these conquerors first landed, they disclosed the purpose for which they had come by seizing and sacking the first town that they entered.

The natives were declared Spanish subjects, their king was dethroned, and the grandson of the Spanish leader, the daring Legaspi, was despatched to take possession of Luzon. The Spanish historian has obscured this latter transaction by chronicles that are curiously contradictory, but he may believe who can that the native rulers of Luzon surrendered their territory, their independence, and their tribute to invading foreigners who used no other weapons than persuasive speech. From the beginning, though the records were written by Spanish hands, the pages of Philippine history are stained with blood, chiefly the blood of innocent and guileless savages, entrapped, terrified, robbed, and ravished by civilized and nominally Christian soldiers. It is not altogether surprising that their descendants do not welcome the advent of the Christian soldier to-day.

Naturally enough, conquest was followed, for a time at any rate, by a rule that was largely military. As the colony was divided and subdivided into provinces and military districts, the chief authority was usually a military officer who gladly resigned his rank for an office which, while it ordinarily had attached to it a stipend of but three hundred dollars, afforded indefinite opportunities for personal emolument. In his "Noticias de Filipinos," Don Eusebio Mazorca, in an unedited manuscript,[1] dated 1840, in the archives of the Bauan Convent, Province of Batangas, states that "there are candidates up to the grade of Brigadier who relinquish a $3000 salary to pursue their hopes and projects in [provincial] Governorship," and of the qualifications for these positions T. Comin, in 1810, wrote: "In order to be a Chief of a Province in these Islands, no training or knowledge or special services are necessary. . . . It is quite a common thing to see a barber or a Governor's lackey, a sailor or a deserter, suddenly transformed into an Alcalde, Administrator, and Captain of the forces of a populous province without any counsellor but his rude understanding, or any guide but his passions—'sin otro consejero que su rudo entendimiento, ni mas guia que sus pasiones.'"[2] Comin was subsequently Spanish consul-general at Lisbon.

With absolute power, with a native incapacity even to conceive of an equitable exercise of authority, ignorant, self-willed, and wholly irresponsible, it can easily be imagined that this military rule did little to win or elevate the people whom it pretended to govern. Our own American theory, still widely prevalent—more shame on us!—in certain parts of our own land, that "a negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect," was apparently the highest view of his duty that the ordinary Spanish military officer was capable of conceiving. To amuse and indulge himself at whatever cost to the community over whom he was placed, and then to wring from the conquered province the last peseta that could be squeezed from the peasant whom he terrorized, this was the foundation for civil rule in the Philippines which was laid by that military rule which preceded it.

It is not greatly surprising, therefore, that when the civil ruler took over the tasks of the military governor the situation was not greatly improved. He was the creation of the Spanish government at Madrid, and that conception of the object of his appointment which I have indicated at the beginning of these pages was undoubtedly a leading, if not the principal, motive. The appointments to places of trust and responsibility, such as were those of military governors, alcaldes, or other prominent magistrates, were in the gift of the Spanish cabinet, and when a cabinet officer went out, his favorites went out with him. The system, in a word, was our own, save as the latter is feebly and intermittently qualified by civil-service regulations; and the uses which a government officer made of his place, if more glaring and unblushing, especially, for example, in cities, than those which we are familiar with at home, were of substantially the same character. The authority that I have already quoted, Don Eusebio Mazorca,[3] describing the official processes in this connection, says: "The Governor receives payment of the tribute in rice paddy, which he credits to the native at two reals in silver per caban. Then he pays this sum into the Royal Treasury in money, and sells the rice paddy for private account at the current rate of six, eight, or more reals in silver per caban, and this simple operation brings him 200 to 300 per cent. profit." One is not surprised to hear that officials on retiring from office took with them, when they returned to Spain, large sums, three or four times exceeding their total official emoluments.

Under such a system of civic corruption at the top, it inevitably followed that the rottenness reached all the way down. One is irresistibly reminded of our police systems

[1] Foreman's "The Philippine Islands," p. 230.
[2] Ibid., p. 231. [3] Ibid., p. 242.

in cities, with their political "bosses," by an experience of the author I have already quoted. In 1885 he bought a small estate which had been leased to a tenant whom the purchaser found at the moment in the Manila jail for a violent assault. Three months later the man was at large, and he was soon after appointed governor of his own village.

It is not to be supposed, however, that such a state of things existed without the mechanisms and processes of the law by which it ought to have been restrained or corrected. The difficulty was that the courts and the usual legal processes and personages were as corruptible as the higher officials. "I knew," says Foreman,[1] "a man in Negros Island—a planter—who was charged with homicide. The judge of his Province acquitted him, but fearing that he might be again arrested on the same charge, he came up to Manila with me to procure a ratification of the sentence in the Supreme Court. The expenses of the legal proceedings were so enormous, that at length he was compelled to fully mortgage his plantation. Weeks passed, and he had spent all his money without getting justice, so I lent his notary 40*l.* to assist in bringing the case to an end. The planter returned to Negros apparently satisfied that he should be no further troubled, but later on, the newly appointed judge in that island, whilst prospecting for fees by turning up old cases, unfortunately came across this, and my planter acquaintance was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment." The narrator of this incident naïvely informs us that "the family lawyer, *proceeding on the same lines,* had still a hope of finding defects in the sentence to reverse it in favour of his client." How could it be otherwise when, a little earlier, we are informed that if a case had been tried and judgment given under the civil code a way was often found to convert it into a criminal case; and when apparently settled under the criminal code, a flaw could be discovered under the Laws of the Indies, or the *Siete Partidas,* or the Roman law, or the *Novisima Recopilacion,* or the *Antiguos fueros,* decrees, royal orders, *Ordenanzas de buen Gobierno,* or some others by which the case could be reopened? Such a state of things throws an interesting side-light upon the charming innocence of those American commissioners who, in the recent treaty of Paris, virtually reënacted the above Philippine system of civil and ecclesiastical law. One is tempted to say that the prayer from the bench, "May God have mercy on your soul!" might not only fitly follow a criminal trial, but precede a civil one.

Any description of the Philippine situation would, however, be gravely incomplete which omitted that other element in it which was neither military nor civil, but ecclesiastical. We ought not to fail to recognize, in reviewing it, those earlier motives of missionary zeal which found undoubtedly a welcome sphere in all the splendid range of Spanish conquests. The heathen peoples to whom the conquerors came were in pagan darkness, and a Christian and Catholic monarch owned the obligation to impart to them the religion which was identified with the history of his people and the foundations of his throne. That the methods which were employed to this end were not always or often those which to-day would receive the unqualified sanction of the descendants of those who invoked them is only to say that the ideas of Christian expansion, whether Latin, Greek, or of the Reformed communions, were not those which intelligent people of any Christian fellowship would to-day approve. A religion of externalism and a propaganda of force went hand in hand; and that their fruits were not manifest in regenerated characters or in a pure and righteous social order was simply because no seed was sown which could have produced such fruits. But the gravest aspects of the ecclesiastical history of the Philippines appear when we turn to look, in the pages of their own historians, for the influence, whether of institutions or of individuals, in bringing to pagan tribes nobler ideals and a doctrine or practice resembling even in some remote degrees those of the brotherhood of Jesus Christ. For this it ought distinctly to be said that at first the church was only indirectly responsible. The civil and military authorities soon discovered that in the Philippine Islanders they had a people extremely sensible to external impressions, ignorant, credulous, and superstitious. From the awe with which they witnessed rites and ceremonies unfamiliar, but dramatically impressive, they passed readily and swiftly to awe and fear of those who performed them, and the civil ruler found himself invoking ecclesiastical terrors because often no others proved to be so effective. Out of this it not unnaturally grew that the ecclesiastic came, in time, to unite both sacred and secular functions,—the church has too readily in every age assumed them both,—

[1] "The Philippine Islands," p. 268.

and the prelate and the priest became, sooner or later, the magistrate and the judge. In such capacities the village pastor took on ultimately the character of a government agent, and, as such, it was within his discretion arbitrarily to grant or to refuse his official signature to documents which without it had no value. Or he could, as a guardian of the public safety, denounce to the authorities as a dangerous person one whose presence in the district was inconvenient to himself, and presently, by order of the governor of the province, the obnoxious person disappeared—escorted to prison or banished to a distant island.

That these things and others like them were largely due to the malign influence of the so-called religious orders—Heaven save the mark!—has repeatedly and very recently been denied with a coarseness and vulgarity of vituperation to which I need not here further refer than to say that to minds capable of forming a dispassionate opinion upon any subject it was sufficient evidence of their truth. Other evidence, however, there is in the history of the Philippines, abundant, continuous, and of indisputable authority, most of all to those who have ventured to challenge it. The Jesuits were expelled from the Philippine Islands in the year 1768 by virtue of an apostolic brief of Pope Clement XIV.[1] It is quite true that they were permitted to return in 1852, but only on condition that they should confine their labors to strictly educational and missionary work. And these were undoubtedly the least obnoxious of the orders, the others—the Austin Friars, Recoletos, Dominicans, and Franciscans—being identified with incidents in the social and domestic life of the Philippine people, the corruption of their households, and the adroit sequestration and appropriation of their property, which will continue to make any attempt by the government of the United States to avoid or evade the question of the friars an utterly vain and futile one. On the relations of these orders to one another an amusing sidelight is thrown by an incident in the history of the Dominicans, by whom, in 1778, the province of Pangasinan was spiritually administered, while that of Zambales was allotted to the Recoletos. The Dominicans therefore proposed to the Recoletos to cede Zambales to them, "because it was repugnant to them to have to pass through Recoletos territory in going from Manila to their own province." The "Recopilacion de las Leyes de Indies" shows that it at length became necessary to forbid these amiable brethren to have any part in civil government.[2]

I have thus rehearsed the influences which had so much to do with creating the situation which existed when the fleet of Admiral Dewey found its way into Manila Bay, because only so can one get an intelligent view of a problem which has in it unusual elements of delicacy and difficulty. Those who accept unreservedly a policy of colonial expansion, concerning which I have myself seen nothing in our recent history to change opinions formed long ago, are fond of pointing to the achievements of Anglo-Saxon colonization in other lands, and of asking why we may not match them. If there were no other answer to that question it might be found in that quite exceptional unlikeness in the Philippine situation to situations, such as that in India, where the colonizing power has had to deal with a people that, whatever its tribal differences, is largely homogeneous. But an especial difficulty in the Philippine situation, which includes tribal differences running all the way, as in the case of the Negritos, from the extreme of barbarism to conditions, as with many of the Tagalos, of semi-civilization, is that you have those most perplexing complications which arise out of the superimposition upon the native tribes of a civilization partly Japanese,[3] partly Chinese, and overpoweringly Spanish, whose influence, whatever it may have been for good, must be owned by an impartial student to have been never such as to create in the native mind a faith in the government as the friend of liberty and equity, or an affection or respect for rulers as the dispensers of justice or the exemplars of blameless living or honest dealing. In a word, there has been nothing in the past history of the Filipino to educate him to value or to imitate high ideals of official authority or civic, social, or domestic self-restraint.

It is not surprising that these peoples should have been impatient under a condition of things in which law and religion and their official representatives stood for so little that boded anything but evil to them. The revolutionary movement represented by

[1] The royal decree setting forth the execution of this brief was printed in Madrid in 1770 (Foreman).

[2] Ley 46, tit. 14 (Foreman).

[3] It is not generally known, perhaps, that so late as 1896 the Katipunan, a secret patriotic society of the Filipinos (persistently misrepresented as a masonic order), sent a deputation to Japan to present a petition to the Mikado praying him to annex the Philippines.

Aguinaldo and those associated with him was therefore to have been anticipated, and had had, indeed, its repeated forerunners. The practical question was, and is, What did it amount to, what was its worth? There is no question in connection with the Philippine problem more important than this, nor any concerning which the effort to create an erroneous impression has been more strenuous or more persistent. The comparisons between our own struggle for independence and that of the young guerrilla warrior have been frequent and eloquent. Their only defect is that the facts which warranted any such comparison were so largely wanting. I say nothing here of the just doubts which any one acquainted with the history of the Filipino leader must needs entertain, whether as to the integrity of his record or the honesty of his purpose. I maintain that it is simply an intolerable impertinence to compare him or those who are about him with the men who were the leaders in our struggle for freedom and who laid the foundations of the republic. The warrant for a struggle for freedom must be found in something more than the mere passion to be free from an irksome yoke, or else any desire to break out of wonted restraints and the chafing limitations of a hated social order becomes straightway a sacred aspiration with which we are bound to sympathize, and in which we are bound to coöperate. I venture to speak with some warmth on this subject, because my knowledge, through correspondence and personal interviews with those who have stood, not only in the Philippine Islands, but in America, Japan, and China, as the representatives and spokesmen of the revolutionary movement there, has extended over nearly three years and has included a considerable variety of individuals; and I am constrained to say that it has only deepened my conviction that, whatever elements of equity there may be in the Philippine struggle for freedom, the leaders have not yet appeared who could be seriously considered as competent to lead or organize it.

Under these circumstances the duty of the government of the United States does not seem to be obscure. Through the blunder of the naval commander who, after his splendid achievement in destroying a Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila, failed to see that his task there was at an end, we have assumed another and a much more difficult one. We have had no training for its discharge; we have a very inferior mechanism for its accomplishment; and we are cursed with political traditions which make it doubly difficult to perform it successfully. But at this writing there is no honorable way out. To throw up our task now would be a cruelty to those whom we abandon, and a confession of our impotence which would disgrace us before the world. The element of *time* in the whole melancholy business is that which has transformed essentially its aspect. We must go on now, whether or no we find the task more expensive in men and means, and less profitable commercially, than originally we expected. *Noblesse oblige.* A great nation cannot abandon a weaker people which it has, before all men, adopted as its ward without confessing that, great as it claims to be, it has nothing to impart, nothing to sacrifice, in order to give freedom and good government to those who have not forfeited all claim to such gifts because they have looked for them in the wrong direction.

I would not minimize the difficulties or the costliness of the task. I have elsewhere than in these pages[1] recognized our considerable inadequacy for it. But that inadequacy consists rather in our instruments than in the absence of those informing principles which must forever determine the value of any instruments, and which are forever at the foundation of all good government. The greatest glory, as a history of administration, of our Civil War was that after we had blundered, and had bred swindling contractors and shoddy manufacturers and smuggling, and incompetent generals, then, like some great creature breasting the waves, we shook ourselves free from them, and rose above them, and did the tasks, and fed and moved the armies, and fought our battles, better and better. And, best of all, we searched for and found the men, and lifted them from their obscurity,—Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, and their peers and successors,—who did the thinking and planned the marching, and fed and moved the armies that won through to victory. I am not one of those who believe that the people of the United States have lost the capacity to repeat such achievements. There are many who will never cease to regret our original blunder in the Philippine Islands. But they are not so despairing of their country as to believe that she is so far gone from original righteousness that she has in her no virtue left with which to educate those distant

[1] See an address before the Church Congress, October, 1899.

islands for freedom; and meanwhile it is just as well to remember that her rulers have never intimated that this government has any other purpose in regard to them.

But we shall gravely blunder if we minimize or evade any one of the difficult tasks which are before us. There are influences that will tempt the leaders of political parties to do this, which it would be the crudest folly to ignore. If we are ever to win the confidence and mold the characters of these island peoples we must recognize the injustices from which too long they have suffered, and set about to right them. We must not with one hand proffer them freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of worship—and take it back with the other. And we must therefore courageously face such questions as, for example, What has the government of the United States to say to a pronunciamento like this?—

"You must reject and condemn the masonic sect, so frequently rejected and condemned by the supreme pontiffs.

"You must also reject and condemn liberty of worship, liberty of the press, liberty of thought, and the other liberties of perdition, condemned and rejected by the pontiff.

"You must also reject and condemn liberalism and also modern progress and civilization, as being false progress and false civilization.

"You must utterly abominate civil marriage and regard it as pure concubinage.

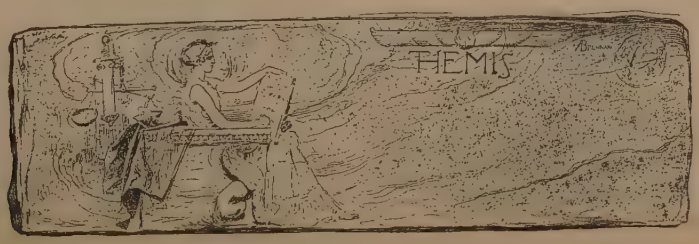
"You must also condemn and reject the interference of the civil authorities in any ecclesiastical affairs, so much in vogue nowadays."

I take these instructions from a lately published pamphlet in Manila. This pamphlet was issued without duly expressed church authority, until the organ of the Roman Catholic Church in Manila, a Spanish newspaper called the "Liberastus," admitted the fact that the Jesuits had published it.[1]

There is not the slightest occasion to invoke theological or ecclesiastical rancors in connection with questions raised by such a publication as this. But it should also be said that there is as little for being deterred by any fulminations of that sort of thunder, now happily reduced to the dimensions and substance of the sheet-tin rattled for a similar purpose behind the scenic stage, from considering calmly and dispassionately what it bodes to the rights and liberties of those whom it seeks to terrorize, or to the free institutions which it will be our sacred duty as well as our privilege to plant among them. Our tasks, at the best, in the Philippines are not easy ones. It will be necessary, at the outset, to have it definitely understood that they are not to be obstructed by influences and societies of whose enormous power for mischief and corruptness the history of the Philippine Islands is the melancholy and tragic record.

As to what American rule has already achieved in our new possessions, I am glad to affirm here what correspondence extending over two years, the testimony of responsible and impartial witnesses of all classes, and personal observation have led me to believe in regard to our army and our civil servants in the Philippine Islands. That there have been no unworthy or ill-conducted individuals among them would be to demand that the standard of conduct, for example, in Manila should be higher than it is in Washington or Boston. I do not believe that it is, but I do believe that it is quite as high. The soldiers do not love their work in the Philippines,—I should not, if I had to do it,—but they do it, as I more than once saw, so as to earn the evident confidence of the communities among which they are stationed, and to give proof to these of the spirit and purpose of our presence in the Philippines. Time alone can demonstrate how far we may be able to persuade a fickle, restless, impulsive, unreasoning people, embittered by many wrongs received at the hands of those we have expelled, or ought to expel, to trust us, to learn from us, and under our patient tutelage to grow into the stature of competent citizens in a self-governing state.

[1] New York "Evening Post," May 16, 1900.





DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL.

HER MOUNTAIN LOVER.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,
Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

I. A MEETING IN THE LOW COUNTRY.

THE young miner uttered a shout of protest.

"Say, now, doc, don't do that. What could I do in London? Why, they 'd sure eat me up there. I can't even count their durn money. I won't do it. That 's askin' too much of a pardner."

The Chicago member of the firm smiled. "Jim, you 're taking on too much worry. They 're a slow-going lot over there. You 'll have plenty of time to count your change while they 're getting out o' their chairs. The question is, have we a good property or not?"

"Property 's all right, but—"

"Do we need money, or don't we?"

"Yes. But suppose I don't—"

"You 've *got to.* That mine properly handled is worth five hundred thousand dollars, and the thing for you to do is to interest some English 'sport' who has money to throw at the cats, and get him to take a half-interest and help us develop the property."

"But see here, doc; I was raised in the hills. I can't paddle a stone-boat. It makes me seasick to see a girl shake a table-cloth. I can't go over there in a boat."

"You can't walk."

"A Pullman 's good enough for me, I guess I 'll put off goin' to Europe till I can go by train." The young fellow left his chair, and began pacing the office floor. "See here, doc; I don't want to gigg back—I 'm a sure-'nough pardner. Say the word, and I 'll jump a cayuse and back him clear to the Yukon valley; but this going to England in a boat makes my fur bristle; it does for sure."

The doctor, turning in his noiseless swivel-chair, followed his partner with amused glance. "Jim, the thing is settled. It would n't do to send a 'slick one' on such business. You 're the man. The tone of your voice carries conviction. You got me to go into a hole when no one else could win a nickel out o' my pocket with the best dirt in the pan. My going is out of the question. It would n't do to leave Mary and the babes, and, besides, I 've got to hold on to my practice here till you make a raise. You remember I 've kept the thing going now for two years."

The younger man's handsome face grew tender. "That 's the God's truth, doc. It 's time I made a break. The stuff is in there, all right, all right, and we 've got to have help to get it out. When had I better start?"

"Saturday's boat."

Jim fell into a chair. "Great Scott! Soon as that?"

"Sooner the quicker."

"I know; but I need an outfit."

"What do you want? This is n't exactly like getting married. That 's a neat suit you 've got on. A sack suit like that will go anywhere—Wagon Wheel or London."

"But I thought they all wore plug-hats and dress-suits over there."

"Some of 'em do, and others wear smock-shirts. You 're all right just as you are. In fact, it would be good business for you to dress just as you do in Wagon Wheel. They like an American to be picturesque; and, besides, you 're the real thing—cow-boy, miner, trailer. You work this thing right, and some young 'scion of nobility,' as the reporters say, will get curious as a buck antelope, and you can rope him, and bring him

and his pile right back with you. But you don't seem to be jubilating?" said the doctor, still vastly amused at his partner's anxiety.

"Jubilating! Honestly, doc, this is the toughest proposition I ever had to face. It sure takes the wind out of me; but I 'll do it." He rose, and his frame expanded with power. "I 'll rozum up my hands, and take a fall out o' the British aristocracy, or know the reason why. It 's our last play, and—we make it."

The doctor also rose, and extended his hand. "Shake, Jim!"

The two men were nearly of a height, and both were young. Jim was not more than twenty-five; the doctor looked to be some five or six years older, plump and prosperous.

Both were stalwart fellows. The doctor wore a full beard to make him look middle-aged, but his step betrayed him. Jim was dressed in a shapely sack-suit of rough brown cloth, and wore a soft hat, such as professional men wear in the Middle West. Its large brim suited well his broad shoulders and thick brown hair. His clean-shaven chin was strong and fine, and his brown eyes were clear and pleasant.

"Well, now the thing is settled," said the doctor, briskly pulling down the lid of his desk, "let 's go out and see Mary. She 's been across twice, and will fix you out in an hour with a full schedule, and you can get off on the noon train to-morrow. Nothing pleases her more than to help some one set sail for Europe."

Jim was silent, and continued silent all the way down the elevator. Once in the street, which was roaring full of people on their way homeward, the doctor talked of their mine, secure in the midst of the crowd.

"The reason I advocate this London scheme is, they don't want the whole hog over there. I mean they don't know the conditions as well as Americans. They 'd take it all if they did, but they don't. They 're willing to allow the discoverer something for his skill and energy."

Suddenly, after a silence, the doctor said: "Jim, you 've got to stop eatin' tobacco. It 's behind the times and it 's unwholesome. Now, I don't want you to surrender any good traits, but that 's an American habit you can do without. For heaven's sake, stop it!"

Jim was astonished and grieved. "Mebbe you 'd like to have me wear a collar that buttons at the back?"

"I don't care what kind of a collar you wear, provided it 's clean; but this everlasting spitting is intolerable. It 's unsanitary, and it does you harm. You can get all the nicotine you want by smoking. If you got to eating a plug o' tobacco while talking with our investing earl, he 'd go home in a hearse. It won't do. Keep the hat and the miner's boots and the wool shirt,—they are useful,—but leave the plug-tobacco right here."

"Oh, anything at all," Jim said, ominously gentle. "Anything else?"

"And don't get too much interested in the girls you meet over there. Mary 's got a wife picked out for you right here in the Park."

The doctor cut across corners and raced between cable-cars and drays, during all this admonitory talk, without haste or confusion, because native to it; but the mountaineer visibly perspired in his apprehension of "trouble." Ultimately the doctor led his guest and partner down a long flight of steps into the comparative safety and quiet of a great railway-depot, and when they were comfortably seated in a suburban car, he changed the subject by asking abruptly:

"Where 's Kelly?"

"Gone to the Klondike."

"You don't say! Kelly was too old for that. Jim, there was a great man. Discovered more veins of ore and made less out of them than any man in the mountain. Glover go with him?"

"No. Hank married, you know."

"No! Whom?"

"A widow from St. Paul. She was n't exactly in high-toned society, but she was as good as Hank, so I 'm not kickin'. She was sober, and that 's more than you could say of Hank Glover—ordinarily."

"Drink beat Hancy, too."

"Sure."

"Well, Jim, that is n't your trouble, and I 'm glad of it. That won't beat you on this trip. All the same, watch out they don't down you with some new breed o' drink. They 'll be for drawing absinthe or some other green liquor on you. Go by on the other sidewalk."

"Oh, that 's all right, old man; don't worry. The feller that does me up over there has got to keep guessin'. I 'm goin' to kick every bush before I camp down by it. No varmint gets the sneak on me."

"I know, Jim, you can take care of such things all right; but girls are your weakness, old boy. You 're too good-lookin' not to get a bid. Turn 'em down—beware of them; wait till you get this deal through and get back to Aspen Park."

"If tickets was as cheap as advice it would n't cost me a damn cent to get there, would it?" replied Jim, musingly, looking out of the car-window at the maze of railway-tracks.

The doctor remained unmoved. "Wait till we strike Mary. Then you *will* have advice —in car-loads."

"Oh, well, advice won't do me no hurt if I don't follow it, I reckon."

The two men understood each other perfectly, for they had camped together on the trail, months at a time, in the loneliest parts of the Rocky Mountains. Jim was always picking up pieces of "float," while the doctor watched for sheep and grizzlies. When together they talked in the rapid, syncopated, picturesque vernacular of the plains; but Jim had a country-school education, and Ramsdell was a graduate of an Eastern university, and had taken a degree in a well-known medical college. He loved the lingo, the life, and the dress of wild America, to which he returned every year with the abandon of a man who fears to lose something large and fine and sane out of his life. When Jim found his big mine on Lizard Head, above Wagon Wheel, he wired the doctor to come, and Ramsdell went. Since then they had put every cent they could spare into the development of the mine. When he reached the limit Ramsdell wired Jim to come to Chicago, and Jim came by the next train. Brothers could not be more intimate and dependent than they.

The doctor slyly looked at his partner with pride and satisfaction. Jim never looked handsomer, and there was some hint of the wild country in everything he did, in the set of his hat-brim, in his broad, strong hands, in his long brown mustache, and in the swing of his legs.

"You fellers here walk for a business, don't you?" remarked the mountaineer as they got out of the car in Aspen Park and started up the street. "When *we 're* in business, we ride a cayuse; when we walk, we saunter. You don't give a man time to look around and see what 's rampin' down on him. Maybe an elephant might be surgin' round the corner—*you* can't tell."

As the two men approached the corner of the third block a very handsome woman in a black gown came on the low porch to welcome them. She was large and graceful, and the guileless candor of a child was in her big brown eyes. It was plain that she worshiped her husband.

After a quick and hearty kiss Ramsdell turned, his eyes shining. "Maidie, this is my partner, Jim Matteson."

Mrs. Ramsdell put her hand in Jim's broad palm with a smile that went deep down into the lonely man's soul.

"I 'm glad to meet you, Mr. Matteson."

"Oh, don't 'mister' him, Maidie."

"Call me Jim," said the young miner.

The beautiful wife smiled archly. "May I?"

"Why, sure; everybody calls me Jim, except doc, who says 'James' when he wants to rile me."

"Well, then—Jim, you are welcome," said Mrs. Ramsdell, with just a little hesitation before his name. "Come in at once; dinner is quite ready to serve."

Jim was profoundly impressed by his hostess, and said so to Ramsdell as soon as they entered his room.

"Say, doc, if you could locate a claim with the same success—why, durn it, man, you 've got the handsomest woman in seventeen counties. Let me look at you again." He laid hands on the shoulders of his smiling host. "I reckon I undervalued your good looks. Of course I always liked you—you rode well, and you held a gun pretty fair; but, say, I did n't think you could do a thing like this. Any more where she come from?"

"Lots of 'em. You 'll have one beside you at dinner—my wife's niece. She 's listened to my talk about you till she 's crazy to see you."

Jim was seized with a sudden panic. "Oh, Lord! Say, lend me your razor. My chin is all brusselly."

"Oh, you 're all right, old man. Brace up. You must get used to guileless girls in low-necked gowns, and to six-course dinners, too. They 'll make a dead set at you in the East."

"I begin to weaken right now," replied Jim, dolefully. "I 'm not fitted for it. I can camp down in the rain and cook a hunk o' bacon on a forked stick all right, but I can't kie-to worth a red cent. I 'm sure no account on a carpet."

The doctor was relentless. He dragged Jim down to the parlor and introduced him to Miss Bessie Blake, a very pretty girl with timid eyes, who gazed at Jim in wonder and admiration, while he looked at her in awe. She was very fair and flushed easily. There was a little wavy strand of her red-gold hair falling loose over her temple, and he had a troublesome desire to reach over and put it behind her ear, where it evidently belonged. She carried also a little black patch on her chin, which he thought concealed some wound on her delicate flesh.

The doctor made talk until Mrs. Ramsdell led the way out into the dining-room, where an exquisite little dinner-service was spread. Jim felt as if his hands were pack-saddles as he sat down, and he was flushing and chilling within. However, he did not show it, but remained deliberate, watchful, and outwardly at ease, his handsome face set in stern lines. The women communicated their admiration by means of significant glances which Jim did not see, and which the doctor most thoroughly enjoyed. Jim was quite up to the doctor's report of him, and the doctor began:

"Well, Maidie, you must prepare Jim for his fate. I 'm sending him to London."

"To London!" The wife was amazed.

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie, with shining eyes fixed on Jim.

"When do you go?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell.

"To-morrow—if my grit holds out, and the doctor don't change his mind."

"How perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Bessie, impulsively. "How I wish I were going, too!"

"Well, Bessie!" exclaimed Mrs. Ramsdell.

The girl flushed in an agony of confusion. "Oh, you know what I mean, aunty," she cried in appeal.

"We know what you *said*," remarked the doctor, who was a remorseless tease. "It seemed a little precipitate, to tell the truth."

The girl turned to Jim, who was also warm, but by no means confused. "You won't mind what he says, will you, Mr. Matteson?"

"Not a bit," he sturdily replied. "It 's none o' his business, anyhow." Jim's words were blunt and homely, but his tone gave the girl relief and pleasure. "I wish somebody I knew *was* going along."

Mrs. Ramsdell helped them both by saying, "Have you never been abroad?"

"Never."

"You 've been in Chicago before?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. I 've come in with cattle two or three times. But I don't know much about the town. I never was out in this part before."

"What are you sending him to London for, Willard?"

"To rope a few tenderfeet, my dear. Wives should n't ask too many questions on such subjects. I 'm sending Jim out after fire-wood."

"Have you thought about your boat?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell. "Which will you take? The *Concord*, I suppose."

"They 're all alike to me," he replied. "I jest as soon die in one as the other."

"Are you a bad sailor?"

"Bad sailor! Why, bless your heart, I 'm not a sailor at all! I never was in anything bigger than a canoe in my life."

"Anybody that can ride a pitching bronco ought not to get queasy when a ship rolls a little," said the doctor.

"What kind of a thing is a pitching bronco?" asked Bessie.

"It 's a horse with a calico-colored hide, a bad red eye, and a habit of walking on his ears," the doctor replied.

"Oh, how funny!" said Bessie.

Jim faced her gravely. "Yes, it always is funny to the feller lookin' on. I 've heard folks don't get much sympathy for bein' seasick, either."

Mrs. Ramsdell turned from a low-voiced order to the servant, and said: "Willard, have you told Jim what ship to take and what part of the ship to get his berth in?"

"Now it 's coming, Jim—cure for seasickness and all."

The young wife colored a little. "Now, Will, hush! It would be cruel not to give Jim some hints of how to get safely off."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the doctor, in the tone used on the vaudeville stage. "Jim 's bound to be sick. He 's going to cuss me and the ship and the ocean and everything else; but that 's what a sea-voyage is for. It 's the best possible preparation for London. Any old sog of an island will do after he 's been on the ocean a week."

"Willard, *do* keep still!" interrupted Mrs. Ramsdell. "You 've spoiled Jim's appetite already. He is n't eating a thing."

"Nonsense; you can't spoil Jim's appetite. He 's waiting to see which fork to take up," said the doctor, brutally. "Take the biggest one, Jim, or the nearest one. Neither of 'em cuts any ice. All the one I claim to know is the little one for oysters."

Jim colored again, but manfully stood to the truth. "I 'm not so bad as that, but there are two or three little kinks here that I don't quite savvy."

"Don't lay 'em to me, Jim. I am a plain man, but my wife is n't a bit plain. I keep her down to five courses and three forks, but it is the result of eternal vigilance."

The women turned to Jim and got him to talk about his mine, his horses, his prospecting, and a dozen other interesting topics. His diction was vivid, terse, and powerful, and the women glowed with pleasure. Jim, on his part, was inspired to do his best by such eager listeners.

"Do you mean to say Willard goes with you on these trips?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell.

"He used to. Lately he 's been too busy, so he says."

Mrs. Ramsdell turned reproachfully. "Will, you never told us about these things."

"Why, yes, I did," replied the doctor, "only I did n't tell my story so well, that 's all. Jim 's a poetic naturalist and a naturalistic poet. He sees things without looking for 'em. I 'm sending him to England because he 'll interest them over there, and while they 're listening to his tales of grizzly bears and Indians, he 'll hypnotize 'em into putting money into our mine. Oh, I 'm long-headed. Let me manage this thing, and when Jim comes back we 'll move over on the Lake Shore Drive, and Bessie and Jim can visit us there."

"Willard Ramsdell—you are brutal!" cried his indignant wife, while Bessie again blushed most vividly.

Ramsdell was quite unmoved. "I 'm an inspired prophet," he calmly replied.

He had succeeded in spoiling the evening by throwing a palpable constraint over the young people, and though the women did their best to get Jim back to his former vigor and freedom of narrative, he remained monosyllabic in his remarks.

He went to bed, however, with a feeling of having passed one of the most profitable evenings of his life. Miss Blake's clear, candid glance and ready smile had pleased him mightily.

"I wonder how she 'd stand the climate of Colorado," he thought, with a shy inward smile. "Mebbe I 'll ask her one o' these days."

Bessie was a vigorous girl, and made a blooming breakfast companion for Jim, who sat opposite her at the table next morning; and while Mrs. Ramsdell talked to him about ways and aids to crossing the water, Jim studied the girl with a curious reflective stare which threw her into self-conscious confusion. He sat like a man in a dream, eating mechanically, hearing little that any one else said, but seeing and hearing Bessie, whose like he had never seen at close range.

He said nothing further to her except "Good-by" as he shook hands. She stood beside Mrs. Ramsdell as the latter said:

"Write to us, won't you, Mr. Matteson? We 'll be eager to know how you like London. Tell us all you feel."

"Oh, do!" cried Bessie.

"All right," said Jim. "I 'm a mighty poor hand with pen and ink, but I 'll do my best."

He looked at her intently as he said again, "Good-by—till next time"; and Bessie turned to Mrs. Ramsdell after he went out, and said: "I think he 's wonderful. I wish I could see him 'do' London."

"I 'm afraid it will spoil him," replied Mrs. Ramsdell.

II. THE BIG CANOE.

JIM left Chicago in the evening, and did not see any of the country till he was well on into Ohio. There he was amazed at the number of towns. No sooner was the engine done ringing for one than another flashed into view. The State seemed all low and marshy to him. He had the feeling of one who is descending to the base of the world. The sea-level was to him merely a fixed point from which to measure the high places of the earth. That people lived there he knew, but he pitied them. It occurred to him that New York was at sea-level.

New York fell below Jim's expectations, at least in the matter of transportation. He arrived at ten o'clock, and took a car at once for the dock. With the offhand freedom of a countryman he remarked upon the age of the buildings and upon the primitiveness of the horse-cars which tinkled along on the crosstown circuit.

"We would n't ride in such a car in Wagon Wheel Gap," he said to the conductor, who defended the city vigorously.

"We 're putting in electricity," he replied. "I 'll admit these cars are pretty 'yaller,' but we 're layin' 'em off as fast as we can."

"How close do you go to the big canoe?"

"The what?"

"The steamboat. I 'm on my way to take the steamboat for England."

"What line?"

"Well, now you 've got me. I did n't know there was more than one. The name of the boat is the *King George*."

"Oh, the Red Cross Line."

"I believe that is her brand."

"Oh, that 's very near. You 're from the West, I guess?"

"I am, and I wish I was back there this minute. I never was so lonesome in my life."

"Oh, New York 's not so bad when you get used to it," replied the conductor, good-naturedly.

As he neared the boat Jim's blood quickened a little at the great confusion and clangor going on in the "station," as he called the wharf. Cabs were clatter-

ing up to drop women and children and bags and bundles. Express-wagons, piled high with trunks, were lined up, waiting a chance to unload, while men with hand-trucks were running about like ants, fastening on baggage. The clatter of their trucks was like the sound of a storm. Cries and commands echoed. Out of the vast, dim cavern-shed two or three doorways opened to the left, and, approaching them, Jim found "chutes" leading to the ship, which towered in majestic impassivity beside the wharf. It had the bulk of a mountain and the lines of a Siwash canoe.

The mountaineer swore softly as he comprehended the bigness and the beauty of the boat. For some time he stood about watching the people stream into the ship. There seemed to be hundreds of them, all happy, well dressed, and for the most part young. Afar down appeared other crowds of poorer-dressed people. "The second-class passengers, I reckon," he remarked to a man with a couple of small children.

It was all vastly interesting and confusing to the mountaineer, but, after referring to his card of instructions from Mrs. Ramsdell, Jim had a blue label pasted on his trunk, hired a deck-chair, and got his valise into his state-room, which turned out to be a little smaller than a miner's dugout, and not much bigger than a coffin. This ended his preparations, and settling down on the edge of his "bunk," as he called it, he faced the emptiness of the moment. A great void seemed to settle down over him. For eight days he would have nothing to do but eat and sleep, and the outlook was appalling. He was frankly homesick right there, and would gladly have fled from the ship.

He took a turn about the boat, which was to him actually "palatial." The music-room, the stairways, the dining-room, were comparable in their glory to the hotels he had seen in his occasional visits to Denver and Chicago.

"It 's all pretty rich for my blood," he thought; "but it don't last long."

Eventually he drifted out upon deck, and moved about among the bustling passengers, who were surrounded by swarms of friends bidding them good-by.

"They 're all too mighty slick for any good use," was his inward comment; "but the girls are sure-enough blooded stock."

One tall beauty standing beside him had a big bunch of roses in her hand, and their odor came to his senses as if it were a part of her own regal beauty. Many of the other women were, to him, as artificial as colored fashion-plates. They possessed curious little affectations of voice. They stood about in chattery groups, surrounded by young men almost equally "smooth."

"Never done a stroke o' work in their lives, I reckon," said Jim to himself.

However, in the midst of these excessively well-dressed people there were men who had the manner of business agents, and one or two of them looked as though they might be from the West or South. One of these Jim determined to collar by and by for the sake of an acquaintance—some one to talk to.

As he drifted toward the back end of the boat he came in close sight of the second-class passengers. "There," thought he, "these are *people*. They 're human. That 's where I should be—save fifty dollars, too." He hung about this end of the boat, feeling distinctly less lonely as he listened to the talk going on among them.

They acted like "folks." They wept, and shouted affectionate incoherences from boat to land, and the eyes of many of the women were inflamed with tears. Some of them sniveled and were not ashamed, and whole families set up a wail as the gang-plank began to be drawn off. Jim could understand such people; but those "smooth ones" forward were alien, quite alien. Where work was, where heads were grizzled and backs bent, there Jim was at home; but these finely gowned, cold-faced women he could not comprehend, although their beauty appealed to his highest taste. One woman seemed to be holding a reception like a political candidate at a country fair. She was surrounded by men with arms filled with roses, and her manners were those of a queen.

At last the clangor of the gong started every group into tepid embraces and polite kisses. They all parted gracefully, without red eyelids or grimaces of uncontrollable grief. One by one they passed down the runway, while the outgoing ones took their places at the rail to wave them adieu. Singularly enough, all the prettiest girls stayed in New York, or so it seemed to Jim; only the plain ones and the old women remained on board. He was astonished to see how few people of any kind remained.

Slowly, stupidly, majestically, the great craft sidled, slid, and edged away from her moorings, churning the water into foam with her spasmodic efforts at getting under way, while the throng on the wharf cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs. Pale and

tearful faces were uplifted here and there, the voices sounding faint and fainter; and at last there was silence on the boat, and the close-packed wharf looked like a dark-purple robe, with flecks of terra-cotta where the bared foreheads of the men appeared.

The ship, once in good steering way, began to utter breath like a powerful but reluctant draft-horse. The water began to hiss away from her black sides, and the quiver of audible effort ran through her vast bulk. She was warming up for her long run across the gray floods, resolute and wary.

As the land of his flag fell away into the midst of the sky-line, leaving only the vivid sun and the shining sea, it almost seemed to Jim as though he were again on the alkali plains of Utah. The dazzling light, the low horizon-line, the enormous sky filled with clouds, made up a world like that where a cloudless sky forever arches a changeless desert. The sky did not seem strange; it seemed natural in beauty. At the same time it reminded him of the splendors he was leaving behind. All that was familiar and trustworthy was back there where the sun was sinking. To the east lay the unimaginable, the dangerous, and the wearisome; and a feeling of timidity came over his bold heart: this water world was dangersome.

In a short time a great change took place in the looks of the passengers. Men appeared in short coats and sailor-caps; the women grew gayer, plainer, more human, as they laid aside their street dress and came out in deck costume. A rush to secure the best seats in the dining-room took place, and the choice locations for chairs on deck were being taken up; but Jim scorned to take any part in these scrambles, and accepted with resignation whatever came his way. "I reckon I 'll get my share someway without rushing for it," he said to a steward.

There were stewards for chairs, state-room stewards, stewards who presided on deck, over the boats, over the baths. They were all distressingly courteous and ready to help anybody and in any way—for a consideration, as Jim well understood.

The dining-room was very gay that night, every seat being filled. Jim found himself between two old women and opposite two children. Being in no mood to talk, he cared very little who his seat-mates were, but ate a good meal, and went up on deck to watch the sun go down. The west was filled with great, heavy April clouds, piled in masses like mountains, and Jim's throat closed tight with a homesick ache. When he looked to the east a feeling of awe fell upon him, as he realized that the ship was rushing each moment away from land into a gray sea.

As he got out of bed next morning he felt queer. He had slept well, and until a few moments before rising was vigorous and happy; but as he stood before his mirror a giddy and joyless feeling swept over him. His solid footing was gone. The boat had a complex movement—not violent, but difficult. As he went down the corridor of the ship he staggered like a drunken man, and the close air of the passageway ran into his veins like poison.

"Great snakes! I 'm in for it!" he groaned as he returned to his bunk. "I 'm sick as a horse first crack out o' the box."

He was. His stomach closed up like a rubber bag, and for four days refused all nourishment, rejecting even a drop of water. It became a place of burning and of trouble. For four days and four nights he lay in his ill-smelling little room, as querulous as a babe, while the steward and the ship's doctor worked over him with perfunctory sympathy. They tried him with sedatives and cordials and cathartics and bromides, all to no purpose. His poor digestive sack rejected them all. Each hour of agony seemed a day, each day a month, each night a year. To add to his suffering, his companion, a fat traveling man, snored, and there were times when Jim's wrath became maniacal. He rose once and clutched the sleeper with a hand of iron. "Pardner, I 'd hate to kill you, but there are limits; turn over and shut up."

The scared drummer abjectly apologized, for he had a notion that Jim was a "bad man" from the wild West. By day the mountaineer lay hearing the creak and jar of the ship, the tiger-clutch and snarl of the waves outside, enduring at once the agonies of death and solitary confinement, while the daylight paled out of his little cell, and night came to bring new smells and new noises. His bunk was narrow and high, and his blankets regularly rolled out on the floor. The only fresh air that came to him fell upon his face, filling his throat and lungs with inflammation; and each night his companion developed new powers of snoring. Each time the ship's doctor came he tried a new remedy, always with the same failure. "Wall, wall," he said, "you are sairtainlie seasick, mon."

As the days wore on, the creak of the ship became as great a torment as his inflamed stomach and aching head. He could hear

the water slash and churn like brine in a barrel, and that wore upon him also.

"Curse the idiotic thing, won't it never let up!" he groaned as the doctor bent over him in genuine pity on the third day.

"Keep your heart, mon; ye 'll soon be over it."

Once the mountaineer staggered up on deck and looked out on the cold gray sea; but as he felt the graveyard chill of the cabin, he crept back to his dank, dark hole. For comfort he fixed his inward eyes on the brilliant sun, the splendid peaks, the singing streams of the high country, and he fairly wept with agony of longing.

"If God lets me live to see old Ouray, I never 'll leave it again."

He could not think of food, not even of toast, without loathing. The merry clangor of the bugle calling to meals came to be repulsive to him. It mocked at him, voiced the indifference of those who were sea-tested, and it belittled him. The world of water became absolutely hellish in his eyes. What a fool he had been to leave the springtime, the rushing rivers, the fresh winds of Colorado, for this! Lying there, he felt his utter helplessness to do the work demanded of him.

There was no place on the ship to rest or get warm. It was an enormous ice-box plunging through a desolate and senseless waste of brine. The passengers sat about like dyspeptic ravens, the women drawn and yellow of visage, the men savage and sullen. The library resembled a parlor wherein a country funeral was about to be held; the sparse occupants were like the first assembly of mourners. From all this Jim was glad to flee even to his ill-smelling little cistern, wherein he knew every knot and every curtain-spot. Would it never end, that idiotic repetition of the same noise, that foolish wabbling? Talk of the dignity of the ocean! It had no dignity; it was the plaything of the wind. But the range, oh, God! the glory of the Needle Peaks, whose waves endure for ages, whose granite walls ride through every storm in steadfast and unshakable majesty! "Let me get back to the high country!" was the cry of his soul. He was comforted by the thought of Bessie, whose timid eyes had studied him so flatteringly. Often the recollection of her smile stilled the curses on his lips and made him forget the chill of his cell.

If he could only have a friend to sit by his bed; if Ramsdell or his wife—or—or that lovely, sympathetic girl—but no; he was condemned to lie alone, counting the creaking of the bolts, the swing of his overcoat on the hook, listening to the passing of feet and the pounding rush of the waves, mocked by the clangor of the bugle, and made mad by the thought of the long days to come.

Sometimes when his mind reverted to the Ramsdells' cottage and to Bessie, he set his teeth and said: "I 'll have her yet. I 'll carry this thing through, and then—" But he never quite articulated the remaining words of the sentence.

The exquisite line of her pink lips and the gleam of her little white teeth—as white as those of a young wolf—had made the most vivid impression on him. Her dainty personality seemed perfectly expressed in the purity and sweetness of her smile. Feeling his own unworthiness, he hoped to reinforce his cause by gaining wealth. "Oh, I 'm down," he said once, aloud, "but no bones broke. I 'll get up sure when I feel dirt under foot."

At last there came a change in the motion of the vessel: it ceased to pitch and began to roll; and his poor head felt the change instantly. He dressed as quickly as possible and staggered upon deck again. It was just sunrise, and the steward was resetting the chairs for the day. The sun was breaking out of a deeply cloudy sky—the blessed sun! The ocean, dark green, solemn, silent, was rolling in long swells, over which the boat slid. Water suddenly seemed good to think of, and he drank a huge glassful with feverish eagerness. Strange to say, it passed into his veins, allaying the fever, and he was encouraged to think that the horrible gnawing of his vitals was, after all, just plain hunger. Staggering up to a steward, he broke forth:

"Say, see here, cap, if you 'd been four days without grub, what would you break in on?"

The steward touched his cap.

"I think, sir, a cup of gruel will do you the most good, sir. I 'll fetch it directly."

Jim thanked him and reeled to a chair, with the resignation of a gambler who has staked all upon the red.

The gruel came near tasting good, and in five minutes Jim was able to sit erect. He took a seat in the sun far aft, and with a fixed grinning, like a feeble-minded inmate of the county poorhouse, anxiously awaited the outcome. He grew stronger with great rapidity; the world brightened, the sun came out and lay over him like a golden coverlet. It was the same old sun that shone upon Colorado and upon Aspen Park, after all.

The deep-blue sea began to glitter, and the rush of the waves no longer added to his misery. One by one other sad-visaged men and women crept up the stairway and lay about in chairs, blinking like toads freshly thrown into the light. The bugle sounding for breakfast was less mocking; his gorge did not rise at it, and he determined upon a real meal. As he entered the dining-room the waiter took a personal interest in him. "Good morning, sir; glad to see you up again, sir."

"I 'm mighty glad to be up," replied Jim. "I have n't troubled you much for four days, have I?"

"No, sir; we missed you, sir. W'at 'll you 'ave, sir?"

"Make it eggs on toast; and, say, add a strip of bacon to it—I jest nacherly believe I can eat it."

While the waiter was gone the mountaineer studied the suggestive little corrals in which the dishes were placed in order that the rolling of the boat should not send them to the floor. "Nice way to eat," he thought: "about as comfortable as takin' dinner on top of a bus."

The bacon proved to be an inspiration, for it carried Jim back to the trail. It had in it the smoke of a thousand camp-fires, and it cleared away the last trace of his illness. He ate it all, every scrap of it, and desired more, but had sense enough to rise from the table hungry, content to let well enough alone.

Quite at peace with the world for the moment, he went on deck and watched the other passengers as they crawled up like torpid crickets from below, expanding into cheerfulness and spasmodic chirping under the beaming sun. Each said to the other, "Is n't it a lovely morning?" and plump old gentlemen put their heads together like couples of fighting-cocks, and held jerky dialogues concerning breakfast and the quality of the cigars which the boat carried. Girls who looked like wax figures to Jim, and who talked in tones as much a matter of fashion as their dresses, began to appear and to walk up and down the deck with young men in very new yachting-shoes and very "smart" short coats. The day grew steadily brighter and the sea less dreadful.

However, it did not interest Jim very much; it was all too far removed and too artificial for his liking. It seemed to him that to be interested in the sky and the sea, as the other passengers pretended to be, was an affectation; they were, in fact, much more concerned over their costumes. Again he found that the "real folks" were to be seen at the after part of the ship, and standing at the rail, he made some very pleasant acquaintances with hard-fingered old men who were returning to England or Scotland or Ireland on a visit after years of labor in America. They were hearty and communicative.

As he sat contemplating the sunny sky, which grew each moment more and more luminous and comforting, Jim observed a man with a cow-boy hat, which he wore pulled low down on his head. Jim was interested in him because he dared to wear such a sombrero when every one else wore a cap. Thus far the mountaineer had not spoken a single word to any of his fellow-passengers; but seeing this man almost as lonely as himself, he spoke to him as he was passing:

"Pardner, where did you meet up with that hat?"

The stranger stopped instantly and pridefully grinned. "In Denver; I bought it to wear on me ranch, you know," he replied with a strong English accent.

"Is that so! Well, I 'm from Colorado myself," said Jim.

The stranger was very much interested. He was English, but of a peculiar confiding sort that one occasionally meets with.

"Is it possible! Fancy! I took you for a New-Yorker," he said.

Jim laid a finger on the side of his head. "That 's due to the cap. Never wore one before, never expect to wear one again. See here; you don't get the right scorch on that hat. This is the way you want to do it." He whipped off the hat, and struck the crown lightly four times, till it stood up in a peak. "There, that 's the trick," he said, as he placed it back on the young man's head. "It ain't the clear quill, though; the crown 's too flat. I worked cattle myself for five years."

The young fellow was filled with instant admiration. "Where was your ranch?"

"Oh, I took a hand all along the line. I 've punched cattle from the Panhandle country clear up to the Bad Lands, and then I crossed over to the Pecos, worked there two years, then drifted over into the Lost Park country for two years."

"May I ask how you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I just thought I 'd take a whirl across and see the other side, just for greens, as the feller says. I wish I had n't done it, as Pete Gaven said when he roped the grizzly."

"Are you a cattleman—I mean a proprietor?"

"No; I 'm only a miner," Jim replied curtly.

"I beg your pahdon," said the young fellow, who perceived that Jim was not ready to discuss his private affairs. "Here 's my card."

Jim took the card, which presented the name of "Mr. George Arthur Hastings," and cautiously replied: "My name is Matteson—Jim Matteson of Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado."

The young Englishman became excited. "Is it possible! I 've been there; I was there last October—put up at the Palace Hotel. Beastly bad place, but I stopped a week."

Jim smiled. "My hotel was made out of popple slabs and set into the side of the big 'draw' that runs just west of the town. I was taking a shy at mining just then."

"You are a practised miner, I fancy?"

"Well, a kind of a one. I 've ranged the hills of Colorado off and on for five or six years, if that makes a man a miner. No, I 'm a prospector; I 've always been a prospector; even when I was punching cattle I had my plans for striking a mine."

"Did you ever really find one?"

"Oh, yes, I 've found mines a-plenty—generally on somebody's else's land. I lost one or two because I had n't money to fight contests." Here he rose, as if to shut off conversation.

"I 'm very glad I met you," said Hastings; "I hope I shall be able to talk to you again. Are you to be in London long?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I 've got a mine to sell, and it may take me all summer."

"How much of a mine, if I may ask?" said Hastings, as if ready to buy it at once.

"Well, it 's a right smart piece of a mine. I 'm holding the half-interest at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It 's a good mine, all right, all right."

Hastings sighed regretfully. "That 's quite out of my reach, but I may be able to help you. I know some fellows with money to invest. I 'll be glad to introduce you to them."

"Much obliged," said Jim, coldly. "I reckon I 'll hit a hot trail as soon as I present some letters I have."

"Oh, no doubt; but I like my friends to have a chance."

Jim regarded the young fellow as altogether too easy game. It was like going out to kill a mountain-sheep and having the thing turn and walk right down the hill to you. He began to wonder if the Englishman were not about to work some game on him. He made an end of the conversation brusquely, and turned away.

Dragging his chair far off, he lay out in the sun like a lizard absorbing heat, his eyes on the sky. When he looked at the great clouds sailing through the deep blue above him he could easily imagine himself on the grizzly-bear trail once more, and the foam which hissed from the boat's rushing prow was not unlike the hurrying waters of the Uncompahgre. The mountain world was coming to have a beauty which he had never definitely understood before. It seemed that he was leaving it forever as he saw the ship rush into this deep-blue waste hour after hour, hour after hour; and yet he had no sense of progress. He was in a world without end and without change.

During the afternoon Hastings came round with his sister—a plain little woman, who also had been very seasick. She was nice and sympathetic, and deeply interested in all the stories he permitted himself to relate about the wild country. She was quite as homely as anybody's hired girl, but Jim liked her because she did n't pretend to either style or beauty.

His mind dwelt more and more on the girl in Aspen Park, who had blushed so furiously at the doctor's hectoring. He was not accustomed to girls who blushed, and Bessie's color took hold of his fancy. He wished he could see her in comparison with the girls sauntering about the deck. She was so much more simple and modest and—and nice: that was as near as he could come to phrasing her charm.

Aside from a little speech occasionally with Hastings and his sister and two or three of the second-class passengers, Jim walked about as silent as an owl in daytime. The boat continued to roll, but less violently. The waves, big, smooth, and colored like smoky topaz, came on from the side, and the ship seemed to slide over them without effort. The passengers did a great deal of foolish walking up and down the decks. Jim, who had never footed it for exercise, was irritated by this promenading. It is doubtful if he would have consented to walk with the prettiest girl on board. To walk for pleasure or for exercise was, to men of Jim's world, evidence of unsound mind.

He brooded a great deal on the strangeness of the plan which had flung him, a man of camps, mines, and cayuses, into these singu-

lar surroundings. "It 's enough to loco a government mule," he muttered to himself.

A young girl seated near him turned her head to the young man in the chair beside her and laughingly replied to a question: "Oh, I shall go down to Rome in March. London is impossible till June; so is Florence. I think I 'll spend January and February in Egypt or Tunis."

Jim looked at her with wondering abstraction. She was about the age and "build" of the Aspen Park girl, but she was a long way from having the same simple grace. Had he possessed the word *blasé*, it would have risen in his mind, but he had no phrase to express his conception of this singular creature. To him Rome existed only in school-books, and was as remote as the river Styx or Mount Olympus. His McGuffey Readers, he remembered, had pieces of prose and poetry about Rome and Egypt, which the boys used to spout with awe; and yet, here was this girl who seemed to be saying, "I 'll just saunter round by way of purgatory and the New Jerusalem, and winter in Rome." Truly the world contained people to puzzle a plain mountaineer. His thought returned to the dainty little woman in Aspen Park, and a singular glow came into his heart at the idea of home, chilled by the thought that all his work and half his journey were still before him.

He became inexpressibly weary of the sea. Its ceaseless slosh, the cold wind, the roll of the boat—everything tortured him. He had nothing to do but think, and thought came at last to circle, like a milling herd, round and round to no purpose. The hours again grew long—not so long as when he was confined to his foul dungeon, but so long that his bones ached with their slow, deadly drag. It was not the sweet loneliness of the trail; it was inescapable monotony.

His loneliness threw him often in young Hastings's company, and he could not help running into talks that were almost confidences. He had never been so long separated from friends before, and it produced in him a bitter melancholy and a startling sense of weakness. He tried to be civil to Miss Hastings, but found it difficult, for she had an irritating habit of interrupting, and often threw him off the trail by her unexpected remarks.

"Only fancy!" she would interject inopportunely, her big gray eyes fixed in a strenuous stare on his face. Her astonishment was quite usually at some matter-of-course point in his tales. "Fancy that!" she would say to Arthur, or, "There! he can tell where to go by the moss on the trees. Is n't it wonderful?" when the point of his story had nothing whatever to do with following the trail, which was a mere commonplace, like saying, "I went down the street."

Once she interrupted him to say: "I suppose living is very dear so far from New York?"

Jim paused. "Well, that depends on what you eat. There 's always a little game even high up, and bacon and beans are cheap."

She stared fixedly. "Fancy living on bacon and beans! Do you have no bread?"

"Oh, yes; sinkers."

"I beg pardon?"

"Sinkers — dough-balls — skillet-bread. Flour and water and baking-powder mixed and baked in a kittle or gold-pan."

"I know!" cried Hastings. "I 've seen the cow-boys baking it."

"Bread in a skillet—fancy that, Artie!"

Jim grew irritated. "That 's not the point. What I was saying was, even after you find the 'float' you may spend weeks hunting for the lode," etc. He never was quite able to complete his story when the sister was present, and ultimately he avoided her.

Hastings himself developed much admiration for the mountaineer. "You must let me see you in London," he said several times. "I 'll put you down at my club; and then, the governor will want to see you in the country."

Jim had no idea of what was involved in being put down at a club, but he consented. "That 's mighty white of you, old man, but I don't know where I shall make down."

Though still weak and ill, he could not bring himself to go to his room during the day; but as night came on, and his bones ached with the weariness of waiting, and his brain grew numb with the monotonous swirl of his thinking, he crept down the stairs again like a lame dog, weary and downcast. That close, ill-smelling little den came to seem worth while as the sea grew dark, just as a gully in the plains, or a hollow in a rock beside the trail, used to develop a wondrous homeliness as the cold dusk fell upon him and his horse.

His release from pain was of short duration. The gray-green liquid over which the boat rolled began again to boil and hiss and swell, and the ship returned to its old tricks, and creaked and slid and side-stepped, and rose and fell like a teeter-board, and upended like a rearing bronco, and pitched like a mule, nosing deep down into the

gloomy hollows between the waves. Jim went flat on his back again. "My heavens! won't it never end?" he muttered, and in the semi-darkness of his room he lay in disgust too great for any words.

At last in the middle of the night he woke with a start, thinking himself in his shack beside the Uncompahgre. The vessel was still, so still that he did not remember where he was. Then it began to reel again and shake; and with a sudden chill at his heart, he said, "Oh, God! I 'm still afloat." But the sea was growing quiet, and, soothed by the changed motion of the ship, he fell asleep again.

III. JIM REACHES LAND.

WHEN he woke the second time, people were talking with a note of excitement in their voices, and he knew that new worlds were to be seen. His room-mate was already on deck, and dressing quickly, Jim followed him.

"Land ho!" was the joyous cry.

On the left, treeless hills thrust themselves boldly into the sea. They were brown, with faint patches of green in their hollows. "That must be Ireland," said Jim. High, gleaming stone towers rose from these eminences—lighthouses, old and new, Hastings told him. Soon little huts could be seen, and stone walls which checkered the land into irregular squares. The cottages thickened into clumps, looking like other rock forms. At last the fields began to cover the hills, and growing grain and fresh-plowed earth betrayed the farmer's busy care.

"So that 's Ireland?" mused Jim. "Well, it 's a lonesome country; not a tree in sight."

"Every inch has been harrowed by human hands for centuries," said an old gentleman, addressing Jim and Hastings.

"Poor beggars! No wonder they go to America in swarms," said Hastings. "Still, it 's not so lonely as the plains."

"That 's true," Jim admitted. "But then, you don't look for anything different on the flats."

The tone of the ship's conversation was utterly changed. Into the emptiness of the sea something worth while had been born. Laughter could be heard in all parts of the boat. Field-glasses were focused upon every object which could yield amusement. The mere sight of hills made Jim's blood quicken. That day he ate his second full meal.

A new terror now confronted the mountaineer—Liverpool and the customs officers. He asked Hastings about these matters.

The young fellow seemed vastly pleased to be of any service.

"I 'll put you through," he said. "It 's quite simple, you know. A couple o' shillings and the thing 's done. You 'll find Liverpool quite like Chicago."

It happened that Jim did not see Liverpool at all. When he came on deck the next morning the vessel was already anchored in what seemed to be a muddy river, the dim shores of which were enveloped in fog, out of which whistles and bells and the rumble of heavy wheels came in ever-increasing volume; and when the steamer swung alongside the dock, only a row of dingy buildings (which might have been West Chicago) could be seen: all else was hidden by mist.

Piloted by Hastings, the mountaineer found his way into the huge hall wherein the baggage was laid out for inspection. "You want to look after your own luggage and see it into the van; we have no checking system like yours," Hastings explained as he mounted his pile of baggage and bawled for a porter. All about the place, men, women, and children, perspiring, excited, yet resolute, stood guard over piles of bags, trunks, shawl-straps, and hat-boxes, while myriads of porters moved about like deliberative ants, and fastened upon variform parcels with grimy claws.

Jim "caught on" quickly, and clapping a porter on the back, said: "See here, cap; what 'll you take to get my baggage out upon the railway-platform?" The porter mumbled something in reply and laid hold on his trunks. "Well, I 'll be hanged!" Jim said as he looked at the cars. "Is this a narrow-gage train?"

"A w'at, sir?" queried the porter, who was used to queer Americans and remained stolidly calm.

"Is this as big as you make 'em? Do they all come this size? Is this the London special?"

"This is the reg'lar trine, sir. You 're for Lon'on, you siy?"

"All right," said Jim, seeing the porter's inability to comprehend his joke. "Go ahead. What 's the next ground-hop? Where do I get in at?"

Hastings appeared at this point. "Put your luggage on here. I 've saved a seat for you in this coach."

"Don't I get a check for my trunk?"

"Oh, no; it will be all right. Just make a note of the van, that 's all."

Jim waved his hand at his trunk. "All right; see you later—mebbe."

The porter sidled close to him. "I siy, sir, if you give me a shillin', don't let t' old man see it; we 're not hallowed a tip."

Jim looked round at "t' old man," a fussy, choleric, childish old giant who was bellowing useless orders to the hurrying porters.

"All right, pardner. Wait till I dig up a piece. What 's that? Is that a sixpence? Looks to me to be worth about a dime. How 's this? That 's a quarter, I take it."

"Thank you, sir; much obliged, sir," said the porter, as he sidled off out of reach of "t' old man."

Jim gave his attention to the train, which was a long row of little, lightly built, dirty white cars, like a lot of stage-coaches set end to end. They had doors only on the side, and the seats were exactly like those in an old Concord coach. On one side a minute corridor ran from end to end of each car, and was so narrow that a broad-shouldered man like Jim had to go sidewise.

The mountaineer smiled broadly, and taking from his pocket a circular, he re-read again the words: "In deference to our American travel we have put on a superb corridor-train outfitted in the American fashion. Travelers from the States will find every comfort on these fine up-to-date coaches."

"Why, bless 'em," he said to Hastings, "you could put this pony-train, wheels and all, into the Overland Flier on the Santa Fe or Northern Pacific!"

"It looks small to me," replied Hastings; "it never did before. But this is not the regular coach, you know; it is quite Americanized."

Meanwhile the excitable little engine far down the track uttered little squeaks of impatience like a restive colt, till Jim roared with laughter. "Is the engine the same breed as the cars?" he asked. "The whistle 'pears to be narrow-gage."

Before Hastings could answer, the conductor blew a sort of bicycle whistle, and the brakeman began to run along the train and slam the doors shut. Doubling himself up, Jim got into a "stall" with Arthur and his sister. A tall and gloomy old man was already seated by the window, with a plaid shawl over his knees. He looked with disfavor on the newcomers.

"How many does each pew hold?" asked Jim.

Hastings smiled feebly. Jim's humor was making an impression.

"Ten; but it seldom happens that more than six get in."

"It 's for all the world like the coach that goes from Wagon Wheel over to Williams Gulch."

As the complaining little engine drew out into the city, Jim was amazed to find how much like Chicago the streets were. The atmosphere, smoky, foggy, shut close over the ugly roofs and lay along the grimy walls. The people all stopped to look at the train, which seemed to interest them almost as much as though it came only once a year. For nearly half an hour the train wandered through gloomy caverns the walls of which resounded to the solemn tolling of bells—on and on, till at last green fields, flowery trees, and a pale sun proclaimed the end of Liverpool and the beginning of rural England. Jim's spirits brightened. The sight of a tree was medicinal.

A white mist was in the air. The wind was cold, but the fields were deliciously springlike, and the mountaineer fixed his eyes upon them with great joy. The land was like a garden. It had been plowed and harrowed and sandpapered and curry-combed for centuries; that was evident. It was every inch in use; the plow ran to the very door-step of the little brick cottages, and furrows curved round the buttresses of the small stone churches. Curving roads, as smooth as asphalt, led between fields outlined by hedges. On the green slopes sheep lay scattered, looking like gray boulders. Over all fell a whitish sunlight. A cold wind blew in at the window.

"It 's a good deal like the country between New York and Philadelphia," said Jim to Hastings.

"But, say, your freight-trains cork me up," he broke out as they passed a string of "goods-vans" laden with hay and brick and coal. "They 're nothing but carts—drays. Look at that one carrying coal. Must have as much as a ton and a half on. Look at the wheels! Makes me think of a long-legged boy in knickerbockers."

The tall old gentleman in the corner glared at Jim, and Hastings grew a little nervous.

The country genuinely interested the miner. He studied it carefully. Everything he saw was the direct antitype of Colorado. The little rivers wound through the valleys, as submissive as canals between their carefully ordered banks. The woods were parks, the hills looked like artificial mounds built to diversify a public garden. The hedges were barbered, the brooks walled with stone, the marshes drained.

"This country is too slick for me," said

he, turning to Hastings. "No place to hide. Could n't build a camp-fire. Think of livin' where you can't set foot outside a road without gettin' into some old woman's garden-truck. There 's a feller sowing wheat by hand! Have n't seen that since I was a kid. It 's all too purty f'r me, too blame narrow and slow. There 's a straw-covered shack—'thatched' is it? Well, by ging! I did n't expect to run on to that. Used to read about it in McGuffey's Fourth Reader. What if a spark should lodge in it some dry day; or mebbe it never gets dry here?"

"They burn up sometimes. There are not many of them, as you see. They 're passing away," Hastings explained.

The old man, who had been looking at Jim with mingled curiosity and disapproval, now said contemptuously:

"If you don't like England you know what you can do."

Jim smiled. "I do; I can get out. I shall. Don't worry, my Christian friend. I 'm not rooted here."

The old gentleman returned to his paper, and Miss Hastings threw in a gentle word: "If we all wished to live in England it would be very uncomfortable, would n't it?"

"That 's so," said Jim. "I 'd hate to see England all moving into Colorado; it 's getting tame and populous too rapidly as it is."

On this peace fell upon the group.

After a long silence Jim said: "Reckon I 'll have to revise my remarks about this train. It 's shufflin' along like a house afire. It 's little and it 's squeaky, but it gets there."

Hastings pointed out famous ruins and sites of historical happenings, and the mountaineer replied in each case, "You don't say!" or "*Is* that so?" but his voice betrayed no interest. It was of no value to have to point out an oak and say, "Once a castle stood there."

"If you 're bankin' on your age," he said finally, "I can take you to places in Colorado and New Mexico that the Smithsonian sharps say were old when old man Pharaoh was king down there in Egypt. That 's what they tell *me*. I 'm not insuring it; but I know I 've seen ruined cities where the streets were lined with trails six inches deep in solid rock, worn by the moccasined feet of the people that lived there. And I 've been in the caves in the lava of a volcano in Arizona where the hairy man lived. That 's what I call an old Colorado town."

The train rattled along steadily, flashing through towns of brick every few minutes, and winding along river valleys wherein ran small sluggish streams, through fields where slow-moving men with teams were at work. The sky filled with heavy clouds, and the sun fell through only infrequently upon the landscape.

Sitting so, Jim sobered at last, for he began to realize that he was sweeping as swift as an eagle's flight down upon the greatest center of human life in the world; and to a man of solitudes nothing is more appalling than floods of men and women crowded between granite walls.

Hastings and his sister got out at Rugby Junction, after many cordial good words and repeated invitations to Jim to come down and see them at Heathcote.

"Look for me," said Jim; "I 'll come a-rackin' over the divide some o' these fine days and take a snack out of you."

Hastings beamed with pleasure. "I say, now, that will be worth while. We shall look for you."

Jim missed these good people, and after they got out he rode in silence with the old man, who dozed in his corner, waking now and again to clutch at his plaid shawl and look up to see that his bag was not yet rifled by the man from the Rocky Mountains. At last London began to loom as a dark presence, and with a warning clang the train plunged into a singular yellow obscurity, and the "trailer" was enveloped in a London fog.

(To be continued.)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

On Voting.

THE time is likely to come when Americans will look back with amazement at the custom of quadrennial national elections prevalent in the early days of the republic. They will say: Were not our ancestors noted for their common sense, for a touch of shrewdness, for a practical bias, for "strict attention to business," for all the traits that mark a people as sensible and thrifty? Why, then, did they deliberately keep up a system which every fourth year interfered with business, upset their peace of mind—in a word, threw the whole country into a state of turmoil? Why did they not see that the biennial election of congressmen was a sufficient safeguard of national liberties and of cherished policies? Why did they not recognize that longer and single Presidential terms would tend to the production of better Presidents? Why did they not think of the financial waste of such unnecessarily frequent Presidential elections; of the pestilent fostering thereby of unscrupulous professionalism in party management; of the too frequent interference of national party considerations with the cause of local good government? Why did they not know that such frequent Presidential elections increased the power of bosses and made the boss system more dangerous and pervasive? Why was it that even after they had seen, known, and felt all these things, they still kept on so long in the blundering old way?

At the time when our descendants will be asking these practical questions,—and getting very little answer, perhaps, except the old proverb that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business,"—at the same time as this they themselves will still be voting at proper intervals for the Presidency, and having their own perplexities every time the great election shall come around —still larger perplexities as the country grows bigger and more populous, and is liable more and more to tremendous waves of opinion, mixed with hysteria, dashing this way and that over vast spaces, and threatening now and again to make a wreck of the good old ship of state.

They will then, as we do now, sometimes wish that voting were not so clumsy a device for the expression of the national will and the carrying on of government. They will, perhaps, wish, as many of us doubtless do now, that a vote could be spiritually subdivided instead of having to be used as a cumbersome club, hitting at this or that in a blind, blundering, inaccurate sort of way.

For instance, a national party makes up a platform and places a candidate upon it. The voter may, for various good reasons, wish a certain candidate to be elected, while, at the same time, he is opposed to almost every plank in the platform upon which that candidate stands; or he may come to the conclusion to vote for a platform he desires to see supported, notwithstanding the fact that the candidate himself is, so to speak, wormwood and gall to him. How crude and unscientific is any possible vote cast by a voter in such a state of mind as that! He may announce to his friends that his vote was dropped into the ballot-box "with a string to it"; but he has no official effective way of recording his true and precise opinion. If he could vote in fractions and percentages it would be some consolation; but no, he has to use an unequivocal, stupid, unexpressive, solid unit of a ballot—a ballot that does its work in its own brutal way without explanation or apology. It is counted in cold blood, and, if it be cast on that side, the successful candidate construes it a part of his "victory," while the party claims it as an indorsement of every opinion the majority of the platform committee wrote into that party's list of beliefs and denunciations.

How gratifying it would be if, for instance, when voting for Smith for President, one could record six only in a possible ten as approval of Smith, while *four* out of the *ten* should stand for disgust and distrust; or if, in a vote made up of ten parts, *nine* should mean a negative of Smith's platform, and a meager *one* should stand affirmatively as a vote for Smith himself, with the intention of having that fraction of a vote prevail in the election of said Smith! Or a voter might wish to throw a ballot for Smith with a strong "string" as follows: "I vote for Smith, but solely on condition that he shall see a new light as to principle No. 1, or principle No. 5"—or as to whatever principle may be most unfragrant to the voter. Or, again: "I vote for Smith, but only in the hope that experience and the criticism that wise persons like myself bestow upon his action, or alleged belief, as to so-and-so, may induce him to shape his course hereafter very differently."

Under the present system it is evidently quite possible for a President to be chosen by voters a majority of whom do not agree with certain of the principal planks that have been cunningly grouped in his platform. It is possible that a candidate may have the balance thrown in his favor by a group of voters who are, indeed, strongly opposed to some one of his leading policies.

Notwithstanding this, the old way of government by ballot is likely to go on, with as few subtleties as ever, so long as majorities rule. This being so, it is all the more important that bosses should not have all to say about the naming of the candidates that we, the people, have to vote for, yes or no, in the old objective, unsubtle way. Public opinion does generally demand higher

personal character in Presidential nominations than for State and other offices; but in naming candidates in these lesser offices the bosses seem to be growing, in some sections, more and more reckless in their effrontery and self-seeking. It must always be some sort of a machine, even if it is a reform machine, that does the nominating. Heaven, and our own manly efforts, send the time when public opinion will demand that nominations shall not be, as so often now, openly and cynically in the interest of the machine instead of obviously and truly in the interest of the people!

Manners.

In her essay on "The Decadence of Manners," in the August Century,—an essay which has been the occasion of much discussion,—Mrs. Mason, whose "Women of the French Salons" indicates her interest in historic studies, contrasted manners contemporaneous with manners of former days.

A previous essay on the same general subject was printed in this magazine as long ago as September, 1874. It was written by the then editor-in-chief of the magazine. There was no man in this country more in sympathy during his whole career with the "plain people" than Dr. Holland. There was no writer of whom it could be said more truly that he was without a trace of snobbishness. The essay of which we speak was an editorial entitled "American Incivility." The author of it thought that there had been a time, fifty years before he wrote, "when there was a degree of reverence in American children, and at least a show of good manners. Great respect to those of superior age and culture was then inculcated, and at least formal courtesy exacted." But he believed that the men and women even of fifty years before had "receded from the courteous habits of previous generations."

Dr. Holland thought that our democratic institutions had to do with this decadence; but he found it hard to understand why political equality should not breed reciprocal respect as well as self-respect; and he was perplexed that with everything in our institutions to develop these, "together with a respect for woman which is entertained in no other country," there should be so little politeness "among the workers of the nation." He dwelt somewhat upon historical contrasts, but much more upon contemporaneous contrasts. His remarks were directed especially to the manners of those in the humbler walks of life, while Mrs. Mason's apply rather to the manners of the well-to-do. Dr. Holland thought, as we have seen, that manners had been better in America in earlier days. But having lately returned from a sojourn in the Old World, he was struck by the lack of civility in America compared with the civility he had seen and met with in Europe. "The American," said Dr. Holland, "is a kinder man than the Frenchman, and better-natured than the Englishman, but the humble American is less polite than either. One of the charms of Paris to the traveling American grows out of the fact that it is one of the first places he comes into contact with a class of humble people who have thoroughly good manners. He is not called 'boss' or 'hoss.' He is himself put upon his good behavior by the thoroughly courteous treatment he receives among railway officials, shopkeepers, waiters at café and hotel, cab-drivers, etc. The 'Bien, monsieur,' and 'Bien, madame,' which responds to one's requests in Paris, is certainly very sweet and satisfactory after 'All right, boss; you can bet on 't.'"

The later essayist holds that, no doubt, the best school of manners is the nursery, but that to make it of value the mother must have right ideals. She therefore appeals to those women—"one finds them everywhere"—who cherish the amenities, who represent the finest flower of womanhood, who help to preserve the traditions of gentle manners. It is for them to ostracize vulgarity, quiet the loud note of familiarity, and temper the sordid spirit of commercialism.

The earlier essayist acknowledged that he had no faith in any attempt to reform the manners of the adult population of the country; but he believed that the parents and teachers of the country could "give us a polite people, and this by the cultivation of the principle of reverence not only, but by instruction in all forms of polite address." He believed in the saving grace of home culture and school culture. "Children must be trained to politeness, or they will never be polite. They must drink politeness in with their mothers' milk; it must be exacted in the family and neighborhood relations, and boys and girls must grow up gentlemen and ladies in their deportment, or our nation can never be a thoroughly polite one—polite in soul as well as in ceremony, and kind in manner as well as kind in heart."

Every American who travels in Europe is apt to be struck by the same contrast in manners as that which Dr. Holland observed. There is a feeling in the American breast, perhaps, that this Old-World civility among servants, shopkeepers, and other workers, as well as among the young, goes along with a good deal of unpleasant obsequiousness, or is often a thin veneer over a substance of contempt or churlishness. But, nevertheless, the strictness in salutation in the German countries, the pretty words and manners in Italy and France, and the forms of deference used in Great Britain, are agreeable enough, and would certainly be a pleasing addition to the general good humor of intercourse among our own people. Perhaps Dr. Holland might now find less civility in some of the European cities than at the period of his visit; but the contrast remains sufficiently great to-day to be worthy of notice.

There are Americans who prefer the manners, such as they are, of the working American to the manners of those of the same position in life in Europe, because they prefer honest crudeness to sycophancy or to the suggestion of caste. But that is not the question: it should not be a choice of alternatives; and Dr. Holland, good American as he was, was right in urging that American children should be trained in the exteriors of conduct.

Training is, in fact, just the thing that is

needed. We have broken away, very largely, from tradition, and in many emergencies the plain man simply does not know how to behave. He stares, he acts as if indifferent, or arrogant, or surly, when it is only that the right word or the right gesture is not in his mind or habit. We happened to witness, a few years ago, a most remarkable instance of a lack of training in ceremony on the part of our people. It was at a great national occasion in which there was an appearance of heartlessness, or at least of disrespect, which was entirely foreign to the actual feeling of the tens of thousands of persons taking part. It was the funeral of one of the greatest heroes of the war for the Union. The cortège passed between crowds stretching for miles and miles along some of the principal avenues of our principal city. It was astonishing to see the awkwardness of this great concourse in the expression of respect for the dead as the coffin, enveloped in the Stars and Stripes, moved slowly by. Indeed, in most instances there was scarce any expression of respect at all. Here and there a man would remove his hat, and a few persons near by would follow suit in a shy and uncertain way; but the great mass of the people simply sat or stood and stared.

It is interesting to note, on the other hand, a growth in ceremonial usage in the United States. Judges in the State courts are imitating those of the national courts in the wearing of gowns, and the colleges and universities are introducing gown and cap. These may be thought trifling things, but so far as they are in the direction of respect and decorum they are in the right direction.

The "plain people" are rather untaught than wilfully rude and crude in manner. We know of more than one instance where a rough, and even tough, political boss has increased rather than diminished his influence with the "boys" from whom he came, and of whom he still remained one, by gravely arraying himself in that extremely artificial "high hat" which is the badge of ceremony and social distinction—even in certain savage islands, where royalty has been known, on state occasions, to wear little else. Cases could also be cited where political aspirants hopelessly injured their influence with the very "masses" to whom they desired to appeal, by affecting manners of a freedom unnatural to them and unexpected by their constituents. One mayor of a certain Southern city held a large and popular following, not by the slap-over-the-back method, but by the best dressing and the "finest manners" he could command. So excessive was his etiquette, and so exquisite his attire, that the most humble supporters he chanced to meet in the street felt that his greeting was an accolade.

Yes, both essayists were right in demanding that the American should be caught early, and trained while young. The kindergarten makes a good beginning with all the young Americans it can catch; and in many schools, doubtless, manners are taught to some extent. They will receive still more attention if such attention is desired on the part of those who influence instruction. In other words, if there is a demand for manners, there will probably be a supply. Those who think this important ought to help make the demand felt.

There is, doubtless, plenty of good material for training in the great, good-hearted, cheerful American populace. We remember the remark made, not long ago, by one of the best-equipped and most observant of critics of the foreign American life. He said, talking to a private audience, to be sure, and one of Americans only, that, according to his view, the American people, as a whole, had better manners than any other people on the face of the earth. Asked to explain his belief, he added that it was because in their intercourse with their fellow-beings they were without arrogance. He thought that where there was arrogance no amount of etiquette could make manners truly "good."

Winners in "The Century's" College Competition.

THE third of the four competitions for the prizes offered by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to college graduates was closed on June 1 of this year, the competitors being Bachelors of Art of 1899.

In conformity with the terms of the competition, the prize for poetry is not awarded this year, no contribution being thought to reach the standard.

The prize essay, entitled "Tolstoi's Moral Theory of Art," is by Mr. John Albert Macy, Cambridge, Massachusetts, of Harvard University.

The prize story, entitled "An Old-World Wooing," is by Miss Adeline Miriam Jenney, Huron, South Dakota, of the University of Wisconsin.

For the benefit of those interested, we here repeat the terms of the competition:

RULES OF "THE CENTURY'S" PRIZES FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

WITH the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of $250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. $250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. $250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. $250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

A competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

Manuscripts must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

Announcement of the awards will be made in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE as early as possible in the autumn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Patrolman Flynn's Predicament.

THERE was a persistent *pop, pop, pop* in the alley back of the house, and Mrs. Flynn put her head out of the kitchen door to see what was the matter.

"What are ye doin' out there, Barney?" she asked.

"Practisin' wid me gun," answered Barney.

"Oho!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn. "Practisin' wid yer gun, is it? Ye 're a new man on the foorce, an' ye think ye 've got to be blazin' away at ivery barn door in the wa-ard. Tell me now, is n't there an orjinance ferninst shootin' in the city limits?"

At this Patrolman Flynn thoughtfully scratched his head.

"Right ye are," he said at last; "but 't is for the gazabo widout the shtar that the orjinance was made."

"Does yer book tell ye that?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

Patrolman Flynn pulled a summary of the principal ordinances and the rules and regulations of the department from his pocket, and looked through it slowly and carefully.

"Does it tell ye," demanded Mrs. Flynn, again, "that an officer of the la-aw kin make a shootin'-gallery of the alley bechune his house an' the one next behind it?"

"It does not," admitted the patrolman, regretfully.

"Does n't it tell ye to pinch the man that shoots in the city limits?"

"Mary, I 'll not lie to ye," answered Patrolman Flynn, after a moment of reflection; "it says that same."

"Then 't is for ye, Barney Flynn," asserted his better half, decisively, "to take yerself to the station an' cha-arge yerself wid disorderly conduct."

Patrolman Flynn winced. The reasoning was clear, but he objected to the conclusion.

"I rayfuse," he said at length, "to go wid meself."

"Oho!" cried Mrs. Flynn. "Rayfuse to go, is it? Here ye are caught by yerself wi'latin' an orjinance, an' ye rayfuse to be arristed. Barney, ye 'll be after havin' the cha-arge of raysistin' an officer put ferninst yer name, too. 'T is for ye to bat yerself on the head wid a club an' jerk yerself off to the station whether ye will or no."

"'T would be a sha-ame, Mary," protested Patrolman Flynn, "for me, bein' the fri'nd to meself that I am, to be that rough wid meself. Ye 'd not have me be too ha-ard on a fri'nd, would ye?"

"Oho!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, again, by way of answer. "Derrylickshun av juty it is! I kin see ye, Barney, walkin' the ca-arpet in the capt'in's office, an' he tellin' ye something av juty an' fri'ndship, an' that ye 're laid off foor days widout pay."

"Annyhow," persisted the patrolman, "I 'm not shtrong enough to arrist meself. 'T is too tough a job. I 'm a desp'rate man when I 'm roused, Mary, an' 't is not the likes of me nor annyone else that kin lay the hand av the la-aw on meself widout havin' to go to a doctor."

"I see ye now, oh, I see ye now, Barney," went on Mrs. Flynn—"I see ye readin' a notice on the boord at the station, an' it says that Barney Flynn is discharged from the foorce for cowardice. That 's what it says, Barney; an' it says more. It says that Barney Flynn is charged wid dis-



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"'WHAT ARE YE DOIN' OUT THERE, BARNEY?'"

orderly conduct, an' shootin' in the city limits, an' raysistin' an officer, an' corruptin' the foorce by wo-orkin' the fri'ndship racket, an' that anny officer meetin' him will call the wagon an' run him in."

Patrolman Flynn heaved a deep sigh.

"Mary," he said, "ye wanted me to do a little wo-ork in the house the while I 'm off juty."

"I did, Barney," she answered.

"I 'll do it," asserted Patrolman Flynn, with another sigh. "'T is a tight hole I got meself in, Mary, an' me head 's swimmin' wid all the troubles an' the rules. 'T is likely a little wo-ork 'll make things easier for me."

"'T is likely it will," retorted Mary, grimly; and Patrolman Flynn put his official dignity and his revolver in his pocket, and tackled the plebeian task of mending a wash-tub, meanwhile muttering to himself something about a woman who had "a reg'lar la-awyer's head on her."

Elliott Flower.

The Insidious Beggar.

A LITTLE blind boy came knocking, when bitter and long the night,
And he said: "Let me in, for every one 's mocking.
They say it is foolish and perfectly shocking—
My pitiful want of sight.

"And yet I can shoot an arrow,"—he rapped, "I pray that you hark.
Its flight is swift as that of a sparrow,
Its dart can pierce to your very marrow,
And I never have missed my mark.

"If I am blind, how can I be knowing the way this night unto you?
There 's never a beacon set for my showing,
And yet I can tell, past all foregoing,
That the shade of your eyes is blue.

"If I am blind, how may I be telling that nowhere else on the earth
Save in your heart can I make my dwelling,
Whither my feet have been impelling
Since the swift, sweet hour of my birth?"

The little blind boy ceased knocking, for the door it opened—'t is true;
And he laughed: "One thing,—lest the door you 'd be locking,—
One thing I 've to tell,—it *is* perfectly shocking,—
I am blind unto all save you!"

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

A Thanksgivin' Turkey.

'CINDY, reach dah 'hine yo' back
'N' han' me dat ah almanac.
W'y, Laud! t'-morrer' s Thanksgivin'!
Got to git out an' make hay,—
Don' keer whut de preachah say,—
We mus' *eat* Thanksgivin' day,
Uz sho' uz you 's a-libbin'.

You know whah Mahs Hudson libs?
Dey 's a turkey dah dat gibs
Me a heap o' trouble.
Some day Hudson g'ine to miss
Dat owdashus fowl o' his:
I 's g'ine ober dah an' twis'
'At gobblah's nake plumb double.

Goin' pas' dah t' othah day,
Turkey strutted up an' say:
"A-gobble, gobble, gobble!"
Much uz ef he mout remahk:
"Don' you wish 'at it wuz dahk?
Ain't I temptin'?" S' I: "You hahk,
Er else dey 'll be a squabble.

"Take an' wring yo' nake right quick,
Light on you lak a thousan' brick.
'N' you won't know whut befell you."
'N' I went on. *Yit*, evah day,
When I goes by that-a-way,
'At fowl hab too much to say;
'N' I 'm tiahd uv it, I tell you.

G'ine to go dis bressed night,
An' put out dat turkey's light,
'N' I 'll lam 'im lak a cobblah.
Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass;
Got to do ma wo'k up fas'.
Ain't a-g'ine to take no sass
Off o' *no* man's turkey-gobblah.

James D. Corrothers.

The Advantages of Education.

MAMA can't spell to papa
"C-o-f-f-double-e?"
Or the other nice things on the table
She thinks are bad for me.

Papa can't say to mama,
"Put him to b-e-d!"
'Cause I 'm a-goin' to school now,
I can spell, too, you see.

Catharine Young Glen.

Aphorisms.

A MAN looking for opportunities passed two of them on the road.

Said one to the other: "What a hurry he is in! He never even noticed us!"

"LET 's make a see-saw," said Joy to Grief.

"All right," replied the latter. "Find a man."

THERE 's none so blind as those who think they see.

"THERE 's very little difference between us," said the History to the Novel.

"Oh, yes, there is," replied the latter. "We are both liars, to be sure, but I am proud of it."

Tom Masson.



LOOKING AT THE JEWELS.

In the Crowd at the Paris Exposition.

With woodcuts drawn and engraved by F. Vallotton.[1]

ONE may enter the Exposition grounds for twelve cents. Sundays, when the weather is fine, more than half a million visitors pass through the gates. The greatest throngs seem to be about the jewelry exhibit. Who could go through the fair without looking at the show-windows of the leading jewelers of London, Paris, and New York? There are more secret detectives here than in any other section. What a powerful attraction jewels have for the masses! Certainly a diamond is beautiful, but there are a thousand things more lovely and more harmonious, and that touch us more directly and more deeply, than the cold, brilliant, geometric beauty of precious stones. A Flemish tapestry of the sixteenth century, such as one sees in the Spanish pavilion, is an artistic feast of a more sumptuous kind than the gorgeous display of diamonds and pearls. Moreover, the beautiful character and the artistic arrangement of much of the jewelry, necklaces, and tiaras hardly account for the enthusiasm of the crowd. What attracts people is the enormous value of the stones. The multitude thrills at the sight of a diamond which represents a fortune and could make a whole family comfortable for years.

Between noon and one o'clock the crowd begins to feel that nothing provokes the appetite more than looking at objects on exhibition. The innumerable restaurants, French and foreign, are invaded. At the different national pavilions one eats Spanish, Rumanian, German, Italian, Belgian, and Turkish dishes, often with telltale grimaces. The food is served in all sorts of surroundings, as, at "Old Paris," in a hall of the fifteenth century, where, with a bold anachronism, they have placed pictures by Turner and Reynolds. One may lunch at four dollars a head or at sixty cents. However moderate the prices asked by the cheaper restaurants, they are yet large enough to frighten away the smallest purses; consequently, many lunch in the open air. The colonnades of the palaces and the shores of the Seine

[1] The wood-engraving of M. Vallotton did not come to the notice of the English and American public until some time after that of Mr. Nicholson, the English artist, which has justly been much admired. As a matter of fact, M. Vallotton's had precedence. Mr. Nicholson, if we are correctly informed, began to engrave the end of 1895, at which time M. Vallotton had identified himself in France with this special style of work. An article in the magazine "L'Art et l'Idée" for 1892 included three of his blocks made in 1891. The accompanying examples, which were made for THE CENTURY, are reproduced from the engraver's proofs.—EDITOR.



THE FAMILY PICNIC LUNCH.

offer cool, shady corners. One may lunch under the porticos or on the steps of some stairway, and enjoy the spectacle of the passing crowd or the flowing river. In the gardens of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars are enchanting spots of green lawn under the blossoming acacia-trees or the broad-leaved horse-chestnuts. A few chairs is caught in a narrow alley or under the trees, he hastens to the nearest building, and there studies things he would never have thought of examining had it not been for the rain. In the close air of the rooms clouds of vapor rise from soaking clothes. The crowd stations itself on the staircases, waiting for the weather to clear. A good



THE SHOWER.

rented at two sous each, and drawn together in a circle, provide a place for a family picnic. The parents, maybe, have brought a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, some cold ham, sardines, hard-boiled eggs, and fruit, with knives and forks. One napkin does for a table-cloth. Water is brought from a neighboring fountain. These groups are not lacking in picturesqueness. I saw, near the Tour Eiffel, a band of people who had sought shelter in an artificial grotto and were giving a truly retrospective exhibition of the cave-dwellers. This sort of meal is very popular. Rendezvous is made at the twenty-fifth column, say, of the portico before the Grand Palais, or at the fourth chestnut-tree to the left coming down the Trocadéro hillside.

To the saunterer who enjoys watching the crowds a shower is most welcome. I do not mean a few drops of rain that fall slowly, nor the fine drizzle that one grows accustomed to, but a sudden downpour that comes without warning, and to which nobody can remain indifferent. When one place from which to enjoy the crowd when the storm breaks is the Pont Alexander III, or between the two palaces. Here there is no near refuge, and a headlong flight is the only defense. The nurse bewails the beautiful ribbons on her cap; the little shopkeeper hurries forward his wife, who is wearing her new hat; children lengthen their steps to keep up with parents; people are jostling one another and rushing up the stairs three steps at a time in the pelting rain. They must reach shelter under the porticos, where already a compact crowd forgets its recent misfortunes in contemplating the distress of others.

"Enter, gentlemen, enter! Walk in to see the dancing-women from Al-Rashid's harem!" As the Arab continues his harangue, a very black man behind him, enveloped in white, blows into a shrill flute, the sounds of which make the nervous members of the crowd shiver, while at the entrance an Oriental woman, no longer young, prepares to make change. Farther on, a corpulent Levantine offers green, blue, and pink candy on a table. His



THE STREET OF ALGIERS.

knowledge of the French language is evidently incomplete, for, in extolling his merchandise, he continually repeats, "I have a good character, I have a good character." A third one, with a nose curved like a Damascus blade, offers dates. These Oriental merchants are more interesting than their wares. They seize hands that are not extended to them, and force into one's pockets the objects they wish to sell. The crowd is pleased by the resulting confusion, and lingers in the Street of Algiers.

The day the Exposition opened it was discovered that foot-bridges would play an important rôle and that one could not see the different parts of the show without much climbing up and down. One may enter the Exposition from any side without taking a train or an omnibus; but as it spreads over several quarters of Paris, it has been necessary to leave free the streets and avenues through which it cuts, lest the circulation of the city should be interrupted. For this reason characteristic foot-bridges (*passerelles*) have been built, which rise eighteen feet above the avenues. The crowd grumbles at this additional fatigue; but the stream of humanity flows unceasingly from morning until far into the night, and on Sundays a police service is necessary to regulate this sort of travel.



A FOOT-BRIDGE.

As the day declines, the Exposition begins to glow with artificial light. Myriads of jets are reflected in the slow-moving waters of the Seine. Between the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars the lights interlace and rival one another. Alcohol, electricity, and gas struggle for mastery under the trees, the leaves of which, filled with the brilliancy from beneath, seem magically green. The large street-lamps shed about them a uniform luster, crude and white; the lines of the Tour Eiffel are traced by means of steady-burning electric lights, and on the cornices of the buildings sparkle rows of gas-jets, trembling in the breeze as though alive; at the end of the Champ de Mars the Palace of Electricity is resplendent in jewels of color; and from the Château d'Eau, a hundred feet high, luminous fountains fall in dazzling cascades. From the top of the Tour Eiffel, from the summit of the German lighthouse, immense rays of electric light search the horizon and touch the far-off buildings of sleeping Paris with the glow of fire, or suddenly stream down upon the crowds massed in the gardens. Here, as in a flash of lightning, one sees thousands of white faces, compact and swaying. From the height of the Palais d'Optique a revolving light turns slowly, passing under its placid and monotonous examination the same walls and the same shady corners. Lanterns hung by thou-



FIREWORKS.

sands in the tree-branches seem like enormous blood-oranges in a new Garden of the Hesperides. The crowds wait patiently for the fireworks, which make a splendid finish to the day's festivity. Close by, one can see the outlines of the dense mass of spectators, fading away into obscurity. A report resounds, all the faces are uplifted, eyes pierce the gloom, and suddenly in the sky, which seems blacker by comparison with so much brilliancy centered on the earth, a marvelous flower of light unfolds. Finally, a drum sounds the retreat, and the happy crowds disperse.

J. S.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

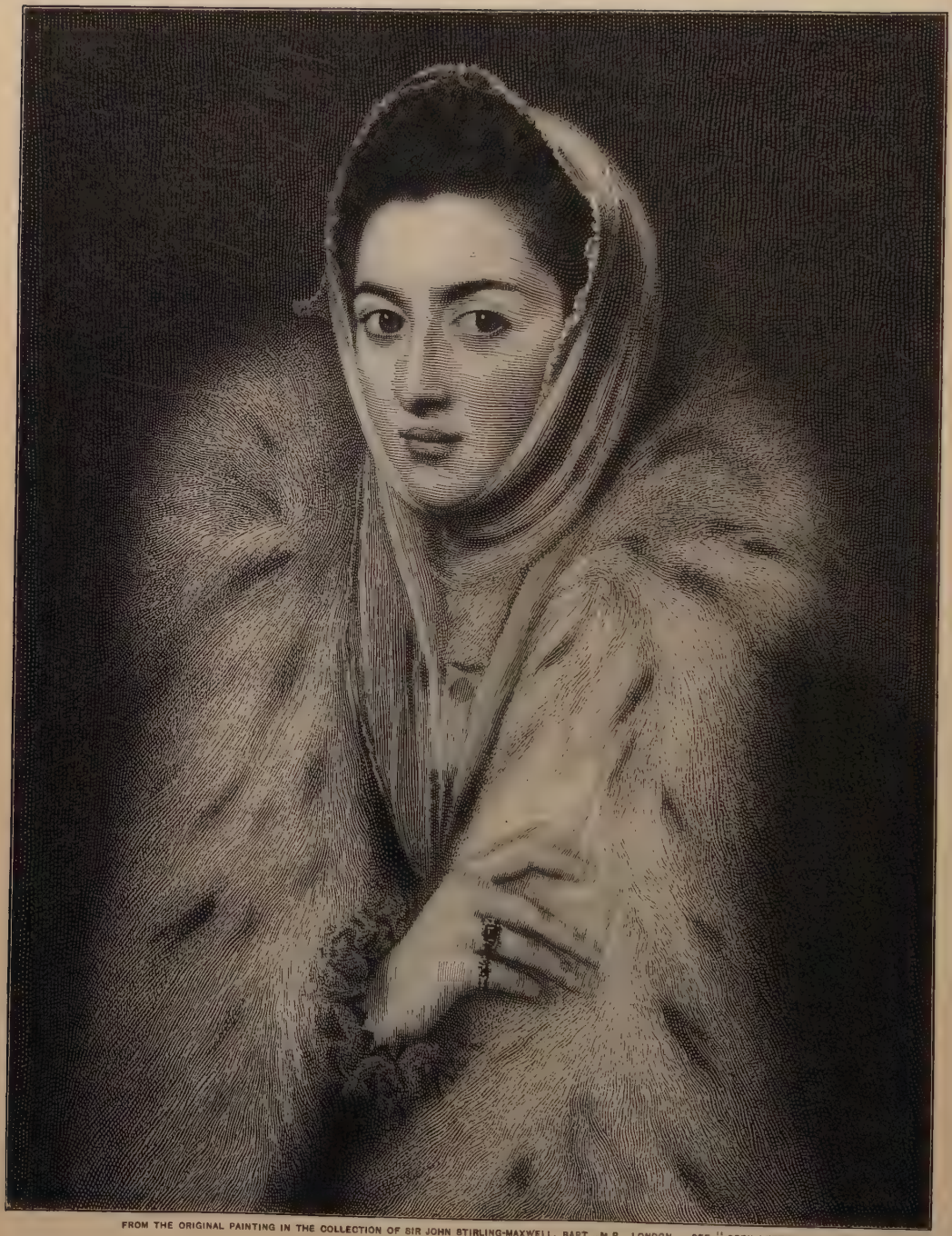
TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

SECOND OF THE SERIES

THE DAUGHTER OF EL GRECO

BY

DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOHN STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART., M.P., LONDON. SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE DAUGHTER OF EL GRECO. BY DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SECOND OF THE SERIES.)

MIDWINTER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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CHICAGO'S GREAT RIVER-HARBOR.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

WITH PICTURES BY H. REUTERDAHL.

"THE Cinderella of Navigable Streams" is a title that may well be given to the Chicago River. Doubtless to those who never have heard anything good of it, including many who live in Chicago, this will seem humorous, but for that very reason it fits. The Chicago River has been maligned, neglected, in fact, shamefully treated in every possible way. For fifty years it was a drudge, receiving the most contemptuous treatment from those it served. They made it a dumping-ground for their refuse; they stole from it; they disputed its right of way; they blocked it with center-pier bridges; they limited its depth by putting tunnels under it; they created sharp angles in building their docks; and then they complained of the annoyances for which they themselves were responsible, and insisted that there ought to be no river. Yet, in spite of all these discouragements, the stream did its work as faithfully as circumstances would permit, and awaited the coming of the fairy prince. He has come in the person of Uncle Sam, who purposes to see that justice is done and that, as soon as may be possible, this neglected and hard-working river shall appear in raiment befitting its rank as one of the greatest harbors in the world.

In truth, the Chicago River has a fine future before it, not alone in the way of commercial importance, but also in the way of beauty. It is not an attractive stream now, but it is destined to be one. It has improved greatly since the United States government took charge of it, and the improvement is going on steadily. It has been clarified by the opening of the drainage-canal; it has lost many of its kinks; it is being widened, and its most unsightly features are slowly disappearing. Old buildings are being replaced by better structures, the docks are neater and more substantial, the factories and warehouses are becoming more presentable—in brief, the Chicago River, both as to its water and its banks, is being cleaned up.

Before long the river will be one of the great sights of the city, a characteristic panorama, showing in a most favorable light more that has conduced to Chicago's commercial greatness than can be seen in any other way in the same length of time. Indeed, already there are excursion steamers that make daily trips to the drainage-canal, carrying passengers along this great artery of trade that, until very recently, was considered by all but vesselmen an unmitigated nuisance.

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A few steam-launches have appeared as well, and not long ago a house-boat was launched—a house-boat on the Chicago River! And yet, why not? With a house-boat or a launch one can go from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, and vacation-trips of this description are certain to grow in popularity.

The progress made and the promise for the future seem the more remarkable when



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

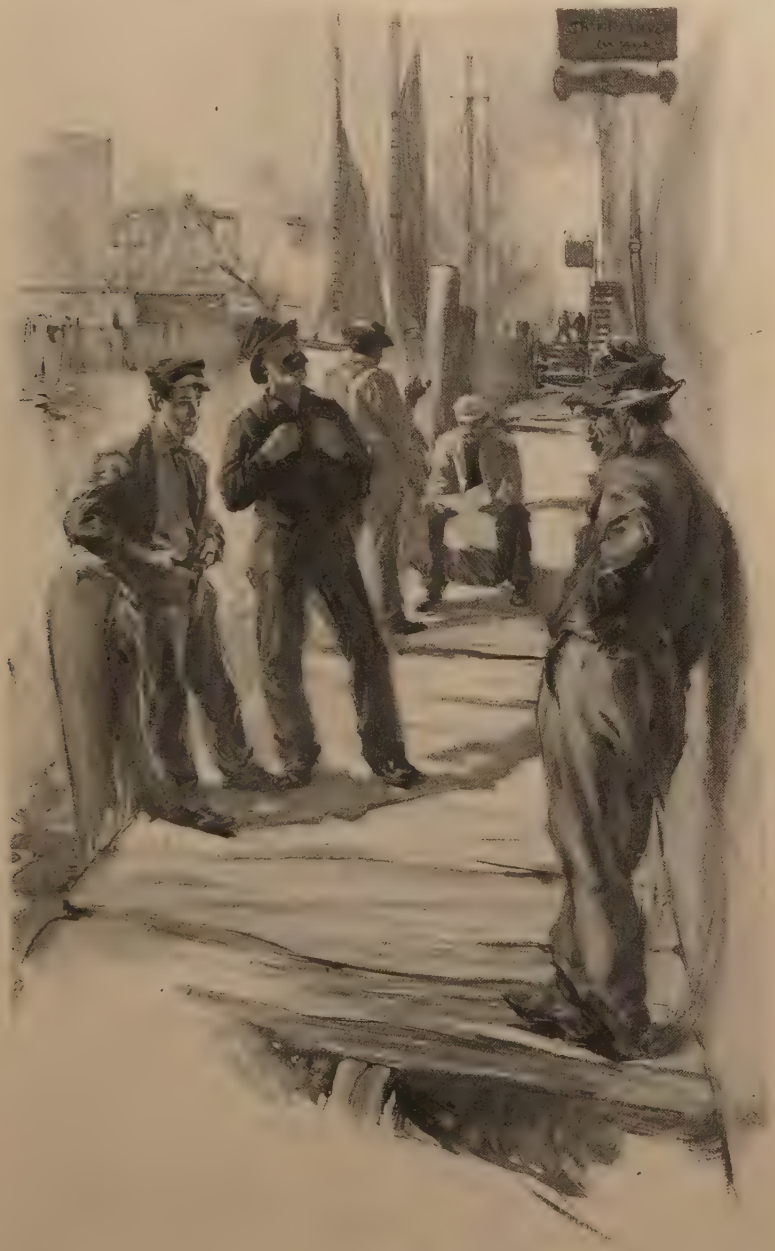
A FIRE ON THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER.

one stops to consider that previous to 1890 this Chicago Cinderella had no guardian worthy of the name, and even then it secured one only by accident. Like the other Cinderella, it always has done the work, but it has not been treated with even ordinary decency and respect. It has been a joke, a reproach, and a subject for imposition. The news that it occasionally caught fire has been more widely circulated than the fact that it ranks well up among the greatest ports of the world. That a river should burn has been considered a huge joke, but of course it never could have burned had not those who most maligned it used it as a dumping-place for refuse from the gas-works and oil-refineries. Then its odor has received great notoriety, and here again the fault was due to lack of proper guardianship. It became a reproach through no fault of its own, for it never was permitted to clean itself up; on the contrary, everything possible was done to make it, and keep it, thoroughly disreputable. Why, during these days of neglect and imposition it even lost its shape, and sharp angles appeared where there had been gentle curves before. The dock-builders were responsible for this, as well as for some other objectionable features. When they wanted a little more room, they took a few feet from the river, and if it happened to be on a curve, they made a corner of it that has resulted in many a troublesome blockade.

There were few friends or protectors to interfere, for even some of its legal guardians have been its enemies in the past. The elder Harrison, when he was mayor, considered it of so little importance that he wished to have it filled up, and Mayor Cregier favored the same course. As a result of this and the short-sightedness of other officials, much has been done that now has to be undone, although, as the whole city shared in the errors, it is hardly fair to place the blame on individuals.

The truth is, the magnificent future of the Chicago River has not been appreciated until lately. It has grown commercially beyond all expectations, and the improvements

have not kept pace with it. When the tunnels were built, they answered all the requirements, while now they are such a menace to blockade and consequent delay. In the matter of bridges the city has been no more far-sighted. The modern two-story steam-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"NOTHING DOING"—A STRIKE ON THE RIVER.

the larger boats that many of the latter dare not go up the river. Hardly a week passes that some vessel is not stuck on

bridges are a vast improvement over the old wooden structures that were turned by hand, but the increase in the size of boats and in the amount of shipping makes them as

much out of date as the old bridges were when they were taken down. They are center-pier bridges, and progressive Chicagoans, who appreciate the needs and importance of the shipping, know that such bridges must disappear with the tunnels.

It may be said, however, that the bridge problem is nearer to solution than the tunnel problem. Many experiments have been made with bridges, and several are now in use that to replace all the old bridges, but the need of leaving the middle of the river free from obstructions is so apparent that there can be no doubt that it will be done.

The tunnel question is more complicated. The bridge problem is almost entirely a financial one that has no bearing on traffic; but the removal of the tunnels means the loss of that method of getting from one side of the river to the other. True, they may



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A VARIETY OF CRAFT, INCLUDING A PASSENGER WHALEBACK.

obviate the necessity of the center-pier that interferes so seriously with the movements of vessels. The lift-bridge at South Halsted street is one of these, but it has not proved entirely satisfactory. Boats with tall masts cannot pass under it, and occasionally it has a most annoying way of getting stuck. The spectacle of a bridge hung some distance up in the air, where it disobligingly insists upon remaining, is not pleasing to a man who is in a hurry to cross the river to keep a business engagement. The jack-knife bridge has been tried with better success, however, and relief from existing conditions may be found in this. It will take time, of course, be lowered, but past experience makes it reasonably certain that that would be only a temporary makeshift. Either they must be rebuilt entirely, with longer approaches, or they must be abandoned and ultimately destroyed. There is a very strong sentiment in favor of the latter course, but the street-railway companies, which use them almost exclusively, naturally object. Such action would mean a change in the motive power, for the cable cannot well be used on swing, lift, or jack-knife bridges. They also have a fair proportion of the public on their side. Their patrons have no objection to the lowering or the rebuilding of the tunnels, but they



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

TUGS PULLING OFF A VESSEL AGROUND ON A TUNNEL.

do not look with favor on a change that would not obviate the possibility of being "bridged." In consequence, the traction companies have been strengthened in the position of independence that they have assumed, and so far the solution of the tunnel problem has been mostly talk. Yet it is absolutely essential that that problem should be squarely faced and solved.

These are some of the troubles that have beset, and are still besetting, the Chicago Cinderella in the struggle for prestige and personal adornment. The former, in spite of obstacles, already has been secured, and it may be interesting to note in what measure. In the total tonnage of arrivals and clearances Chicago ranks fourth among the principal ports of the world, leading all but London, New York, and Hamburg. The figures for the year ending December 31, 1900 (except in the case of New York, for which the figures

for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, are given), are as follows:

City.	Tonnage.
London	16,529,085
New York	16,020,290
Hamburg	14,198,817
Chicago	14,186,100
Antwerp	13,573,472
Liverpool	11,818,000
Marseilles	9,629,114



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

AN OLD BOAT-SHOP UNDER THE WELLS STREET BRIDGE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A JAM AT THE LIFT-BRIDGE, SOUTH HALSTED STREET.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER. THE PADDLE-STEAMER IS THE U. S. S. "MICHIGAN," THE SOLE GUARDIAN OF THE GREAT LAKES.

So far as the United States is concerned, Chicago leads all ports except New York in tonnage, and leads even that port in the number of arrivals and clearances, the annual report showing 17,017 for Chicago and 14,019 for New York. It handles more than three times the tonnage of Boston, almost four times the tonnage of Philadelphia, and more than four times the tonnage of Baltimore. In the thirty years since 1870 this tonnage has more than quadrupled, but it is a singular fact that the annual total of arrivals and clearances has decreased by nearly 8000, due, of course, to the increase in the size of vessels. Fewer boats are used than formerly, but they carry much more, and this has modified what is known



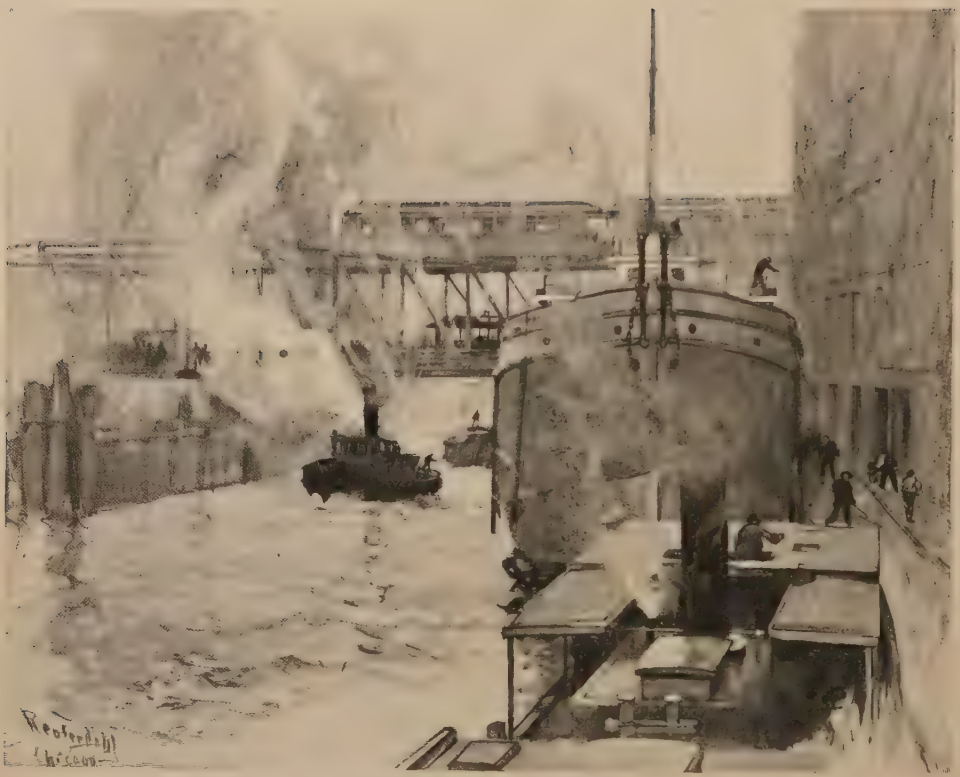
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE STEEL WORKS AT THE NORTH AVENUE BRIDGE.

sance." Bridges are not opened so frequently, nor are they kept open so long.

While prestige has come with virtually no outside assistance, the feature of attractiveness has required encouragement, as was to be expected after so long a period of neglect. This encouragement has come from Uncle Sam, and the story of his action in the premises is interesting. A certain Western congressman—his identity is of no importance—wished to have a river in his district improved, and he experienced some difficulty in securing the desired action. A railroad-bridge was in the way, and the company refused to remove it or to make it conform to his idea of what was right and proper.

After trying various other methods



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THREE-STORY TRAFFIC—THE WELLS STREET BRIDGE.

to attain his purpose, he introduced a bill in Congress placing all navigable streams under the control of the national government. As a matter of personal accommodation, in order that he might carry out his plans with respect to this one river, other congressmen voted for the bill, and it was passed. Then it was discovered that the bill applied to all navigable streams, and that the Chicago River was one of them.

So it happened that Uncle Sam took charge of it about 1890. He went at his work in a businesslike way, too, and he has been busy ever since repairing the damage previously done, and encouraging improvements of all kinds. His interest has aroused the interest of others, until Chicagoans themselves are beginning to awaken to the advantages and possibilities of their stream. His respect for its work and its needs has compelled the respect of others. His championship has given it a dignity that it did not possess previously.

When Uncle Sam sent a board to Chicago to see about straightening out the kinks and removing some obstructions, one Chicagoan had the hardihood to assert that "the Lord never intended large boats to go above Canal street," to which General Ludlow, the chairman, replied, "There is no evidence as to that before this body." Thereupon the Chicagoan subsided.

In the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge case the question as to whether the river was primarily for navigation again came up. The company held that the bridge was a satisfactory and suitable one when it was built, and that, if the size of the boats using the river had increased since, it was the fault of the vesselmen and did not concern the road; but the Secretary of War took a different view of the subject, and the bridge had to come down.

Then came the opening of the drainage-canal, which furnished an unanswerable argument for further improvement, and the watchful guardian, Uncle Sam, made the most of it. The law distinctly specified the rate at which water must be emptied into the canal. "But where the river is narrow that will make a dangerous current," said Chicago. "Then the river must be widened," answered Uncle Sam. "It is not deep enough for such a flow, either," urged Chicago. "Then it must be deepened," retorted Uncle Sam. The canal gave him just the

leverage he desired. He had done much without it, but he could do much more with it. "Either shut off the flow entirely or make it what the law requires," was the rule he laid down.

As previously explained, all this has had its effect, both moral and physical. It is no longer safe to treat the Chicago River with contumely; it now has a guardian who demands respect and fair treatment for it, and its improvement under his care has made it an object of interest and pride to others. They are beginning to see what it may become; they are aroused to its importance and its possibilities.

Formerly the Chicago River was merely dirty; now it is becoming picturesque in the magnitude of its industries and the strange and startling contrasts that it presents. Time was when the wise man avoided it as he would a pestilence (which it closely resembled in some ways), but it has become a panoramic spectacle well worth seeing.

Beginning with the lighthouse and the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

life-saving station at its mouth, there is not an inch of space wasted until one gets well beyond the navigable point for lake vessels, and it has a life peculiarly its own. In the business part of the city the buildings crowd so close to it that there is frequently less than three feet of dock between them and the water; but this narrow passage is a street for the river-men—not a safe one at night, but one that sees much travel during the day.

Near the entrance from the lake, men have built out toward the Michigan shore to secure additional dock-room, and the lumber-yards and big grain-elevators are reached by slips in which half a dozen or more boats may lie without being disturbed by the rush and hurry of the river traffic.

Even the space under some of the bridge approaches has been preëmpted by modest boat-builders and others who cater in a minor way to the needs of the river-men.

Where the stream passes through the business district the cost of the land precludes the possibility of slips, but there are still elevators on ground of almost fabulous value, and, in addition to the business blocks that back up to the river, there are manufacturing establishments and wholesale houses that have use for the lake boats. The railroads also find it convenient to have ready access to the water-frontage. Farther out along the South Branch one comes to the lumber-yards and the coal-yards and the factories that require more room than they could get, or could afford, nearer the heart of the city.

In this lies one of the great advantages of Chicago's river-harbor. Goods can be shipped with less handling than would be required in other circumstances, for the boats can go where they are wanted—almost to the stock-yards, in fact. There is an extent of dockage on the stream that is invaluable.

Nor is it all to be seen on one trip. The South Branch will take one to the drainage-canal, and in the smaller boats one may continue on that to the interior Illinois towns and even to St. Louis and New Orleans. But of course that is not a part of the Chicago harbor. The North Branch, however, is a most important part, and to see that one must return almost to the mouth of the river and take a fresh start.

The North Branch is far less attractive than the South Branch, but it is decidedly important commercially. The drainage-canal, reversing the ordinary current of the river, draws water from the lake into the South Branch, while the North Branch has no such advantage. The latter boasts of many industries, but perhaps its most unique distinction lies in the fact that its growth has been almost in direct proportion to the local demand for brick. The brick-manufacturers have been dredging it, not to secure additional shipping facilities, but to get clay for the bricks they make. Their efforts have lengthened it, widened it, and deepened it, until, where it formerly was naught but a brook, it now is a considerable stream—a growing stream, it might be said.

The North Branch, too, is the only one that ever burns nowadays, and it is abandoning the practice, much to the relief of the people of Chicago.

So Chicago's Cinderella is coming into her own again. Those who have taken from her are being compelled to restore all that they have taken; those who have treated her shabbily dare do so no longer; those who have scorned her are beginning to appreciate that there is much of beauty as well as of utility in her: with the aid of Uncle Sam she has compelled recognition. True, in the matter of raiment there is still much to be desired, but she is more attractively attired than ever before, and there is promise of a really satisfactory wardrobe in the future.

When rehabilitated by her new guardian, Uncle Sam, with the aid of the awakened pride of her people, Chicago will be worth going miles to see.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY.

VIEW ON THE SEINE. PAINTED BY HOMER MARTIN.



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BERTHIER, PARIS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

THE SALON OF THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

BY VICTOR DU BLED.

FRENCH society is an assembly of people who have leisure, who go to the same places and dress in the same fashion, who seek one another with the purpose of creating happiness, or the semblance of happiness, and of establishing a sort of mutual insurance against the risks of ennui. It has had a thousand meeting-places. Before 1789 it was centered about the court, and now, as then, is to be sought in Paris, at the châteaux of the great noblemen and gentleman farmers, in the cities where parliament has met, in every spot where the amiable genius of woman has been able to attract and hold distinguished men. It has as its parade-ground the salons, as its principal bond of union written or spoken conversation—the French conversation, so universal in scope, so liberal in sympathy, so profoundly human; as a means of diversion it has amateur theatricals, balls, clever games, music, gallantry; as a passport, courtesy and the desire to please.

Chameleon-like, it takes color from its surroundings. It is occupied, as the mind is, now with the human, now with the divine, now with the serious, now with the trifling side of life. It gathers its honey from every flower. It has existed since the sixteenth century, and continues uninterruptedly like a living organism, a perpetual growth. It has its own domain, upon which other moral and social forces—politics, art, and literature—constantly encroach. These, in turn, are penetrated by it. To determine their mutual influence would require volumes. Suffice it to remember that the Reformation was brought into notice in France by the women of the sixteenth century; that in the seventeenth the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet improved both manners and language; and that not only did the Revolution originate in the salons of the eighteenth century, but that, through the public opinion there formed, Louis XVI was forced to aid the American colonies during their strug-

Many people maintain that there is no more society in France, that there is no more conversation, that the sense of grace and civility, of delicacy and perception, has been lost. Nothing could be falser. The hearth is always unchanged, and it keeps its flame—that flame which could no more go out than could civilization itself, whose very breath, as it were, polite society is. Conspicuous among the hundreds of Parisian salons or pseudo-salons where dinners and parties are given, there are perhaps thirty or forty élite gatherings which still represent French society, and where the atmosphere of moral beauty and intellectual power is still felt.

In the foremost rank of these is the house of the Princess Mathilde, who for fifty years has held the scepter of clever and artistic refinement. Her high position facilitates this supremacy. She is the own niece of Napoleon I, daughter of King Jerome, cousin of the King of Rome (l'Aiglon) and of Napoleon III, sister of Prince Napoleon, and aunt of Prince Victor and Prince Louis. In the early part of the Second Empire her salon was really the court club. From 1852 to 1870 she exercised a decided influence over the emperor, who had at one time wished to marry her, and who appreciated her merits, and was indebted to her for having mollified many artists and writers and prevented their reverting to the violent opposition party. Even after the downfall in 1870 she maintained the prestige of rank, sustained by recollections of the past and by the group of eminent men whose friendship she commanded, and who created around her a halo of admiring gratitude.

Thus, advantages and virtues, both personal and social, combined to make the princess an irresistible and sympathetic person. She had a sort of brilliant beauty which recalls the quatrain to an old-time duchess:

> Nature, wise and prudent,
> Forced Time to dispute
> The charms of this beautiful face,
> Which she could not repeat.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE READING TO THE PRINCESS MATHILDE AND HER GUESTS.

"Yes," she confessed gaily at a dinner of intimates, "I had an extraordinary complexion. I remember that once in Switzerland, when I was fourteen, they put a rose-leaf on my cheek, and it was impossible to detect it." She has always understood her type of beauty, and possessed an art for dress, a taste for color. Her clothes are those of a colorist.

She has a spontaneous nature, impulsive, passionate, frank to rudeness, with traits of an impetuous violence worthy of her uncle. She says all she thinks, and has learned only with great difficulty the art of control. She is a true *grande dame*, very much of a princess when she wishes to be; capable of making those who forget it an instant feel that she has the blood of Cæsar in her veins, and that, to her mind, Napoleon I is the most extraordinary man who ever lived. Usually, like all thoroughly intelligent people, she is very simple. She is merry, hail-fellow even, a wonderful listener, knowing how to talk with each the language of his tastes and interests, and to draw from her companion both thought and feeling. She enlivens the conversation with brilliant flashes which reveal a situation, a character, or an epoch. She defends her opinions as one defends a home and one's life. She is active and diligent, an optimist, finding existence good, and deeming that many things in this life are worth enjoying. She does not like politics or priests, and is doubtless too much inclined to confound clericalism with religion, although she is a deist and even a spiritualist. She does not ask her neighbor what to believe: she is never a reflected light, always a direct ray. She is unable to endure tiresome people, and her face grows leaden when she is bored.

"Nothing could have been more comical," said Goncourt, "than her crucified expression on a certain evening as she tried to listen to our conversation with the great and charming scholar Claude Bernard, while at the same time she was obliged to answer two women who were uttering polite nothings. When they had gone, she exclaimed: 'Really, thirty years' apprenticeship to the world should suffice; then one should go on the retired list, and no longer be called upon for the boring duties of society.'" Her lamentations on the usual mediocrity of women are very amusing. "Imagine it! When a woman enters I am obliged to change the subject of conversation. The intelligent women of the day, yes, I am ready to see them again. I would receive Mlle. Rachel or George Sand." She talks readily and well. She makes no mystery of her tastes or antipathies, expressing herself with absolute frankness in short, nervous, Napoleonic sentences. I know no better judge of her character than herself. One day, for example, the conversation turning upon children, every one said something beautiful or quoted the inspired verses of our poets. Somebody recalled those by Émile Augier:

> We exist in reality only through these little beings,
> Who establish themselves as masters of our heart,
> Who take possession of our lives unconsciously,
> And who need only seem happy to show they are not ungrateful.

"Don't go on!" exclaimed the princess. "Who has not been a mother? One must always descend to a child's level, make one's self ridiculous, talk baby-talk. Children dwarf one's intelligence. But I have philosophic ideas about education, the consequence, perhaps, of my bringing up. Oh, no, my mother did not spoil me. 'I would give all my children,' she used to confess, 'for one of Fifi's fingers.' Fifi was my father." Whereupon followed an avalanche of recollections. "I had eighteen piano-teachers and seven writing-masters. Ah, how funny they were! The English teacher was an Irish priest, a cunning little abbé. We used to amuse ourselves by making him jump off the chairs, his cassock turned up and held out in front of him. One writing-master had a big round head and short frizzed white hair, and was always accompanied by a poodle. As soon as he had given me a page to copy, he spent his time taking the pen out of my hand, throwing it into the middle of the room, and replacing it by another perfectly new one. When he left there were pens enough cut in the house to last until my marriage."

Her handwriting is unintelligible. She writes quantities of short illegible notes. Even her invitations she almost always writes herself, arguing, with reason, that it takes no more time to do this than to direct some one else.

She has an adoration for France which is carried to a terror of exile—a terror that seizes her even now from time to time, without reasonable cause, without even the shadow of a pretext: but exile, like regicide, is the reverse of the medal for princely families; it makes part of their hazard of fortune. And, moreover, politics are often based upon reasons which reason and justice

ignore. The princess remembers that her brother was exiled by the Third Republic, and that she lived in a foreign land when she was young, and she realizes that in France birth itself is sometimes a crime. Thus she is haunted by the vision of exile.

"All I ask," she sighs at such moments, "as I once wrote M. Thiers, is the security of my person and my individual liberty, and of St. Gratien [her country-seat about thirty minutes by rail from the city]. As for the rest, I am blasé. In reality I like only what is genuine."

During the war of 1870, and during the Commune, she suffered much, for she loves Paris, and resembles Mme. de Staël in being homesick for the gutters of the Rue du Bac. Her own "ruisseau de la Rue du Bac" was situated on the Rue de Courcelles, but she has transferred her Penates to 20 Rue de Berri, and divides her time between Paris and St. Gratien.

"I need Paris," she said to us. "Its paving-stones, its quays at night, with their myriad lights, enchant me. Think of it! I was brought up in Italy, married at twenty-one to Prince Demidoff, who carried me off to his property in Russia, and I came back to Paris only when I was twenty-three. As my eyes fell upon the first red trousers, my joy was so keen that it was too much for me: I embraced the little soldier at once. What a gala-day for him!"

She is almost as fond of Versailles as of Paris, and wished to build a house there in Louis XIV style. "At Versailles," she declared, "I speak in a subdued tone, as though I were in a church, for, say what they may, Versailles sums up the whole history of France."

She professes an ardent worship of her uncle. In Paris the first floor of her house, where only intimates penetrate, is a museum of Napoleonic souvenirs. The table decoration is a huge imperial eagle, surrounded by a flock of eaglets, one of which is placed before each guest. Her good sense, however, makes clear to her that the return of the Napoleons has become an impossibility. She accepts loyally a government which, she feels, insures happiness to France. One of her friends, present in her box during the dedication of the Palmarium at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, saw her rise before any one else when the "Marseillaise" sounded as President Carnot entered.

It may be said, in passing, that a certain number of Imperialists hope for the mysterious accession of Prince Louis, looking upon the young Russian general as a sort of inspired Messiah, destined to restore the empire by I know not what political miracle, while apropos of Prince Victor they repeat the skeptical saying of M. Philis: "Neither eagle nor eaglet." Others, on the contrary, uphold Prince Victor, whom they claim to be the more capable, to be, in fact, a true statesman. I saw the two princes only once, in the salon of the princess, and I confess that I could not form an opinion of their relative merit. Prince Louis seemed to me more brilliant and clever. His brother is very reserved; he would rather listen than talk; and, after all, silence is a force, but a force not to be abused in times of democracy. And then, besides talent, there are circumstances to be reckoned with—chance, public opinion, and what Frederick II called "his sacred Majesty Luck."

During a dinner at the Princess Mathilde's one night, Prince Louis, who was then about to enter the Russian army, was talking upon military questions with his neighbor, who happened to be a general, while he ignored the pretty woman next him. His aunt several times attempted to recall him to his social duties, and having failed, exclaimed drolly:

"Because there was once a soldier in our family all the Bonapartes think they are great generals."

Over a year ago, during the Exposition, the King of Sweden came to present his homage, and when the princess was asked her impression, "He is a Bernadotte," she said, with an enigmatic smile.

The princess's wit resembles her character, as her character resembles her wit. It brings into relief her moral nature, her tastes, and her breeding; it is like a well-made dress which is becoming only to the one for whom it was designed. Humorous, original, always alert and penetrating, sometimes rather broad, she does not hesitate at bold remarks, or thrusts which cut deep, made now and then with a haughty air that seems to toss at you: "I am a Napoleon, and I go straight to the point where my passion or reason leads, without bothering about convention or etiquette."

When she was still very young she once met Mme. Swetchine, a mother of the church, a friend and confidante of Lacordaire, of the Falloux, and of Dupanloup, all people of the highest merit and great moral force, whom the princess, with as much ease as injustice, called humbugs and Jesuits. Mme. Swetchine, whose interests were centered in re-

ligious and psychological questions (she had a consecrated chapel adjoining her salon), could not refrain from questioning the young princess as to her beliefs, and especially as to the condition of her soul.

"Oh, madame," the latter responded cavalierly, "at my age people don't have souls."

And again, this very pretty answer given to Mme. Camille Doucet, who asked if her Royal Highness loved as ordinary mortals love: "I do not know. I am not a princess of divine descent."

She did not care much for her cousin's court. She felt out of sympathy with the empress, who undoubtedly envied her popularity, her success, the brilliancy of her salon and of her wit. "I am restless at court," she observed. "The language, the sentiments expressed, are so alien, I feel like some one else. I want to hurry back to myself and to my home. How wretched I was at Compiègne when they gave me the Pope's bed! Such a bed! You can have no idea of its size. In order to keep warm I was obliged to put all my gowns over me. I never get on with the emperor, because I go straight to the point. I have never been caught in any intrigue—never, never! I could never be one of those who burst into tears and get their debts paid every month. The emperor! One would think mankind amused him. The other day a servant let off a siphon of vichy in his neck, and he contented himself by holding out his glass on the other side and saying nothing—a man whose greatest exclamation of fury is 'Absurd!' If I had married him it seems to me I would have broken open his head to see what was inside of it." But she kept a true affection for Napoleon III, and was vexed with Dumas *père* for uttering in her presence this discourteous quatrain:

> Dans leur fastes impériales
> L'aigle et le neveu sont égaux:
> L'oncle prenait des capitales,
> Le neveu prend nos capitaux.

"Are you on bad terms with Dumas?" her old friend Count Benedetti asked.

"Worse than ever; he is dining with me to-night," the princess responded, and in speaking to the great author she addressed him as "Monsieur" Dumas.

"Princess," he asked simply, "call me Dumas, since that is what I have been working for for twenty-five years."

Another day she was chatting about the Czar Nicholas and her marriage to Prince Demidoff, the richest although the newest nobleman in the world, one ancestress of his having been a Muscovite serf. Brutal and jealous, he made her life unbearable, and she was obliged to separate from him. When she went with him to Russia after her wedding, the czar greeted her with this remark: "I shall never forgive you." He had wanted her to marry his son. Very affectionate toward her, he never once, in his rancor, uttered the name of Demidoff. Thus two empresses' crowns have all but touched her brow. She does not regret them, and this disinterestedness shows a certain largeness of soul. She realizes that happiness consists in desiring the things we possess, in cultivating to the fullest extent delicacy of feeling, refinement, and moral loveliness.

Happiness also consists in giving of it to others, and, as the princess practises this art to perfection, she has drawn to her and kept many faithful friends. She has lost few.

The fortune of the princess consists of a life-income of forty thousand dollars yearly, which the Emperor of Russia exacted for her from Prince Demidoff when they were separated, besides thirty-two thousand dollars' personal income, the property at St. Gratien, the pictures and *objets d'art*, and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls and diamonds. She has a special fondness for pearls, and the famous pearl necklace given by Napoleon I to her mother, Queen Catherine, is alone estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

"The most winning thing about her," some one wrote me recently, "is her goodness. Where a friend is concerned, she is always on the alert, always active. It was this which led her, surrounded by ambassadors, generals, and people of title, to ask me, in the midst of a reception, how I was going home, and if she should order her carriage for me. During a sitting, when I was posing for my portrait, she noticed that I grew somewhat pale. She hurried into the antechamber, called a servant, and herself ordered a lunch prepared for me. Another time she heard me, in talking with a friend, announce the intention of buying a dress, or a belt, and the following day I received a package containing exactly the thing I wanted. So much for her fairy-godmother side. But far more charming is her perfect simplicity, her invariable good sense, her brusque way of speaking like a surly benefactress."

Instances of this kind could be cited by thousands. She goes much to see her sick friends, those who are unfortunate as well as those who are well and happy. One day she was paying a visit to Dumas *fils*, whose

health had occasioned some anxiety. "Ah," he exclaimed admiringly, "princess, you belong to a family who do not fear entering the room of a man stricken with the plague!"

Every year for Christmas she used to organize a lottery of presents. One of these lotteries contained thirty-two prizes—bracelets, velvet dresses, traveling-cases, rugs, lamps, etc. Her intimate friends, at that time, who were invited to this fête were the two Princesses Primoli and Gabrielli and their husbands, the Du Sommerards, the Reisets, Mme. de Lespinasse, Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, the artists Marchal, Baudry, Hébert, Boulanger, Protais, Saintin, and Giraud. Those for whom she obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor dined at her right, and found under their napkins at table a small cross set with diamonds.

She appointed Théophile Gautier her librarian, a pretext for offering him an agreeable sinecure; and, as the author of "Émaux et Camées" asked somewhat uneasily whether she had a library, Edmond de Goncourt responded: "Act as though she had none."

She had announced to the latter that she would leave him in her will some original drawings by Gavarni, whose intimate friend he had been. One day she changed her mind, and putting the precious album in his hands, "Here," she said. "I am in perfect health. I should keep you waiting too long. I don't know what idea has possessed me to sell these this winter. Now I shall be free from temptation."

She knows how to defend her absent friends, to speak of them as though they were present. There is nothing more rare. It happens sometimes that the princess is touched, and weeps before her intimate friends, begging them to "mother" her a little. She has an exquisite graciousness of heart in regretting her absent friends. She speaks sweetly, without affectation, about the sorrows of parting, and forms dreams for a sort of *phalanstère* impossible to mankind—a community where all could spend their lives united until death. Then, as she talks on, her words die away, and her face is darkened by an expression of melancholy. "Yes," she sighs, "those who depart from us should always leave some charge behind them; in that way we should remember them longer and better: it would seem as though they had not gone from us altogether." To Goncourt's 'Adieu" on leaving St. Gratien after a several days' visit, she answered almost brutally: "Not that word; I cannot endure it. Say 'Au revoir.'"

She is generous in making allowances for an unfortunate expression used by a friend in the heat of an argument. M. Franck, an Israelite, a man of unusual merit, had just been elected to the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Some one was criticizing him, and the princess took up his defense with such warmth that Goncourt, no longer able to control himself, said sarcastically: "Indeed, princess, why don't you become a Jew and marry him?" He had no sooner made this discourteous remark than he repented it bitterly. After dinner he begged forgiveness, which was granted him cordially, and the scene ended in a peaceful but feeling silence. Perhaps the princess had more difficulty in brooking an answer of the same Goncourt which touched her pride as an artist.

One of Queen Victoria's daughters begged the princess to paint her a fan. She was not in the humor for it, and it had to be done quickly, so she sent out and bought the promised gift. (Let it be said, in passing, that at certain shops one can find extremely pretty fans painted by society women who have true talent and who wish to increase their incomes.) Before sending it, the princess showed the fan to Goncourt for his criticism. After examining it critically, he said very innocently: "Princess, I present you my sincere compliments. This is certainly the best thing you have done." When he had gone she could no longer contain her ill humor. "That imbecile calls himself an art critic!" she exclaimed. Pride is, at the same time, a great medicine, a great poison, and a great consolation.

She occupied herself with painting, and even worked very hard, at one time, under the direction of Hébert and Giraud, whom she called familiarly "my old Giraille." To tell the truth, she never had more than an amateur talent; she was totally lacking in imagination and artistic originality. Giraud made the models, the outlines, but she was none too docile, and he observed maliciously, "When I want her to make a mouth bigger I tell her to make it smaller." This suggests Boileau's response to a royal highness who asked, "How do you think I write verse?" "Like a prince, monseigneur," replied the aristarch. Let us not complain of the princess's passion for painting. Art and artists profited by it. Not satisfied with having the latter at her Wednesdays and Sundays in Paris, nor with offering them hospitality at St. Gratien and recommend-

ing them to the state, she formed the public opinion about them, and exerted herself to inspire the emperor, the empress, and fashionable society with her own tastes—"so successfully," she says, with justifiable pride, "that to-day every one has his own painter. My lawyer has his, positively; it is Corot."

She is a devoted friend and expects reciprocity. Friendship she considers a sort of contract which binds both parties, not one alone. In referring to certain cases of ingratitude, she lets forth her bitterness without restraint. Sainte-Beuve, whom she had overwhelmed with kindness, having accepted a position on the "Temps," she could not control herself. "A newspaper which insults us daily! The editors are my personal enemies. It is not the princess who speaks, but the woman, the woman!" And she shook her hearer by the lapel of his coat as though to bury her indignation in his breast.

And the adventure with Taine! The illustrious historian, who went often to her house, announced one day that he was going to devote several articles in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" to Napoleon I, and that he would be obliged, out of respect for historic truth, to pass censure on certain acts. "You are the foremost writer of our day, you are my friend," responded the princess. "I am sure you will find some way of smoothing things over."

The first article made an enormous stir. The princess read it, frowned, but said nothing. The second contained some rather stiff pages, which the press quoted. The princess began to show her displeasure. After the third she burst forth, exasperated: "Ah, I know what I shall do! I owe Mme. Taine a call. I shall leave my card with 'P. P. C.,' which will mean that I take leave of him forever. I cannot allow a friend to attack violently the head of my family, the man without whom I should perhaps be nothing but a little orange-vender on the bridge at Ajaccio."

She carried out her threat. Taine, somewhat stunned by this rupture, went to tell Renan of his misfortune. Renan listened to him silently, and then said, with his delicious smile:

"My dear friend, I have quarreled with a much greater lady than the Princess Mathilde."

"With whom?"

"The Church."

Having broken in this way a friendship of twenty years, one can imagine that she does not hesitate to reprove mere acquaintances, no matter how much talent and wit they may have. Edmond About was once invited to her house, and before dinner, seated beside the princess, he was sending off a brilliant display of fireworks. Looking up, he noticed that the Count Nieuwerkerke was coming over to join in the conversation. "Go away," he called to him familiarly. "Leave us alone, you great jealous person!" At which the princess rose, touched her finger to the bell, and said to the servant: "Conduct M. About to his carriage. He is not dining here to-night."

The people about the princess adore her. They live and die in her service. She no longer has a *chevalier d'honneur* nor a *lectrice*. Her last lectrice was Mme. Defly. I have been intrusted with two precious pamphlets which the princess has distributed among a few intimate friends, and which do honor to her sentiments. In one she writes with touching simplicity the life of Mme. Defly, a remarkable person, who, after much adversity, found a happy retreat with her. The other little work is called "History of a Dog." The princess is devoted to her dogs. She always has several, and she has consecrated a cemetery to them on her property at St. Gratien. It is a large circle surrounded with big trees. Every dog has a column on which are engraved its name and the date of its death—a graceful idea, which, however, was not original with her. In the sixteenth century Mme. de Villeroy did something of the sort for her favorite dog Barbiche. The poets who frequented her house raised a literary monument to the memory of Barbiche, and each one composed a verse in his honor. Thus the princess's dogs Dick, Mie, Nina, Mouche, etc., are, or were, important personages, of almost as much consequence as Mme. Helvetius's eighteen cats, and she has told the story of Didi very prettily: Didi, who had already visited the park at St. Gratien before the death of his first mistress, and who, after it, sought refuge with the princess, and found a paradise; Didi, who was lost, and recovered again in an unhoped-for way—Didi also, like Barbiche, had his material and literary tomb. Judge of it by the last page of the little volume:

In the beginning of the winter, when I was leaving St. Gratien for Paris, Didi was attacked by a cough which seemed serious. He did not eat, and began to grow weak. Didi, who every morning, when I rang for my maid, used to follow her into the room and spring up boldly on the bed, now could no longer move from his basket. The veterinary concluded that it was a lack of

circulation and a wearing away of the organs, which would soon carry him off. The very next day, hearing my bell, he gathered all his forces together and came to find me as he had before his illness. He was trembling; his paws were cold and stiff. He still wagged his poor little tail, but his sad expression showed the effort this last visit cost him. He had come to say farewell. It made me feel very sad. I caressed him gently. Soon he showed that he wanted to go back and find his cushion again. He was exhausted. In the afternoon he died. I wished to see him once more. He was lying relaxed; his beautiful silky hair concealed the thinness of his poor body. This was all that remained of the little creature who had occupied me so long, and whose extraordinary character had increased my love for him. I gave him a long parting look, and I thought that, if faithfully guarded affection counts for anything, Didi might well have his share of welcome in the world where sentiments are weighed and judged. I wanted, so far as I was concerned, to dedicate this little memorial in order to extol the virtues of dogs, and not to let pass unnoticed that which is humble, but good and loyal, here below.

Let us add that the princess has compiled her memoirs. She did not wish to, but Popelin persuaded her by observing that if she did not write them, false ones would be published which would pass for authentic. They begin with her childhood, and among other curious things in the first chapters is a striking portrait of Lætitia, mother of Napoleon I.

Mlle. Marie Abbatucci, who spent nineteen years with the princess, a person of the greatest merit, whom Ernest Renan called *la grande résignée*, has lent me a diary which is rather interesting. It contains the list, made day by day during the year 1887, of those who dined at the Rue de Berri and at St. Gratien. After 1870, more particularly, the salon became literary and artistic —a place to dine, and you know the saying of George Sand: "Dinner is one of the four aims of existence. I forget the other three." It was a place to talk, and are not conversation and friendship the two great luxuries of maturity?

The Wednesdays and Sundays at home are known to all Paris, and one could fill a library with the wit they have called forth. Under the Empire they dubbed the hostess "Notre Dame des Arts." Now they speak of her as the "good princess." These are charming passports to posterity.

Among the guests and friends of the year 1887 I notice Blanchard, Riffault, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, Comte Benedetti, Comte Vandal, Bapst, Lavoix *père*, the Ganderax, the Houssaye, Faye, Baron Larrey, Conneau, Goncourt, Charles Yriarte, Grandjean, Gautier, Mouton, Luchaire, Cain, Maréchal Canrobert, Dubufe, Bonnat, De Bonnières, Comtesse de Baulaincourt, Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, Jalabert, Boulanger, Gérôme, Dieulafoy, Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, Halévy, Strauss, Maupassant, Robin, Zeller, Daubrée, Duc de Morny, Frédéric Masson, Renan, Ressman, Duruy, Comte de Turenne, Camille Doucet, Anatole France, Lavisse, De Nittis, Mézières, Lambert les Chats, Claudius Popelin, De Hérédia, De Porto-Riche, Alexandre Dumas, Sardou, Marquis Roccagiovine, Adelon, Paul Bourget, Paul Hervieu, Comtesse Walewska, Primoli, Prince Victor, Prince Louis, Dubois de l'Étang, Coppée, Détaille, Hébert, Guillaume —all celebrated people, or personalities well known for their talent or wit. Death has swept away a number, and others should be added who, for various reasons, do not appear on Mlle. Abbatucci's list—Émile Ollivier, Comtesse de Vogué, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, Mlle. Valentine Franck (one of the distinguished women of our times). When Brunetière dined at St. Gratien in July, 1900, the illustrious orator held every one under the spell of his original and powerful conversation, and called forth as much applause as at his lectures.

For the glory of French society, for the happiness of her friends, all must hope that the Princess Mathilde will keep her perfect health and her wonderful mental activity, and that this flame of radiant goodness will not be extinguished for a long time to come. She is now over eighty years old, though one can scarcely believe this when he hears it. She has merely been a very long time young, and one could apply to her the amiable verse:

Son acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas elle.

One of her friends, who is of the same age as the princess, wrote to her gallantly: "You have taken only the springs, and you have left me the winters." It is for rare people like her that one longs to suspend the inexorable laws which weigh upon humanity, and to make real the myth of the fountain of youth.

POEMS OF THE WEST



BY THE RIVERS OF GOLD

BY ALFRED A. WHEELER

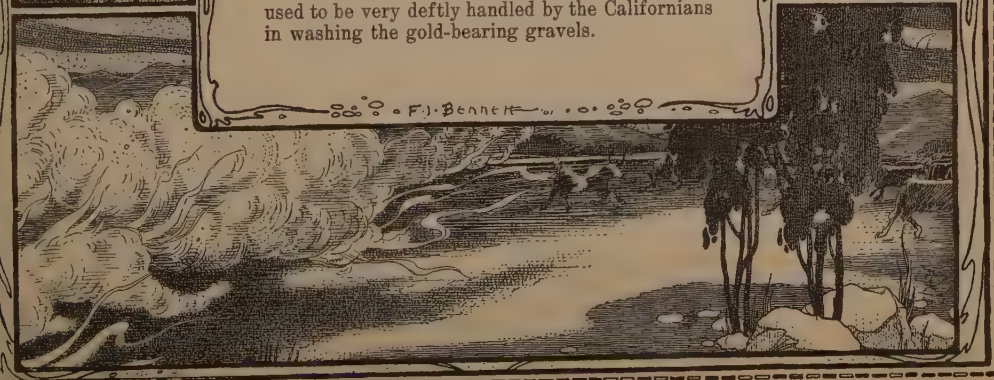
YE gravels, waterless, that hold
A vanished river's silt of gold,
This hand shall give your treasure birth
And send it wandering over earth.
Taken from Nature's bounteous lap,
Not from my fellow-man's mishap,
Gold, give me joy and no man pain,
And all the world divide my gain!

The pebbles all may pass thy rim;
But gold, Batéa,[1] hold back him,
My captive, till these stirring hands
Have sunk him deep, where ruby-sands
Shine crystal, like a thousand eyes
That guard the gates of Paradise.
Then joy to me, to no man pain,
And all the world divide my gain!

[1] The *batéa*, meaning in Spanish a wooden basin, used to be very deftly handled by the Californians in washing the gold-bearing gravels.







THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

IT wound through strange scarred hills, down cañons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam-god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past:
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

SIERRAN LULLABY.

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

SLEEP, oh, sleep!
By a trail that is wild and steep,
The last red sunbeams climb,
Little child, from the purple vale
At sunset-time.

Steep and wild,
Up the forest-clad heights, O child!
The manzanitas gray
And the birches along the trail
Have lost the day.

Rest, ah, rest!
Now afar on the highest crest
Great pines have caught the light;
Now they darken, the gold rays fail
And fade to night.

Hark, oh, hark!
How the wind in the pine-boughs dark
A wild, sweet music thrills!
Sleep—sleep, till the stars grow pale
Above the hills!

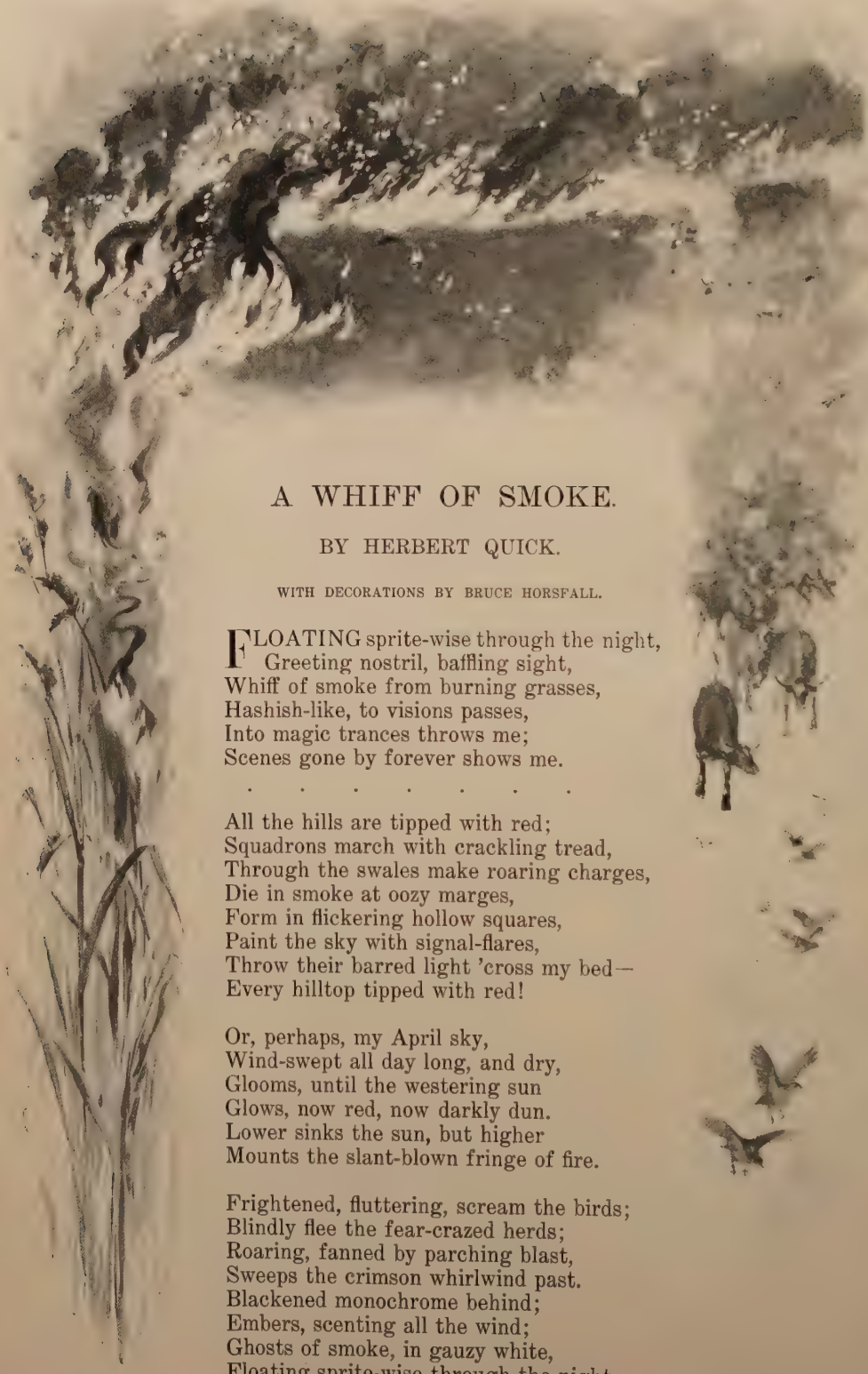
SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

By John Vance Cheney.

THE sky is lilac, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows;
The winds would be still;
The ring-dove is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail,
Faster and faster the colors fail;
The winds grow still.
Is the ring-dove calling?
'T is the love-dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.



A WHIFF OF SMOKE.

BY HERBERT QUICK.

WITH DECORATIONS BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

FLOATING sprite-wise through the night,
Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
Whiff of smoke from burning grasses,
Hashish-like, to visions passes,
Into magic trances throws me;
Scenes gone by forever shows me.

. . . . . .

All the hills are tipped with red;
Squadrons march with crackling tread,
Through the swales make roaring charges,
Die in smoke at oozy marges,
Form in flickering hollow squares,
Paint the sky with signal-flares,
Throw their barred light 'cross my bed—
Every hilltop tipped with red!

Or, perhaps, my April sky,
Wind-swept all day long, and dry,
Glooms, until the westering sun
Glows, now red, now darkly dun.
Lower sinks the sun, but higher
Mounts the slant-blown fringe of fire.

Frightened, fluttering, scream the birds;
Blindly flee the fear-crazed herds;
Roaring, fanned by parching blast,
Sweeps the crimson whirlwind past.
Blackened monochrome behind;
Embers, scenting all the wind;
Ghosts of smoke, in gauzy white,
Floating sprite-wise through the night.



Searching over each swart knoll,
Whistling, forth at morn I stroll.
Half her secrets, stripped of cover,
Nature lays before her lover.
See that tortoise, stolid loafer!
Yonder darts the wooing gopher.
Down from out the speckless sky
Falls the soaring crane's wild cry.
Hark! that cheery roundel, hark!
Always blithe, the meadow-lark!
From the peat-bed calls the drake;
Basking lies the glistering snake;
Like a hunter to his hound,
Pipes the curlew, circling round;
Clasping both her wings above her,
Whistling clear, alights the plover;
Unscorched cowslips gild the bog,
Bower of the prating frog;
Thoughtless, thankless, careless, I
Watch each shape of plain and sky;
See the prairie wild-folk, see
All, and feel its mystery.

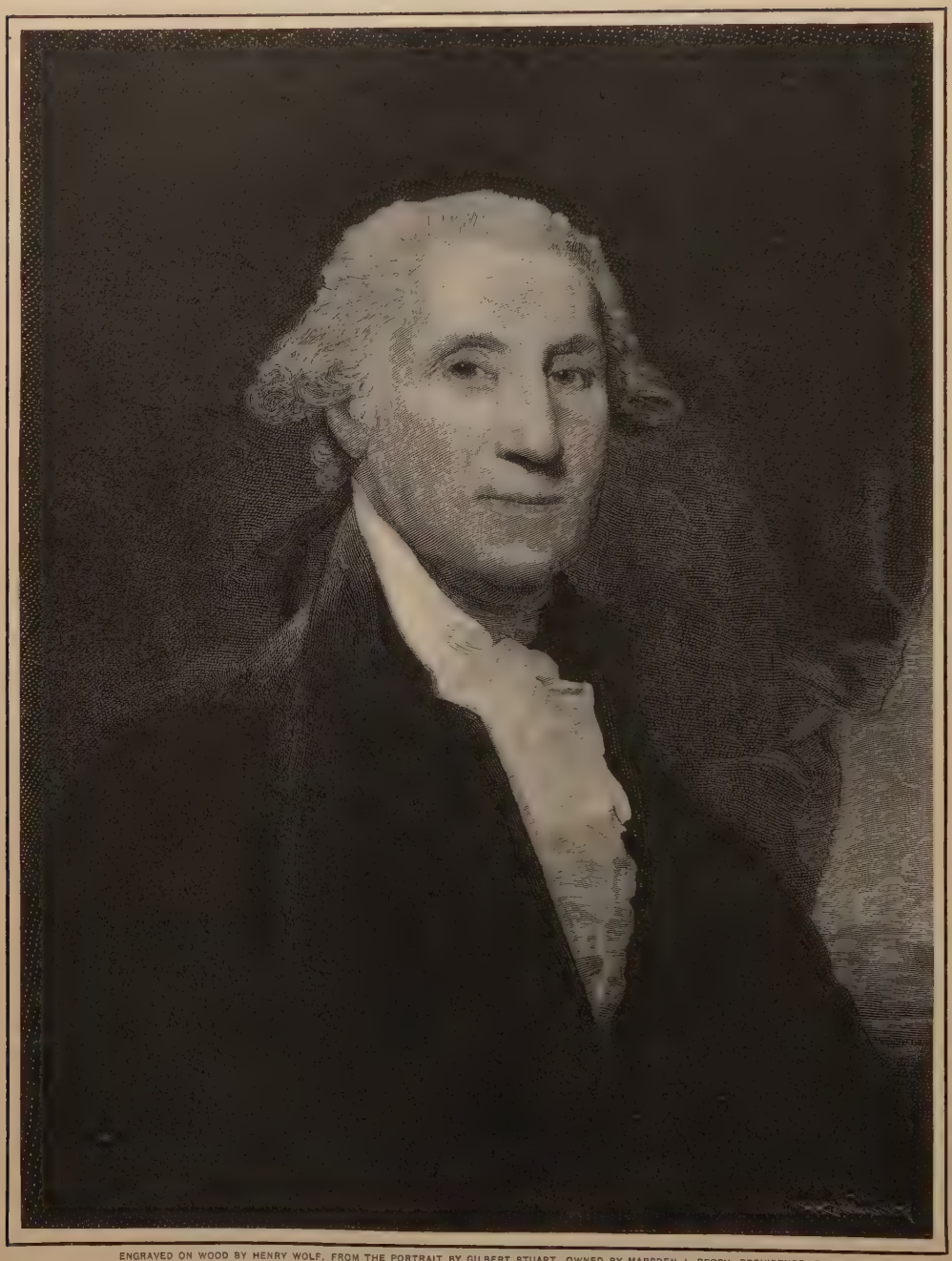


Yet my quest is not for thrill
Running down from cloud and hill.
Where the prairie-hen has laid
Pearly treasures, now betrayed
By the white glints which attest
Burnt-up shelter, ruined nest,
Here I fill my basket up;
Cook my meal in tiny cup;
Singing, stray from knoll to knoll,
Nature speaking with my soul.

. . . . . .

Pavement, street, and city pass,
At the whiff from burning grass,
Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
Sprite-wise, floating through the night.





ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY MARSDEN J. PERRY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN.

I. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

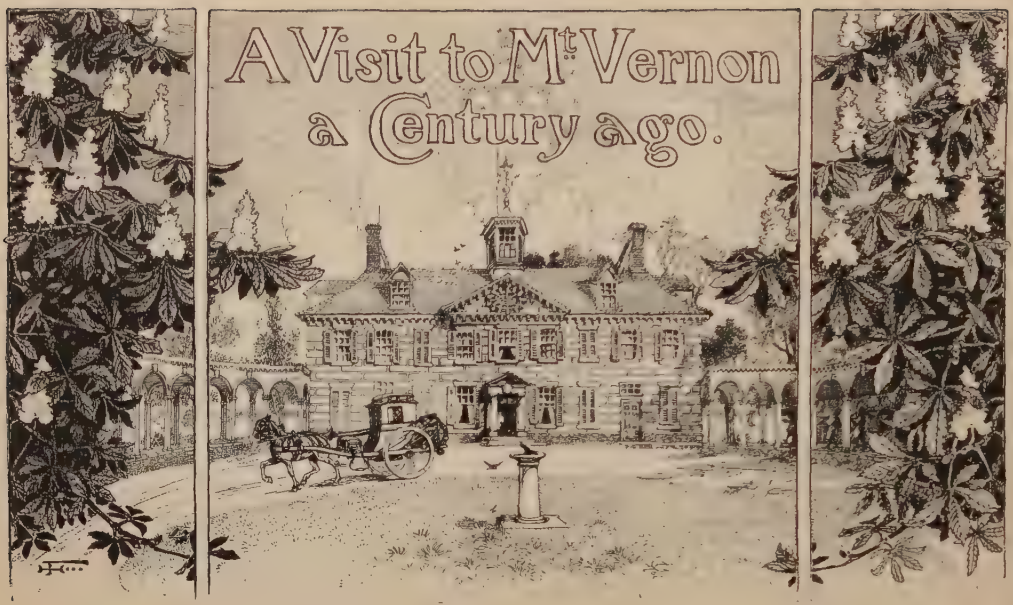
IT is not only eminently appropriate that the first portrait presented in this series should be that of the Pater Patriæ, but it is also entitled to first place for the reason that the portrait here given, leaving out all consideration of the importance of the subject, is, in my opinion, from the finest picture Gilbert Stuart ever painted, and I say this only after a long and mature study of Stuart's works to the number of several hundred. It is also, in point of time, the first portrait of Washington that Stuart made, although it is the least familiar, Stuart's late pictures, known as the Lansdowne and the Athenæum heads, being the popular portraits of Washington, particularly the latter, which has become the household Washington of the world. This has occurred by reason of the last-named portrait having hung for seventy years in a public gallery, easily accessible for reproduction, while the first portrait has never been out of private hands and so remained comparatively unknown until recently. But for this, the ideal Athenæum head could never have usurped the rightful place of the real first portrait. A study of the Stuart portraits of Washington, with the Houdon life-mask, that belonged for many years to the sculptor-poet W. W. Story, gives a very remarkable confirmation of the view here expressed as to the realism of this first portrait and the ideality of the later ones.

The picture, reproduced with infinite skill by Henry Wolf, preserving its simplicity, character, and color-sense in a marked degree, was painted in Philadelphia in 1795, and became the property of William Bingham, senator in Congress from 1795 to 1801, a patron of the fine arts and a friend of Stuart, for whom Stuart also painted the whole-length portrait of Washington, now in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, from which the painter made a replica for Bingham, which that gentleman presented to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and which is now owned by Lord Rosebery in London.

William Bingham's home in Philadelphia was noted for its elegance, hospitality, and for the regal beauty of its mistress, who, before her marriage, was Ann, daughter of Thomas Willing, and here the eldest daughter, Ann, was married to Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, of the Webster-Ashburton treaty. She went to reside in England, and there Bingham repaired, in shattered health, at the close of his senatorial career, and died at Bath in 1804. His mansion-house in Philadelphia remained intact until 1807, when the contents were sold at public auction, and Stuart's original first life-portrait of Washington was bought by James Kitchen, proprietor of the Merchants' Exchange Coffee House, located but a block distant from Bingham's house, and who was a personal friend of Bingham. Kitchen's coffee-house was the place of meeting for all the first men of the town, merchants, lawyers, bloods, and blades, and this portrait of Washington was its chief ornament. Upon Kitchen's death, in 1828, the picture was inherited by his son, of the same name, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, who lived to his ninety-fourth year, and from whom it was purchased in 1892, after having been in his family for eighty-five years. It is now owned by Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island.

What makes this portrait particularly interesting is that it is an entirely distinct type from the commonly known "Stuart Washington," and of it there is no exact replica. Stuart did make perhaps half a dozen copies from it, but all exhibit some variation from the original, showing that Stuart was experimenting. The best-known and most important variant is the Gibbs-Channing picture, which has a green curtain in the background, where in the present painting it is red. This work is a superb exemplar of the art of portrait-painting, and is itself sufficient to make and preserve forever the name and reputation of its masterful limner. Now that we know George Washington as a man we want also to see him as a man, and this we do in the great canvas before us.[1]

[1] For additional notes on Stuart's portraits of Washington, see the author's articles in THE CENTURY for April, 1889, and September and November, 1899; in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1896; and in "McClure's Magazine" for February, 1897.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A FEW PAGES OF AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF THE POLISH POET J. U. NIEMCEWICZ.

BY W. M. KOZLOWSKI.

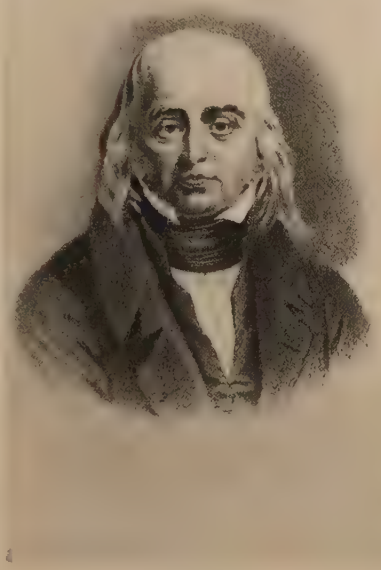
INTRODUCTION BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

"MY house," wrote Washington to his mother in 1787, "may be compared to a well resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from north to south, or from south to north, do not spend a day or two at it." And he added that "those who resort here are strangers and people of the first distinction." The description was even more true after his election to the Presidency, and hardly a day passed without his entertaining one or more visitors. His recording in his diary the fact that "this day Mrs. Washington and I dined alone," as one of importance, is evidence of the heavy tax imposed upon his hospitality.

Among the most welcome of his guests were his former companions in the war, and those who brought letters and intelligence from the foreign officers who had served with him. In the first years of the war his headquarters had been besieged by hungry adventurers from foreign armies, demanding the highest appointments in the Continental service. This experience had aroused in him a dislike for the French and German mercenaries, and only his affection for Lafayette and his high opinion of Steuben and De Kalb overcame this feeling. With the advent of the regular troops under Rochambeau all distrust disappeared, and cordial relations existed during the combined operations, relations that continued after the peace. With Kosciuszko he was never intimate, but the dashing officer attracted him and gained his good opinion. Even Jefferson wrote of him, on his visit to America in 1798: "I see him often, and with great pleasure mixed with commiseration. He is as pure a son of liberty as I have ever known, and of that liberty which is to go to all, and not to the few or the rich alone." His unsuccessful struggle to obtain the freedom of Poland would have made him welcome at Mount Vernon, but he was not to visit his old commander, and his companion Niemcewicz was to go alone.

Julian Ursin Niemcewicz is still held dear in Poland for his part in the rising of 1794, and for his literary qualities. Born in 1758, an inhabitant of Lithuania, he early entered the Polish Diet, where his influence was thrown on the side of the patriots. When Kosciuszko raised a revolt against Russia, Niemcewicz served as his aide-de-camp, and being taken prisoner at the same time with his general, he was sent to St. Petersburg, and remained in confinement for more than two years. Upon his release he accompanied Kosciuszko to America, and made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. The record of his stay with Washington is a surprise, as it shows how far the latter overcame the usual reserve of the man and the habit of caution which many years of public life had cultivated. The ardent Polish patriot drew out utterances which were usually confined only to Washington's most intimate friends, and opinions on foreign and domestic politics stronger than are to be found in his private correspondence.

The visit made so deep an impression upon Niemcewicz that he was led to publish, some years later, an essay on "Traits of the Life of General Washington." He returned to Europe and indignantly refused a public appointment offered by the Czar Alexander, who doubtless hoped by that means to win an important ally among the leaders of the Poles. A second visit to America resulted in his marrying an American, a native of New Jersey, with whom he again returned to Poland, where he served as secretary to the Senate until 1830. In this public life he enjoyed much leisure, and was a voluminous writer of poetry, plays, histories, and political manifestos. Through translations he made "Rasselas" and "The Rape of the Lock" known to the Poles, and attempted to turn into Polish verse the odes of Pope and Dryden on music. As president of the Royal Scientific Society he served more as a figurehead than as an active scientist, and he is better known as a man of letters than as an administrator. The revolution of 1830 again brought him forward as a political agitator, and as senator he served in the national government, to be exiled on its failure. He passed to London and to Paris, spending his last years in composing verses and dramas. He died in 1841, and was buried at Montmorency, followed to the grave by many Americans.



FROM A PRINT.
J. U. NIEMCEWICZ.

A somewhat awkward translation of two verses of his poem on America and General Washington may properly supplement the record of his journal.

His features are still on my memory defined,
With the fadeless and delicate colors of mind.
Full, noble, majestic, with a crown of swan-hair
And a brow deeply writ with the finger of care:
Old Roman simplicity marked his fine face,
Expressive of dignity, grandeur, and grace.

How oft on his accents with rapture I hung,
While wisdom and kindness distill'd from his tongue;
And whene'er the sad tale of our fall I 'd relate—
How brilliant our struggle, yet awful our fate—
A sweet tear-drop of sympathy stole down his cheek—
Better pledge of affection than language could speak.

In order to verify further this remarkable record, I made a search in a copy of Washington's diary (Vol. XXXVI of the Toner Collection), where, under dates from June 2 to June 14, 1798, occur the following entries, which completely assure the genuineness of the journal, and, furthermore, supply some of the names of the visi-

WASHINGTON'S DIARY, JUNE 2–14, 1798.

2 Morning clear & warm—Mist but little wind —Mer 62.—at Night 70 Mr Law & a Polish Gentleman, the Companion of General Kosciaski came here to dinner, as did Miss Lee of Greenspring with Nelly Custis who returned to day

3 Morning—Calm & Warm Mer 65 warm all day with very little wind & that Southerly—Mer 76 at Night, & in the Night thunder Lightning & Rain —Mrs Law came down to dinner & Mr & Mrs Mc Clanahan dined here. & returned afterwds

4 Morning heavy—Wind Southerly—Mer 64.—In the afternoon Easterly & a great [deal] of Rain Mer 70 at Night.—

5 Morning, Mer 65—but little wind & that Southerly —appearances of Rain in the afternoon but none fell—

6 Morning—Mer at 65—Calm & thin clouds;—thunder abt 10 oclock & Showers at a distance.—In the afternoon Rain for near an hour Mer 64. at Night.—Mr Law went away this morning & Dr Stuart Mrs Stuart & three daughters came to breakfast & dinner

7 Morning clear—Wind westerly Mer 60 appearances of Rain in the afternoon but none fell—Mer 70 at Night Wind Westy

8 Morning—Clear & calm. Mer 65. Clear most all ye day & towards evening appearances of Rain but none fell.

9 Morning—clear calm & warm Mer 66—Much the same through the day—Mer 74 at Night

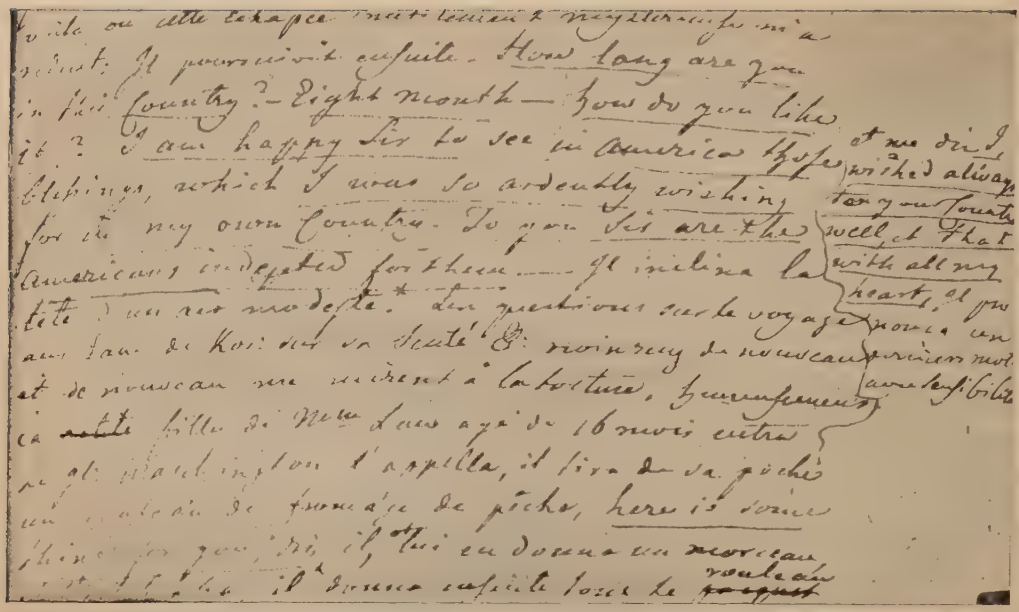
10 Morning—Wind pretty fresh from No Et but clear—Mer 70—Very lowering in the Evening —Mer 66—Doctr Stuart returned, & Mr Lear dined here—

11 Morning very heavy & misting—wind at No Et —No rain had fallen Mer 64—Fine Rain from 8 oclock through the day Mer 64 at Night —Mr Tracy came in the evening.—

12 Morning Misty—Mid day clear & afternoon moderate Rain wind Easterly all day—Mer 64 in the Morning & 70 at Night—Mr Law returned in the Evening

13 Morning, Mer 68 & clear—Clouds but no rain all day Mer 72 at Night—Mr Fitzhugh, Lady & daughter—Mrs Beverly Randolph, with her daughter & Son in Law Randolph & his Sister dined here

14 Morning Clear—Mer 64. Wind at East—So Westerly afterwards—at N Mer 76—Mrs Stuart & her family & Mr Law Mrs Law and Mr Niemcewitz (the Polish Gentn) went away after



FACSIMILE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED) OF A PORTION OF NIEMCEWICZ'S JOURNAL, SHOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

CONVERSATIONS WITH WASHINGTON.

ON the point of leaving America, after having sacrificed seven years of his youth to the war for its independence, Kosciuszko wrote to a friend:

"If the state of my country remains always the same, I will say to my countrymen—come, pass over the seas, and insure to your children liberty and property. If my countrymen do not listen to me I will say to my family—come. If my family refuse, I will go by myself and die free with you."[1]

That promise he kept. Twice he had the opportunity to use the experience acquired in the American war against the enemies of his fatherland—once in 1792, in defending the constitution of the 3d of May, 1791, against Russia, when he was commanding a corps of the Southern Army; the second time as commander-in-chief of the army and supreme magistrate of the people in the revolution of 1794, tending to put into life principles of the democratic republic. Wounded and taken prisoner at Maciejowice, he was transferred to St. Petersburg, and kept confined until the death of Catharine II, Empress of Russia. Her successor, Paul I, whose character was a strange mixture of despotism and chivalry, was a great admirer of Kosciuszko. As soon as he ascended the throne he set free the Polish patriot, and, at his request, all other Polish prisoners who languished in the dungeons at St. Petersburg or in exile in Siberia.

Among them there was an officer and poet, Julian Niemcewicz, who served in the war of 1794 as the aide-de-camp of Kosciuszko. When the latter, after being set free, decided to go to America, Niemcewicz offered to accompany him. Another young officer joined them, as Kosciuszko was still suffering from his wounds and required great care. They journeyed through Sweden and England to Philadelphia. They traveled together in America, and after the departure of Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz visited a large part of the lands then forming the United States. All the time he kept a diary, written, for the most part, in Polish and French. It was never published, and his biographer considered it as lost. Happily it was not so. The author of these lines succeeded, after painful researches, in finding the manuscript in one of the libraries of Poland.

It is full of interest, especially to American readers, as it represents the view of the country in the first stages of its independence, taken by a stranger who cautiously commented on the impression which this New World made upon him. We meet here many fine observations which cannot be

[1] From a letter of Kosciuszko, written in 1783, probably to General John Armstrong.

found in American memoirs of that time, because certain characteristics of the new republic appeared to native authors as a matter of course, not worthy of mention. The differences between the young democracy and the old states of Europe in public and private life are often represented in lively colors.

We extract from this diary a few pages of peculiar interest, and offer these to our readers in a faithful translation. They contain a description of the author's first meeting with George Washington and his family, as well as of his visit to Mount Vernon. But before we come to the point from which the description begins, we owe to the reader a few explanations about the wandering of Kosciuszko and his fellow-poet on the American continent.

The ship *Ariadne*, Captain Lee, on board of which were Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz, arrived at Philadelphia August 18, 1797. We extract from a newspaper of that time the description of the reception of the Polish general by the people of Philadelphia:

"In the ship *Ariadne* captain Lee, arrived here last evening from Bristol, cabin passenger that illustrious Defender of the Rights of Mankind, the brave but unfortunate Kosciuszko the Polish General, accompanied by two Polish gentlemen.[1] On the arrival of the vessel at the Fort, the commander of the garrison, being informed that the veteran General was on board, welcomed him with a Federal salute, and when the vessel came to anchor in our harbor, the sailing master of the frigate had its barge manned with 8 masters of vessels and waited on the General, to take him on shore. On his landing he was received with three cheers, and as farther mark of the popular respect for this great character, the citizens insisted upon drawing him to his lodgings."[2]

Yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia, and at the earnest solicitations of his old friends, Kosciuszko decided to leave the city. He spent a few weeks at General Gates's house at Rose Hill,[3] and afterward visited at General White's, being all the time confined to his chair, a result of his wounds.

About the end of November he decided to reside in Philadelphia, while his friends, especially General John Armstrong, looked after a farm which Kosciuszko was thinking of buying, with the intention of settling in America.

These plans, however, were soon overthrown. One morning Kosciuszko received a packet from Europe. It contained the news of the organization of Polish legions in France, which was then at war with the two powers which divided Poland. Kosciuszko was summoned to take the chief directorship of the organization.

These tidings startled him so much that he suddenly left his chair and walked a few steps in the room. The emotion produced one of those miraculous cures often effected in local paralysis.[4] He decided to leave

[1] The one was Niemcewicz, the other Libiszewski, a young officer and good musician, who willingly accompanied Kosciuszko during the voyage, but parted with him in Philadelphia.

[2] The "Daily Advertiser," New York, August 21, 1797. The copy is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society.

[3] The house stood on what is now the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Second Avenue, New York. Kosciuszko remained here until September 29.

[4] The fact is told by A. W. W. Evans (in his "Memoir of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, Poland's Hero and Patriot," etc., New York, 1883) as follows: "In the spring of 1798 he received a packet of letters from Europe; in reading one he became greatly excited and sprang from his couch into the middle of the room. Until then he had not moved without assistance, and then he had to call for his valet to help him back to his couch." We could not give importance to this, were it the only proof, as the pamphlet of Mr. Evans is full of statements which certainly are not exact. As, for instance, the episode above mentioned is related as having happened at General White's. But the dates of Niemcewicz's diary, which coincided perfectly with those of Kosciuszko's letters of that time of which we are in possession, show that both had left White's home in the last days of November, 1797, and that the news reached Kosciuszko in Philadelphia. But we have indisputable evidence in the letters of Niemcewicz to Jefferson. In one dated September 3, 1798, at Elizabethtown, he writes: "I was told that Major Touzard, having passed here about ten days ago and having stopped at Mr. Dayton's, the speaker, assured everybody of having seen a letter sent from Virginia which announced that General Kosciuszko had left this country alone and in the greatest secrecy; that he was supposed to have gone to Ireland in order to take command of the rebels. All this is credible. But what was my indignation and astonishment when I learned that Major Touzard had the boldness to say that the cruel invalidism of the general was only assumed and that he was seen to walk in New Castle. I denied the calumny as absurd and humiliating to the character of the general, and I assured all these gentlemen that on the day of the departure of the general for the springs I saw him brought into the carriage in the arms of his servant, as usual." In another letter of January 19, 1799, he mentions a note received from Kosciuszko: "The note of G. K. contained only a compliment of four lines, without mentioning a single word of his health, his *mysterious and wonderful recovery*, or any private or political affairs." Then, in a letter of Jefferson's to Niemcewicz (Washington, January 11, 1801), we read: "It is, I believe, a twelvemonth since I have had a letter from Gen. Kosciuszko. But I had an opportunity of hearing some particulars of him from General Davis, one of our envoys lately returned from Paris. He says the general is in tolerable health, is considered as the head of

America quickly and in secrecy, fearing, not without reason, that he would fall into the hands of one of the numerous enemies of France, whose vessels crossed the seas in all directions. Jefferson procured him a pass from the French consul in the name of Thomas Kanberg.

Niemcewicz was engaged to spread the tidings that Kosciuszko had left Philadelphia for some health-resort in the South.

The following letter, written by Niemcewicz to Jefferson, informs us how he carried out that commission:

"FEDERAL CITY, May 27, 1798.

"SIR: In the disquiet and anxiety which you experienced on the loss of your friend, exposed to more than one shipwreck, perhaps you would like to know what has happened to one who was during so many years his companion in misfortune and in travels. I am eager to satisfy you on this account.

"Following the instructions of G[enera]l K[osciuszko], I have taken the way of the South, as if I intended to follow him. I have been in Baltimore, and now for the last two weeks I am staying in the Federal City[1] at Mr. Law's home. Everywhere I was overwhelmed with questions. I do not know how I extricated myself from them; all I know is that the profession of liar is as difficult as it is mortifying to one who is not accustomed to it. Nevertheless, you can be sure that the secret is strictly preserved; nobody suspects the truth: some suppose he is really on the way to the springs, others imagine that we have quarreled, and have separated for that reason. Some assume that you have concealed him at Monticello. You are thus accused of rape and violence, and have to defend yourself the best you can. . . ."

In another letter, dated at New Brunswick, where he stayed at Mr. Law's, he wrote:

"General Washington and his wife have been in the city to see their granddaughters, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Law. I was introduced to them. He received me very politely, asked about the health of G[enera]l K[osciuszko] with some interest; but he was generally too much reserved and still less curious and inquisitive than I supposed."

The following extract is taken from a letter dated June 9, 1798, at Mount Vernon:

". . . I was invited by General Washington to come to see him; I went there with the family of Mr. Law. We shall leave the day after to-morrow."

We find a more detailed account of these occurrences in Niemcewicz's diary. The following is the account of his first meeting General Washington at Mrs. Peters's:

"We like the details, the anecdotes, and even the smallest incidents which Plutarch gives us in his lives of famous men. All that interests us so much. Perhaps the reason is that the man connects everything with himself; perhaps it is that in reading his works one willingly puts one's self in the place of the hero of the history, and then, in spite of all one's opinion of one's own powers, not being always able to compare one's self with him in lofty deeds, one likes to resemble him in private life. One tries to find a likeness between himself and his hero, and if the extraordinary talents, the superiority of the latter, have often humiliated him, he consoles himself and derives great pleasure in seeing that the hero was often human like himself.

"It is as much in order to justify this assertion as to give myself a very great pleasure that, not being able, like Plutarch, to describe with a master hand the character and deeds of one of the greatest men of this century, I content myself with giving a few particulars of the character of this person.

"It was Monday, May 21, 1798, that my respected host Mr. Law, on returning from Georgetown, where he had business with a good-for-nothing speculator who had cheated him, announced to us that General Washington was at Mr. Peters's house. Mr. Peters married Miss Custis, the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington by her first husband.

"It was decided immediately that the same evening we should go to present our respects to him. Consequently we set off, Mrs. Law with Mr. Charles Freiré in the cart, Mr. Law and I in a wagon.

"Mr. Peters's house is at the extreme point of the city, quite near Georgetown. We arrived there between six and seven o'clock. One can guess how my heart was beating. I was to see the man for whom

the Polish corps in the service of France, keeps a table as such, and is the regular organ between them and the government of France. He is able to walk about."

The Polish biographer of Kosciuszko, T. Korzon, submitted the question of the possibility of such a recovery to a committee composed of a physician and a surgeon. The opinion, reprinted in his life of Kosciuszko (Krakow, 1894, p. 677, note 768), was that it was not in opposition to the present state of medical knowledge.

[1] Washington, D. C., was called so formerly.

since my youth I had had great respect. I caught sight of him through the window and recognized him at once. About a dozen people were coming toward us. I saw only him. I was presented to him by Mr. Law. He held out his hand to me and clasped mine. We went into the parlor. I sat down beside him; I was moved, dumb, and could not look at him enough. It is a majestic face, in which dignity is united with gentleness. The portraits that we have of him in Europe are not like him at all. He is nearly six feet high and very strongly built; he has an aquiline nose, blue eyes; his mouth, and particularly his lower jaw, are large.

"He wore a tail coat, black stockings, satin waistcoat, and breeches of the same color.

"He began by questioning me about General Kosciuszko. I was extremely embarrassed and confused. The first word I said to this great man was a lie. That was what this mysterious departure brought me to. He put to me the following questions:

"'How long are you in this country?'

"'Eight months.'

"'How do you like it?'

"'I am happy, sir, to see in America those blessings which I was so ardently wishing for in my own country. To you, sir, are the Americans indebted for them.'

"He bowed with a modest air, and said to me:

"'I wished always to your country well, and that with all my heart.'

"He uttered these last words with much feeling.

"The questions on Kosciuszko's journey to the springs, his health, etc., turned up again and renewed my torture. Happily, Mrs. Law's daughter, aged sixteen months, came in. General Washington called her to him, and drew a peach-cheese from his pocket.

"'Here is something for you,' said he. He gave her a piece and kissed her. He then gave all the rest to her mother.

"'Take it, madam, for your little Law,' he said.

"The conversation turned to agriculture, a favorite subject with the General. They talked about the drought, which there was at this time, of how tobacco was suffering through it, and also the maize and barley.

"I then went up to Mrs. Washington. She is the same age as the General; both were born in 1732. She is short, has bright eyes, a gay manner extremely good. She had on a gown of white stuff, drawn very tight, or rather attached on both sides with pins; a bonnet of white gauze with ribbons of the same color, showing the outline of her head very much, leaving the forehead uncovered and only partly hiding her white hair, which was done up in a little pigtail. She was one of the most beautiful women in America, and even to-day she has something very charming about her. She never had any children by General Washington; she had four by her first husband, Mr. Custis.

"We spoke with Mrs. Washington of the small likeness that there is between the General and his portraits. She asked Mrs. Peters at last to play the piano, which she did, and played the eternal 'Battle of Prague' (a favorite piece of music in America) very well. Tea was served. I found an opportunity to be beside the General. He praised an address that the town of Norfolk had given to the President.

"'Did you know Mr. Jones,' Mr. Law asked him, 'who was just killed in duel by Mr. Livingstone?'

"'I believe I did see him, but I did not know him intimately. They say that the shot he fired at his opponent cut a piece off his nose. . . . How could he miss it? You know Mr. Livingstone's nose, and what a capital target it is.'

"I was delighted to see the good father in good humor. He turned toward me, and asked me if I had traveled much in the United States. I replied that I had not been farther than New York, that I was surprised at the progress which such a new country had made in culture and population.

"'There are the Eastern States,' he said to me, 'that are the most advanced in culture and population.'

"'They were,' said I, 'the first in which the Europeans settled.'

"'On the contrary,' he replied, 'the first settlement was in Virginia, and then in New England. But it is the division into townships which is so favorable to the maintenance of order, police, and public establishments. The population there is very industrious; every farmer, even the poorest, lives in independence.'

"'More independent,' said I, 'than many gentlemen in other places. You are the happiest people in the world.'

"'Provided that we do not spoil our happiness.'

"The company rose to depart. . . . The General conducted us; in leaving he said to me:

"'I shall be very happy to see you at

Mount Vernon; I shall be there in a few days; I hope you will come.'

"He kissed once more Mrs. Law's little child. Mrs. Peters invited us to dinner the next day. We took our departure after eight o'clock in the evening. I was well satisfied with my day.

"I dined next day with Mr. Peters. We talked of the offices that they are going to build for all the departments; the expense is estimated at $96,000. They spoke of the difficulty that they will have to get enough houses to lodge all the members.

"'Very well,' the General said jokingly, 'they have only to camp out: the representatives will be placed in the first row, the Senate in the second, the President with his suite in the middle.'

"Wednesday, the 23d, he came with Mrs. Washington to stay two days in Mr. Law's house, where I was. All the time he was sincere, polite, attentive, but spoke very little; sometimes of agriculture, natural history—all you could wish, except politics, on which subject he observed a discreet silence and was absolutely reserved, to such an extent that he never questioned upon the subject of our unfortunate revolution, nor upon the least thing connected with it.

"Once at dinner the conversation turned upon the account of a voyage that the Duke of Liancourt had just published. The General said:

"'Mr. Liancourt will be vexed with me. When he came into this country he brought me letters of introduction from some of the most distinguished people in England. He had no need of them, because, owing to what Mr. Lafayette said to me, as well as his reputation and conduct, I knew the respect which was his due. Yet I did not receive him at my house; I was in the administration, and I made a rule not to admit any Frenchman who was considered an emigrant and who should not be presented by his minister. I had Mr. Liancourt informed by my friends of the motives which obliged me to deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing him, an advantage which I desired so much, and that as soon as I should be out of the administration I should want to see him. But it appears that he took it badly.

"'And, after all,' he added, 'I read in Mr. Monroe's book that the French government reproached me with having received French emigrants.'

"On the 24th I went with him to see the sugar-refining factory, an immense house situated near the wharf of Mrs. Barry, where there was then a three-masted ship, which they were loading with tobacco.

"It is wonderful how much this one sugar factory gave life and movement to the little place, which was still rising.

"Billiards were the General's amusement. He played, . . . and although he has not played at all for twenty-five years, attention and skill made up for want of practice. Each new game was played better than the preceding one. He left us on the 25th between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, in a great hurry to see the effect that the last rains had had on the fields. He and Mrs. Washington pressed me very much to come to see them at Mount Vernon. I shall certainly keep my word to him."

He kept it, of course. The following pages of his diary give the account of the twelve days which he spent with Washington and his family.

"June 2, MOUNT VERNON. After many distractions and delays, we took the route to Mount Vernon[1] about eleven o'clock. We crossed the river on a ferry-boat, and followed the Maryland bank. The Federal City (or rather the grounds destined to be the city) is seen therefrom in the guise of an amphitheater. After having traveled about four or five miles we arrived at the point opposite to Alexandria.

"I saw there a formidable-looking field covered with the most beautiful corn one could wish. I asked the reason of that fertility, unknown in America and very rare anywhere. I was told that the ground was fertilized with herrings—with the heads and entrails of these fishes.

"We spent twenty-five minutes in recrossing the Potomac. I stopped in Alexandria in order to buy a pound of tobacco. It is sold at one dollar a pound, which is far too much for a country which is the motherland of all kinds of tobacco. While paying for it, I murmured against a habit expensive, unclean, and unhealthy; but the position in which I found myself, denied of every joy, as it were, appeared not a proper moment for renouncing it.

"We followed the way through a country intersected by heights and covered with forests. After having gone over seven miles, we arrived at the foot of a hill where G[enera]l Washington's possessions begin. We entered a way newly hewn through an oak-forest, and soon discovered another hill, on whose top a spacious white mansion was

[1] Niemcewicz was accompanied by Mr. Law, at whose house in Georgetown he was staying.

situated, crowned with a little cupola, with attics and blinds painted in green. It is surrounded by a ditch and a brick wall with beautiful little turrets at the corners. Two grass-plots are situated at the front of the house.

"The nearest way is round and small, the other is large and irregular. Many kinds of trees, shrubs, and plants in flower adorned the two sides of the yard. Near to the one end of the house two thickets of locust [*sic*] are planted—charming trees with a smooth trunk and small trembling leaves. The surrounding grass was of the brightest green. There were a few catalpa- and tulip-trees. Entering the house, we found G[enera]l Washington was at his farm. His lady appeared in a few minutes, welcomed us most agreeably, and hastened to serve punch.

"At two o'clock the General arrived on the back of a gray horse. He descended, shook hands, and gave a lash to his horse, which went alone to the stable. After a short conversation he retired in order to change his dress. We then inspected the interior of the house. One comes in through a peristyle which divides the house in two halves and ends on the piazza. It is decorated with a few engravings from Claude Lorraine. A kind of crystal lantern contains a true key of the Bastille;[1] this relic of despotism was offered to the General by Lafayette. Under the key hangs a picture representing the destruction of that formidable castle. One sees its model on the piazza, made of a stone which was formerly a part of its walls.[2] It is a foot and a half high and reproduces exactly all the details of the castle. It is a pity the children have spoiled it a little. On the right we enter a parlor. Here we see a picture of G[enera]l Washington at the time when he was in the English service: a blue coat, a brown vest, and breeches of the same color, all adorned with narrow silver lace, and wearing a small bonnet of the shape of a mushroom.

"Washington is represented as on the march, and in order to prevent any doubt on this subject, a paper is represented emerging from the group of posts with an inscription, 'March Order.' He has a gun and a violet scarf thrown across his shoulder. Mrs. Washington forms the pendant to that picture. She wears a blue gown, and a headdress about half an inch high, with both her ears uncovered, and a flower in her right hand. This picture, always bad, is also much damaged in addition. There is, too, a picture representing Lafayette with his family. The marquis is dressed in an American uniform; he presents to his wife, who is represented as sitting, his son, four years old, dressed also in American uniform. Two daughters of nearly the same age complete the group. The picture is well composed and well painted, but the colors have faded in many places.

"There were two other pictures of the General and Mrs. Washington made with 'pastels'; one of young Custis, one of young Lafayette, and one of the divine Miss Custis, with her hair blown about by a storm; one allegorical picture in enamel in honor of the General, and two very beautiful ones embroidered with a needle.

"From this room we passed into a large one newly added by the General. That is the most beautiful room in the house. The fireplace is of white marble and is adorned with beautiful bas-reliefs. A few pictures are hanging on the walls. Engravings made after Trumbull represent the death of G[enera]l Warren and of G[enera]l Montgomery. Next to this there is another parlor, adorned with rare engravings representing sea-scenes, and here one sees the excellent harpsichord of Miss Custis. On the other side of the peristyle are the dining-room, the bedroom and the library of the General. The upper hall contains the rooms of Mrs. Washington, Miss Custis, and the guest-chamber. They are very neatly and prettily furnished.

"On the side opposite the front is a very large open gallery, supported by eight pillars. The most beautiful sight is seen from it. The Potomac, rolling its waves pompously, is visible for four or five miles, and the boats going to and fro give life and movement to the picture. A splendid grass-plot extends to a declivity covered with a dense wood. There were formerly deer and roebucks on the place; but not long ago they broke the inclosure and escaped. Very many birds animate the thicket.

"This gallery is the place where the General and his family spend their afternoons with their guests, enjoying fresh air and the beautiful scenery. I enjoyed myself that evening immensely. I found the scene to be similar to that of Pulawy. The opposite bank, the course of the river, the thicket of the wood—all this combined to increase the illusion. What a recollection! . . .

"About three o'clock a carriage drawn by two horses, accompanied by a young man on horseback, stopped before the door. A young

[1] Still to be seen in Mount Vernon. [2] This is preserved, too.

lady of the most wonderful beauty, closely followed by an elderly attendant, descended. She was one of those celestial beings so rarely produced by nature, sometimes dreamt of by poets and painters, which one cannot see without a feeling of ecstasy. Her sweetness equals her beauty, and that is perfect. She has many accomplishments. She plays on the piano, she sings and designs better than the usual woman of America or even of Europe.

"After dinner we adjourned again to the gallery in order to read newspapers. In the evening G[enera]l Washington showed us round his garden. It is well cultivated, perfectly kept, and is quite in English style. All the vegetables indispensable for the kitchen were found there. Different kinds of berries,—currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries,—a great quantity of peaches and cherries, but much inferior to ours; they are destroyed by robins, blackbirds, and negroes before they are ripe. There were very many beautiful trees: the tulip-tree with flowers like the tulips, white with an orange touch at the base; magnolias with flowers whose scent is almost as strong as the smell of an orange-tree, but not so pleasant; the sweeter scent—the small violet flowers have the pleasantest smell I have ever noticed, a mixture of strawberries and pine-apple; the splendid catalpa is not yet in flower; the New Scotland spruce of beautiful dark green, and many other trees and shrubs, covered with flowers of different hues, planted so as to produce the best of color-effects. The weeping-willows were deprived of their best decoration: the amount of snow was so great last winter that their boughs were broken under its weight.

"The whole plantation, the garden, and the rest prove well that a man born with natural taste may guess a beauty without having ever seen its model. The General has never left America; but when one sees his house and his home and his garden it seems as if he had copied the best samples of the grand old homesteads of England.

"At the hour of sunset we saw the General's herd coming home. A superb bull was noticeable, and had cost him some two hundred dollars. We went then to see the donkeys. Lafayette has sent him two stallions, one from Malta, another from Spain, with their females. They are tall and beautiful in their way. The General has about fifty mules, these animals being very good for work.

"June 3. The next day was Sunday. The General kept his room in order to write his mail, that day being sacred to this occupation. I went out with Mr. Law. He showed me a hillock covered with old chestnuts, oaks, weeping-willows, cedars, and other trees. It was the burial-ground, where the inhabitants of Mount Vernon sleep quietly after having closed their eyes forever. Mr. Law was present at the burial of the teacher of Mrs. Washington's granddaughters. The ceremony took place in the evening of an autumnal day. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills and the thick oak- and bay-tree woods; its rays were falling obliquely on the smooth surface of the Potomac. A soft breath moved the leaves, whose color began to take a yellow hue. A preacher whose appearance was very venerable, whose silvery-white hair made him look still more saintly, read a prayer for the dead, while around stood the assembled family, the young ladies with bowed heads weeping bitter tears.

"'I had never seen,' added Mr. Law, 'a more affecting and majestic spectacle.'

"About one o'clock we had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Law coming with her girl. Then a gentleman farmer from the neighborhood arrived with his wife, big and red-haired, wearing a waistband with a buckle of a Bohemian green color. In the evening no music, not even a game of chess: it was Sunday. We retired at nine.

"June 4. We rode on horseback with Mr. Law to see the General's farm. Mount Vernon was already a large estate when Washington inherited it from his half-brother. When he married Mrs. Custis she brought him £20,000 of Virginia value money, which is equal to $70,000. The larger part of this money was used to buy lands at twenty or thirty shillings the acre. He would not care to sell them at ten times as much. His estate at Mount Vernon contains now 10,000 acres. He has just sold 23,000 acres on the Kanawha River at eight dollars (which amounts to $184,000), and at six dollars the lands which were offered him by the crown for his services in the expedition of Braddock. He possesses, besides, lands on the Shenandoah River in Berkeley County, which he has let by lease at forty dollars per hundred acres; moreover, he has also possessions in Frederick County.

"We saw this morning vast plains covered with different kinds of corn: pea, rye (which is distilled into whisky), Indian corn, wheat, a large meadow sown with lucerne. All these lands are divided into four farms, with a corresponding number of colored men to each and a colored overseer.

"Mr. Anderson, the chief steward, is a Scotch farmer. We saw a very large mill built of stones, and an American engine invented by Mr. Evans (who has written a book on mills) for the ventilation of flour. Besides different kinds of corns which are ground for the use of the family and for the negroes, about a thousand barrels a year are sold, which amounts to at least $5000 (five bushels making up a barrel, and five dollars being the lowest price). A stranger who brings corn to the mill pays one eighth of the product.

"Next to the mill there is a distillery, which is under the charge of Mr. Anderson's son. It produces yearly about 12,000 gallons of whisky, and can give about 50 gallons daily, if the season is not too hot. As the price of a gallon is four shillings of Virginia gold, it must have made £2400 instead of the £600 mentioned by Mr. Anderson.[1]

"If the distillery produces poison for men, it gives fine food for the pigs, of which there are about 150 of the Guinea kind, with short legs and hollow back. We saw here and there herds of sheep: the General keeps about 600–700 sheep; they are not as big as those in England. A kind of rose-bay very prevalent in the woods of the country contains poison, and many of these animals die from it.

"We entered some negroes' huts—for their habitations cannot be called houses. They are far more miserable than the poorest of the cottages of our peasants. The husband and his wife sleep on a miserable bed, the children on the floor. A very poor chimney, a little kitchen furniture amid this misery—a tea-kettle and cups. A boy about fifteen was lying on the floor with an attack of dreadful convulsions. The General had sent to Alexandria for a physician. A small orchard with vegetables was situated close to the hut. Five or six hens, each with ten or fifteen chickens, walked there. That is the only pleasure allowed to negroes: they are not permitted to keep either ducks or geese or pigs. They sell the chickens in Alexandria and buy with the money some furniture. They receive a peck of Indian corn every week, and half of it is for the children, besides twenty herrings in a month. At the harvest-time those who are working in the field obtain salt and meat. They receive a cotton jacket and a pair of breeches yearly. The General possesses 300 negroes, excepting women and children, of which a part belongs to Mrs. Washington. Mr. Anderson told me that there are no more than a hundred working in fields. They are working all the week, and have no days for themselves except Sundays. One sees that the position of our peasants is infinitely happier. The mulattoes are generally chosen for personal services. The laws of Virginia direct that children shall follow the condition of the mother: the son or the daughter of the mulatto woman and a white man are slaves, as well as the children of her daughter, although they may be white.

"General Washington treats his negroes far more humanely than the greater part of his Virginian countrymen, who generally give to their negroes nothing but bread and water and lashes. Be it use or natural temper inclined towards gaiety, but I never saw negroes sorrowful. Last Sunday there were about thirty divided in two bands playing at the bar. They were springing and gamboling as if they were at rest all through the week.

"June 5. This morning the General rode with us in order to show us another of his farms. We saw there a plow of his invention. In the middle of the axle a hollow cylinder is fitted. It is filled with corn. When the plow moves, the cylinder turns, and the grain falls in the hollow made by the share. A flat piece placed behind covers the grain with earth.

"The General is often censured for his reserve and taciturnity. It is true that he does not talk much; but he does not avoid conversation when one advances a subject worthy of remark.

"We talked about the French Revolution, and he said:

"'The acts of the French in Holland, in Italy, in Switzerland must be a warning to other nations as to their intentions, and must show that neither the freedom nor the happiness of men, but unbounded ambition, the desire of conquest and of empire, are the only motives of their striving.'

"At table, after the ladies' departure, or when sitting under the portico, he often talked with me for hours. His favorite subject is agriculture; but he answered with great kindness all the questions put to him on the Revolutionary War, armies, and so on. He has a remarkable memory. He enumerated for me once all the rivers, lakes, and other waterways from Portsmouth to the Mississippi.

"He may have committed errors during

[1] The difference is due, no doubt, to the fact that the writer calculated in Virginian pounds and Mr. Anderson in English ones.

his administration, he might not be free from certain faults connected rather with his age than with his heart; but he is a great man, whose virtues equal his services to his fatherland. He has exhibited valor and ability in battles, disinterestedness at all times. He served without remuneration, and at the time of the greatest enthusiasm of a grateful nation he declined to accept any kind of reward. He has shown that he was not eager for glory; for being in the position to stay for his whole life at the head of the government, he voluntarily renounced the office of President. The device accepted for his arms is most applicable to himself: *Exitus acta probat.*

"Since his retirement he pursues a quiet and uniform life. He rises at five in the morning, and reads or writes until seven. He takes his breakfast-tea with a cake of Indian corn (because of his teeth), cutting it in slices, which he covers with butter and honey. He goes on his horse to see the work in the fields; sometimes he stops in the middle of a meadow in order to hold a consultation with Mr. Anderson. He comes back at two, changes his dress, and is ready for dinner. If there are guests, he likes to talk after dinner, with a glass of Madeira wine by his side. Afterward he reads very speedily the newspapers, of which he receives quite ten of different kinds, and answers letters. Tea is given at seven; he talks until nine, then he goes to bed.

"Mrs. Washington is one of the most delightful persons one can meet. Good, sweet, and exceedingly pleasant, she likes to talk, and talks well, of old times. She told me she remembered a time when there was only one carriage in the whole of Virginia; the ladies invited to an entertainment rode on horseback. All the trade consisted in a few exported tobaccos. The English correspondents did not fail to send from time to time one or two pounds of tea, which was considered as a special favor.

"I was considered in this home not as a stranger, but rather as a member of the family. They cared about everything which concerned myself.

"Mrs. Washington was born on the North River; her maiden name was Dandridge.

"June 6. Mr. Law has gone to Baltimore. About four o'clock Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Washington's daughter-in-law, came with her four daughters and her husband in a carriage drawn by four horses, with two postboys and two negroes on horseback.

"June 7. I went a long walk to the herring-fishery. April is the time of fishing. It happened that about a hundred thousand were caught at a time. It is the best food for negroes. I have copied a few birds from Gatesby's 'Natural History.' It is an excellent book, giving birds, fishes, plants, etc., from Florida, the Bahama Islands, Georgia, Carolina, etc. The pictures are very true to life.

"June 8. The roebucks disappeared three years ago from the General's park. This afternoon we discovered three of these animals browsing in the grass at a short distance from the house. The General proposed to me to go and see them nearer. We went. He walks very quickly. I could scarcely follow him. We made a turn in order to lead them to make a retreat toward the fields. However ingenious it was, it did not succeed. The bucks disappeared into the woods.

"June 9. Mrs. Washington presented me with a china cup bearing her initials and the names of the States of the Union. Miss Custis offered me my cipher composed of flowers prepared very well by herself. The same evening I received a letter from Borg . . . and another from Most[owski]: these were the first answers to my many letters sent from America. My emotion was so great that I felt almost in a fever. I thought at once of my only friend—my country. I would have flown there with the speed of thought. This night I dreamt I was in Poland, and, strange to say, I felt a regret to be there: indeed, it was only a dream! . . .

"June 10, Sunday. The weather is cool. I took a turtle weighing at least twelve pounds. We retired at nine o'clock.

"June 11, Monday. I had a talk with Dr. Stuart. He told me: 'Nobody knows better the cruelty, the inconvenience, and the uselessness of slavery than the Virginians. Their existence is expensive; their work is of little profit if they are not whipped; the overseers cost much and steal far more. We all would consent to make them free. But how to do it, since they are so numerous? They tried to let them lands by lease: with the exception of a few, they would neither work nor pay the rent. Then the unhappy black color makes such a wide difference between the two races. It will always make the black one a separate class, which will be considered as an inferior one in spite of all the enlightenments of philosophy, and can never mingle with the white race. These difficulties will increase from day to day because the blacks multiply: only

a large increase of the white population by immigration from Europe could prevent the evil.'

"Mrs. Washington has shown me a small collection of medals coined during the Revolution. There is one with the head of General Washington, of great likeness, coined at the occasion of the evacuation of Boston; it weighs at least 100 ounces. Another for General Gates after Burgoyne's surrendering; others for General Greene, General Morgan, Colonel Howard, Colonel Washington at the occasion of the battle of Cowpens, one for Franklin, one for M. de Fleury, one for Paul Jones, one representing Liberty's head on one side, on the other France covering America with her shield (ægis) against Great Britain. There were besides a Cincinnati's order set with diamonds, presented by the French navy; a golden box of a very inferior workmanship offered by the city of New York, together with the citizenship.

"In the evening the General went to the warehouse in order to see the goods coming from Europe, in the same way as is the custom with us for wares brought from Danzig.

"Every day I see new birds coming to make their nests in these woods: turtle-doves; cardinals, all red; Baltimores, orange with black bands. They sing very sweetly, they are very beautiful, but I prefer a simple nightingale from Poland. I read to-day Gresset's 'Ode to the Fatherland'; it moved me to tears. I copy a stanza:

Heureux qui des mers Atlantiques
Au toit paternel revenu,
Consacre à ses dieux domestiques
Un repos enfin obtenu;
Plus heureux le mortel sensible
Qui reste citoyen paisible,
Où la nature l'a placé,
Jusqu'à ce que sa dernière heure
Ouvre la dernière demeure
Où ses aïeux l'ont devancé.

(Happy he who, coming back from the Atlantic seas to his father's house, devotes to his domestic gods the rest at last obtained; but happier is the sensible mortal who, a peaceful citizen, remains in the place where nature put him, until his last hour opens the last abode where his ancestors have preceded him.)

"June 12. We spoke about authors who have written the history of the Revolution. Gordon has given more details than any other; he went to see the General's archives. They consist of from thirty to forty boxes, containing all the papers concerning military expeditions, reports, journals, the correspondence with Congress and with the generals. Such a rich collection of materials, and Gordon did not stay here more than three weeks in order to read them over and to take notes. The General intends to build a separate house to keep them in, for the collection is very voluminous.

"June 13. Mr. Law came back from Baltimore, where he had gone in order to consult lawyers in a case. In the morning we went fishing with Mr. Anderson and some negroes. Coming back, we found a large party arrived from Alexandria. The table was laid in the great hall for twenty persons with a service of porcelain of Sèvres. The General was in good humor, polite, and full of attention to everybody. Among them were the young Randolphs, whose ages taken together scarcely come to thirty-eight years, and who have, nevertheless, three children. Mrs. F——, who in point of amplitude is inferior only to the late Semiramis, was of a gay disposition and had a good appetite; while she swept away the dishes one after the other, her husband encouraged her, saying, with a smile: 'A little more, Betsy, a little more.'

"In the evening, when the company retired, the General, Mr. Law, and I retired to the gallery. Washington read a letter which he had just received from a friend in Paris. It was written reasonably and in cold blood, with a good knowledge of the situation of France, and of the policy of those who direct it. It gave opportunity for a conversation on the wrongs which America suffers from France and the bloody conflict about to break out between the two countries.

"This conversation aroused the indignation of the old chief and citizen; I never heard him before speak with so much fire and candor:

"'Whether we consider the wrongs and the plunder which our trade is suffering, which amounts to fifty million dollars, or the outrage to the independence, to the dignity of the nation, in ejecting our ministers, or whether we think at last of the oppression, ruin, and destruction of free nations produced by this military government, we always see the necessity of arming ourselves with a power and cunningness equaling the danger which threatens us. Patience and submission will not avail us any more than it did Venice. Submission is cowardice. Rather than that, America will arouse; every one of us, myself, in spite of my age, will give all the blood that remains in my veins.

"'Mr. Adams is censured for too much passion in deeds and too much boldness in speech. From the moment I left the admin-

istration, I have not written a single word to Mr. Adams, neither have I received from him anything except the despatches which we have seen in public papers; I do not know where his other sources of information are from. But I am persuaded that as a reasonable and honest man and as a good American he cannot act otherwise. I myself should be perhaps not less emphatic in his place in words, but certainly I would prepare not any less steadily and energetically.'

"The keen and noble words of this man filled my heart with great respect and emotion.[1]

"In the evening Miss Custis sang and played on the harpsichord to me for the last time. Next day (June 14) I was awakened before sunrise. Once more I walked around the green woods of Mount Vernon and glanced my last upon the wide, open view, on the waters of the Potomac. At six o'clock, more with silence than with words expressing my gratefulness for the hospitality and my sorrow on leaving that home, I bade farewell to General Washington and his worthy wife and the beautiful Miss Custis. In the company of Mr. and Mrs. Law, as well as their pretty baby daughter, we went back through Alexandria to Georgetown."

A DESERT ROMANCE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

OCHOA water-hole is in no way remarkable, and not regarded as such by people in Arizona, but if the waters could speak and tell about what happened at their sides in the long ago, men would listen. Three generations of white men and Mexicans have fought Apaches since then, and one generation of Apaches has walked in the middle of the big road. There have been stories enough in the meantime. Men have struggled in crowds over similar water-holes throughout the Southwest, and Ochoa has been forgotten.

With the coming of the great war, the regular soldiers were withdrawn to participate in it. The Apaches redoubled their hostilities. This was in Cochise's day, and he managed well for them.

Volunteers entered the United States service to take the places of the departed soldiers, to hold the country, and to protect the wagon-trains then going to California. A regiment of New Mexican volunteer infantry, Colonel Simms commanding, was stationed at Fort Bowie, and was mostly engaged in escorting the caravans. There was a military order that such trains should leave the posts only on the 1st of every month, when the regular soldier escort was available; but in enterprising self-reliance the pioneers often violated this.

One lazy summer day a Texan came plod-

[1] Washington, as is known, belonged to the party which was opposed to France, considering the principles of the French Revolution as too far advanced. The French minister Genet was dismissed during his administration, which gave rise to difficulties that continued during all the time of Adams's administration, and increased through his inability to remove them. It seems that it ought to be put to the credit of Jefferson's and Kosciuszko's services for the progress of freedom in the United States to have removed this danger. It was very likely done through Kosciuszko's personal influence upon the French Directory, through his representation of the overwhelming probability of the election of Jefferson, who was known as a friend of France and of freedom. We find a reference to it in Jefferson's letter to Kosciuszko, dated February 21, 1799:

"Mr. Gerry's communications, with other informations, prove that France is sincere in her wishes for reconciliation. If we are left in peace, I have no doubt the wonderful turn in the public opinion now manifestly taking place [i.e., from Federalists to Democrats] and rapidly increasing will in the course of this summer become so universal and so weighty that friendship abroad and freedom at home will be firmly established through the influence and the constitutional powers of the people at large."

ding through the dust to the sentries at Bowie. He was in a state of great exhaustion, and when taken to Colonel Simms he reported that he had escaped from a Texas emigrant caravan, which was rounded up by Apaches at Ochoa water-hole, about forty-five miles east and south of this point, and that they were making a fight against great odds. If help was not quickly forthcoming, it was death for all.

Immediately the colonel took what of his command could be spared, together with a small cavallard of little hospital mules, and began the relief march.

These Americo-Mexican soldiers were mountain men and strong travelers. All during the remainder of the day they shuffled along in the dust—brown, blue-bearded men, shod in buckskin moccasins, of their own construction, and they made the colonel's pony trot. There are many hills and many plains in forty-five miles, and infantry is not a desert whirlwind. Night settled over the command, but still they shuffled on. Near midnight they could hear the slumping of occasional guns. The colonel well knew the Apache fear of the demons of the night, who hide under the water and earth by day, but who stalk at dark, and are more to be feared than white men, by long odds. He knew that they did not go about except under stress, and he had good hope of getting into the beleaguered wagons without much difficulty. He knew his problem would come afterward.

Guided by the guns, which the white men fired more to show their wakefulness than in hopes of scoring, the two companies trod softly in their buckskin foot-gear; but the mules struck flinty hard against the wayside rocks, and then one split the night in friendly answer to the smell of a brother mule somewhere out in the dark. But no opposition was encountered until occasional bullets came whistling over there from the wagons. "Hold on, pardners!" shouted the colonel. "This is United States infantry; let us in."

This noise located the command, and bullets and arrows began to seek them out in the darkness from all sides, but with a rush they passed into the packed wagons and dropped behind the intrenchments. The poor people of the train were greatly cheered by the advent. By morning the colonel had looked about him, and he saw a job of unusual proportions before him. They were poor emigrants from Texas, their wagons piled with common household goods, and with an unusual proportion of women and children—dry, care-worn women in calico shifts, which the clinging wind blew close about their wasted and unlovely frames. In the center stood a few skeletons of horses, destined to be eaten, and which had had no grass since the train had been rounded up. What hairy, unkempt men there were lay behind their bales, long rifles in hand, bullets and powder-horns by their elbows—tough customers, who would "sell out" dearly.

Presently a very old man came to the colonel, saying he was the head person of the train, and he proposed that the officer come to his wagon, where they could talk over the situation seriously.

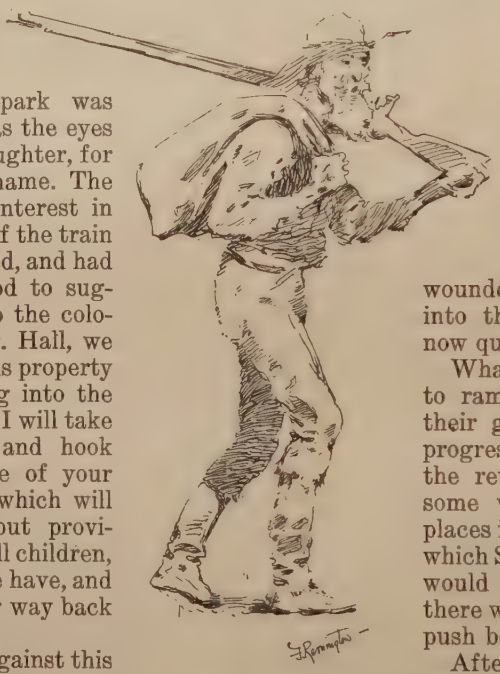
The colonel was at the time a young man. In his youth he had been afflicted with desk-work in the great city of New York. He could not see anything ahead but a life of absolute regularity, which he did not view complacently. He was book-taught along the lines of construction and engineering, which in those days meant anything from a smoke-house to a covered bridge. Viewed through the mist of years he must, in his day, have been a fair prospect for feminine eyes. The West was fast eating up the strong young men of the East, and Simms found his way with the rest to the uttermost point of the unknown lands, and became a vagrant in Taos. Still, a man who knew as much as he did, and who could get as far West as Taos, did not have to starve to death. There were merchants there who knew the fords of the Cimarron and the dry crossings of the Mexican custom-house, but who kept their accounts by cutting notches on a stick. So Simms got more writing to do, a thing he had tried to escape by the long voyage and muling of previous days. Being young, his gaze lingered on the long-haired, buckskin men of Taos, and he made endeavor to exchange the quill for the rifle and the trap, and shortly became a protégé of Kit Carson. He succeeded so well that in the long years since he has been no nearer a pen than a sheep-corral would be.

He succumbed to his Mexican surroundings, and was popular with all. When the great war came he remembered New York and declared for the Union. Thus by hooks which I do not understand he became a colonel in the situation where I have found him.

As he approached the old man's part of the train he observed that he was richer and much better equipped than his fellows. He had a tremendous Conestoga and a spring-wagon of fine workmanship. His family consisted of a son with a wife and children, and

a daughter who looked at the colonel until his mind was completely diverted from the seriousness of their present position. The raw, wind-blown, calico women had not seemed feminine to the officer, but this young person began to make his eyes pop, and his blood go charging about in his veins.

She admitted to the officer in a soft Southern voice that she was very glad he had gotten in, and the colonel said he was very glad indeed that he was there, which statement had only become a fact in the last few seconds. Still, a bullet-and-arrow-swept wagon-park was quite as compelling as the eyes of Old Man Hall's daughter, for that was her father's name. The colonel had a new interest in rescue. The people of the train were quite demoralized, and had no reasonable method to suggest as a way out, so the colonel finally said: "Mr. Hall, we must now burn all this property to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. I will take my hospital mules and hook them up to a couple of your lightest wagons, on which will be loaded nothing but provisions, old women, small children, and what wounded we have, and then we will fight our way back to the post."



THE OLD TEXAN.

Mr. Hall pleaded against this destruction, but the officer said that the numbers of the investing enemy made it imperative that they go out as lightly as possible, as he had no more mules and could spare no more men to guard the women. It seemed hard to burn all that these people had in the world, but he knew of no other way to save their lives.

He then had two wagons drawn out, and after a tussle got his unbroken pack-mules hooked up. Then the other stuff was piled into the remaining wagons and set on fire. The soldiers waited until the flames were beyond human control, when they sprang forward in skirmish formation, followed out of bow-shot by the wagons and women. A rear-guard covered the retreat.

As the movement began, Colonel Simms led his pony up to the daughter of Mr. Hall, and assisted her to mount. Simms was a young man, and it seemed to him more important that a beautiful young woman should be saved than some sisters who carried the curbs and collar-marks of an almost spent existence. This may not be true judgment, but Simms had little time to ponder the matter.

Now the demons of the Arizona deserts began to show themselves among the brush and rocks, and they came in boldly, firing from points of vantage at the moving troops. A few went down, but the discipline told, and the soldiers could not be checked. Scurrying in front ran the Indians, on foot and on horseback. They had few guns, and their arrows were not equal to the muzzle-loading muskets of the troops or the long rifles of the Texans. A few of the savages were hit, and this caused them to draw off. The wounded soldiers were loaded into the wagons, which were now quite full.

What with having to stop to ram the charges home in their guns, and with the slow progress of the women on foot, the retreat dragged its toilsome way. There were bad places in the back trail—places which Simms knew the Apaches would take advantage of; but there was nothing for it but to push boldly on.

After a couple of hours the command drew near a line of bluffs up which the trail led. There was no way around. Simms halted his wagons at the foot of the coulée leading up, and sent his men in extended order on each flank to carry the line of the crest, intending to take the wagons and women up afterward. This they did after encountering some opposition, and when just in the act of reaching the level of the mesa, a score of mounted warriors dashed at the line and rode over it, down the coulée in a whirl of dust, and toward the women, who had no protection which could reach them in time to save. The men on the hill, regardless of the enemy in front, turned their muskets on the flying bunch, as did the rear-guard; but it was over with a shot, and the soldiers saw the warriors ride over the women and wagons, twanging their bows and thrusting with their lances. The mules turned, tangled in their harness, and lay kicking in a con-

fused heap. The women ran scurrying about like quail. The cloud of dust and racing-ponies passed on, receiving the fire of the rear-guard again, and were out of range. With them went the colonel's horse and Old Man Hall's daughter, stampeded—killed by the colonel's kindness. No arm could save.

When the dust settled, several women and children lay on the sand, shot with arrows or cut by lances. The mules were rearranged, the harness was patched, and the retreat was resumed.

Old Man Hall was hysterical with tears, Simms was dumb beyond speech, as they marched along beside the clanking wagons, with their moaning loads. On all sides strode the gallant New Mexicans and Texans, shooting and loading. The Apaches, encouraged by success, plied them with arrows and shots from every *arroyo* which afforded safe retreat. The colonel ran from one part of the line to another, directing and encouraging his men. By afternoon every one was much exhausted, Colonel Simms particularly so from his constant activity and distress of mind.

Old Man Hall had calmed down and had become taciturn, except for the working of his hollow jaws as he talked to himself. Going to the rear wagon, he took out a cotton bag, which he swung across his shoulders, and trudged along with it. "Some valuables he cherishes," thought Simms; "but to add such weight in this trying march seems strange. Demented by the loss of his daughter, probably."



COLONEL SIMMS.

Slower and slower moved the old man with his sack, falling back until he mingled with the rear-guard, and then even dropping behind that.

"Come, come, camarado, stir yourself! The Indios are just behind!" they called.

"I don't care," he replied.

"Throw away the sack. Why do you carry that? Is your sack more precious than your blood?"

"Yes, it is now," he said almost cheerfully.

"What does it contain, señor? Paper money, no doubt."

"No; it is full of pinole and pemochie and strychnine—for the wolves behind us"; and Old Man Hall trod slower and slower, and was two hundred yards in the rear before Simms noticed him.

"Halt! We will go back and get the old man, and have him put in the wagons," he said.

The soldiers turned to go back, when up from the brush sprang the Apaches, and Hall was soon dead.

"Come on; it is of no use now," signaled Simms.

"The old man is loco," said a soldier. "He had a sack of poisoned meal over his shoulder. He is after revenge."

"Poisoned meal!"

"Yes, señor; that is as he said," replied the soldier.

But under the stress Simms's little column toiled along until dusk, when they were forced to stop and intrench in a dry camp. There was no water in those parts, and the Indians had no doubt drawn off for the night—gone to the Ochoa spring, it was thought, and would be back in the morning. By early dawn the retreat started on its weary way, but no Indians appeared to oppose them. All day long they struggled on, and that night camped in the post. They had been delivered from their peril: at little cost, when the situation was considered, so men said—all except Hall's son and the young commanding officer. The caravan had violated the order of the authorities in traveling without escort, and had been punished. Old Man Hall, who had been responsible, was dead, so the matter rested.

II.

THE people who had so fortunately come within the protecting lines of Bowie were quite exhausted after their almost ceaseless exertions of the last few days, and had disposed themselves as best they could to make up their lost sleep. Some of the soldiers squeezed the *tequela* pigskin pretty hard, but they had earned it.

Colonel Simms tossed uneasily on his rude bunk for some time before he gained oblivion. Something in the whole thing had been incomplete. He had had soldiers killed and

soldiers wounded—that was a part of the game. Some emigrants had suffered—that could not be helped. It was the good-looking girl, gone swirling off into the unknown desert, in the dust of the Apache charge, which was the rift in the young colonel's lute, and he had begun to admit it to himself. What could be done? What was his duty in the matter? His inclination was to conduct an expedition in quest of her. He knew his Apache so well that hope died out of his mind. Even if she could get away on the colonel's swift pony, an Apache on foot could trail and run down a horse. But the tired body and mind gave over, and he knew nothing until the morning light opened his eyes. Sitting opposite him on a chair was the brother of Hall's daughter, with his chin on his hands, and his long rifle across his knees.

"Good morning, Mr. Hall," he said.

"Mornin', colonel," replied Hall. "Ah 'm goin' back after my sista, colonel. Ah 'm goin' back, leastwise, to whar she was."

"So am I," spoke up Simms, like a flash, as he swung himself to his feet, "and right now." With men like Simms to think was to act.

He was refreshed by his rest, and was soon bustling about the post. The day before two companies of his regiment had come into the post on escort duty. They were pony-mounted, despite their being infantry, and were fresh. These he soon rationed, and within an hour's time had them trailing through the dust on the back track. Hall's sad-faced son rode by his side, saying little, for both felt they could not cheer each other with words.

Late in the afternoon, when coming across the mesa which ended at the bluff where the misfortune had overtaken the girl, they made out mounted figures at the very point where they had brought up the wagons.

"If they are Apaches, we will give them a fight now; they won't have to chase us to get it, either," said the colonel, as he broke his command into a slow lope.

Steadily the two parties drew together. More of the enemy showed above the bluffs. They formed in line, which was a rather singular thing for Apaches to do, and presently a horseman drew out, bearing a white flag on a lance.

"Colonel, those are lanceros of Mexico," spoke up the orderly sergeant behind the officer.

"Yes, yes; I can see now," observed Simms. "Trot! March! Come on, bugler." Saying which, the colonel, attended by his man, rode forth rapidly, a white handkerchief flapping in his right hand.

So they proved to be, the irregular soldiers of distracted Mexico—wild riders, gorgeous in terra-cotta buckskin and red serapes, bent on visiting punishment on Apache Indians who ravaged the valleys of Chihuahua and Sonora, and having, therefore, much in common with the soldiers on this side of the line.

In those days the desert scamperers did not know just where the international boundary was. It existed on paper, no doubt, but the bleak sand stretches gave no sign. Every man or body of men owned the land as far on each side of them as their rifles would carry, and no farther. Both Mexico and the United States were in mighty struggles for their lives. Neither busied themselves about a few miles of cactus, or the rally and push of their brown-skinned irregulars.

Shortly the comandante of the lancers came up. He was a gay fellow with a brown face, set with liquid black eyes, and togged out in the rainbows of his national costume. Putting out his hand to Simms, he spoke: "Buenos dios, señor. Is it you who have killed all the Apaches?"

"Si, capitan," replied Simms. "I had the honor to command, but I do not think we killed so many."

"Madre de Dios! you call that not many! Ha, you are a terrible soldier!" And the lancer slapped him on the back. "I saw the battle-ground; I rode among the bodies as far as I could make my horse go. I saw all the burned wagons, and the Indios lying around the water-hole, as thick as flies in a kitchen. It smelled so that I did not stop to count them; they were as many as a flock of sheep. I congratulate you. Did you lose many *soldados?*"

"No, capitan. I did not lose many men, but I lost a woman—just down below the bluffs. Did you see her body there?"

In truth, the poisoned sack of meal had come only slowly into Simms's mind when he thought of the dead Indians about the water-hole, and he did not care to enlighten a foreign officer in a matter so difficult of explanation.

"No," answered the Mexican; "they were all naked Apaches—I made note of that. We looked for others, but there were none. You are a terrible soldier. I congratulate you; you will have promotion, and go to the great war in the East."

"Oh, it is nothing, I assure you," grunted Simms, as he trotted off to get away from

his gruesome glories. "Come, señor; we will look at the girl's trail below the bluffs."

"Was she mounted well?" inquired the lancer, full of a horseman's instinct.

"Yes; she had a fast horse, but he had been ridden far. He was my own."

"She was of your family?"

"No, no; she was coming through with the wagon-train from Texas."

flanker who waved his hat, and toward him rode the officer. Nearing, he recognized the man, who was a half-breed American, well known as a trailer of great repute.

"Colonel, here are the prints of the Apache ponies; I know by their bare feet and the rawhide shoes. Your pony is not among them; he was shod with iron. These ponies were very tired; they step short and stumble



THE TRAILER.

"She was a beautiful señorita?" ventured the lancer, with a sharp smile.

"Prettiest filly from Taos to New Orleans," spoke our gallant, in his enthusiasm, and then they dismounted at the wagon place, which was all beaten up with the hoof-marks of the lancers.

The best trailers among the mountain men of the command were soon on the track of the horsed Indians who had driven off the girl, and this they ran until quite dark. The enemy had gone in full flight.

Simms made his camp, and the Mexican lancer pushed on ahead, saying he would join him again in the morning.

By early light Simms had his troops in motion; but the trail was stamped up by the lancer command, and he could follow only this. He was in a broken country now, and rode far before he began to speculate on seeing nothing of his friend of yesterday. Some three hours later he did find evidence that the lancers had made a halt, but without unsaddling. Simms had run the trail carefully, and had his flankers out on the sides, to see that no one cut out from the grand track. Soon he was summoned by a

among the bushes," said the man, as he and the colonel rode along, bending over in their saddles. "See that spot on the ground. They had run the stomachs out of their horses. They stopped here and talked. They dismounted." Both the colonel and the trailer did the same. "There is no print of her shoe here," the trailer continued slowly. "See where they walked away from their horses and stood here in a bunch. They were talking. Here comes a pony-track back to them from the direction of the chase. This pony was very tired. His rider dismounted here and walked to the group. The moccasins all point toward the way they were running. They were talking. Colonel, the girl got away. I may be mistaken, but that is what the trail says. All the Indians are here. I have counted twenty ponies."

There is nothing to do in such places but believe the trail. It often lies, but in the desert it is the only thing which speaks. Taking his command again, the colonel pushed on as rapidly as he dared, while feeling that his flanking trailers could do their work. They found no more sign of the Indians, who had evidently given up the

chase, thinking, probably, the wagons more important than the fast horse-girl.

All day long they progressed, the colonel wondering why he did not come up with the lancer command. Why was the Mexican in such a hurry? He did not relish the idea of this man's rescuing the girl, if that was to be fate. Long he speculated, but time brought only more doubt and suspicion. At places the Mexican had halted, and the ground was tramped up in a most meaningless way. Again the trailer came to him.

"Colonel," he said, "these people were blinding a trail. It 's again' nature for humans to walk around like goats in a corral. I think they have found where the girl stopped, but I can't run my eye on her heel."

The colonel thought hard, and being young, he reached a rapid conclusion. He would follow the Mexican to the end of his road. Detailing a small body of picked trailers to follow slowly on the sides of the main trail, he mounted, and pushed on at a lope. Darkness found the Mexicans still going. While his command stopped to feed and rest, the colonel speculated. He knew the Mexicans had a long start; it was unlikely that they would stop. He thought, "I will sleep my command until midnight, and follow the trail by torch-light. I will gain the advantage they did over me last night."

After much searching on the mountain-side in the gloom, some of his men found a pitch-tree, which they felled and slivered. At the appointed time the command resumed its weary way. Three hundred yards ahead, a small party followed the trail by their firelight. This would prevent, in a measure, an ambuscade. A blanket was carried ahead of the flaming stick—a poor protection from the eyes of the night, but a possible one. So, until the sky grayed in the east, the soldiers stumbled bitterly ahead on their relentless errand. It was a small gain, perhaps, but it made for success. When the torches were thrown away, they grazed for an hour, knowing that horses do not usually do that in the dark, and by day they had watered and were off. The trail led straight for Mexico.

Whatever enthusiasm the poor soldiers and horses might have, we know not, but there was a fuel added to Simms's desire, quite as great as either the pretty face of Adele Hall or his chivalric purpose kindled—it was jealousy of the lancer officer. When hate and love combine against a young man's brain, there is nothing left but the under jaw and the back of his head to guide him. The spurs chugged hard on the lathering sides, as the pursuers bore up on the flying wake of the treacherous man from Mexico.

At an eating halt which the lancers made, the trailers sought carefully until, standing up together, they yelled for the colonel. He came up, and pointing at the ground, one of the men said: "Señor, there is the heel of the white girl."

Bending over, Simms gazed down on the telltale footprint, saying, "Yes, yes; it is her shoe—I even remember that. Is it not so, Hall?" The girl's brother, upon examination, pronounced it to be his sister's shoe. Simms said: "We will follow that lancer to hell. Come on."

There were, in those days, few signs of human habitation in those parts. The hand of the Apache lay heavy on the land. The girl-stealer was making in the direction of Magdalena, the first important Mexican town en route. This was a promise of trouble for Simms. Magdalena was populous and garrisoned. International complications loomed across Simms's vision, but they grew white in the shadow of the girl, and, come what would, he spurred along, the brother always eagerly at his side.

By mid-afternoon they came across a dead horse, and soon another. The flat-soled tegua-tracks of the dismounted riders ran along in the trail of the lancer troop. The country was broken, yet at times they could see long distances ahead. Shortly the trailers found the tegua-prints turned away from the line of march, and men followed, and found their owners hidden in the mesquit-bush. These, being captured, were brought to Colonel Simms, who dismounted and interrogated them, as he gently tapped their lips with the muzzle of his six-shooter to break their silence. He developed that the enemy was not far ahead; that the girl was with them, always riding beside Don Gomez, who was making for Magdalena. Further, the prisoners said they had found the white woman asleep beside her worn-out pony, which they had taken aside and killed.

This was enough. The chase must be pushed to a blistering finish. As they drew ahead they passed exhausted horses standing head down by the wayside, their riders being in hiding, doubtless. On a rise they saw the troop of lancers jogging along in their own dust, not three hundred yards ahead, while in the valley, a few miles beyond, was an adobe ranch, for which they were making. With a yell from the United States soldiers, they broke into the best run to be got out of their jaded ponies. The enemy, too,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IN THE DESERT—DON GOMEZ AND HIS LANCERS AT THE OCHOA SPRING.

spurred up, but they were even more fatigued, and it was not many minutes before the guns began to go. A few of the enemy's horses and men fell out, wounded, and were ridden over, while the rest fled in wild panic. They had doubtless thought themselves safe from pursuit, and they would have been, had their booty been anything less than Adele Hall. Many lancers turned and surrendered when the tired horses could go no more. The commands tailed out in a long line, the better horses of the Americans mixing gradually with the weaker ones of the lancers. Still well ahead rode Don Gomez and his reluctant companion. These drew up to the blue walls of the long adobe ranch (for it was now sunset), and were given admittance, some dozen men in all, when the heavy doors were swung together and barred, just as the American advance drew rein at their portals.

Finally having all collected,—both Americans and prisoners,—and having carefully posted his men around the ranch, Simms yelled in Spanish: "Come to the wall, Capitan Gomez. I am Colonel Simms. I would speak a word with you." Again he spoke to the walls, now blackening against the failing light. From behind the adobe battlements came excited voices; the inhabitants were trying to digest the meaning of this violence, but no one answered Simms.

Turning, he gave an order. Instantly a volley of musketry started from near him, and roared about the quiet ranch.

Once more Simms raised his angry voice: "Will you come on the roof and talk to me now, Don Gomez?"

At length a voice came back, saying, "There are no windows; if I come on the roof, I will be shot."

"No, you will not be shot, but you must come on the roof."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes, I promise you that no soldier of mine will shoot at you," and in loud military language Simms so gave the order.

Slowly a dark figure rose against the greenish light of the west.

"Don Gomez, I ask you truly, has one hair of that girl's head been harmed? If you lie to me, I swear on the cross to burn you alive."

"I swear, my colonel; she is the same as when you last saw her. I did not know you were coming. I was trying to save her. I was taking her to my commander at Magdalena."

"You lie!" was the quick response from Simms, followed by a whip-like snap peculiar to the long frontier rifles. The dark form of Don Gomez turned half round, and dropped heavily out of sight on the flat roof of the adobe.

"Who fired that shot?" roared Simms.

"Ah did, sah," said Hall, stepping up to the colonel and handing him his rifle. "Ah am not one of yer soldiers, sah—I am Adele Hall's brother, and Mr. Gomez is dead. You can do what you please about it, sah."

While this conversation was making its quick way, a woman sprang up through the hole in the roof, and ran to the edge, crying: "Help, Colonel Simms! Oh, help me!"

"Cover the roof with your guns, men," ordered Simms, and both he and the brother sprang forward, followed by a general closing in of the men on the building.

As they gained the side wall, Simms spoke. "Don't be scared, Miss Hall; jump. I will catch you," and he extended his arms. The girl stepped over the foot-high battlement, grasped one of the projecting roof-timbers, and dropped safely into Colonel Simms's arms. She was sobbing, and Simms carried her away from the place. She was holding tightly to the neck of her rescuer, with her face buried in a week's growth of beard.



THE ADOBE RANCH WHERE THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE.

"A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE."

A STORY OF OKLAHOMA.

BY J. W. PIERCY.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

DIGDALE'S specialty was town sites. Given a particular quarter-section, whether actually accessible or not, he could cover it with a thriving city with accuracy and despatch, locating its public buildings, specifying its industries, and indicating all its valuable franchises, not yet given over to greedy corporations without compensation. He had a regular plan of procedure in his creative work, and practice had made him proficient. Having pinned the center of his metropolis, the public square, to his office table, he led off the streets toward the four cardinal points, named the main thoroughfares after the Presidents or the States, and the groundwork was done. To erect a hotel with electric lights and elevators that might impress visiting capitalists, to build churches and school-houses that would provide the moral and educational atmosphere, and to construct a court-house and jail that would stamp upon the place the character of a county-seat, were the simple and easy technic of his art.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A HOME-SEEKER.

The business in which Digdale was at present engaged, however, presented new and perplexing features. In his whole career he could not recall anything like it. In planning, as he believed, the future capital of Oklahoma, he had found himself at the very beginning without a working basis. The congressional act opening the Territory to settlement had been passed in such haste—it being a "rider" to another bill—that no laws had been framed to meet the needs of the new country.

Digdale had called in Dabney, and they had worked hard over the problem. In their personalities these two men were in striking contrast, but they were complements of each other in conducting real-estate ventures. Digdale possessed the dominating mind. Of slight form and mild manner, he met your gaze directly, and took your hand firmly, but without effusive interest. He spoke softly and agreed with you on all subjects of ordinary conversation, but on more vital matters he took issue, if need be, delicately and insinuatingly, but none the less stubbornly, a stare from his cold gray eyes emphasizing his remarks, while long, slender fingers stroked his well-trimmed beard. But to resolute purpose he added craftiness. He talked compromise when the case seemed to demand it, or assumed the rôle of peacemaker, but in the end he yielded little and secured much. He was a man of considerable self-acquired education, and was well informed about things both past and present, but he wore a

collar of celluloid and a hard, rigid black tie, surmounted by a cross of rhinestones.

Digdale had found a good lieutenant in Dabney, whose mere bulk, huge as it was, intimidated opposition at the outset. Dabney could intrude himself on his victim with a good humor that robbed the act of half its offense, his round face beaming, and his protrusive front shaking with jollity at his own witticisms. Beneath his bald crown grew a hundred schemes, but many of them were visionary and unprofitable until subjected to Digdale's shaping review.

Digdale and Dabney had been partners in several "good propositions," in which investors had yielded to Digdale's glowing prospectuses or Dabney's personal representations. In some of these transactions the reputation of the firm had suffered; later, real-estate speculation had waned, and the partnership had been dissolved, Dabney adding insurance to real estate in the little Kansas town, and Digdale spelling "Attorney at law" in a half-circle on his office window.

The inviting prospects of Oklahoma's settlement had caused a resumption of their old relations. The anomalous conditions presented taxed the ingenuity of them both. There being no special provision under which town-site companies could operate, everybody high and low was placed on the same footing, and the gates were shut against all settlers until the opening day. The problem was simplified in one particular: the town's location was definitely fixed—fixed by the government land office and the acre of reservation on which it stood. Here was the focal point. Here would the settlers swarm like bees



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"DIGDALE AND DABNEY HAD BEEN PARTNERS IN SEVERAL 'GOOD PROPOSITIONS.'"

about their queen. There was no rival town-site company with a different location to vex or make afraid, and the railroad, even if it should change its course, could not take the town with it.

The city had sprung into existence on Digdale's table, and all the details had been worked out, even to the street-cars that ran out to the cotton-mills and the watch-factory, but the company, after all, had few tangible assets. The plat of the town was only promissory paper; the real estate which it represented was barren and unsurveyed prairie, to be claimed by whomever should arrive there first. What course should Digdale and Dabney pursue? To take chances with the motley elements that would crowd the trains was clearly out of the question. The company, which was enlarged to include a dozen or more of the firm's friends, must occupy the center of the town, not only because the best lots lay there, but because in the advantage thus to be gained lay future power and the assurance of complete success. Plainly, the company must be first on the ground; that it must afterward acquire control of affairs was equally apparent, else the plat, to use Dabney's words, "would not amount to a stalk of corn in a hot wind." Digdale was to be mayor with appointing powers, and Dabney city treasurer, and between them they would attend to the surveying. To gain political control in the confusion that would follow the settlement was, it seemed to Digdale, simple enough; he had a plan for that. The one preliminary step was the hard proposition, How could the company get into the Territory before time?

One morning, about three weeks before the settlement, as Digdale sat in his office perplexed, Dabney broke in in a high state of excitement. He thrust under Digdale's nose a newspaper that he carried, and with a fat finger indicated a marked portion. Digdale took the paper, and read an advertisement of an Oklahoma railroad which called for laborers to help in the additional work that would attend the settlement.

"Well?" said Digdale.

"The very chance we have been looking for! Railroad employees can go into the Territory at any time. We can get jobs as section-hands, and when the opening occurs we will hand in our resignations."

It did not take Digdale long to see the point, which was eminently practical. "We shall be condemned as sooners," he said, as if thinking aloud; "and yet that can be obviated. Collect your men, Dabney, and go ahead. As for me—well, it would be better that I should not enter the country until the opening day."

When the crowds broke from the trains on that eventful day in a wild scramble for town lots, they were surprised to see the most desirable positions already covered with tents. In their eagerness to be first, men had smashed the car windows and crowded out through all possible exits. They had thrown away baggage and personal effects that acted as handicaps, striving to their utmost, only to be confronted with a discouraging situation. The advance-guard alone, however, knew the truth; the rest crowded after like sheep, and in their blind haste scattered and spread over several square miles of territory. Men stopped running when exhaustion or fancy dictated, and wherever they dropped they laid off lots and planted their stakes.

The confusion was magnificent. Where an hour before there had been only vacant prairie, now more than ten thousand men had encamped. The government acre, with its land office, was the only spot that had been laid by chain and needle. It was the north star to these adventurers to whom all else was hid. By it they tried to tell directions and measure distances; but their work was crude and was done, for the most part, by guess. Men found themselves side by side claiming the same plat of ground. It seemed as if capricious fate had raked through the land her promiscuous handfuls and set down her gatherings on this particular spot. Minnesota elbowed Louisiana, and old Virginia borrowed a light from Oregon. But there were not many serious conflicts. After the settler had located his piece of ground there remained nothing for him to do but to sit down and wait. He was like a cicada that had appeared above-ground and had climbed up its stalk of weed or spear of grass, trusting to time for the freedom of its wings and the revelation of its destiny.

Digdale had not failed to be conspicuous in that wild crowd. He had mingled with the invaders on the train, passing from car to car, exchanging greetings with friends, speaking to strangers, and speculating on the chances of getting a lot in tones that could be well heard. By the time the train had reached its destination he felt that to any future charge of being a "sooner" he had successfully established an alibi. He did not break a window in his haste to get out of the car, nor did he throw aside his personal baggage. The stampede swept around him; he had no need to race.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"A WILD SCRAMBLE FOR TOWN LOTS."

The town-site company had been launched on a successful career. In the afternoon, after the turmoil of settlement had temporarily subsided, the two directors met in Dabney's tent to take account of profit and loss.

The figures were on the right side of the ledger. As superintendent of the squatter

brigade Dabney had done his work well, although, as an employee of the railroad, he had been subjected to a severe sweating process. It was organization once more against blind chance, and organization had won. Dabney pointed to the company's plat.

"Would n't you consider that a good piece of property?" he asked.

"The best in the city!" said Digdale, with a dry smile.

"Well," said Dabney, with a flourish, "that piece of ground is under your feet at this moment!"

"And the other members?" asked Digdale, quietly.

"Every one of them is holding down his share of dirt and perhaps a little more. But what a mess it must be for the average man!" Dabney exclaimed, as he held back the flap of the tent. "Look at them out there! Huddled together like sheep in a blizzard! They don't know north from south, and some of them are running their lines across lots. There will be the deuce to pay when the survey is made!"

How chaos was to become order, or how lawful procedure was to evolve from anarchy, was problematical to the boomers at large, but Digdale had foreseen the situation and had made it his own. The people, he knew, must assemble and form some kind of government. Although their acts would really have no legal authority, they must, nevertheless, have force in necessity. Digdale had reasoned further that this government and its acts must later receive congressional sanction in order to avoid endless litigation. He had plainly seen that order could not spring from chance, and that commandments would not be handed down from the skies. So, perhaps, in the very exigency of the situation, Digdale & Company had reason for being, although they wrought in selfishness.

Fortunately for Digdale & Company, the initiative of calling the meeting did not fall to them—fortunately, because the people were suspicious of the leaders in any new movement. This distrust sprang from years of experience with "deals," of which the West was full, and was particularly directed against real-estate agents. Since, therefore, the people had met in towns along the border before the settlement, and had arranged to hold a meeting on the government acre the evening of the first day, Digdale had deemed it another piece of good fortune.

As Digdale stood outside his tent in the afternoon, making mental note of things, a handbill was thrust upon him. The type was large, and the announcement which it conveyed was generously punctuated with exclamation-points. He read:

ATTENTION!! FELLOW-CITIZENS!!!

THERE WILL BE A

GRAND MASS MEETING

at 8 o'clock this evening near the land office, when steps will be taken to form a city government.

Come out and choose your public servants!! Let us make this the greatest city of Oklahoma, and Oklahoma the greatest State in the UNION!!

THIS IS TO BE A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE!

By Order of the Committee.

As Digdale had surmised, the announcement was not received with the unanimity and fraternal good will that its warm and conciliatory phrases sought to elicit. Who were the committee, and what did they want?

The plan to capture the meeting, like all of Digdale's plans, had been well thought out. The drifting, charterless crowd had impressed him more and more with its helplessness. Its parts were heterogeneous, without leader or purpose. Out of this condition, and because of the fact that they were strangers one to another, the boomers in their ante-settlement meetings on the border had developed the expedient of voting by States, as in a national convention. Acting on this suggestion, Digdale apportioned certain States to certain members of the company. Each member was to be, ostensibly, a stranger to every other member, but, in reality, all were to form a compact organization subject to Digdale's direction. As there were more States than members, Digdale left the more distant commonwealths out of the count, for, at best, they would be represented by few settlers, and could give little trouble. One notable change was made in Digdale's plan. In calling the list of States as the assignments were being made, some one, with a desire to preserve a political phrase current at the time, suggested that Dabney be given to Maine. The idea was received with acclaim. It had been Digdale's plan to make Dabney a lifelong resident of Missouri, but he yielded to the humor of the situation—and lived to regret it.

The response to the call for the meeting was all that the promoters could have desired. To the imaginative temperament it

was a glorious thing to contemplate. Here, indeed, was to be tested the capacity of a free people for self-government. It seemed to mark the culmination of ages of evolution in government and liberty. In what age or country before had ever been witnessed the spectacle of a mob assembling to govern itself? Was it not a vindication of the theory



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"THEY TRIED TO TELL DIRECTIONS AND MEASURE DISTANCES."

of republican institutions and the equal rights of man?

It was a moonless night, and the spluttering lights at each end of the speakers' platform made the outer walls of darkness blacker still. As the pennants of flame lifted and fell, the shadows upon the crowd ran out and in like the shuttles of some mighty loom. It was a strange assemblage that the chairman beheld. Many a face upturned there bore marks of its history—a history of struggle and failure. All ages, conditions, and climes had their representatives—old men, with their pitiful purpose to begin life anew; men of middle age, bent and lined with the toil demanded by the unceasing wants of large families; young men, alert in spirit and filled with the love of adventure. Old soldiers in blue, and an occasional figure in faded butternut, pressed by a foe that never slept, outflanked and driven from position to position, were here to make their last stand. Altogether, the mass seemed debris and wreckage from the great sea without, beaten and tossed and driven inshore, and now drifting with the currents that eddied within this bay.

Digdale employed his forces to fine advantage, stationing the men at different points in the crowd to work as a leaven. It was his theory that a little applause on the part of one determined man who knew his business

was enough to set a hundred others about him to do the same thing. It was a much easier matter here, where ignorance ruled and no purpose swayed.

The first piece of strategy on the part of Digdale & Company was to unhorse the chairman. The latter had been the head and front of the meeting at Arkansas City, and his aspirations were taking wings. With much satisfaction he had stated the object of the meeting, and how it came to be called, when a man, back in the crowd, ventured to suggest that it was entirely in accord with parliamentary usage to elect a permanent chairman. He had no candidate, he said demurely, but he thought that everything should be done in a proper way, especially at the outset.

A form appeared on the government fence to the right, resting a hand on the land office. "I 'd like, if you 'll allow me," a voice began, when cries of "Go up to the platform!" interrupted. The man elbowed his way forward.

"I was jest goin' to say," he remarked, "that I 'm a stranger to ye all, but I want to help in gittin' a good government. I—"

"What 's your business? Real estate?" —this from the crowd.

The intimation was promptly denied.

"I 'm a hard-workin' farmer," he continued, "like the most of you. I 'm from Missouri. I don't know anybody from my own State to put up, but I do know as fair an' square a man as ever lived, just across the line in Kansas. I 've knowed him all my life, an' I want to nominate him fer perm'nent chairman, if he 's down here, an' I heard he was comin'. His name is Digdale."

"Digdale is nominated," said the temporary chairman, feebly.

"Let 's have a look at 'im!" said the crowd.

There was no response for a moment, when, out on the edge of the assembly, a hat was waved. The owner, on tiptoe, tried to make himself heard, when he, too, was hustled forward.

"I 'm not Digdale," he said, when he could get his breath, "but he 's here, for he made the run from the train with me. I think"—and the speaker paused that the full import of his words might not be lost—"I think he 's over the hill 'bout a mile from here settin' on his lot."

The statement provoked general merriment among his hearers; similar ill luck had

"If you know him, go after him," was suggested.

The man from Missouri disappeared.

"Any other nominations?" asked the chairman, who was impelled by the drift of things.

The crowd, entertained by Digdale speakers, was satisfied, apparently, to wait for the nominee, the potentialities of the permanent chairmanship being lost on the great majority. When Digdale finally appeared, a light applause was started, which accompanied him to the platform. There was considerable curiosity to see a man that had proved so popular, but there was little more reverence for him for this reason. Digdale stood before the throng, calm and faintly smiling.

The crowd began its catechism. "Where d' you say ye 're from?" "How long have you lived in Kansas?" "Are you a real-estate agent?" Digdale had begun to speak in answer, when a voice, which he thought he recognized, called from far out in the crowd: "What 'll ye take fer yer lot?"

The question convulsed the crowd, which was amused not only at Digdale's ill luck, but at his persistence in sticking to it. The framer of the question doubtless meant it for an opening, and Digdale was quick to seize it.

"Well, we can't all get what we want," he said. "Some of us must be disappointed, but"—and he raised his voice and gesticulated impressively—"I 've come down here to cast my lot with this Territory, knowing that in the end I shall prosper with it. I will let no little disappointments in the beginning discourage me."

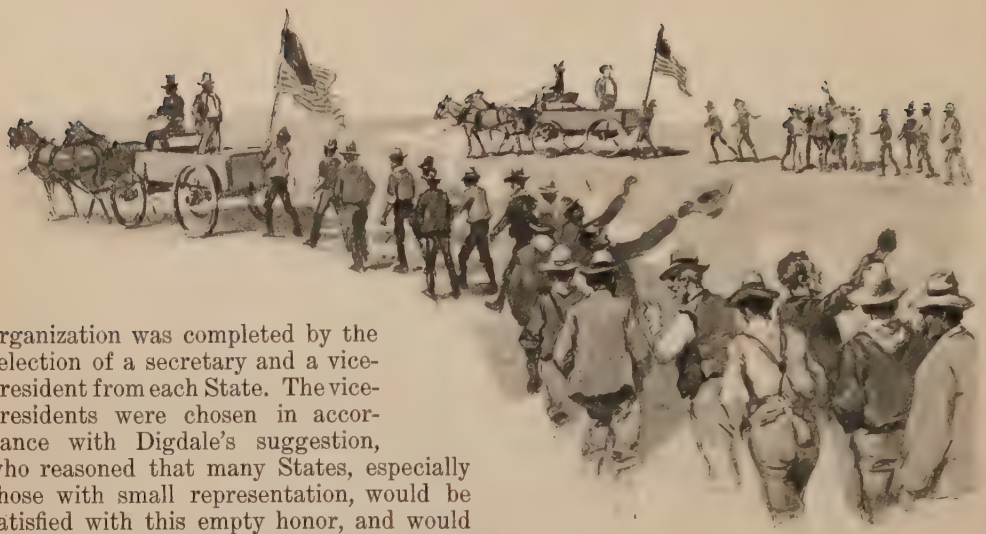
"That 's the talk!" said the people. "He 'll do to tie to."

"This is somewhat of a surprise to me," continued Digdale. "I don't know why I should be called up here, or what may be the intentions of the people who called this meeting, but if I can serve you in any way, you may command me."

"I move Digdale's election as chairman be made unanimous," said a new voice from a new quarter. "Let 's get through the preliminaries and down to business."

There was a chorus of acclaim from the company's representatives, which, as the infection spread, swelled into a unanimous voice. The temporary chairman, thus shorn of his power, withdrew from his own meeting, and, in the history of Oklahoma, was heard of no more.

With a little more palaver the permanent



organization was completed by the selection of a secretary and a vice-president from each State. The vice-presidents were chosen in accordance with Digdale's suggestion, who reasoned that many States, especially those with small representation, would be satisfied with this empty honor, and would not put up candidates for mayor. While only a surmise, the step served to increase the company's chances.

It was through the plan of electing the vice-presidents that Dabney got before the public. When the State of Maine was called there was silence for a moment, when Dabney's huge form, with evident effort, mounted the steps—none too safe from their hasty construction. His patronymic, related, as it seemed to be, to his bulkiness, put him on intimate terms with the crowd at once. He went forward, and said:

"I want to make an explanation. I think I am the only man from my State in these parts, and shall therefore have to nominate myself. Can I get a second?"

The people, delighted at the man's audacity, roared their indorsement.

Chairman Digdale pressed the crowd as to how to proceed with the election of mayor. Various suggestions of an impracticable nature were offered, but Digdale was delighted with the favorable symptoms—the people were becoming interested and less suspicious.

After a little by-play of this kind to establish confidence, the Kansas men set the regular program in motion again. It was the plan to capture all the nominations, the nominees to withdraw at the proper time in favor of Digdale. The roll-call of States began once more. As Digdale had conjectured, the more distant States did not respond. Outside competition being threatened in Iowa and Illinois, the company put up candidates. When Kansas was called, a new face appeared above the crowd and moved the nomination of the presiding officer, "who had already shown that sound judgment and impartiality so much needed in a mayor." Digdale demurred, but his modesty only brought seconding shouts from all points, and he could not put the honor aside.

When Maine was called the crowd grew expectant. In compliance with the arrangement to have as few nominations as possible, in order to simplify the process of withdrawing, Dabney did not essay to put himself forward again. But he could not escape so easily; the crowd wanted to be entertained. There were demands for Dabney. An inspiration came to Digdale by which he thought to satisfy the crowd and at the same time strengthen himself in its affections. He said: "We have with us, as you know, a son of Maine, who has already produced such a favorable impression. If he has no brethren here to stand by him, I shall prove a friend to him myself by placing him in nomination. What are your initials?"—turning to Dabney; then to the crowd: "I have the honor of placing in nomination B. H. Dabney, the man from Maine!"

The generous act of Digdale did add to his popularity, but it also had the effect of giving Dabney the center of the stage.

"A speech! A speech!" yelled the crowd.

Dabney came forward quite diffidently under the weight of his new honors. He did not know what he was going to say when he began, and here let it be said, in simple justice, that he had at this time no ambitious thought beyond advancing the interests of the company. He took up the rôle assigned to him, but, in the fervor of his remarks and in his desire to give the crowd a speech, he was led out of himself.

"Strangers in a strange land!" he began, "I will say, strangers that were,—my friends now I shall call you,—I can but be deeply



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"THE SUPPORTERS OF EACH CANDIDATE FELL IN BEHIND THEIR FAVORITE WAGON."

sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me by asking me to address you. That you should take notice of one who is here alone from a far-distant home speaks volumes for your generous hearts. In return for your kindly recognition I shall tell you about myself."

Dabney was warming to his subject, and his imagination ran riot.

"I am a school-teacher—yes, a school-teacher; I have been one all my life. I have never been able to accumulate much property; the salary was small, and—and the needs of an increasing family absorbed everything I could make. I have a wife and—and nine children. [Murmurs of sympathy and admiration.] Realizing that in my chosen profession in my old home I could never be able to insure my loved ones against want when I had passed away, I left my native State and journeyed these many miles to make a new home in this country. As soon as circumstances permit I intend to bring out my family and establish myself among you."

Dabney acknowledged with a bow the applause that followed. It was clear that the people liked him.

"What an admirable liar!" said Digdale under his breath.

When the roll-call had ended there were only five nominations. So far, so good; it seemed an easy matter to give the remaining number of the performance—the resignation of the candidates in favor of Digdale. With all the candidates but one the matter was not difficult. Digdale, with a suddenly acquired sense of propriety and a feeling of exultation at the success of his plans, turned about and magnanimously yielded the gavel to the vice-president nearest him. The trouble came when Dabney got his cue. He arose to resign, but the crowd, anticipating his move from the examples set, blocked him. Amid cries of "Stand pat!" "We're for you!" "We'll put

you in!" Dabney could not make himself heard. He gazed in wide-eyed wonder at this unexpected development. In a moment, it seemed, he had been chosen by the crowd as one on whom the strange and motley elements could unite. He was a lonely stranger like themselves, and this fact in itself was sufficient to create a mighty bond of sympathy. Dabney's helplessness was pathetic.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"'DO YOU ASK FOR PROOF?'"

He turned for some hint to Digdale, who frowned and nervously signed for him to proceed. Dabney tried again, but the audience, little guessing the methods of the machine, would not have it so.

Worse things were to follow. The crowd, awakening to its power, shouted to proceed with the vote. Digdale saw the folly of surrendering his gavel. The new chairman, likewise ignorant of any "ulterior motive," made as if to comply with the crowd's wish. It was a signal for Digdale's followers to throw the proceedings into confusion; doubtful of their numbers, they were not ready for a vote. The chairman tried to restore order, and now, with the elements of passion and turmoil introduced, the sympathies of men were enlisted, and they began to take sides. The era of real politics had begun in Oklahoma. The division along Dabney and anti-Dabney lines had come with a swiftness that confused the usually calm and level-headed Digdale. It seemed that the meeting must break up in a row, when a voice was heard above the din moving that the election be postponed until the afternoon of the morrow, the details to be arranged in the meantime. Glad for a little respite in which to think, the Digdale faction permitted the motion to be carried.

The day following brought new entanglements. There was one contingency for which Digdale had not provided—the growing ambition of the man from Maine. The acclaim with which he had been hailed had, at first, frightened Dabney and almost put him to flight, but the morning broke upon him with remembrances of the meeting that were far from unpleasant. Why not be mayor?

He had acted fairly with Digdale; indeed, he had been borne along on the latter's own scheme. Could he help it if it worked?

To complicate the situation still more, certain partizans of Dabney, who had done much of the shouting the evening before, now sought him out and proposed plans for an active campaign. Again Dabney was startled. Actively to seek his own election meant a permanent break with Digdale, and a possible overthrow of all their combined plans. But the temptation was upon him; honors that a little time before he would have spurned, he now found himself actually coveting. His ambition was expanding indeed, for had not one of his supporters suggested that from mayor to Territorial governor was easy, and from governor to the United States Senate was only a step?

Little dreaming of the thoughts that were passing in Dabney's mind, Digdale called at the tent of his partner, and suggested to him a plan whereby the embarrassing situation could be ended: Dabney could simply send a note of declination to the meeting that day, and, in the author's absence, the withdrawal would be imperative. The suggestion did not meet with the approval of Dabney, who offered several forceless objections. It took Digdale some time to comprehend the truth, but when he did the knowledge came upon him in a flash.

"Can it be possible—" Digdale could not finish the question.

"Well, why not?" was Dabney's blunt reply.

Digdale gasped. For the second time within two days his serenity had departed. "Why, confound it, man, do you mean to play traitor? I 'll—"

"Don't threaten me!" exclaimed Dabney, emboldened now that the plunge had been made. "Don't threaten me, or I 'll—I 'll survey you into the street!"

Having partly recovered his self-possession, Digdale saw the uselessness of further argument until a calmer moment, and strode from the tent. By his threat Dabney had betrayed the confidence he felt in his own election, and Digdale feared it was justified.

The method finally adopted for conducting the election was unique. The place was the open prairie. When the appointed time came that afternoon, each candidate was put in a wagon over which the Stars and Stripes waved proudly. At a given signal the horses were started, and the supporters of each candidate fell in behind their favorite wagon, making two parallel lines across the prairie. Tellers had been placed at certain points to count the men as they passed. No sooner had the line become well straightened than Digdale's followers saw that they would be beaten; hastily they devised new tactics. When they had passed the tellers, they broke ranks, circled about on the prairie, and fell in line again, forming an endless procession. Dabney's supporters discovered the trick, some of whom adopted like tactics, while others ran over to Digdale's lines to protest. The result was confusion and a failure to elect.

On returning to town Digdale went off to think. When he rejoined the members of the company they noted an expression of determined resolve. He sent for the chairman, the vice-president to whom he had yielded the gavel, and asked him to call another meeting. He had a few remarks to make, he said, and if, after that, there was no election, he would withdraw in Dabney's favor. He was tired of trifling. Digdale made another suggestion, coupled with a promise, which made the chairman look joyful. To his friends Digdale said, "I 'll come out ahead or wreck us both."

The excitement was increasing in the town, and the second meeting on the government acre was disposed to be boisterous and unruly. The proceedings, which were expected to be turbulent and futile, came to an end with a suddenness that amazed the crowd into silence. The chairman won attention by saying that one of the candidates had a few remarks to make. When Digdale arose he increased the excitement by going over to Dabney and whispering a few words in his ear. The excitement would have been still more intensified if the crowd had heard what Digdale had said. It was this: "Take my advice and leave this platform. Go to my tent, where they 'll not look for you. Comply, and you shall be treasurer, as we first agreed. I mean business."

Dabney was confounded by Digdale's words and alarmed at the determination of his parting look, as he turned to face the crowd.

"My friends," said Digdale, "if you have any other candidate to whom you can safely intrust the interests of this city, I am willing to retire in his favor, but I make an exception of Mr. Dabney. While he is a candidate I shall serve all our interests best by remaining his opponent."

Dabney was growing uneasy.

"Certain facts have come to my knowledge, which, after serious reflection, I feel it

my duty to give you. They are painful facts, but they are these. In the first place, Mr. Dabney is not a resident of Maine; he has always made his home in Kansas."

The sensation was profound. There were calls for proof. In the momentary confusion somebody behind Digdale slipped from the platform to the ground.

"I can furnish proofs," shouted Digdale, launching his facts like maledictions, "but wait; let me give you more. Mr. Dabney never taught school a day in his life! Let me give you more: Mr. Dabney is not the head of a large family; he is a confirmed old bachelor. Let me give you more: Mr. Dabney is engaged in the malodorous real-estate business. Do you ask for proof? Here it is!" And Digdale pointed to Dabney's vacant chair.

A clamor arose. There was an ominous movement toward the platform, which showed the wisdom of Dabney in deciding not to remain. In the confusion the chairman, remembering a promise, shouted, "All those in favor of Mr. Digdale for mayor, say 'Aye!'"

The Digdale contingent furnished the noise, and the chairman officially declared him elected.

"A government of the people" had been established.

THE SOLITARY.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

GOD said unto the soul:
Go thou thy way alone
And make no moan.

The cup of comradery
Is not for thee,

Nor memory's golden sheaf
Of loves too brief,

Nor tears of sorrow shed
Above thy dead.

A pale impersonal strife
Thine outward life;

Within, thy bosom torn
By thoughts unborn.

The soul said unto God:
Nay, give me joy and woe.
'T is better so.

The seal of commonplace
Upon my face;

No seething strange unrest
Within my breast,

But a dear hand to hold
As I grow old.

God said unto the soul:
This is the common lot,
Thy portion not.

What life and loving are
Know thou afar.

Events beside thy door
Shall pause no more

Than once to give thee cry
And hurry by.

The soul said unto God:
And how, Lord, wilt thou bless
My loneliness?

God said unto the soul:
I will anoint thine eyes
To make thee wise;

Thy vision shall be keen
Of things unseen,

That, even as thou dost brood
In solitude,

This marvelous inner sense
Shall recompense.

Joys thou hast never had
Shall make thee glad,

And love that is not thine
Thy heart entwine.

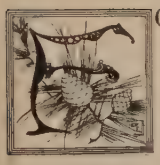
BARBAROSSA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

CHECK TO THE LION.



FOR a moment after the departure of king, squire, and love, Conrad von Hohenzollern sat his horse in perfect silence, his eyes strained out into the night after the three retreating figures. Even after they had disappeared in the darkness he listened until the footfalls of their horses had died away. Even then he seemed loath to move, and might have delayed longer had not the Swabian soldier ventured to address him and point out the need for prompt action.

"What, soldier," cried Hohenzollern, "art still here? Why went you not to safety with your emperor?"

"By the rood! lord, I like a gallant deed, and would fain enjoy a merry sword-play under the advanced banner of a brave knight. It seems to me that the emperor will soon be in safety. His way is the way of peace, while yours is the path of swords. In short, lord, I go with you that I may strike back at the Saxon dogs."

"That were a well day in which I met you, Dietrick, and you shall have a post of honor. You shall ride first and bear me company this night in the vaward of our force. Men," he cried, turning to his listening retainers, "you may have guessed somewhat of the situation from what you have heard me say and seen me do. The black-hearted Italian traitor rode to the camp of the Saxon duke, and then made him ware of our undertaking. Henry the Lion galloped hard to intercept us at the Witch's Dale, me to kill, the king to take. He waits us there. We be masterless men, but not traitors. I sent the emperor back. I wear his armor. I go forward with this Swabian soldier, not to disappoint the Lion. Who goes with me? Let him that will step forward."

Every man responded to the bold appeal.

"I warn ye that there will be hard fighting in the pass."

"'T is no matter, master," said old Hans, the veteran soldier, acting again as spokesman; "'t is no matter to us while under your banner. But, by the mass! lord, 't is not your banner, after all! We miss the golden stag—"

"True, soldier," returned the count; "but mayhap you will fight as well under the king's blazonry as under mine; and remember that, though I wear the crown and sport the lion, it is but your overlord who leads you. I like your spirit, lads! Let him that survives the melley, if he can do so, get speech with the emperor. I warrant ye he will not lack reward. Let him tell the Countess Matilda, an I escape not, which seemeth most like, how Conrad von Hohenzollern died. For the rest, I myself will lead with this Swabian gallant by my side. The rest of you will follow in order by fours in closed ranks. Be in readiness all, and when ye hear my battle-cry, or it may be the imperial call, strike right and left, and die fighting or win through, as God may please. One thing: should any of you see the Italian, cut him down without mercy. And now, helm you all; look to your weapons; loose sword in scabbard; see that the battle-ax swings light to hand; slip firmly the left arm within the circlets of the shields. Now, may God keep us, Christ assoil us. A prayer or so all, and then —forward!"

As the count ceased speaking, after a brief interval of muttered devotions, the men busied themselves in looking to their warlike gear, while, with the assistance of his Swabian squire, Hohenzollern donned the heavy helmet of the emperor, its golden crown gleaming luridly around the black steel in the moonlight. Presently, keeping well together, they all cantered gently down the road.

A half-mile farther the road sloped rapidly down the hill, crossed a brawling little stream, and wound through a narrow, craggy



THE BATTLE.

pass before it began the ascent of the hill on the other side. Beneath the shelter of the rock, and concealed among the trees, were perhaps one hundred and fifty valiant knights and seasoned men-at-arms, commanded by the Saxon prince in person. The escape of the Swabian had not been discovered, and they had no inkling that the soldiers they were waiting for were fully prepared to meet them.

As the count's men drew near, they rode with seeming carelessness, though had it been daytime their readiness for battle would have been discovered as soon as they came in sight. Each man was no less prepared, in fact, than were the liers-in-wait who hid in the pass. Swords were out, lances poised, massive battle-axes ready at the saddle-bow for the grasp of master hands. Shields were thrust protectingly forward on left arms as the whole band pricked gently along.

In the excitement of the coming moment Conrad scarcely even remembered Matilda; he completely forgot the king. The rocks cast deep shadows over the road. The knight and his squire, followed by the rest, plunged forward into the darkness. To carry out the effect of unsuspicion, Conrad laughed loudly, as if at some jest, as he entered the shadow. The hollow laughter from the helmet bars rang wildly among the crags and cliffs about them through the night. At the same instant a soldier on foot sprang out of the darkness and seized the count's horse.

"Halt!" he cried. "The way is—"

There was a shortening of a mighty arm, a swift thrust from a keen sword. The soldier, struck in the throat, uttered no cry, but fell backward, crashing upon the road, dragging the sword from Hohenzollern's hand. Another man instantly sprang up as if by magic out of nothing. He, too, barred the way. The Swabian cut him down. Now the tramp of horses was heard. On each side shadowy forms sprang from the darkness of the wood. The road seemed filled with men

ing men. The count seized his mighty battle-ax, an awful weapon for close quarters when backed by so powerful an arm.

"Yield you!" cried the foremost knight, spurring toward the count, sword in hand. "Resistance is useless; you are outnumbered. We want the king!"

"Take him, then!" shouted Hohenzollern, spurring his horse forward. Before the advancing knight could take his guard, the heavy ax whirled in the air and came crashing down upon the flat-topped helmet, fairly beating it into the man's shoulders. He reeled backward in the saddle, and, as his horse reared, fell to the ground dead. Concealment was at an end.

"Hohenstaufen!" roared the count, in a voice of thunder. "On them! The avalanche from the mountains! Forward, the stag! Strike for the king! A Waibling! A Waibling!"[1]

The astonished men in the ambush found themselves instantly beset by the bold attackers. The force of the unexpected onset drove them back from the narrow pass into the open road. Sword rang against sword; sparks flashed from the steel contact in the black night air. Shouting his war-cry again, and followed hard by the Swabian and the rest, Conrad sprang into the very midst of his foes. Whirling the great battle-ax about him as if it had been a toy, he beat down foeman after foeman. Bethinking himself after a while, even in the hurry of the fight, of his assumption of the crown, he changed his battle-cry into, "For the king! Barbarossa!"

The struggling men were not quiet in the darkness, either, and shouts of "The Lion of Saxony!" "A Welf! A Welf!"[1] mingled with the war-shouts of the devoted band; but as the combat continued, especially as the struggling men drifted across a bar of moonlight, the fewness of their numbers became apparent to the Saxons, who had given ground. They took heart, and under the vigorous leadership of Henry himself, who was in the front of his battle-line, they gradually overcame resistance.

When fully one half of Conrad's men had been slain, he himself, his horse being killed, was beaten down by battle-axes in half a dozen hands. The very numbers of his attackers gave him a certain immunity, and proved his salvation, since not one had room or space to get in a finishing blow. As he sank senseless to the ground, covered with wounds, resistance ceased, not because his own men yielded, but simply because they were overpowered by sheer weight of numbers.

Most of those who had survived the fray were bleeding from many wounds, and the number of the dead on the other side about equaled the number of Hohenzollern's men. Strange to say, the Swabian soldier, who had fought valiantly, had escaped all injury; but, with a design of his own, he lay upon the ground as if he were dead, and in the darkness and confusion again escaped notice.

When the battle was over, the Saxon duke sent for lights. One of his men raced back up the road for a short distance, where a fire had been built out of sight, and soon came back with an armful of pine torches. As they were distributed they lighted up a mournful scene. Though short, the mêlée had been fierce, and the ground was covered with dead and dying. The eye of the duke swiftly scanned the panting prisoners securely held by his men. The object of his search was not among them. Eagerly he peered at the bodies on the ground; in the dim light it was difficult to identify any of them.

In his impatience he turned to a man-at-arms standing by his side. This last was a swart, black-haired soldier. At the behest of the duke he preceded him, and the two, followed by the chief men of the duke's party, walked over the field of battle, scrutinizing each separate body carefully in an endeavor to identify them. Most of them the duke passed by as of little note, until presently they came to the spot where the count had fallen.

"Ha! what have we here?" cried the prince, snatching a torch from the nearest man-at-arms and holding it down to the ground. "By heavens, there is a crown upon the helmet! 'T is the Barbarossa—the emperor! and we have killed him! I meant not this. By the splendor of God! sirs, how came this to pass? 'T is untoward. And where lieth the Count Hohenzollern? You should know him; he was your master."

"I see him not, lord," answered the Italian. "He must have escaped. Perhaps he fled the field when he heard the combat."

"Thou liest, thou traitorous dog!" came a voice from the darkness. "He was a brave knight, and had he lived would have requited thy betraying treachery thus!"

The Swabian had sprung to his feet with the quickness of thought, and, before any one could intercept him, had seized the astonished Italian by the throat and struck at him viciously with his dagger, plunging the steel weapon again and again into his

[1] The beginning of the famous parties and war-cries "Guelf!" and "Ghibelline!"

body. Releasing the stricken man, he seized the reeking weapon by the blade, flung it full in the face of the duke, and before any one could stop him, with the shout, "This for the Barbarossa and the Hohenzollern!" he broke through the scattered line of men, and was lost in the darkness. Pursuit was useless, and after a few moments was given over.

The Saxon duke had lowered his head as the missile sped toward him, perhaps to look at the falling figure of the traitor, and the heavy hilt of the dagger struck the steel cap with which he had replaced his massive helmet. The force of the blow stunned him for a moment, and he staggered and would have fallen had not his men rushed to his assistance—all of which facilitated Dietrick's escape. The duke recovered himself presently, however, and bade those nearest him to look to the Italian.

"He 's dead, my liege," answered one of the knights, after a brief inspection. "He hath a dozen stabs upon him, any one deep enough to kill him."

"'T is well," replied the duke, disdainfully. "We use and profit by, but like not, a traitor. The dog were better dead. Look now to the king, and search eagerly for the Count Hohenzollern. I never heard he was a coward. He must be here. These are his men whom we have taken; they wear his cognizance. Know ye aught of your master, men?" he cried.

"He led us into the fray, as was his wont, lord," answered one of the soldiers, "and that 's all we know."

"He must have broken through, then; yet no one came near me in the road. Have you yet unhelmed the emperor?"

"In a moment, lord," cried the knights about the body.

Presently they cut the lacings and drew the helmet from the count's head. Again the duke thrust down the torch.

"By the mass!" he exclaimed, "here 's a strange mistake! We have failed, men. This is no emperor, yet he wears the imperial crown. These are the royal lions. Who is 't—"

"By your leave, sir," said one of the captives, bending forward, "'t is the Count Hohenzollern, whom we serve. Your Majesty sees now that he was no coward."

"No, faith! a stout warrior. But the emperor—was he not with you?"

"He was, sire, but—"

The soldier hesitated.

"Where, then, is he now?"

"Tell not, soldier!" cried a faint voice from the ground.

"Art thou alive, then?" said the duke, bending over the count. "Pity thou hadst not died on this field. The ban is over thee. But the emperor, where is he?"

"Seek, your Highness, and perhaps you may find to your disadvantage," replied Hohenzollern, raising himself slowly on his arms.

"That 's as may be; I 'll e'en be the judge of that," replied the duke. "I thought to take him here to-night; that you—"

"I divine your mind, Sir Saxon," said the count. "You thought, told by a base traitor, that I had taken the emperor; that you could kill me, and perchance him as well, in the hope that others would think that I, a banned man, had done it. And so you would fain wear the crown, sir! But I have beaten you, my lord. The king 's in safety, and I am still alive. By the mass! though somewhat stiff from wounds and weak from loss of blood, I think I could still strike a shrewd blow or two an I had a chance."

As he spoke he struggled to his feet, the faintness having passed somewhat from him; and though he trembled from his wounds, he nevertheless stood bold and gallant, facing the Saxon. The latter was in great perturbation and perplexity. He had made a bold stroke for empire, and it had failed. He shrewdly surmised that he too had been betrayed, and that word had been carried to the count of his enterprise, and that the count had taken this way of saving the king. He had disclosed his hand, made his attack, and got nothing for his pains. Things looked black for him.

He thought hard and intensely for a moment, and finally began to see light in the darkness of the situation. The natural place to which the emperor should have repaired was the castle of Voburg. In fact, the road down which the count had come led nowhere but there. The emperor would never roam the woods alone. He must be at the castle. He knew the emperor's army lay some eight miles away in the other direction. His own was much nearer. He would send a messenger to accelerate its march. If he should push forward to the castle with his present party, which would greatly outnumber any force in the castle or which the emperor had brought with him,—which must, he reasoned, have been inconsiderable, else the emperor never would have been captured by Hohenzollern,—he might yet be in time to seize his royal quarry and win the game. If his army reached the castle first they could easily

hold it and the king against the whole power of the empire. All was not lost!

In any event, it flashed upon him that he held a valuable piece in the person of Hohenzollern. The man had committed the crime of high treason. Actually he not only had drawn sword upon, but had captured, the emperor. It would be easy to say that word of this had come to him, and he had ridden forth that night to rescue the kaiser. The Italian, dead, could not contradict him. He would ride at full speed to the castle of Voburg. If he found Frederick alone he would take him. If, as was scarcely likely, he was surrounded by such force as to make it impracticable, he would win the king's favor by giving him the person of the count, and then bide his time for a better opportunity to strike. Henry the Lion might have been called Henry the Fox, so shrewd, so simple, so brilliant was this little plan that, in either event, did not appear to admit the possibility of failure.

"Art in the mood for riding, count?" he said at last.

"Yes, your Highness. I started out to ride the night, and though I did not count upon this little interruption, I trust I am able still to do my part."

"Some of you bind his hands behind his back with the belts of the dead soldiers there," said the duke.

"My lord," cried Hohenzollern, in surprised wrath, "this indignity to me, a belted knight, a soldier of the empire! My word—"

"Silence, sir! The word of a man under a ban is worth nothing. His Majesty's anger hath absolved you from your oaths. We take you back to Voburg as the most acceptable present to the Hohenstaufen. Mount him upon his horse, knaves. You, Sir Siegfried, ride back on the cross-road to the camp, and bid the Count Eginhard send a party here to bury the dead and look after the wounded, and then bid him carry out my order and move instantly toward the castle of Voburg with all our power, if he be not started, and to go at full speed, too. We go to do honor to the king. Take my signet as your warrant. As for the rest, a dozen of you guard the bound prisoners, and follow with them as fast as you can upon our path. Look to your horses, ye knights and gentles who accompany me; see that none of you take a wounded animal. Exchange them with those of the guard of the prisoners, and he that is not well mounted, let him stay behind. Now, then, form up, men; two of you take the bridle of

THE COUNTESS MATILDA CUTS THE BOND.

THE cavalcade swept on in the dark on the track of the emperor, the Countess Matilda, and old Degerberg. They rode at desperate speed, sparing nothing, and many, thrown aside by the killing pace, were left behind. Still, nearly a hundred reached the castle with the king. It wanted scarce an hour before the morning when they clattered over the drawbridge of Voburg. The pale grayness of the dawn laced the east already; the cresset torches burned dimly over the gate. All was silent as they drew rein in the courtyard. The steward and a few frightened domestics again peered out from their different hiding-places at the mail-clad figures as they dismounted from their exhausted steeds, but there was no sign of a soldier.

"This looks well for our plan," said the Saxon to himself, as, leaving a few men to attend to the horses, he led the way into the castle. No one barred their way as they ascended the steps, entered the massive portal, traversed the antechamber, and burst through the arras into the hall.

The Countess Matilda sat, as she had done before earlier in the evening, at the fireplace, gazing into the flames, a broken and dejected figure. By her side, still wearing the tunic of the Hohenzollern, stood the Emperor Barbarossa. Back of him, his ever-ready battle-ax in hand, was old Degerberg. Concealed behind the jutting elbow of the maw-like fireplace, stood the Swabian soldier. Seizing a riderless horse as he escaped, he had arrived a moment since and told the tale as he knew it, including the death of Hohenzollern in his news. By the emperor's order he remained hidden until summoned.

The first man to enter the room was the Duke of Saxony. Immediately following him was the Count of Hohenzollern, his head bare, his hands bound, and men-at-arms on each side of him holding a rope. His face was very pale, but he held his head up, and seemed for all the world like a mighty stag in leash.

After these two came a mixed array of knights and soldiers. They had laid aside their heavy war-helms, but all had drawn the hoods of their hauberks over their heads, and each wore the customary steel cap. Those who had swords had bared them, and those who bore battle-axes held them swinging lightly in hand. The shields of all were advanced as if to meet a foe. The light from the torches and the roaring fire was reflected from mirroring shields and burnished weap-

ons, and the room seemed full of shining blades. The little party halted, by the direction of their leader, at the lower end of the hall. The Saxon duke then motioned to the prisoner, and, followed by him, stepped forward nearer the fireplace.

As they advanced, the light fell full upon the prisoner. The Countess Matilda, absorbed in her own thoughts and filled with misery, had scarcely noticed their advent, and it was not until this moment that she discovered her lover. With a cry that made the black rafters ring, she sprang to her feet and gazed beyond the king at the noble figure of the count.

"Conrad!" she screamed. "Is it indeed thou, and alive? Praised be God!"

She sprang toward him, only to find her way barred by the blade of Henry the Lion.

"Alive yet, thank God! lady," cried Hohenzollern; "but in parlous case, I fear me. Strive not to come nearer. Presently—"

"My lord," said the Saxon duke, turning to the emperor, who had stood in perfect silence during the entrance and this little scene.

"Sheathe thy sword, prince, doff thy cap, and bend thy knee when thou approachest thy emperor!" he thundered forth imperiously.

Henry the Lion hesitated, not from fear, but because the time was not yet ripe for action. He was a wise prince, however, as well as a brave one, and he reflected that the form of allegiance to his emperor cost him nothing.

"My liege," he said, suiting the action to the word, "I bend the knee in homage; as for the cap, it fits my head as tightly as thy crown; and that I carry my bared sword, it hath been drawn this night in your Majesty's service."

"Right welcome news is that, Duke of the Saxons. I had not known thou wert so ready in my service. Whom have you here?"

"The sometime Count of Hohenzollern, my liege, a traitor under the empire's ban, whom I now deliver to your Majesty."

"And he wears the lions of the Hohenstaufen! By the rood! 't is strange! Hast thought of making thyself a Cæsar, Sir Count?"

"Sire," replied the count, smiling boldly, "'t is true that for an hour my head hath worn the circlet of the empire, and I trust the Saxon duke will bear witness that the heart that beat beneath them hath not disgraced the lions of thy vesture."

"He hath, indeed, borne himself right worthily in the fray, your Majesty," answered the Saxon, generously; "but that is to be expected in any of your Majesty's friends, even though they may have of late fallen into disfavor."

"This wearing of the crown, count, is a serious affair. 'T is a weighty bauble, and none but men of proof may essay it even for an hour. Is 't not so, Lion of Saxony?"

"True!" exclaimed Henry of Saxony, in some confusion. "It is indeed a heavy burden."

"So heavy, in fact, that some of my friends would fain relieve me of the pressure, hey, my Lord of Saxony?"

"So it would seem, sire," answered the duke, unsteadily, recovering his self-possession by a great effort, "since this landless, proscribed young man hath sought to do so."

"Aye, 't is true; and he was not alone in his attempt, I fancy."

"No, my liege. He had with him a score of as stout men-at-arms as ever set lance in rest or struck on shield; as many of my brave and loyal men have bit the dust this night and lie cold in the forest yonder—in thy behalf."

"Oh! in my behalf! And what of the other who would fain have taken the emperor?"

"What mean you, my liege?"

"Nothing, if the Duke of Saxony do not understand. But, I pray you, tell me of the adventure. I burn to know the story of your fight for me, that I may well reward your enterprise and prowess aright."

"There came one, my liege, to my camp this night, with news that this desperate adventurer had conspired to seize thy person—nay, that he had even done so, that he and his would seek asylum in the Schwarzwald which stretches beyond the castle wall. I knew a path which intercepted the road that should be taken. Summoning these gentle knights and valiant men-at-arms, I saddled with all speed and galloped forward, thinking to rescue your Majesty at the Witch's Dale. It happened as we had planned, save that your Majesty was not there, and by some yet unexplained chance the count had become aware of our purpose. Not less prepared than we, he boldly dashed into the pass. Our men, surprised, fell back; there was a fierce melley; but when the count was beaten down and one half of his men had fallen, we took the rest, and, glad at thy escape, have brought the traitor hither."

"A loyal tale, a noble deed; be sure that I shall requite it worthily, my lord. And did you not notice that the man whom you struck

down wore the imperial crown, and upon his breast ramped the lions of Hohenstaufen?"

"Nay, my liege, not until later; in the darkness and confusion attendant upon the battle, men struck at random."

"'T were fortunate, prince, that I was not there, then."

"Yes, your Majesty," returned the Saxon, confused again.

"Well, this is neither here nor there," returned the emperor, smiling. "The question is, What shall we do with this man?"

"I submit, your Majesty, that his fate is already decided."

"How so?"

"His life is doubly forfeit, lord, being banned and being traitor, having raised his hand against the emperor."

"And the penalty for this last, think you, should be?"

"Death, my liege."

"How say you, gentles all?" asked the emperor, turning to the knights. "Are ye all agreed to that?"

"Aye, my lord. Down with all traitors! 'T is death to strike against the emperor!" came in a great chorus from the men.

"'T is strange! Ye are all agreed, then? Yet would I condemn no man unheard, however great his crime. How say you, Conrad of Hohenzollern? Canst urge a plea? Wilt sue for mercy?"

"My lord," answered the count, simply, "to sue for mercy implies a fault, a crime. I have done naught but love a maiden, as any man might. And if I wooed somewhat too roughly for thee, yet I stoop not to bend the knee for that to any man—unless it be her father. I, guiltless, ask no mercy from any hand, though it sway the scepter of the world!"

"What wilt thou ask, then? For what dost thou plead?"

"My liege, for justice."

"Justice! A man under a ban? A man who has traitorously prisoned his emperor? Justice—"

"Even so."

"What mean you?"

"An thou dost not know, lord, I cannot tell thee."

"By the mass! count, justice thou shalt have, and so shall every one who asks it of Barbarossa; but before we pronounce sentence against thee for thy offense against our person, we fain would ask, is there any one here to act as thy advocate?"

"I am a man of few words, your Majesty," your Majesty would let your vengeance fall on me, so that my master go free, perchance justice might be satisfied, and your Majesty as well."

"I will think on thy noble offer," said Barbarossa, gravely. "Hath no one else here aught to urge?"

"My lord," said the Countess Matilda, "you cannot do this thing! The count is guilty of naught but loving me. Bethink you, sir; 't was I who grasped your arm in the hall, else had you ne'er been captured. Love blinds, they say, and when men love, sometimes they know not what they do. Aye, sire, he even blinds the emperor. Grant me that mercy for which the knight could not sue. Recall thy ring, sire. Thy feet have trodden in his life-blood upon the stricken field where he lay weltering before thee from the blow that, had he not been there, might have struck thee down. Wilt walk again in the blood of a faithful servant—nay, in mine? He hath risked his life many and many a time in thy service, and that this very night, as yonder double-dyed traitor, disgracing the Saxon roses on his breast, knoweth well!"

"By the splendor of God! lady," cried the Saxon, furiously, "thou art but a woman, yet were there a man of your blood to take up your quarrel, I 'd make him retract your aspersing words at this my sword's point!"

"Had I a weapon in my hand, nay, were these arms but unbound, with naked fists I 'd force thy words back in thy throat, thou false Saxon!" cried Conrad, struggling fiercely in his bonds.

"Countess Matilda, Henry of Saxony, peace between thee!" said the emperor, sternly. "I have heard all that hath been said. The ban must be carried out. Madam, you may execute our royal will. You wear a dagger at your waist. Approach the count and strike him where you will."

It was a cruel thing to say, yet the emperor smiled graciously at her as he uttered these strange words—a smile that she alone saw, that she alone understood.

With a woman's quick instinct, she sprang forward, her eyes bright with anticipation.

Murmurs arose from the knights and men-at-arms in the hall. Even the Saxon duke stepped forward.

"My liege," he said, "it were not meet to make a woman thy executioner when men are here."

"The privilege is mine, and I embrace it," cried Matilda, as she reached the side of Hohenzollern.

He faced her uplifted dagger, smiling.

"Strike hard and swift, sweet," he said. "Death were welcome from thy hand."

"My liege," said the countess, encircling Count Conrad in her arms, "you bade me strike where I will. I thank thee, and I cut the bonds. Take thou the dagger, Conrad. Now, one blow for me, and then for thee, and we defy the empire!"

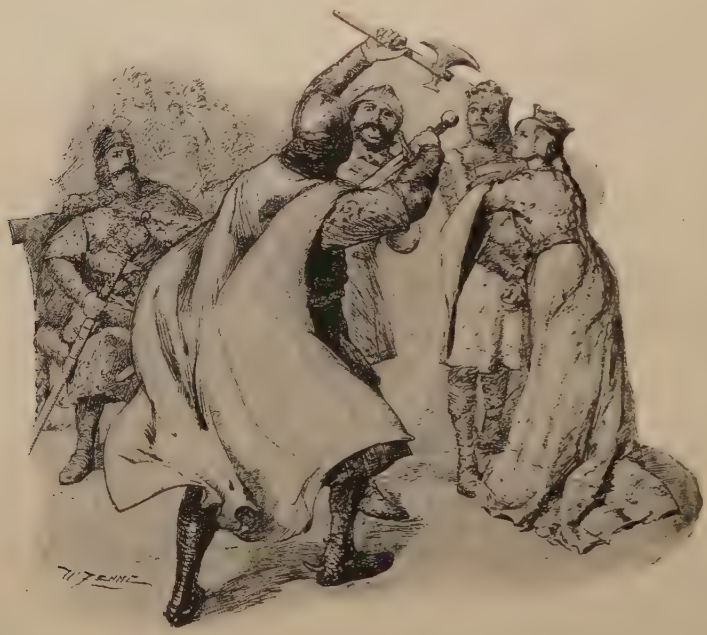
"Nay, then," cried Henry of Saxony, promptly, "I myself will do the emperor's will, since the woman fails. Stand aside, madam. Have at thee, count!"

periled my life and lost my men to rescue thee? What shall I have?"

"Justice, too. Swabian, stand forth. Knowest thou this man, Henry Welf? Dietrick, what heardst thou at the Saxon's tent this night?"

"I heard the Saxon Lion yonder plan to seize thy person, master, to kill thee, if need be, in the fray, and lay the blame upon the Count of Hohenzollern there."

"Thou caitiff dog!" shouted Duke Henry, in furious wrath.



"THE BLADE OF THE DUKE WAS SHIVERED AGAINST THE BATTLE-AX OF OLD DEGERBERG."

He raised his sword and sprang forward. Matilda threw herself across the breast of Hohenzollern to meet the stroke, but like a black thunderbolt a mighty form sprang between, and the blade of the duke was shivered against the battle-ax of old Degerberg.

"No one strikes the Hohenzollern," he roared in mighty voice, "while I am alive!"

He turned and faced the duke, shield out, ax up.

"A sword—for God's love give me a weapon!" cried the count, striving to unclasp Matilda's arms.

"Ah!" cried the emperor. "Well played indeed, Degerberg. Give back, Saxon! I reprieve the count. I revoke the ban. I suspend judgment. He shall, indeed, have justice!"

"And what of me, my lord, who hath

"Silence!" roared Barbarossa. "And what then?"

"I rode away and warned the count, and the rest your Majesty knows."

"What sayest thou to this, Henry of Saxony? Have a care, sir," continued Barbarossa. "Sully not thy knightly lips with falsehood. Add not lies to treason, for I believe this man. You struck at the royal crown when worn by the count yonder, and if I had been beneath it, I wot well I would have felt the blow. More than this, I learn that the power of Saxony in battle array is marching with all speed toward this place. Thou hast not acknowledged, save by the temporary service of bended knee here in this hall, our election as the emperor of this great realm. I know thou hast been disaf-

fected, recalcitrant, rebellious. Perhaps thou too wouldst wear the crown? I see it all. This knight here did indeed raise his hand against his sovereign; but when the hour of peril came, he forgot his just grievance against his monarch—aye, I said just. He remembered only his duty toward his king, his affection for his sometime friend, and he did but wear the crown to save me from thy sword. What hast thou to say? What canst thou answer? What doth he deserve that raiseth hand against the king? What saidest thou, and ye? Is 't not death? Was it not so, gentles all? I have your words for it, given but a moment since in this very hall. Shalt suffer death, then! Down on thy knees again, Lion of Saxony, and beg, not for justice, but for my mercy!"

"AS HAPPY AS A KING!"

"Not so, my liege," answered the duke, composedly, having thought quickly while Frederick was speaking. "The enterprise is yet mine. I am still the master player, and these," pointing to his startled men, "are my counters which shall win the game. I deny nothing. I have not acceded to thy election to the empire, and I will not. The rose of Saxony bears nothing but thorns for the Lion of Hohenstaufen. I lie not, on my knightly faith. I did intend to capture thee and lay the blame upon this poor puppet, the sport of kings, when he had been killed. But that Swabian traitor yonder, with whom I shall presently deal, hath balked the scheme. Natheless, 't is not too late. Thou art here alone. I make thee a prisoner, sir. An you surrender peaceably, I may yet spare your life, and if the Lady Matilda seek a spouse, why, the wolf of Voburg may find it not unmeet to wed the roses of my Saxon land—especially when they overshadow the world."

"Thou, too, hast ambitions, then," said the kaiser, calmly smiling, "and art in love as well! Thou seest I am alone—"

"The king is not alone when I am here!" burst out Hohenzollern, suddenly springing to the side of the king and snatching sword and shield from the wall.

"And I go with my master!" cried old Degerberg, suiting action to word.

"And I still can strike a blow!" exclaimed the Swabian soldier, whipping out his blade.

Meanwhile the emperor, who seemed in no way alarmed, had beckoned to the Lady Matilda. He had whispered a word or two in her ear, and, in obedience to a seeming order, she had run unhindered to the window at the other end of the hall. She opened it and stood listening a moment, gazing out into the night, and presently came back smiling and nodding to the emperor, in time to hear Henry the Lion say, as he witnessed the defiant bearing of the three soldiers surrounding Barbarossa:

"Your Majesty is a bold swordsman, and we have tested the mettle of at least one of your defenders this night. If your Majesty persists in defiance, many good men will bite the dust; but the end is not less certain. We are an hundred to four. Your Majesty is a statesman as well as a warrior. Yield, I pray, and I promise fair treatment to all."

"And the crown of empire?"

"Perchance it may lodge upon a worthier head when thou hast lost it, fair lord."

"And that I shall never do!" exclaimed the king, boldly.

"At your peril, then!" cried the Saxon. "My lieges, forward!"

"Stop!" cried the emperor. "Do ye not hear the trampling of horse? Troops approaching! Hark! The thunder of hoofs upon the drawbridge! Now they cross the courtyard. Listen! They mount the stairs—they are in the antechamber! Dost hear?"

Voices outside, growing nearer, roared out the king's name.

"The king!"

"A Hohenstaufen!"

"The Emperor Frederick!"

"The king! The king!"

"To me! To Barbarossa!" suddenly cried Frederick, lifting his powerful voice and sending it vibrating through the castle.

There was a ringing of steel, a crashing of armor, a sound of many feet, without the hall. The emperor raised his voice still higher, shouting:

"Treachery! Treachery! We are attacked! This way, my men!"

As he spoke, a perfect avalanche of men, armed to the teeth, poured into the hall from every door. The Saxons found themselves outnumbered five to one. They were overpowered before they had time to strike a blow, and, with Henry the Lion, they were made prisoners on the instant.

At the head of the emperor's forces came Baron Eckhardt in full armor, helmet down.

"We are in time, your Majesty, thank God! I would I had a draught of wine, sire!" he panted out from between the bars, as he knelt at the emperor's feet.

"In the very nick of time, faithful friend," replied the king, smiling at him; "and the

wine later. What force brought you with you?"

"Five hundred knights and men-at-arms, sire."

"And the main body of the army?"

"They are on the march now at full speed."

"Raise the drawbridge, then. By your leave, Lady Matilda, we take your castle but to hold it for this night. Close the gates and man the walls. Put everything in posture for defense. My Lord of Saxony, I doubt not, will have his men here betimes. 'T is a prudent, far-seeing prince, and we must make ready for them. Well, sir, you have played your game right valiantly and well, and, as you see, have lost."

"Your Majesty is right," replied the Saxon, gloomily. "I have hazarded all upon the throw, and the main is over. I repine not. I tender your Majesty my sword."

"Wouldst not rather wear it in my service, duke, than surrender it to my hand?" asked the emperor, kindly.

"Can that be so, sire?"

"Know, O Saxon," he replied, "that you alone of the electors of the empire have not acknowledged me as emperor. There are other nobles who refuse, but for them I care not much. But you—I would give much to win your puissant sword and cunning brain to my cause—the cause of Germany; and I would fain not begin with bloodshed a reign from which I hope so much. Even though you merit not my clemency, duke, upon my faith, I will extend it, and with it give thee back Bavaria."

"I do not sue for it, sire," said the proud Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Nay, then, I give it freely. Thou hast been my enemy; be my friend, and Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Lion together shall rule the empire—nay, the world! With thee to help me, and these gallant knights and noble lords to follow on, we will have here an empire so just that the meanest peasant that speeds the plow may not be defrauded of his simplest right. What say you? Wilt be my friend? I will forget all that has passed this night. Speak! the emperor stoops not to offer twice."

"My liege, thou hast a noble and a generous heart," said the Saxon duke, impulsively kneeling at his feet and catching his hand, overcome by this magnanimity. "Thou hast won me. I am doubly conquered. I swear to thee, upon my knightly honor, I will be to thee a loyal servitor and friend. My men, cry with me, 'Life and health to our emperor!'"

"Now thou art a man indeed, fair cousin of Saxony and Bavaria," cried Barbarossa, well pleased at this bloodless victory. "Rise, sir. Unbind them all, Baron Eckhardt; they are our friends. Open the gates; lower the drawbridge. The emperor needs no bars to protect him from his loyal subjects of Saxony. Post men upon the roads, Eckhardt, lest the two armies should unwittingly come to blows. We ourselves, with our brother of Saxony, will presently visit his camp. You see, I trust thee, sir."

"And thou wilt find me worthy, sire," answered the grateful Saxon.

"And hath the king no further word for me?" asked the Countess Matilda.

"Ha, countess! What would you of me?"

"I would have your Majesty remember," she replied.

"What mean you?"

"Recall thy ring, sire. Thou hast it back; wilt not redeem thy knightly pledge?"

"Thou wouldst have a boon of me?"

"Aye, sire."

"What is that?"

"The life of the Count of Hohenzollern."

"Take it freely, lady, and do you keep this ring," he replied promptly, returning it to her with a low bow. "Perchance thou shalt ask of me another favor for, it may be, thy son, in future days. Ho! ho! Comes the red to thy cheek at the thought of that! Count of Hohenzollern, you tore up the ban; the riven parchment lies still within the hall. Bring it hither. See, I put it in the fire. Thou art restored to all thy dignities, and hast place once more in our affection. Thou hast bravely borne the Hohenstaufen lions. Quarter them with thine own arms in memory of thy service. 'T is our royal will. But, count, a word: steal no more emperors; and—it might be well for thee and thy noble wife to avoid our person for a space. By the mass! man, we can control our will, but by no means enforce our heart. An thou wouldst preserve thy wife, sir, take advice: take her away. Far to the north lies the fair city of Nuremberg. Go thou there, and as our burgrave hold it loyally for us."

"Your Majesty speaks like a man, like a friend, like a brother, and not less like an emperor, and I swear to deserve thy kindness. My house is thine, sire, and thou hast no more loyal subject than the Hohenzollern!" cried the count, kneeling in homage to his liege.

"I believe thee, friend. Is there any one else who would ask aught of the emperor?"

His glance roamed about the apartment, and fell upon the form of Dietrick.

"You, Swabian? Wilt stay with me in my body-guard?"

"Nay, lord; hereabout is too near, just now, to the Lion of Saxony, and perchance I might feel his paw. Nay, sire; by your leave, not with thee. But will the noble Count of Hohenzollern take me?" said the Swabian, turning to the count.

"My word, I will, soldier," answered Hohenzollern, promptly; "an thou serve me faithfully, thou wilt serve the emperor well."

"Right," said the emperor. "Take this purse; go with him. Look to his advancement, count. And thou, faithful Degerberg, what for thee?"

"Nothing, sire."

"Tush, man! Thou didst lay hands upon us. Know that no base-born hand may touch the emperor's person. Kneel thou before me! Thy sword, count," he cried.

As old Degerberg, wondering, knelt before the smiling emperor, Barbarossa struck him three light blows over the shoulder.

"Rise," he cried after the royal accolade, "Sir Wilhelm von Degerberg! The same rescript that makes your master burgrave of Nuremberg makes you his lieutenant-governor. I will provide estate to carry that 'von,' and may you live long to serve both me and him."

"By St. Bennet!" cried the delighted old Degerberg. "I never looked to be a noble; but that was well done, your Majesty. Long live our Kaiser Fritz Redbeard!" he shouted, and a great cry of acclamation came swelling through the hall.

"That 's well," said the king. "Now, gentles all, I would be alone awhile. Put out the torches. Leave me. Baron Eckhardt knows where the wine is kept. I bid you away from the room. See! the day breaks; night is over."

One by one, beginning with the least and ending with the highest, the great company withdrew from the hall. Count Hohenzollern and Matilda were at last left alone with the emperor.

"Your Majesty," said the count, "hath dealt very nobly with us, and your Majesty shall find that we are not ungrateful."

"You shall be married in the morning," said the king, "and start upon your way at once. I forget all that has passed, and I forgive as I would fain be forgiven. Lady Matilda, your hand."

"Nay, my lord, for this time, on the lips —thou hast won the right."

The king's face flushed as he bent his head in response to the gracious permission and fervently kissed the countess.

"Farewell," he said, "brave heart and beauteous lady! You little know what I have given up—what this night hath cost me."

As the hanging dropped behind the retreating lovers, the emperor sank down in a chair by the table and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Alone," he murmured sadly, at last— "alone, and as happy as a king!"

THE END.

FOUR NEGRO SONGS.

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE POSSUM AND THE COON.

EF yuh has seed de possum, boss,
  Yuh sho won't trust 'im far:
He looks es gentle es Sister Sal
  When de pahson 's a-leadin' in pra'r;
En all of er sudden he 's up en turnt
  (When yuh 's totin' 'im desso),
En fastened 'is jaws to de calf er yo' leg—
  Den, Sadie, bar de do'!

Den, Sadie, bar de do', my gal!
O Sadie, bar de do'!



"EN FASTENED 'IS JAWS TO DE CALF ER YO' LEG."

'S fer me, I 'd ruther hab de coon,
  'Ca'se he 's jis wut he is:
He don't hab no dog nosin' his ribs
  Whilst he lay still, lak dis;
But all de time, lak Sister Sal
  When de preachin' is over en gone,
He 's es sassy en mean es a hongry cur
  A-gwineter bury his bone.

Den, Sadie, keep de do,' my gal,
En be sho to hol' yo' own!

One day I seed 'em jine in fight,
  Lak Sister Sal en me:
Lord, boss, hit wus de ongawdlies' sight
  Dat eber dis nigger did see!
Br'er Possum he lay dar, 's if he sleep;
  Br'er Coon he sniff 'im er li'l',
En den he snag Br'er Possum lak
  De teeth er yo' ol' sawmill!

O Sadie, lock de do', my gal,
En prop hit wid er sill!

Br'er Possum, fer common, don't lose his head;
  He kin stan' 'mos' any trile;
But he thought he 'us struck by er young slycoon,[1]
  En 'e clean fergit to smile.
Whoop, boss, yuh oughter been dar yusse'f
  When dat possum woke up wide!
Hit 'us *wussen* Sal, when he made his teeth
  Some sockets in Br'er Coon's hide!

O Sadie, stan' ag'in' de do',
En pull de string inside!

[1] Cyclone.



"BUT DAT DEBBLISH POSSUM, ES FAT ES HE WUS, WE NEBER YIT AIN'T FOUN'."

De coon he flounce en flop en flam;
De possum he jis hol' on,
Ontwel I seed ef hit stayed dat way
De coon wus sholy gone.
Lak Sal says, I ain' de man to see
De hypercrite git on top;
So den 's when I turnt ol' Tige erloose
Dat scan'lous fight to stop.

O Sadie, stan' en hol' dat do'
Twell we makes de nex' year's crop.

Tige made er dive into de fray;
Den green eyes, fur, en fuss!
Whoop, turn 'im, Tige!—I kin see 'm now!—
But things allus goes fer de wuss,
'Ca'se, when dat dust 'us settled, dar
War de dead coon on de groun';
But dat debblish possum, es fat es he wus,
We neber yit ain't foun'.

O Sadie, turn de do' erloose.
Hit ain't wo'th while. Se' down.

PROFESSION *VS.* PRACTICE.

AUNT RACHEL JANE AND HER PICCANINNIES.

SCENE: *Small cotton-patch about a cabin.*

Now, Grover Clevelan', here I is
Er-hoein' cotton de whole year roun',
En fas' es I gits hit clean, yuh wants
To roll in de dirt en mash hit down.

I ain' gwine work in no sich style;
I 'd jis es soon hab er storm er hail.
Don't yuh know de winter 'll come some day
En ketch yuh out in yo' same shirt-tail?

Here 's de pills fer yuh, boy—dat en dat!—
Bawl, den! bawl, wid yo' fis' in yo' eye!
Yuh 'll git wuss remedies, 'f yuh don't look sha'p.
Git outer de patch ef yuh boun' to cry!

(*Singing*) Lawd, trus' de chilluns in my han's,
In my han's, in my han's!
Trus' de little chilluns in my han's,
En sweetly dey will rest.
Lawd, let de little uns—



"TO ROLL IN DE DIRT EN MASH HIT DOWN."

Yuh, Benjermun Frankelin General Grant,
  Wut is yuh doin' in de shed?
Done scared dat blue hen offen 'er nes'!
  Well, de po'house 's all I sees erhead.

De mo' yuh grows, de mo' yuh gits
  Jis lak dat triflin' nigger man,
Yo' daddy, loaf'n' all day at de still
  (Es ef he wus er turpentime han'!)

En er-comin' home at night to eat,
  Wid nothin' in his lazy fis'.
Ef yuh don't men' yo' meddlin' ways,
  Yuh 's gwine be lak yo' dad, yuh is!

(*Singing*) Lawd, lemme teach de chilluns how,
    Teach 'em how, teach 'em how
  To honor deir daddy en mammy now,
    Fo' hit gwine be too late,
  Too late, too late, gwine be too late
    To git in de golden—

Dar! dat beats all dat 's happened yit!
  Jis look wut Neebuckineezar 's done
W'ilst I wus down at de yudder eend!
  He pullt up ebery single one

Er dem calamis-roots (de conju' cyore)
  En prince's-feathers en jimson-weeds.
I sot 'em out dat long-pas' year
  When Marse John's cow mire' down in de reeds.

Dar ain' no way but to beat yuh-all,
  Grove en Ben en Neeb, all three.
Come right erlong, now! I 'll tan yo' hides
  Wid de limbs f'om offer dat ol' peach-tree.

(*Singing*) Lawd, let de chilluns come unter me,
    Come unter me, come unter me,
  Let de little chilluns come unter me,
    En dey shall sho 'ceive peace!

THE STOLEN MELON.



"YUH LOW-DOWN COON! TAKE DAT MILLION OUT!"

Yuh, Bill! yuh need n' be sneakin' erway,
  Fer yo' mammy 's done seed yuh dodgin' erroun',
Yuh low-down coon! Take dat million out
  En lay hit dar by de crib on de groun'.

Now lemme tell yuh, I knows right whar
  Dat million growed in de squire's fence jam—
Yuh, Bill! don't lie! I *seed* hit dar!
  Don't yuh open yo' mouf, er I 'll hit yuh, bam!

I 's tired er preachin' en preachin', I is,
  En scrubbin' to yearn my honus' bread,
W'ilst yuh 's er-nosin' erbout in de weeds,
  Er-gwine des so wid yo' rat-snake head,

Huntin' er millions in yudder folks' fiel's!
  I 's er good min' to whale yuh, big es yuh is,
En tell de pahson to stan' at de gate
  Wid Peter, en head yuh outen bliss.

Jis gimme dat knife. Does yuh hear me, Bill?
  Han' it right here, er I 'll knock yuh flat!
Not 'ca'se I laks de pesky thing,
  Not 'ca'se I 'm hongry, mind yuh dat—

To make yuh travel fer yo' sin
I 's gwineter eat dis million up,
Es slow en temptin' es I kin;
En yuh stan' dar, lak er sheepy pup,

En hear de juice er-gurglin' down
Clean th'ough yo' mammy's goozle quill,
En watch 'er lick 'er mouf, lak dis,
En shake 'erse'f en grin er li'l'.

I sees hit now, er-layin' dar:
Two ha'ves es red es yo' Sunday tie,
En cool es ice—oh, gimme de knife!
Lawd, boy, be quick, 'r I 'll sholy die!

Now, look at dat! Jis look fer shame!
Did Hanner hab dat triflin' chile,
En raise 'im wid two shirts er year,
En er plug tobaccer once 'n er while?

Wus 't her dat had dat crazy coon,
Dat nigger so ongawdly mean
He stolt er million en fotch it home,
En never knowed dat hit wus green?

Look here, nigger, don't yuh know—
Yuh 's no mo' sense 'en er hick'ry chunk!—
Dat er green un allus will go *plank*,
En er ripe un allus will go *plunk?*

Now, ain't dis here a purty come-off?
W'ilst makin' yuh drink yo' bitter cup,
I 's got so hongry en thirsty, I is,
Dat I 'most could eat dis green un up.

Don't steal no mo'; but ef yuh does,
Show dat yuh 's wiser 'en I thunk,
By fetchin' f'om de 'simmon-tree patch
A million dat won't say nothin' but *plunk*.

THE CATFISH.

(BANJO SONG.)



"EN 'E 'LL HANG TWELL GAB'EL BLOW DE SILBER HO'N!"

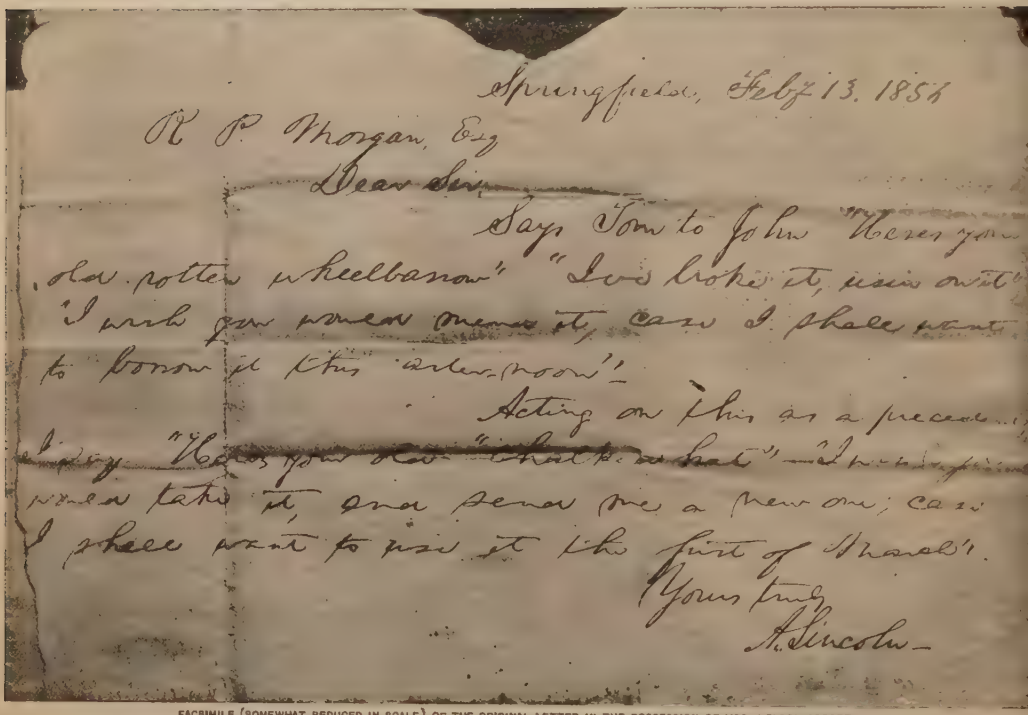
Oh, de trout am good, but 'e want er live bait,
En de jack 'e 's er leetle bit better,
En de pike 'e 's sweet, but 'e gits dar late
En 'e oon't stay hung on de setter.
But de fish dat bites w'en de moon gits slim
En de possum 's up de 'simmon-tree
Am de catfish—oh, t'ank de Lawd fer him!
Fer de cat am de fish fer me.

De cat am de fish fer me, my gal!
De cat am de fish fer me!
He 'll swaller any bait 'e c'n git 'is peepers on,
He 'll swim all night w'en de udder fish 's gone,
En 'e 'll hang twell Gab'el blow de silber ho'n!
Oh, de cat am de fish fer me!

De goggle-eye he een't noth'n' but ribs,
En de brim een't noth'n' but scales,
De eel 's fust cuss'n to de snek, 'r I fibs,
En de tarpin 's all haids en tails:
So de unly good fish, de unly fat fish,
En de unly fish fitten fer me,
Am de good ol' cat on er tin-can dish,
Wid er onion en sassyfrac tea!

CHARACTERISTIC GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN.

I. LINCOLN'S APPLICATION FOR A RAILWAY-PASS.



Springfield, Feb'y 13. 1854

R. P. Morgan, Esq

Dear Sir

Says Tom to John "Have you seen my old rotten wheelbarrow" "I've broke it, run over it myself" "I wish you would mend it, can I shall want to borrow it this afternoon".

Acting on this as a precedent I say "Have you seen my ~~chalked hat~~ hat" "I've broke it myself" "I wish you would take it, and send me a new one; can I shall want to use it this forenoon".

Yours truly

A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE (SOMEWHAT REDUCED IN SCALE) OF THE ORIGINAL LETTER IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. NELSON ABBOTT.

A LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD.

In a brief account of the history of the above letter, Mrs. S. Marion Douglass of Mansfield, Ohio, writes that the late Nelson Abbott told her that as a boy of seventeen, in 1863, he was employed in the general offices of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, at Bloomington, Illinois. One day his duties took him to the company's warehouse, where, in a box of old papers, he found this Lincoln letter, which had been written seven years earlier to Mr. R. P. Morgan, the president of the company. Mrs. Douglass reminds us that "a pass is known to railroad men as 'a chalked hat,'" and she infers that Lincoln was at the time a member of the Illinois legislature, and thereby, according to custom, was favored with a pass. On this point the late John G. Nicolay (Lincoln's private secretary, and, with Colonel John Hay, author of the Lincoln "Life") wrote: "Mr. Lincoln was not a member of the legislature in 1856. He had been elected in 1854, but resigned before it met in January, 1855, and was not afterward a member. It is probable that he was an attorney of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and received his passes on that score. The letter has never been printed, to my knowledge."—EDITOR.

II. LINCOLN AND KENTUCKY.

BY CICERO T. SUTTON.

STATE pride has always been strong in Kentucky, and when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860, the Kentucky blood, which had become superheated in the preliminary conflict, was cooled in some degree by the fact that he was a native of Kentucky.

Nevertheless, there were violent spirits who said he was a traitor to the land that gave him birth. Removal from the State, though embracing the longest absence, was held not to absolve the Kentuckian from the allegiance which he owes his birthplace. A Kentuckian must always be for Kentucky and stand by her, right or wrong.

Still there were some who held to the

inviolability of the individual, their creed being that Kentucky should stand by the Kentuckian, within certain limits. It was this element which could not repress the feeling of pride that a native had been honored. While they regretted that Lincoln had cast in his lot with the "Abolitionists," he was still theirs by ties that could not be dissolved.

Samuel Haycraft of Elizabethtown was one of those who held to the latter creed. Born in the place of his residence in 1795, he was fourteen years old when, in the same county, Abraham Lincoln saw the light. His father was one of the first settlers of the State, and a man of wealth for that day, and frequently gave employment to Thomas Lincoln, the father of the future President. Samuel, in his earliest boyhood, knew him well, and the acquaintance was kept up until the removal of the elder Lincoln from the State. Mr. Haycraft was clerk of the county and circuit courts of Hardin County from a date soon after his majority until 1850. Thomas Lincoln lived in Hardin County in 1805, and while on a visit to Mordecai Lincoln, in Washington County, met and married Nancy Hanks, an orphan, who lived with a cousin, Frank Berry, a prosperous farmer, whose home was near Springfield. The marriage license was issued in Springfield, June 10, 1805, as appears of record, and the following certificate of return is shown:

I certify that on the 22d of September, 1805, I solemized the rites of matrimony between Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks. JESSE HEAD D. M. E. C.

In the handwriting of the venerable clerk is the indorsement:

License bond dated 10 June, 1805. Why he got his license three months before he was married is a mystery.

After the marriage Thomas and Nancy Lincoln removed to Elizabethtown, and here their first child, a daughter, was born in 1807. Young Haycraft was frequently at their house, and as Thomas, at that day, was not too industrious, the boy found him a genial companion in many of his youthful sports.

Presuming on this acquaintance, Mr. Haycraft in 1860 wrote to Abraham Lincoln, and received the following reply:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS, May 28, 1860.

HON SAM'L HAYCRAFT.

DEAR SIR: Your recent letter, without date, is received. Also the copy of your speech on the contemplated Daniel Boone monument, which I have not yet had time to read. In the main you are right about my history. My father was Thomas Lincoln, and Mrs. Sally Johnston was his second wife. You are mistaken about my mother. Her maiden name was Nancy Hanks. I was not born at Elizabethtown, but my mother's first child, a daughter, two years older than myself, and now long since deceased, was. I was born February 12, 1809, near where Hogginsville [Hodgensville] now is, then in Hardin county. I do not think I ever saw you, though I very well know who you are—so well that I recognized your handwriting, on opening your letter, before I saw the signature. My recollection is that Ben Helm was first clerk, that you succeeded him, that Jack Thomas and William Farleigh graduated in the same office, and that your handwritings were all very similar. Am I right?

My father has been dead near ten years; but my step-mother, (Mrs. Johnston,) is still living.

I am really very glad of your letter, and shall be pleased to receive another at any time. Yours very truly A LINCOLN.

Mr. Haycraft answered immediately, inviting Mr. Lincoln to visit Kentucky as his guest. In reply he received the following:

PRIVATE

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS, June 4, 1860

HON. SAML. HAYCRAFT.

DEAR SIR: Your second letter, dated May 31st is received. You suggest that a visit to the place of my nativity might be pleasant to me. Indeed it would. But would it be safe? Would not the people Lynch me?

The place on Knob creek, mentioned by Mr. Read, I remember very well; but I was not born there. As my parents have told me, I was born on Nolin, very much nearer Hodgins' Mill than the Knob creek place is. My earliest recollection, however, is of the Knob creek place.

Like you, I belonged to the Whig party from its origin to its close. I never belonged to the American party organization; nor ever to a party called a Union party; though I hope I neither am, or ever have been, less devoted to the Union than yourself or any other patriotic man.

It may not be altogether without interest to let you know that my wife is a daughter of the late Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky., and that a half-sister of hers is the wife of Ben Hardin Helm, born and raised at your town, but residing at Louisville now, as I believe. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

The opening sentences of this letter show that Abraham Lincoln understood the fierce passions that even then filled the breasts of his more implacable political opponents; but subsequent statements show that by "the people" he meant only those, and not Kentuckians in general, whom he ever held in

the respect which was their due, and toward whom he showed the kindly feeling which made up so large a part of his great nature.

During the second week of August, 1860, the correspondent of a New York paper arrived in Springfield, Illinois. After a day spent with Mr. Lincoln he wrote to his paper that an attempt had been made to inveigle Mr. Lincoln to Kentucky for the purpose of doing him violence. The statement was made as coming from Mr. Lincoln himself, and its effect in Kentucky may well be imagined. It was a gratuitous insult thrown at a chivalrous people, and was resented as such. Mr. Haycraft was deeply hurt. He felt that he had been misunderstood by Mr. Lincoln, and his opinion of that gentleman was by no means heightened. Frank and open himself, he thought that a suspicious man could not be wholly a good man. Mr. Lincoln had indeed expressed to him a fear of the result should he visit Kentucky, but that had not prepared him for the shock which the newspaper article gave him and his friends. Their verdict was that Abraham Lincoln was not only an apostate, but otherwise an unworthy man.

The instant the New York paper fell under Mr. Lincoln's eye he remembered his Kentucky friend, and lost not a moment in writing him the following letter, which cemented their strong and lasting friendship:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Aug. 16, 1860.

HON SAML. HAYCRAFT.

MY DEAR SIR: A correspondent of the New-York Herald, who was here a week ago, writing to that paper, represents me as saying I had been invited to visit Kentucky, but that I suspected it was a trap to inveigle me into Kentucky in order to do violence to me. This is wholly a mistake. I said no such thing. I do not remember, but possibly I did mention my correspondence with you. But very certainly I was not guilty of stating, or insinuating, a suspicion of any intended violence, deception or other wrong, against me, by you, or any other Kentuckian. Thinking the Herald correspondence might fall under your eye, I think it due to myself to enter my protest against the correctness of this part of it. I scarcely think the correspondent was malicious, but rather that he misunderstood what was said. Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

This letter lifted a load fom the hearts of Mr. Haycraft and his friends, but the harm had been done. The newspaper article had circulated far and wide, while the quick and noble denial was restricted to a narrow circle. During the entire war the feeling that the President had slandered the State rankled in the hearts of thousands of its citizens, and the injury was never forgotten.

Another letter quickly followed, which was more personal and more energetic:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Aug. 23, 1860

HON SAM'L HAYCRAFT.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 19th just received. I now fear I may have given you some uneasiness by my last letter. I did not mean to intimate that I had, to any extent, been involved or embarrassed by you; nor yet to draw from you anything to relieve myself from difficulty. My only object was to assure you that I had not, as represented by the Herald correspondent, charged you with an attempt to inveigle me into Kentucky to do me violence. I believe no such thing of you or of Kentuckians generally; and I dislike to be represented to them as slandering them in that way. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

This emphatic letter was accepted in the spirit in which it was written, and Samuel Haycraft, quiet, prudent, and forceful as a Union Democrat, did much to keep Kentucky true to the flag. Mr. Lincoln wrote many times to the Kentucky friend whom he had never seen. One more letter is given to show the feelings of the newly elected President, who, though pressed beyond measure for time, found the opportunity to write:

Private and confidential.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Nov. 13, 1860.

HON SAMUEL HAYCRAFT,

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 9th is just received. I can only answer briefly. Rest fully assured that the good people of the South, who will put themselves in the same temper and mood towards me which you do, will find no cause to complain of me.

While I cannot, as yet, make any committal as to offices, I sincerely hope I may find it in my power to oblige the friends of Mr. Wintersmith. Yours, very truly, A LINCOLN.

The Mr. Wintersmith referred to was appointed postmaster at Elizabethtown; and this was the beginning of a series of favors bestowed by the President on his friend, or rather on that friend's friends, for Mr. Haycraft never asked anything for himself. His was a character much like Lincoln's—honest, manly, incorruptible. He died in 1878, and his greatest pride was that Abraham Lincoln had reckoned him among his friends.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT COSTER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



THE BUILDING OF A CATHEDRAL

BY ROGER RIORDAN.

WITH PICTURES BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

THE position of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, dominating the heights above Morningside Park and, consequently, the entire city, has inspired the architects, Messrs. Heins and La Farge, to create a church edifice at once massive and aspiring. The eternal rock itself will be the base from which tower and pinnacle and spire will soar upward. Even now, seen from the bend of the elevated road, the existing great arch (seen in the heading of this article) seems to take possession of the hill, the other buildings upon it—those of Columbia College, St. Luke's Hospital, the Teachers' College—having almost a subsidiary aspect.

There are to be four of these great arches, which are to support the central tower and spire. The smaller, segmental arches, seen in the illustration, are to serve as buttresses, not for the existing great arches, but for the lateral arches still to be built.

These important structural features will disappear in the finished work, for they will be built into the walls of the nave, choir, and transepts. The arches already built will form part of the walls of the choir, which it is intended to finish in advance of the rest of the building.

The piers for the other great arches are shown in the foreground of Mr. Vanderhoof's picture; the foundations have been laid between the Belmont Chapel, now nearing completion, at the back of the choir, and the point where the nave begins. A vast deal more work has been done than meets the eye, for these foundations have been covered up to make a level road-bed for the trucks that convey the stone to the part of the work now in progress.

The Belmont Chapel, projecting from the rear of the apse, is seen, though not so plainly as might be desired, in the view of the cathedral from Morningside Park (on page 568). The choir, with its seven-sided

apse, rises behind and above this and the six other chapels yet to be built. The present great arch is at the end of the choir, and is shown in the interior view, reduced by the addition of lighter masonry to the round-headed type which is to prevail in the building.

The big central tower is of a type of which there are very few existing examples, the most important of which is the tower of the old cathedral of Salamanca. It is sixteen-sided, but is made to conform in appearance to its square plan by four massive turrets. Within, it will inclose a domical vault encircled by a gallery, four openings from which, giving upon the interior, will appear from below as dark accents in the decoration of the dome. The rounded ends of the transepts, of which the eastern one appears in this view, are other unusual features.

This transept appears again in the view from the southeast, which shows the broad pathway, with several flights of steps, which will ascend the hill on that side. It is improbable, however, that all of the rock which gives so much distinction to the site on this side will be cut away. It may be possible to include the trees now *in situ* in the garden-like close between the episcopal residence, shown in the view from the southwest,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHOIR FROM THE CROSSING OF THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT. (THE GREAT ARCH SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE IS THE



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST, SHOWING THE EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE AND OFFICES. (THE LIBRARY WILL BE OVER THE GATEWAY.)

and the cathedral. Both the architects and the landscape-designer, Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., are fully alive to the value of natural features such as these in conjunction with massive architecture. The tower above the gate that leads into the close will be occupied by the library.

In the little exterior chapels services will be held in certain of the various languages spoken by New York's polyglot population.

The bases of the interior walls and of the piers will be faced with polished red jasper, above which will be a deep molding of dark-green serpentine. The rest of the interior will be of a light-buff limestone from Frontenac, Minnesota, a stone which has many of the properties of Caen stone, and, like it, can be delicately carved, though it is much harder and of somewhat coarser texture. Though no system of color decoration has as yet been decided upon, the great bare spaces of the walls, vaults, and pendentives will certainly call for treatment, and will of themselves suggest the use of mosaic as the richest and most appropriate mode of decoration for such an edifice.

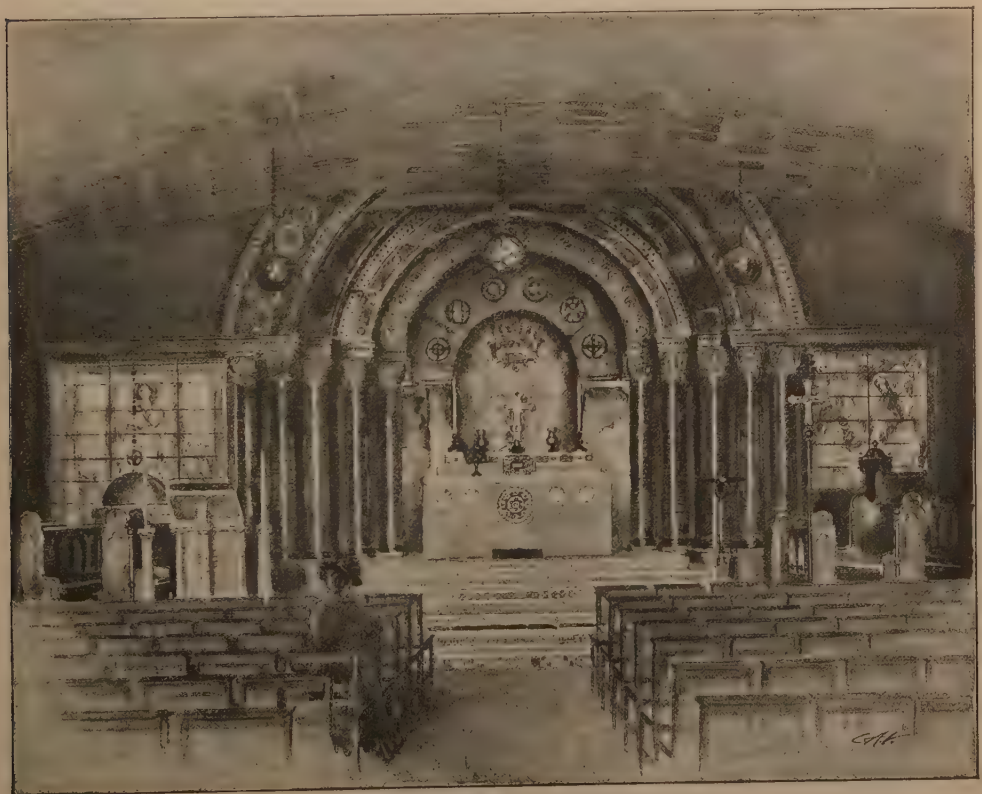
THE USES OF A CATHEDRAL.

BY THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER,
Bishop of New York.

WHEN we see a man walking through the streets of one of our American cities with a turban, in flowing robes of rich colors and more or less costly and strange textures, we turn and look at him with unconcealed curiosity. He is an unfamiliar object, and, as such, we feel ourselves at liberty to stare at him quite openly. But when we ourselves are in the great East,—Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Canton, or Yokohama,—this is not the case. Our costume and aspect are as remote from what is wonted there as would be a Parsee's from the dress of the majority of the people ordinarily walking down Broadway. But there is this difference: the man of the West, being a traveling man, is no longer a novelty anywhere in the East. Its people are largely familiar with him as a more or less accustomed object almost everywhere.

Did it ever occur to us that one of these days this will be true with us—in other words, that the time is coming when people from beyond seas, of many lands and of unwonted customs and costumes, will acquire our habit of travel and increasingly indulge it? Sooner or later we may be very sure that something like this will come to pass.

And, when it does, has it ever occurred to us what will be the impressions which these traveling strangers will derive from what they see? It is not difficult to forecast one of them. As they go about the streets of our



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE TIFFANY CHAPEL IN THE CRYPT.

great cities, these far-away foreigners will note, among other things, with equal awe and wonder, the size and height of our structures. The sky-piercing erections of twelve, fifteen, twenty stories, upon which they will come, the vast warehouses, the colossal railway-stations, the palatial inns, the splendid libraries and art buildings, will all impress them as overwhelming proofs of the tremendous energy, vast wealth, phenomenal courage and ability of the people who have reared them. And then they will ask: "But where are the temples? These people are not without a religion. On the contrary, we know they believe their religion to be so much better than ours that, for hundreds of years, they have spent vast sums of money and sacrificed countless lives in endeavoring to carry their religion to other lands and plant it among other peoples. Surely such a people must have expressed its reverence for religion and its faith in its teachings in some really stately and noble visible structures. Where are they?"

Where are they, indeed? The intelligent and inquisitive traveler would at once be shown a great many structures dedicated to religion, in a great variety of styles of architecture, and degrees of dignity and impressiveness. But the impressiveness, it must be owned, would be neither considerable nor noteworthy. Few of these structures, anywhere, could honestly be described as other than ordinary in aspect and inferior in dignity or beauty. True, the inquiring stranger would probably be told by some zealous



APPROACH TO THE CATHEDRAL PARKWAY AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

modern that the American idea of religion did not estimate very highly the value of the *visible* in religion; that it had outgrown the cruder notion of less highly enlightened peoples that the external in religion was of much consequence; and that, as a matter of fact, it showed the higher quality of its religion by a fine disdain of any material expression of the ideas of reverence, majesty, stateliness, or material beauty in its temples.

To which it is just possible that the intelligent foreigner might answer: "True, it is undoubtedly the mark of a high civilization to be superior to mere externalism. True, again, that the era of 'plain living and high thinking,' which, I am told, has dawned in your Western world, calls for a certain noble simplicity: but, if that is the case, where is the evidence of it in the pal-

aces which you call homes, in those other palaces which you call hotels, in your streets dedicated to commerce, finance, and the various interests of the body, or recreation, or culture, or nurture in the arts and sciences? In all these directions your material structures seem likely to surpass anything that, at any rate, the modern world has produced.

"Now, then, if in all, or any, of these there was that fine note of austerity in which you glory, it would be meet that it should prevail also in the structures which you rear to express your idea of religion. But, without presuming to comment upon this curious incongruity, this, my Western brother, you must know: that so long as you or I are here in this world of material things, great ideas, whether spiritual, moral, or social, must have great expression, or sooner or later they will dwindle and die. Undoubtedly the time has been when the value of that visible and material expression has been exaggerated. Undoubtedly there have been ages when the effort to expend religious enthusiasm in the erection of visible structures has issued in a one-sided zeal which has left undone justice, mercy, and the works of righteousness. But the rule of your prophet Jesus is true, eternally, here: 'These ought ye to have done, and *not to leave the other undone*.' One-sidedness is not truth. Truth is a whole. And no truth is more certain than that, to any nation that is content to build greatly, splendidly, costlily only for man, and not for God, the idea of God will sooner or later grow dim and pallid and impotent."

And one day we shall wake up, I am glad to believe, and find out that our Oriental friend is right. Religious ideas in their influence upon the human mind do not act independently of the laws that govern the operation of other ideas. With these environment, material conditions, what we call sometimes an "atmosphere," have a force and place that we all recognize, and that in the domain of art, of letters, of our domestic and social life, we wisely employ.

1. I have said this much in answer to a question which I hear often asked by honest and more or less thoughtful minds: "What do we want, in modern times, with a cathedral?" To that question, in its merely ecclesiastical aspect, I will not now stop to reply. There is a much larger aspect of it with which every one is concerned who believes that "the Best deserves the best"; and what the Best is, in our American civilization, I do not believe any considerable number of not have any keen personal sense of their own need of a religion; but they know that the religion which is inwrought with all the history of the American people stands for certain definite ideals of truth, and purity, and honesty, and loyalty, and self-sacrifice, which, from our first beginnings here, men have always held high aloft. They know that, without the influence of religion to sustain them, these ideals, as history has plainly shown, sooner or later grow thin and pale, and perish. They know, too, that no ideal will long survive some visible expression or symbol of it: that patriotism demands the flag, and marriage the wedding-ring, and human contracts the stamp and seal, and so on all the way through. And they know also that a great idea demands, from the very nature of it, expression, incarnation—visible and material utterance, in a word, worthy of its majesty and grandeur.

2. This is one answer to the question, "What does this modern age want with a cathedral?" But there is another. This is a democratic age. The great truth of the brotherhood of man has wrought, and wrought, down and on, through the ages, and against what enormous odds! That great ideal with which the religion of Jesus began in the world, how soon and largely she lost it! Militarism, feudalism, ecclesiasticism have been almost equally responsible, in the last nineteen centuries, for the disregard or the perversion of what some of them loudly professed.

And in no visible form of expression has this habitual disregard of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity been more conspicuously evidenced than in connection with places of worship. These have all along borne their witness to the law, not of inclusion, but of exclusion. Reserved rights in God's house for kings, governors, peers, plutocrats, privileged people of many kinds, but of one unbrotherly temper, have encroached upon the temple of Him who declared in the beginning, "All ye are brethren," until, as to the consummate blossom of the whole business, we have the modern pew system. Well, in one cathedral, at any rate, there will be no pews, no locked doors, no prepayment for sittings, no reserved rights of caste or rank, but one and the same welcome for all.

3. And this brings me to another note of the true cathedral. There is one characteristic of the days through which we are living of which all thoughtful men and women and many who are accounted the least



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VIEW OF THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM MORNINGSIDE PARK, SHOWING THE BELMONT CHAPEL.

thoughtful, are aware: it is a period, in the realm of fundamental beliefs, of *suspense*. The progress of human thought, of scientific inquiry, of critical literary and historical study, has loosened men's hold upon much that our fathers accounted precious, if not essential. The older and the more recent forms in which truths of paramount importance have been stated have alike been challenged or denied. The old moorings in many honest minds no longer hold; the anchors drag; and the mariner who looks out upon the wide sea of human beliefs and speculations is honestly perplexed. At such a moment, what a great many people cannot honestly do is, in the French phrase, to *ranger* themselves.

A recent experience, which came to me in a foreign land, will perhaps at this point make clear both what I have in mind, and its relation to this paper. It occurred one autumn afternoon when I was leaving St. Paul's Cathedral in London. I had been, as some thousands of people had been, to hear a great preacher, and, passing out of the west porch, found myself next an English scholar and teacher of such illustrious fame that if I were to mention his name here it would be instantly recognized throughout the civilized world. "Ah," I said, "do you worship here?" "Yes," he answered; "that is just it. I worship here —as far as I can worship." "For the sake of the music or the preaching?" I asked. "For neither," he said, "so far as they are primarily influential with me; though the service is very noble, and such preaching as we have heard this afternoon eminently worth hearing. But here is the one place where a man can come and say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!' without the risk, to use your expressive American phrase, of being 'corralled.' I recognize the value of all the methods which usually obtain in a modern parish church; I perceive the propriety of looking after strangers who drift into one's church, and seeking to shepherd and fold them; I honor the great zeal that seeks to know each person in a given congregation, and to bring them into closer relations with the parish: but for myself, I am not ready for that. You know my ancestry" (his father, I knew, was a British rector of a somewhat narrow and intolerant type), "and the traditions in which I was reared. Well, I have— for better or worse I do not undertake to say—parted company with them. I am, so far as many most venerable traditions and beliefs are concerned, afloat. My mind and my faith faculty—if I have such a thing, of which, sometimes, I am not very sure—will, I hope, some day find firm standing-ground. But I have not found it yet, and I am not going to be a liar and pretend that I have by taking a pew and identifying myself with a parish church. Some day, perhaps, all that will come, and I shall be glad if, honestly, it does. But just now I am like one who has been roughly handled by men or events, and who wants just to be 'let alone.' And yet," he added, "the religious instinct in me is not dead. When it is, then I cannot but think that there is virtually nothing between a man and the swine of Gadara. And since there is something in me that, with Ajax, 'cries for light,' I want a place in which to lift my cry; a place in which to be still; a place in which to wait on some higher Voice; and, amid whatever can speak to me through august voice, or sacred song, or stately environment, just to listen. No one notes me here. I come and go; I stand or kneel; I listen or dream or question; and then quietly withdraw as unregarded as I came."

I venture to think that such an attitude as that is, at least, intelligible. And if it is, then I submit that the place of the cathedral rises straightway into very close relationship to our modern life. I am not one of those who believe that religion is losing its hold upon the individual faith and conscience. Dogmatic statements, reactionary exaggerations of particular periods of religious revolt or reform,—hardened, under the stress of intense feeling, into cruel and inexorable forms,—may have done that, and, as a consequence, may have left many honest minds, for the moment, adrift. Such persons are not ripe to be either "corralled" or classified. The deepest in them is passing through a transition stage, out of which one may hope they will find their way to clearer light and a firmer standing-ground.

But in the meantime, and until they can, something larger, higher, wider, roomier, more impersonal for the time being, than the parish church is wanted for them; and that is the place and office of the cathedral: God's house, but with no parish list, no inquisitive interrogation, no parochial enrolment, but just space and silence, the majesty of worship—and absolute freedom to come and *go!*

4. And all this leads up to one other office which a cathedral alone can fill, and which, by many minds, will be esteemed the highest. It is not a "one-voice" or "one-man" church. The ordinary parish church is served by one person, who fills its pulpit all the year round; and even in the churches to

which two or more clergy are attached, the rector is expected to do the preaching, and if he does not, the people who pay their pew-rent look black. Very often the preaching is excellent; sometimes it is exceptionally good; but even then, the better it is, the more individual, usually, it is.

Analyze the grounds on which A, B, or C thinks the Rev. Mr. Screed or the Rev. Dr. Homily "the best preacher in town," and you will, oftener than otherwise, find that it is because one or the other of these reverend gentlemen has some trait of voice, some cast of mind, some characteristic of imagination, which appeals specially to A, B, or C, as the case may be; in a word, that he is individual. But if he is individual it will also reveal itself in his mode of thought; in his bias of usage; in his trend of belief; above all, in his point of view.

Of the best preachers their accustomed listeners, ordinarily, can predicate the mode of treatment which a particular text or topic will receive as soon as it is announced. "The man's mind works that way," we say, and we anticipate its working almost before it is begun.

But, obviously, the consequence of this must be that those who listen only to one such favorite preacher get a fragmentary, one-sided, and often, it must be owned, a very biased view of any subject. Tradition, inheritance, partizan affiliations, a passion for consistency, one of the deadliest foes to truth, a fear of hostile criticism—all these are distinct limitations to the parish pulpit as a voice for God which shall be many-toned, and not *monotoned*, which shall present both the Petrine and the Pauline aspects of a truth with equal candor and with equal fervor.

And so it is well that, in every great center, at any rate, there shall be one pulpit which shall command and constrain to its service the best, of whatever bias or tradition, the ablest, the most fearless, the most persuasive; one pulpit which shall be dominated by no trustees or vestry or plethoric pew-holder—by nobody who can threaten to "give up his pew," for the simple reason that there will be no pew to give up, and who can stifle or strangle no clarion voice that dares to tell men the truth by "cutting off the supplies," because the preacher and the hearer will be, so far as all that is concerned, absolutely independent of each other.

There is much more to be said along these lines, if there were space here to say it. Besides all that I have urged, there still remains the tremendous influence upon thought and feeling—the highest thought and feeling—of environment. We are sensible of this not alone in the presence of mountains, in the grandeur and silence of a forest, in the Colosseum seen in moonlight, but in the most ordinary and familiar surroundings. There are houses and homes that soothe or hush, or irk or irritate us. There are congruities of form and color, of proportion and decoration, that compose and refresh us, just as there are violations and incongruities that insult and exasperate us. There may be many people so insensitive or so uncultivated that they are not keenly aware of this, or, what is oftener true, cannot clearly express what they feel. But that they are influenced by it is shown by the awe and hush which fall upon them when they come within walls and move to and fro under soaring arches the mere proportions of which silence, solemnize, subdue.

No one had less respect for the archaic, whether in architecture or in anything else, than Henry Ward Beecher. And yet, when Mr. Beecher first entered an English cathedral at even-song, he broke down under a flood of uncontrollable emotion, and straightway fell upon his knees. Every instinct of awe, of reverence, of worship, as he afterward wrote of the experience, woke in him under the touch of that august environment. And yet, with heartiest respect for the great uses which it has served in the cause of freedom and righteousness, it must be owned, I apprehend, that neither Plymouth Church nor its like anywhere could produce any such effect.

I do not urge that, in the domain of religion, *feeling* is the factor of paramount consequence; but ah, my brother who art hard pressed by the exacting claims of life's more sordid interests, is it not well to be able to turn aside sometimes from these into some august majesty of space and form and tone, and there, just for a little, to be still, harkening for the Voice that is highest of all?

It remains, as part of the story which the illustrations which go with this will tell, to add a few words as to the history of this particular enterprise, its progress, and its hopes. A corporation known as the Trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was formed in the year 1872, under the presidency of the late Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, which secured one or two considerable pledges, met once or twice to discuss the question of site, and rested.

When the writer, in the year 1887, became

Bishop of New York, he took up the matter, published a letter addressed to the citizens of New York, convened the board of trustees of the cathedral, initiated steps to fill its vacancies, and proceeded, as opportunity afforded, to push forward the undertaking toward a beginning. Liberal gifts were made—in one instance of five hundred thousand dollars, others of one hundred thousand dollars, and others of smaller sums; considerable bequests have been received—in one case of four hundred thousand dollars, and in others of one hundred thousand dollars, and lesser amounts. The noble site formerly occupied by the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum, and comprising the blocks between West One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Thirteenth streets and Morningside Drive and Amsterdam Avenue, has been secured. On St. John the Evangelist's day, December 27, 1891, the corner-stone was laid; and since then, as fast and as far as funds would permit, the work has been pushed, until now a congregation is worshiping in the crypt of the choir, a considerable part of the foundation has been carried up to the water-table, the great arch of the tower entrance to the choir has been completed, and at this writing work is proceeding more especially upon one of the Chapels of Tongues. A word about these may interest the readers of this paper.

New York is, to a degree as yet imperfectly recognized even by its own citizens, a polyglot city. A catalogue of the languages daily spoken by its inhabitants would be to most people surprising reading. A clergyman living in New York called, one day, upon his superior officer to ask that provision might be made for religious services for some Mesopotamian immigrants.

"Really," said the bishop, a little impatiently, I fear it must be owned, "is n't that overdoing it a bit, Mr. J——? Cannot a handful of Mesopotamians be provided for in connection with the services which you are conducting for your Armenian congregation?"

"I don't know what you call a handful, sir," said the young clergyman, striving to hide a smile of compassionate contempt for the ignorance of his chief. "There are some eight hundred families of Mesopotamians within ten minutes' walk of where we are sitting at this moment; and as for the attendance of Mesopotamians upon Armenian services, the languages of the two people are about as remote from each other as Choctaw and Greek."

The concluding statement was doubtless an exaggeration, but it was a sufficient illustration of a large and little-recognized fact. There pour into New York from all parts of the world steady streams of immigrants,—German, Swedish, Russian, Oriental, and all the various tribes and nationalities of which these are typical,—who, for a while, are shut up to the one language with which they are familiar, their own. For them there is needed some provision which shall bridge over the space between their coming and their later acquisition of the tongue spoken in America. And so there has been provided in connection with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the one feature which it is believed is absolutely unique. Surrounding the great choir the design provides for seven Chapels of Tongues.

In New York to-day the Episcopal Church provides services in nine different languages. In the cathedral the seven Chapels of Tongues will stand for seven of them,—German, Spanish, French, Swedish, Italian, Armenian, and Chinese,—with services in these languages on every Lord's day. These Chapels of Tongues will open directly into the cathedral, and as they become familiar with the tongue of their adopted country, those who have worshiped in them will pass from the services in the chapels to that of the great mother church itself. One's mind turns back at such a picture and recalls, with a strange sense of its new and wider meaning, that cry that broke from the lips of the multitude in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost: "How hear we every man in our own language, wherein we were born, . . . the mighty works of God?"



A VENETIAN GONDOLA.

BROWNING IN VENICE.[1]

BY KATHARINE DE KAY BRONSON.

WITH SKETCHES BY CLARA MONTALBA.

IN a letter from Browning dated in London, speaking of a pleasant experience in Venice, he says: "It has given an association which will live in my mind with every delight of that dearest place in the world." Again, in allusion to an album of carefully chosen Venetian photographs received as a Christmas gift, he says: "What a book of memories, and instigations to yet still more memories, does that most beautiful book prove to me! I never supposed that photographers would have the good sense to use their art on so many out-of-the-way scenes and sights, just those I love most."

Nevertheless, he did not acquiesce when people suggested that he should leave England and take up his permanent abode in Venice. His answer was: "Impossible! I have too many friends in London. I would never forsake them. Still, I admit that for three or four months in the year I should like nothing half so well as Venice."

To this end he once made all arrangements for the purchase of an ancient Venetian palace. Everything seemed propitious. He was charmed with the early fifteenth-century construction, with the arched windows and exquisite façade covered with medallions of many-colored marbles, and pleased himself with plans and fancies of how, with certain alterations, it could easily be made a perfect summer and autumn residence. All was decided, the law formalities were nearly complete, and the purchase-money was ready, when, at the last hour, a flaw in the title became apparent, partly owing to the fact that the property belonged to absentees. So, to the poet's intense chagrin, he was obliged to give up his darling scheme. Perhaps he had never, in his long lifetime, been so thoroughly annoyed by a thwarted project as by the failure of this one. There came a day, some years later, when he saw that all had been ordained for his good. As a matter of fact the foundations of the palace were as insecure as the title, there were many sunless rooms, some of the floors were sunken badly, and an enormous outlay of money would have been required to make the place habitable.

These drawbacks the poet at first refused

[1] See, in THE CENTURY for April, 1900, "Browning in Asolo," a companion paper by Mrs. Bronson. See "Open Letters" in this number.

to consider. He thought only of the beauty and the archæological interest; he doubted that the façade was in a perilous condition; pleased himself by fancying how many windows he could open to the morning sun on the garden, how many balconies could be added toward the south; in fact he may be said to have passed a month, not in building, but in restoring a "castle in the air" hanging over the waters of the Grand Canal. Even when he became convinced that Fate had kept a kindly hand over him, and that the purchase, had it been concluded, would have proved a source of endless trouble and perhaps regret, he still remained offended with the unseen and unknown owners of the palazzo. It was only after his son had bought the Palazzo Rezzonico that the father was really reconciled to the loss of the Manzoni.

The poet's nature was so essentially joyous that one was at a loss to decide where he took the keenest pleasure, whether in his daily walks or his afternoon rows in the gondola. He seemed never to weary of either, but my personal experience of his delight was in the latter, when we floated over the still lagoons. The view of the rose-colored city rising from the pale-green waters, of the golden light of sunset on the distant Alps, of the day as it turned to evening behind the Euganean Hills, never seemed to pall upon his sense.

"Only Shelley has given us an idea of this," he would say, and quote lines from "Julian and Maddalo." "Never say Eugánean," he corrected me; "many people make that mistake, but if you keep in mind that the poet makes the word rhyme to 'pæan,' you will remember to pronounce it Eugané-an."

His memory for the poems he had read in his youth was extraordinary. If one quoted a line from Byron, who, he said, was the singer of his first enthusiasm, he would continue the quotation, never hesitating for a word, and then interrupt himself, saying, "I think you have had enough of this," to which his dear sister and I would give silent consent, lest the effort of memory should tire him. He was very proud of his retentive memory and of his well-preserved sight; the latter he attributed to his practice of bathing his eyes in cold water every morning. He was proud, too, of his strength, of his power of walking for hours without fatigue, of the few requirements of his Spartan-like daily life, and above all he was proud of his son, who was his idol.

Yes, that was his vulnerable point, the heel of Achilles. People who praised or loved or noticed his only child found the direct road to his heart. Even those who only spoke with him of "Pen" were at once his friends and worthy of attention and interest. He said to me many years ago, while awaiting anxiously the result of his son's earnest art studies:

"Do you know, dear friend, if the thing were possible, I would renounce all personal ambition and would destroy every line I ever wrote, if by so doing I could see fame and honor heaped on my Robert's head."

What a proof are these words of an intense nature devoid of all egotism! In his boy he saw the image of the wife whom he adored, literally adored; for, as I felt, the thought of her, as an angel in heaven, was never out of his mind. He wore a small gold ring on his watch-chain. "This was hers," he said. "Can you fancy that tiny finger? Can you believe that a woman could wear such a circlet as this? It is a child's."

The only other souvenir on his chain was a coin placed there years ago, the date 1848, a piece of the first money struck by Manin in Venice to record the freedom from Austrian dominion. "I love this coin," he said, "as she would have loved it. You know what she felt and wrote about United Italy."

He had no personal vanity: it never occurred to him to admire himself in any way, to call attention to the beauty of his hand, which in old age was the hand of youth, nor did he seem to be aware of the perfect outline of his head, the color and brightness of his eyes, or the fairness of his skin, which, with his snow-white hair, made him look as if carved in old Greek marble.

After his disappointment with regard to the Palazzo Manzoni he cherished a momentary—idea, may I call it?—perhaps fancy is the better word—of buying an unfinished villa on the Lido, the sand-strip toward the Adriatic, begun in years gone by for Victor Emmanuel. He would talk of this with great zest, saying, "Thence one could see every day the divine sunsets," and continue with a list of the charms and advantages of the really beautiful place, then pause and wait for the assent and approbation of his sister or some listening friend. He seemed annoyed when no such word was spoken. He could not bring those who loved him quite to agree with so unpractical a scheme, yet all contrary arguments of distance from town and markets, exposure to storms, and so on, seemed to annoy him, until at last every one ended by listening to his enthusiastic plans,

while offering no direct opposition to them. After a time, finding that in this case silence meant the reverse of consent, he ceased to talk and dream of a "villa on the Lido."

He expressed one day a wish to go to the Church of San Niccolò to find the tomb of his hero Salinguerra. On the way he talked of the character and deeds of this soldier prince, who plays so important a part in the poem of "Sordello"; how he was taken by the Venetians at Ferrara, and kept for years an honored prisoner by the republic, and how he died in Casa Bosco at San Tonia, and was buried with great pomp at San Niccolò al Lido. After searching vainly for some time through the lonely church, where no sacristan was to be found, he discovered or rediscovered the memorial tablet in a sort of corridor attached to the east side of the church. It bears in Gothic characters the name and date of death of the renowned Salinguerra, which being translated signifies "leap to war."

The poet looked at the ancient stone with great interest and attention, and on the way back to Venice he seemed lost in thought. Though he said but little, I could follow through that the current of his thought. He was repassing in his mind that complicated bit of medieval Italian history so strongly treated in his own great poem. While he took a vivid and ever-present interest in all he had written, he very rarely spoke on the subject, even to his most intimate friends. In a letter of thanks for a manuscript collection of dramatic episodes taken from Venetian archives, he said:



PALAZZO MANZONI. THE PALACE BROWNING WANTED TO BUY.

The extracts are all very characteristic and valuable. If I do not immediately turn them to use, it is because of an old peculiarity in my mental digestion—a long and obscure process. There comes up unexpectedly some subject for poetry, which has been dormant, and apparently dead, for perhaps dozens of years. A month since I wrote a poem of some two hundred lines about a story I heard more than forty years ago, and

never dreamed of trying to repeat, wondering how it had so long escaped me; and so it has been with my best things. These *petits faits vrais* are precious.

The poem he spoke of is "Donald." I always fancied that in Venice the poet was more ready to be pleased than elsewhere; everything charmed him. He found grace and beauty in the *popolo*, whom he paints so well in the Goldoni sonnet. The poorest street children were pretty in his eyes. He would admire a carpenter or a painter who chanced to be at work in the house, and say to me: "See the fine poise of the head, the movement of the torso, those well-cut features. You might fancy that man in the crimson robe of a senator, as you see them on Tintoret's canvas."

I would occasionally translate his compliment to the man in question, in milder terms: "The signore says you look like the people in the old pictures"; and it amused him to see the workman change color at words of praise from the one he well knew as the *sommo poeta*. Professor Molmente wrote to him one day with the request that he would write something for a pamphlet published at the time of the unveiling of Goldoni's statue in Venice. He acquiesced without hesitation, and the very next day the sonnet was ready for print. It was written very rapidly; probably it was thought out carefully before he put pen to paper, as I observed there were but two or three trifling alterations in the original copy. He seemed pleased that the committee should have asked him to write, and pleased to accede to the wish. The subject appealed to his taste, and he seemed most happy to show his sympathy with Venice and Venetians.

The saying that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre" was disproved in the case of Robert Browning. He was so gracious and yet so dignified with servants that he was as profoundly revered by them as he was beloved. An exact account of his gentle geniality in this regard might read like exaggeration. He appeared to dread giving his inferiors trouble; it was as though he would fain spare them the sense of servitude, which his own independent spirit caused him to imagine a painful burden. It seemed as if he were ever striving to place a cushion under a galling yoke, and in vain one sought to convince him that service rendered to such as he could only be a source of pride and pleasure to the server. He would always resist the hand of a friend or menial that tried to assist him, even in so small a matter as the adjustment or removal of his great-coat or his hat.

"Nothing that I can do for myself should be done for me," he would say, and brave was the servant who dared hold an umbrella over his head as he stepped into or out of the gondola. "What do you take me for," he would exclaim—"an infant or a man?"

In Venice his memory will live in many a humble heart until its pulse has ceased to beat. "There 'll never be another like him," is still the common saying whenever his name is mentioned to those who served him.

In his immense humanity he refused to make distinctions of manner among those of his own class of life who approached him, always excepting the rare cases where base qualities had been proved beyond a doubt to his mind. The thing he most abhorred was untruthfulness; even insincerity in its most conventional form was detestable to an upright mind which loved and sought for truth in all its phases. His first impulse was to think well of people, to like them, to respect them; they were human souls, and therefore to him of the greatest earthly interest. He conversed affably with all. Lover of beauty as he was, he would talk as pleasantly with dull old ladies as with young and pretty ones. He made himself delightful at a dinner-party; whether the guests chanced to be of mediocre intelligence or of superior brains, his fund of sparkling anecdote for all was never exhausted. In this, as in many other ways, one learned from him the lesson of self-forgetfulness. He never asked, "Do these people amuse me? Do I find them agreeable?" His only thought was, "Let me try to make their time pass pleasantly."

He wrote a few words some years ago in the album of Lia, a daughter of Princess Mélanie Metternich, a lovely little creature, just ten years of age, who died some months later of scarlet fever. Among her books the mother found one containing original verses, some most pathetic lines, bidding her brother farewell, and prophetic of her approaching death. The child had never shown them to any one, not even to her governess. I copied and sent them to Mr. Browning, and he thus wrote in answer:

I want to say how much touched I was by those dear innocencies of the poor sweet child a week before the end. The mother's discovery of that book, those unsuspected yearnings in verse, one cannot venture to try and realize that. I like to think that when the kind little creature asked me so prettily to write my name in her birthday book there went some sort of true sympathy (in the

asking) with a person she had heard was a "poet," not merely a stranger with a name other people told her they had heard of. Perhaps she was meaning to be herself a "poet." Well, she is passed into poetry, for all who knew her even so slightly as I.

besides the adverse floods and bridge-breakings, I was, for the first time in my life, literally lamed by what I took for an attack of rheumatism, which I caught just before leaving St. Pierre de Chartreuse, through my stupid inadvertence in sitting with a window open at my back,—reading



PALAZZO REZZONICO, BROWNING'S HOME AND THE PLACE OF HIS DEATH.

It is on the left side of the palace, at the corner above the little canal, that one may see the memorial tablet erected by the municipality of Venice:

A
ROBERTO BROWNING
MORTO IN QUESTO PALAZZO
IL 12 DICEMBRE 1889
VENEZIA
POSE

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

Some years ago an overflow of rivers, and consequent inundation of a part of the Venetian territory, interrupted for a time all communication between Venice and northern Italy. In a letter written at this fateful time, soon after his return to London, he said:

As for the failure to get to Venice, we, my sister and I, have only regretted it once, that is, uninterruptedly ever since. You must know that, the Iliad, all my excuse!—while clad in a thin summer suit, and snow on the hills and bitterness everywhere; . . . but this was no such slight matter at Bologna, and I fancied I might be absolutely crippled at Venice if I even managed to overcome all obstacles and get there. Of course now that what is done is done, I am tantalized with fancies of what might have been done otherwise. But, if I live and do well, be sure that I will go as early to Venice next year, and stay as late, as circumstances will allow.

A gifted friend of mine, who met Mr. Browning in my house, thus writes of him:

It was evident to me that he always strove to excuse the faults of others and overlook their weaknesses, gathering all, with his large charity, into the great brotherhood of humanity. But his indignation at anything low, base, or untrue was like a flash of fire. His whole face would change and glow as he denounced those who used their talents to corrupt the world, as he thought some of the modern French novelists do. No word was too scathing, no scorn too intense, for that great sin consciously committed.

In this connection I recollect that a certain lady, whom he had known slightly years ago in Rome, met him one day in the street and greeted him with, "Oh, Mr. Browning, you are the very person I wished to see!" This was somewhat embarrassing, as he did not recognize his former acquaintance in the least; so she hurriedly explained to him who she once had been—the wife of an English banker in Rome—and who she then was—the wife of an Italian counselor of prefecture.

"And what, pray, can I do for you?" asked Mr. Browning.

"I have written a poem," was her answer, "and I want you to read it and tell me what you think of it"; so there and then she brought forth a manuscript from her pocket, and was about to read it aloud in the street when he stopped her, saying:

"Not here, not here! Had we not better go into a shop?"

So, as they chanced to be near the library on the Piazza, they stepped into a book-shop, and the title and dedication of the poem were read. It was addressed to a French novelist, whom the author called "the Jenner of literature." Mr. Browning was displeased, but, as he said, he managed to conceal his real sentiments, only saying:

"I think I should be an unfair critic on such a subject. I should rather not hear the poem."

Surprised, the lady asked his reason. "Do you not think," she inquired, "that the portrayal of the evil existing in the world has the effect of making people fear and avoid it?"

"Not in the very least," he explained; "the exact contrary is the case. It tends to make people who sin occasionally consider themselves admirably virtuous as compared with those who commit sins every day and hour." So saying, he took leave of the poetess.

One of his great pleasures was to walk with my daughter through the little Venetian *calli*. He liked to find himself suddenly in one so narrow as to force him to close his

"Edith is the best cicerone in the world," he said; "she knows everything and teaches me all she knows. There never was such a guide."

In past years he had known little of the tortuous inner streets of Venice, so all was new to him. He sometimes fancied that he and his young companion had discovered a hitherto unknown bit of stone carving or bas-relief. I remember hearing him give a description of the tablet which marks the visit of Pope Alexander to Venice, which the two explorers had found in a dim, out-of-the-way corner, and he seemed so pleased that I dared not disappoint him by saying that its existence is mentioned in various guide-books. One of his favorite walks was to SS. Giovanni e Paolo to see the Colleoni, which he considered the finest equestrian statue in the world. He remarked that the artist was well named Verocchio, or "true eye," and related to us one day, in his own inimitable terse manner, the story of the checkered life of the great *condottiere*, and why his statue had been erected in Venice. He never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed, his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. He wrote:

I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health,—that is, with their life,—like children playing with jewels over a bridge-side, jewels which, once in the water, how can we, the poor lookers-on, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking, not on the mountains merely, but on the beloved Lido. Go there, if only to stand and be blown about by the sea-wind.

His long walks on the Lido were among his greatest pleasures. At one time he went there daily with his congenial friends Mr. and Mrs. Sargent Curtis. He would return full of color and health, talk of the light and life and fresh air with enthusiasm, combined with a sort of pity for those who had remained at home. "It is like coming into a room from the outer air," he said, "to reënter Venice after walking on the sea-shore."

When storms kept him by force in the house all day, he never complained; but one could see that it troubled him to find himself a prisoner. He would stand at the window and watch the sea-gulls as they sailed to and fro, their presence a sure sign of heavy storms in the Adriatic. He remarked upon their strength of wing and grace of flight, as they swept down to the wreaths and long

surface of the canal between the house and the Church of the Salute. One day he observed: "I do not know why I never see in descriptions of Venice any mention of the sea-gulls; to me they are even more interesting than the doves of St. Mark."

Indeed, the white-winged creatures so charmed him that I often thought the world would see a poem from his pen to immortalize the birds. He admired the Salute, the sometimes adversely criticized Church of Our Lady of Health.

"Is it possible," he said, "that wise men disapprove of those quaint buttresses? To me they rise out of the sea like gigantic shells; but then I am not an architect, and only know what is beautiful to my own eyes."

One of his most charming traits was the readiness with which he always acquiesced when asked to read aloud his own poems. He accepted no thanks, saying in a genial manner: "It is very kind of you to wish to hear them; when shall it be?"

He liked especially to read for his friends the Curtises at the Palazzo Barbaro, where he felt at home, feeling certain that hosts and guests were sympathetic. The day and hour fixed, he allowed nothing to interfere with his intention. The sense of honor which showed itself in the smallest matters made it impossible for him to frame even a conventional excuse when his absence might disappoint others. Rather than break a promise he would brave a storm, or force himself to keep his word even when he justly complained that his throat was not quite as it should be. That word, once given, must be held to, despite all obstacles. Let me quote again from my friend's letter:

> His reading of his own poems was a never-to-be-forgotten delight—simple, direct, and virile as was the nature of the man. The graver portions he read in a quiet, almost introspective way, as if he were thinking it all out again. I remember once that in finishing the grand profession of faith at the end of "Saul" his voice failed him a very little, and when it was ended he turned his back to us, who were gathered about him in reverent silence, and laying the book quietly on the table, stood so for a moment. . . . He seemed as full of dramatic interest in reading "In a Balcony" as if he had just written it for our benefit. One who sat near him said that it was a natural sequence that the step of the guard should be heard coming to take Norbert to his doom, as, with a nature like the queen's, who had known only one hour of joy in her sterile life, vengeance swift and terrible would follow on the sudden destruction of her happiness.
>
> "Now, I don't quite think that," answered Browning, as if he were following out the play as a spectator. "The queen had a large and passionate temperament, which had only once been touched and brought into intense life. She would have died, as by a knife in her heart. The guard would have come to carry away her dead body."
>
> "But I imagine that most people interpret it as I do," was the reply.
>
> "Then," said Browning, with quick interest, "don't you think it would be well to put it in the stage directions, and have it seen that they were carrying her across the back of the stage?"
>
> Whether this was ever done I do not know; but it was wonderful to me, as showing the personal interest he took in his own creations.

He had a fund of simple playfulness which often comes with genius. One evening, after dinner at the Casa Alvisi, he was talking on the subject of certain music with the lady whose letter I have quoted, when he said suddenly:

"Come, I will play to you on the spinet in the anteroom."

So they went together, and found the place but partly lighted by one dim lamp. The spinet had no chair, so he knelt on the carpet before it, the light falling on his bent head, its snow-white hair, and on his small, eloquent hands. He played a little fugue of Bach, and finding that one or two of the ancient keys refused to do their work,—for the spinet was a curiosity, and not meant for use,—he said:

"Raise the wooden bar over the hammers; let us see if it will do better."

The lady obeyed, and all going well, he was threading some of the intricacies of the great maestro, when she, thinking still to improve the tone, lifted the bar higher, then all at once the little hammers, tipped with bits of crow-quill, freed from captivity, leaped into the air and fell lifeless on the strings. Then all was lost, and in the midst of suppressed laughter he said:

"Now you have ruined the instrument! Let us cover it quickly and go back."

So they covered over the destruction, and, like naughty children, lifted the portière and went back demurely to the drawing-room, making no confession of the crime. He would refer to this escapade with boyish amusement.

He was on friendly terms with one of the foreign residents in Venice, an old Russian prince, a man of intelligence and varied experience. Born in Rome in the beginning of the nineteenth century and educated in Russia, he afterward represented his country at the courts of Athens, Constantinople, and

Turin. At the latter place he was the friend of Cavour and of good service in maintaining friendly diplomatic relations between St. Petersburg and newly formed United Italy. Between him and Browning, therefore, numerous subjects of common interest existed, and their long conversations were enjoyed equally on both sides.

"I like Gagarin, with his crusty old port flavor," the poet says in one of his letters.

On one never-to-be-forgotten evening the subject of music took the place of old-time politics. To the great surprise of the prince, the poet recalled to his memory, and sang in a low, sweet voice, a number of folk-songs and national airs he had caught by ear during his short stay in Russia, more than fifty years before. First one would sing and then the other; if one hesitated for a note or phrase, the other could generally supply the deficiency, and with great spirit and mutual delight they continued the curious tournament for quite an hour. It was evident that the old music took them both back to the days of their youth. The Russian expressed himself amazed at the poet's musical memory. "It is better than my own, on which I have hitherto piqued myself not a little," he said at the time, and he often referred to the experience of that evening as the most remarkable proof of memory he ever met with.

Browning never failed to read the London daily papers, but seldom found time to look at those published in Venice. When he did take up one of the latter he would smile and say:

"Now listen to the iniquities committed in this wicked city yesterday!"

Then he would read aloud the police reports, which never recorded anything more serious than a petty theft of oars or *forcole, cavalli di gondola,* or, at the worst, some household linen—by a bold thief abstracted from its drying-place—to the value of five francs. Comparison of these delinquencies with those of similar columns in other lands was really a source of delight to the poet.

"How pleasant it is to be in the midst of so guileless a community!" he would say, with a genial laugh. On reading the necrologies, which often recorded the demise of some one "morte nella ancora fresca età di sessantacinque anni" (dead at the still youthful age of sixty-five), "They consider sixty-five an early death apparently," he said, with a smile.

A modern book was brought to his notice during his last sojourn (but one) in Venice. It is Tassini's "Curiosità Veneziane," which together with their divers legends; also the origin of the names of the streets and bridges. He was interested in this, and even mentions the book in a letter written after his return to London: "Tassini tempts me to dip into him whenever I pass the bookcase."

He was impressed by a story in this volume, which he afterward told in verse. It is published in "Asolando," and is entitled "Ponte dell' Angelo." Not content with Tassini's version of the legend, the poet looked it up in the "Annals of the Cappucini, by Father Boverio." He said nothing of this to any one until a certain day, when to the question, "Where would you like to go?" he answered promptly:

"To see the house of the Devil and the Advocate."

We rowed quickly to the place where three waterways meet, and where the Ponte dell' Angelo spans one of the narrow canals. Opposite stands the old Soranzo palace, with an angel carved in stone on the façade.

"Stop," he said to the gondolier, "broad-backed Luigi," as he always called him. "Do you know the story of that angel?"

"Si, signore."

"Then relate it."

The boatman at once proceeded to repeat most volubly in the Venetian dialect the tale, familiar to him from childhood.

"Do you think it is true, Luigi?" said the poet.

"Yes, sir, it is really true; it has been printed." The man's faith in the veracity of print amused the poet immensely.

He was much pleased on one occasion when Professor Nencioni came from Rome expressly to see him. Nencioni is perhaps the only Italian who has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of Browning's poetry, certainly the only one who has translated and written essays upon it, and one need hardly say that he is an enthusiastic admirer. Browning was already aware of this through a series of articles in the "Fanfulla della Domenica," published at Rome. Italian recognition of his work was especially gratifying to him for various reasons, and he welcomed this distinguished exponent of it with genuine gratitude and pleasure. "I subscribed to the paper at once," he said, with his usual frank geniality, "after reading your first kind notice of me."

Together with his clever young friend and "fellow-pilgrim" Carlo Placci the professor dined with the poet at Casa Alvisi. Every one was in the best of spirits, but to

recall such conversation is beyond my power. I only remember that in the evening Nencioni, speaking to me in an aside, said: "I have studied Browning since my early youth, when first I saw him in Siena. I consider that his work has qualities not to be found even in Shakspere; in fact in some respects I regard him as the superior of the two." After the professor had gone I said to the poet: "Do you know what your admirer says of you?"

"No; what?"

So I made myself a base tattler and repeated his words. The poet frowned and shook his head impatiently.

"No, no, no; I won't hear that. No one in the world will ever approach Shakspere; never."

So I repented my boldness, but fancied, nevertheless, he must have been somewhat pleased by what, in his modesty, he found an exaggerated expression of admiration. Indeed, this was but one of many instances which went to prove that, although he had a sincere consciousness of his own merit as a poet, he placed others far above himself. Nothing annoyed him more than comparisons so often made between himself and Tennyson, for whom he had a heartfelt appreciation. The slightest word of dispraise or faint praise of his friend and brother poet roused him to positive anger. His admirers frequently displeased him in this way, thinking to flatter him by some such expression of opinion, and his sharp, quick answer always punished their want of tact and discrimination.

In one of his later letters he says:

> Did you get a little book by Michael Field, "Long Ago," a number of poems written to *innestare* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?

In speaking afterward to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

In Venice, as elsewhere, Browning rose early, and after a light breakfast went with his sister to the Public Gardens. They never failed to carry with them a store of cakes and fruits for the prisoned elephant, whose lonely fate was often pityingly alluded to by the poet, in whom a love of animals amounted to a passion. A large baboon, confined in what had once been a greenhouse, was also an object of special interest to him. This beast fortunately excited no commiseration, being healthy and content, and taking equal pleasure with the givers in his daily present of dainty food. After saying "Good morning" and "Good appetite" to these animals, he gave a passing salutation to a pair of beautiful gazelles, presented to the gardens by one of his friends; then a word of greeting to two merry marmosets, the gift of another friend; then a glance at the pelicans, the ostriches, and the quaint kangaroos: he had a word and a look for each, seeming to study them and almost to guess their thoughts. After this he made the tour of the gardens, three times round the inclosure with great exactness, and then returned to his temporary home in the Palazzo Giustiniani-Recanati.

On a certain day he met one of the servants, whose joy it was to wait upon him, carrying a rather heavy basket of grapes and other fruits on her arm.

"Oh, Giuseppina," he cried, "let me help you!" and seized the basket suddenly from her hand.

The woman, overwhelmed by such condescension, protested, "Troppo onore, signore."

"Nonsense!" said the poet. "You are always helping me; won't you allow me for once to help you?"

Still the woman resisted, saying, "It is not for such as you, O signore!"

This was more than he could bear.

"We are all made of the same clay, Giuseppina"; and gaining his point,—for who could withstand his will?—he held one handle of the basket until they reached the palace door.

This same worthy woman is fond of relating a story of her master which illustrates another side of his character. He had paid her weekly account, and there remained one centesimo as change. The woman showed the little coin, saying shyly, "I cannot offer this trifle to the signore."

"Yes, my good Giuseppina," he said, taking it from her hand; "it is one thing to be just and another to be generous; you do right to return it to me."

"And not long after this," continues the woman, "he made me such a grand present!"

The Giustiniani-Recanati palace was in some respects worthy of a poet's sojourn. It is one of the oldest in Venice, built in the fifteenth century, and has a fine façade, with Gothic windows looking out upon a court and garden, and a southern exposure

It belongs to a lineal descendant of one of the most ancient and historically interesting families in Italy, the one in which the well-known circumstance of the marriage of a monk, by order of the Pope, occurred many centuries ago. The aroma of antiquity—and we may add sanctity, since many members of the family lived and died in the odor thereof—was a source of pleasure to the poet. He said once, "I am glad to have written some of my verses in the house of the Giustiniani," for his soul rejoiced in the heroic deeds and romantic records of bygone days.

It was curious to see that, on each one of his arrivals in Venice, he took up his life precisely as he had left it. On Sunday morning he always went with his sister to the same Waldensian chapel, in which they seemed to take great interest, especially enjoying the preaching of a certain eloquent pastor, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten. On the return from the brisk morning walk he read his newspapers and letters, answering each day a few among the many received from friends and admirers. He was amused, but never impatient, with the innumerable requests for autographs, some of which were written in illiterate and inelegant handwriting, many of them from the Western States and far California. When his instinct told him these were genuinely asked for, and not from the idly curious, he would answer them, unless, indeed, the number of important private letters took up too much of his precious time. When people asked him *viva voce* for an autograph, he looked puzzled, and said:

"I don't like to write always the same verse, yet I can remember only one."

Of course the person addressed replied: "I am grateful for anything whatever that comes to your mind." Then he would take up his pen at once and write:

All that I know of a certain star, etc.

Sometimes, when in a merry mood, he wrote this verse in so fine a handwriting that only such extraordinary eyesight as his own could decipher it, and on one occasion, in the same microscopic calligraphy, he wrote Mrs. Barbauld's lines,

Life! we 've been long together, etc.,

saying, after he had read it aloud, "If she had never written aught but that one verse she would deserve to be forever remembered."

I recollect an amusing incident apropos of autographs. A Venetian banker had asked, through me, an autograph for his daughter's album. Browning said, "I really cannot write always the same thing"; then, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Ah, now I have it," and seating himself at a table, he quickly wrote a verse which I had often heard him quote and laugh at, about pence and pounds, a variety of the well-known proverb. Edith said timidly:

"But will they not find that rather personal?"

The poet thought a moment, and laughing heartily, said: "I believe you are right, my dear; here, keep this for yourself, and I will write something else for the banker's daughter."

He could not possibly have managed to keep pace with his large correspondence but for the aid of his sister, his guardian angel, who helped him in this as in many other ways—not obtrusively, for she knew his strong spirit of independence, but with the fine tact that can be inspired by intense affection only, combined with a high order of intelligence. The most perfect understanding existed between the two, and the devotion of the sister to the supremely endowed brother was appreciated and admired by all who were privileged to observe it. At midday these two dear friends took their second breakfast together, ordering by preference Italian dishes, such as *risotto*, macaroni, and all fruits in their season, especially grapes and figs. They enjoyed their novel menus and tête-à-tête repasts, talking and laughing the while, and approving especially of the cook's manner of treating ortolans, of which "mouthfuls for cardinals" the poet writes so amusingly in the prologue to "Fe-rishtah's Fancies." About three o'clock they went out in a gondola. To the question, "Where shall we go?" the answer was:

"Anywhere. All is beautiful, but let it be toward the Lido."

They seldom wished to make formal visits, though they were scrupulously exact in returning those which, as he always said, people were "kind enough to make him."

Sometimes, though rarely, they wandered through the antiquity shops. The poet had a keen flair for good bric-à-brac, and had an especial liking for tapestry and old carved furniture. He seldom sought for them, but his eye seized quickly upon an object of interest or value. He never hesitated or changed his mind; his intuition was always correct. A purchase once made, he was as thoroughly delighted as if the particular

object were the first bibelot he had ever had the good luck to acquire. Like a child with a new toy, he would carry it himself (size and weight permitting) into the gondola, rejoice over his chance in finding it, and descant eloquently upon its intrinsic merits. In this, as in every other phase of his character, he was entirely unspoiled. Then he would explain minutely where the object should be placed in the London house, and add significantly, "I never buy anything without knowing exactly what I wish to do with it," which was quite true, as his mind was unfailingly clear from great things to trifles. "You might take this lesson from me, if none other," he said to me playfully; for he disapproved of the habit of buying useless things in a vague manner only because they were old and pretty.

He never expressed a wish to "see sights" in the tourist manner, but would occasionally visit such churches as SS. Giovanni e Paolo or the Frari, and study the monuments with close attention. These seemed to interest him more than old pictures, and he examined carefully, on one occasion, the marble carvings of the Miracoli within and without, which he called a "jewel of a church." The ancient palaces with their strangely varied façades were always interesting and suggestive to him; we see how suggestive in that wonderful short poem called "In a Gondola," in which he pictures Venice, it seems to me, as no one else in prose or verse has ever depicted the sea-city.

About five o'clock, when we returned to the Alvisi for tea, the poet would sometimes say, "Excuse me for to-day," and retire to his own apartments in the Giustiniani. He never gave nor was asked his reason for doing so; it was enough that he wished it. At other times he would join us at the tea-table and talk with equal facility in English, French, or Italian with visitors who chanced to be present. Occasionally, to our great delight, he would say, "Edith dear, you may give me a cup of tea to-day"; but, as a rule, he abstained from what he considered a somewhat unhygienic beverage if taken before dinner. When it so pleased them the brother and sister went together to their own rooms, and punctually at half-past seven returned to dine at Casa Alvisi. The poet, unlike many men of letters, was always scrupulously careful in his dress, especially in his dinner-hour toilet. His sister wore beautiful gowns of rich and somber tints, and appeared each day in a different and most dainty French cap and quaint antique jewels. They were both so genial and content that, puzzle the brain as one might, it was impossible to know whether the quiet family dinner or the presence of guests was the more agreeable to them. In face of the doubt we decided on the latter; it seemed selfish to do otherwise, and we were rarely without common friends to share the pleasure of the poet's conversation. If the direct question were asked on this subject, the invariable answer was, "Do as you please; you know we are always perfectly happy."

Browning's strong dramatic instinct made him take intense pleasure in plays, whether written or acted. Though he was rarely seen at the theater in London, he greatly enjoyed a "short season" at the Goldoni, where he went every night to see Gallina's clever Venetian comedies. He had two boxes thrown into one, and seated in an arm-chair quite at his ease, he followed each play with the deepest interest, never taking his eyes off the stage until the fall of the curtain. Gallina was invited during an entr'acte to come into the box to be presented to the poet and hear from his own lips an expression of genuine admiration for his work. The Italian was pleased and flattered, as may be easily imagined, for Browning's art of praise was as distinguishing a characteristic as was his art of dedication, which caused some one to style him the "Prince of Dedicators." It was a combination of judgment and enthusiasm, so turned that each word should have its due "specific gravity," and of which there should be neither too many nor too few.

Each night after the play Gallina waited at the door of the theater to see the poet pass, and the latter invariably turned a few steps out of his way to exchange a hearty hand-shake with his "brother dramatist," as he liked to call him. Browning's large and genial nature made him always wish to express his thanks, either for favors received, the occasion for which happened rarely in his independent mode of life, or for pleasures procured to him by any one, author or actor; whoever it might be, he always longed to say the words, "I thank you." The following extract from one of his letters, written at Primiero, is an illustration of this:

> The little train from Montebelluna to Feltre was crowded; we could find no room except in a smoking-carriage, wherein I observed a good-natured elderly gentleman—an Italian, I took for granted. Presently he said, "Can I offer you an English paper?"
>
> "What, are you English?"

"Oh, yes, and I know that you are going to see your son at Primiero."

"Why, who can you be?"

"One who has seen you often."

"Not surely Mr. Maledin?"

"Well, nobody else."

So ensued an affectionate greeting, he having been the guardian angel of Pen in all his chafferings about the purchase of the palazzo. He gave me abundance of information, and satisfied me on many points.

The time of year which Browning always gave to his sojourns in Venice was one which all the great Venetian families pass in their country homes, so that comparatively few among them had the pleasure of the illustrious stranger's acquaintance. Among these few the Countess Marcello was a favorite of his, and he accepted, for himself and his sister, her invitation to pass a day at her villa at Mogliano. The day was bright and beautiful, and he seemed to enjoy the short hour's journey by rail, and to admire the smiling country about him. The countess, with several of her children, met us at the little station, and we were quickly whirled away, the younger people with their ponies, the elders in a comfortable landau, through the country road and pretty park to a villa of simple yet imposing architecture. On one side of the house is a sun-dial with the familiar motto (in Latin), "I count only the hours of sunshine," and the lawns near the house bear English mottos in flowers and colored plants, together with the device of the countess, a trefoil joined by letters to form her name, Andriana. After luncheon we all repaired to the tennis-ground, past the deer-houses and through a stately avenue of ancient beech-trees whose great branches met and interlaced far above our heads, making a gigantic arbor. The young people gave up their usual games and seated themselves on rustic benches, listening attentively to every word from the poet's lips. A Venetian sculptor, who chanced to be one of the guests, hid himself behind a group of trees, and peeping through their trunks from his coign of vantage, drew in his album a fairly good portrait of Browning. The countess, who was Queen Margherita's favorite lady of honor, showed the poet a specimen of the handwriting of her royal mistress, which he greatly admired, as being at once forcible and graceful.

Before the hour of departure, the daughter of the house, a young and very lovely creature, asked the favor that Mr. Browning should write in her album.

"With the greatest pleasure," he said, "but I am ashamed to say I remember only one verse."

Every one smiled at this, and the poet, as usual, wrote "My Star." When the *contessina* looked at it, she exclaimed: "This is one of my favorites. See, I have copied it in my book of verses"; and turning over the pages, she showed the poem, neatly written out by her own hand, among many others by the same author. Browning was surprised to find his writings understood and admired by this fair young foreigner, and complimented her on her proficiency in so difficult a language, adding, with a smile: "Even English girls do not find my poems easy to read, you know." Then he said: "Let us compare the verses, the one you have copied and the one I have written; I am sure we shall find some mistake."

There were indeed a few errors, and as he corrected them he said: "See what a service you have rendered me. I should have left the verse full of faults if you had not been able to correct me."

The girl flushed with pleasure, which made her beauty still more apparent. In speaking afterward of this most agreeable visit, Browning gave a glowing description of the beautiful mother and her children. "It is like an English family," he said, which was the highest praise he could bestow.

At the railway-station, while we were awaiting the arrival of the train, a young Italian litterateur asked to be presented to Browning. The countess introduced him as "one who has already distinguished himself in the world of letters," which was of course a passport to the poet's interest. They talked together until forced to part by the shrill whistle of warning, and then came cordial farewells to all who had accompanied us to the station.

"He seems a youth of promise," said Browning, as we sped Venice-ward; "I liked him. I hope he will do well and that I shall hear of him again."

Unluckily, when next his name was mentioned, it was in connection with a series of lectures announced in the papers as "twelve lectures on Zola," which, as may be supposed, the poet expressed no desire to attend.

All who strove to attain in art or literature interested him. Each one struck, with more or less force, his most responsive chord. He was pleased, on the occasion of one of his readings at the Palazzo Barbaro, to meet the novelist Castelnuovo, and mentioned an incident which had long before made the

writer's name familiar to his ear. He related how, on his second visit to Asolo, whither he had taken his sister to bear witness to the wisdom of his early admiration for the place, they found themselves without a book of any sort, an unusual position for book-lovers such as they. The poet went out in search of something or anything readable in the little town, where book-shops are even now unknown. He found one volume only, in a paper-shop I think it was, containing a series of short stories by Castelnuovo, entitled "Alla Fenestra." The brother and sister were both delighted with the book, and ever after procured for themselves each work by the same author as soon as it was given to the public.

Browning's memory is still green in Asolo, where many of the citizens remember him well, where his son owns not only Pippa's Tower, erected after his father's death, but other houses with fine outlooks over the Venetian plain. The small museum in the town hall has the son's bust of his father in plaster, and other relics of the poet who so doted on Asolo. These rambling reminiscences of hours spent with him in Asolo and Venice may have the good fortune to bring him in spirit nearer to his admirers, for I have striven to give an exact report of the man and his character as they appeared to me during an unbroken friendship of many years.



A VENETIAN SANDOLO.

THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

OH, that bend of the road, how it baffles, yet beckons!
What lies there beyond—less or more than heart reckons?
What ends, what begins, there where sight fails to follow?
Does the road climb to heaven, or dip to the hollow?
Oh, what glory of greenness, what lights interlacing,
What softness of shadow, what bounty of spacing,
What refreshment of change—aye, what beauty Elysian
The sweep of that curve may deny to the vision!
Oh, my soul yearns for sight! Oh, my feet long to follow,
Swift-winged with sweet hope as with wings of a swallow!
Though lonely the way, void of song, void of laughter,
I must go to the end—I must know what comes after!

LITTLE STORIES.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

I. A MAN AND A WOMAN.

IT was midnight and very dark. At times the moon shone clear between hurrying storm-clouds. The river was in flood and over the wharves. The waters, checked by the stone piers, rose high, and swept in tumult under the arches of the bridge. Over it a man walked with quick steps, stood still midway, and stared at the black current as it swept on with here and there flashes of foam.

Along the farther footway a woman moved slowly. The man climbed to the parapet and threw himself into the flood.

He rose, aware of the instinctive desire to live. But death was sweeter. He threw up his arms that he might sink, and have his will, and die. A white thing went by him. Something stronger than the longing for death mastered him. He caught at the woman, and held up her head. He must save her—he knew that. He set his skilled strength to the task. The flashes of light on the water went by. The woman made no struggle. At last there were no more wharves, and all was dark. He felt the water to be less wilful. By degrees he neared the shore, touched with his feet the soft ooze beneath, and staggered up a grass slope with his burden. Was she dead? It seemed horrible. No! He felt her heart beat. She was young and slight; more he could not see.

He laid her down, and began to move and chafe her limbs, saying to himself: "Why did I save her? She had a right to choose death." Then he laughed low, and said aloud: "But it is she who has saved me—and here am I with a half-dead woman I have pulled out of the water with no more thought than a dog gives to the stick he fetches!"

As he thus murmured, he did not cease from his efforts. After a little, disturbed at his failure, he remembered what he must do. He set his mouth to hers, and breathed into her the breath of life. A strange joy came to him, as he knew that her bosom moved, and she drew breath after breath. He sat beside her, rubbing her hands, not knowing what more to do. Again and again she moved, and at last the hand he held closed feebly on his—although the woman was still but half alive. The weak grasp was like an appeal, and the man knew that he had here a thing to care for and assist—a woman—another woman!

The night darkened, and suddenly he heard her say:

"Where am I?"

He rose in haste, murmuring:

"My God! it is my wife!"

He turned to leave her, but could not. Then, as she seemed less conscious, he began again to chafe her limbs.

An hour went by while she muttered, wandering in her speech. The man listened, still rubbing her limbs with slow, mechanic action. At last she sat up of a sudden and, seeing nothing clearly, for the night was very dark, said:

"What is all this? Who are you?"

"I am Harry—Stilla, you are safe."

The woman rose to her knees with a faint cry, and fell back into his arms, crying:

"But I wanted to die! Oh, I did want to die! You saved me—why did you save me?"

"I do not know."

"But I know—you tried to save an unknown woman. Thank you for her, but oh, not—not for me."

He told her the truth, and what he had done.

"I am dead—and am alive again. Will you—oh, will you believe me, Harry? As one come from the dead you must, you must."

"Yes, I will believe you."

"I never—did. They lied—"

"I believe you, Stilla."

"Let us go. I am cold."

He helped her to rise, and then, finding her too feeble to walk, took her in his arms.

"See," he said, "the moon is out. There is light—light!"



THE DON'T HURRY CLUB.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

WITH PICTURES BY A. I. KELLER.

AFTER which Chalmers lit a cigarette, and leaned back to puff at it more comfortably.

"And that 's the very last hurrying I 'm ever going to do," he said, with decision. "I 've finished that story and delivered the manuscript on time, but I had to hurry to do it, and I did n't eat right, and I did n't sleep right, and I 've lost twenty pounds of flesh in the operation. Now I 'm through. Hereafter when I undertake a job I mean to allow myself plenty of time and to spare. Hurry, hurry, hurry! I 've been hurrying for thirty-five years. As a child I was hurried to get up, hurried to school, hurried home, and hurried to bed. As a man I 've hurried still more—hurried to catch trains and cars, hurried to meals and appointments. I 've dressed in a hurry, eaten in a hurry, worked in a hurry, and it 's a wonder I did n't die in a hurry. Now I 'm done. I 've hurried for the last time."

He paused and puffed with deliberate luxury, breathing a liberal quantity of smoke and defiance. We had drifted into The Players for luncheon, and a number of congenial spirits had gathered about our table to hear Chalmers talk. Chalmers is convincing when he talks. It is his enthusiasm, I suppose, and his New England conscience, which, among other things, stands for absolute sincerity. Those who had gathered nodded approval. I would not like to say that the fact of Chalmers having a stunning sister, whose favor, though much to be desired, I was by no means sure of, did not influence somewhat the heartiness of my own indorsement. At all events, he addressed his next remarks to me.

"Bob," he continued, "I 'm going to organize a new club. I 'll commence right here, and you fellows can be charter members. There 's a Don't Worry Club already, but this is better. It 's a Don't Hurry Club. If you don't hurry you don't worry, and when people hear of my Don't Hurry Club, they 'll all want to join, and the Don't Worry Club will go out of business. Come, now, who wants to join? Don't all speak at once."

We all did speak, though perhaps I was a trifle in advance of the others. To a man we said it was a good thing, and just what the generation needed. We agreed that the world was moving too fast, and that people were getting no real good out of life, because they did not take time to enjoy things as they went along.

"We must have a badge," suggested Dixon, who drew pictures and saw artistic possibilities ahead—"a badge with a tortoise on it."

Little Crosby dissented. He was an art editor, and his passion for "turning down" Dixon's suggestions was strong.

"Not a tortoise, but a snail. The tortoise has made a record for speed. The snail never has. A snail by all means, or a messenger-boy."

"I know a good motto," put in Merriton, who, like Chalmers, wrote things, but who was notoriously dilatory in his accomplishments. "I adopted it long ago. It 's Latin. 'Lettum wate durnum'—is n't that good Latin, Tom?"

But Chalmers's early training asserted itself.

"There 's a line from the Bible," he said; "it 's in Isaiah, and it covers the ground better than anything I know. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' That 's our motto, and the whole thing in a nutshell. It 's faith that we must have—a sure knowledge that it is unwise to hurry, and an unfaltering trust in the perfect result to follow. Instead of that we are told to 'step lively,' and we jostle and crowd like cattle. 'Step lively' has become the eleventh commandment, and stepping lively is the curse of the generation. I am going to break that commandment and remove some of the curse. I 'm going to begin now, and I want to know how many of you fellows will help me. How many of you fellows will refuse to 'step lively'? How many will pledge themselves not to hurry or be hurried for twenty-four hours? We 'll make that the time of probation. If a man in this city can quit hurrying for twenty-four hours he can quit for good. To-morrow night we 'll meet and report. I invite all who agree out to my house for the evening. There 'll be something to smoke, and other refreshments. How many of this five, besides myself, will be there?"

There was no dissenting voice. We all knew the hospitality of Tom Chalmers's country cottage, and the beauty and accomplishments of Tom Chalmers's sister. I was altogether disgusted at the eagerness with which little Crosby leaped at the opportunity. Only Merriton, the dilatory, asked:

"I suppose there need be no haste in getting there. Any time before next morning will do for a Don't Hurry Club?"

Chalmers regarded him severely.

"There is a difference between haste and promptness, Merriton. It is not the purpose of this club to encourage procrastination or careless indifference to one's duties. Its purpose is to develop forethought and deliberate action under all conditions. Promptness will be one of the first and best results."

Merriton's countenance became rather rueful.

"I thought I was going to be a star member," he said. "Now it begins to look like a dilemma with horns on it. I must n't hurry to get there, but I must get there. I suppose there 's no handicap on starting early, is there, Chalmers?"

"None. You may start now if you like. It takes thirty minutes to get out there by train. By starting now I think that even you, Merriton, might manage to arrive by to-morrow night."

We rose, strong in the faith, and determined in our resolve. I had the usual pile of letters on my desk, and a good many other things. It had been my custom to scrawl something that purported to be an answer to each of these, and so get rid of the mass by evening. Upon my return now I calmly took up one letter, calmly read it, then quietly answered it in full. I had n't done such a thing before for years. I leaned back and approved of myself. Then very calmly I read and considered and answered another. Why, it was bliss. The Don't Hurry Club was to be the greatest boon of the century.

It is true that the pile of letters grew during the afternoon, and had grown still more the next morning. Like Longfellow's turnip, it grew and it grew. Still I did not falter, or at least not much, in my good work. Bess Chalmers usually approved of her brother's undertakings, and I wanted to be in fairly good standing when night came. I had seen none of the others since our agreement, but about four o'clock there came a line from Chalmers at The Players.

DEAR BOB: Come around here when you are through, and I'll take you out with me to dinner. I want to talk about ways and means before the others get there, and I want you to see how the plan works in my own household. Bess has fallen right in with the idea, and we feel that we 've been emancipated. Last night there was an alarm of fire next door. Usually we should have dashed out half dressed and altogether disreputable, to get in everybody's way and be of assistance to nobody. As it was, I remembered and called out the line from Isaiah to Bess, after which we dressed calmly and completely, and went down as correctly as if we were going to an evening with Browning. It was a false alarm, but it shows what we can do, and as a fire-drill of the Don't Hurry Club was a success. Bess is enthusiastic, and we 've developed a lot of new possibilities. Come, then, and be here by 5:10 sharp, so we can get the 5:28 train. That is, if you can do so without hurrying. Don't hurry! There are other trains, and though Bess will likely have dinner on the table at six, she will understand if we don't get there. Of course promptness is always commendable, while haste never is. The way of promptness is the path to plenitude, while that of haste is the highway to hunger. That 's the sort of thing I 'm turning off now.

Rather neat, don't you think so? Come, then, with promptness, perhaps, but without haste.

Deliberately,
CHALMERS.

I had not expected this, and it made my position somewhat difficult. I did not really hurry, perhaps, at least not in the old way, but a strict regard for the verities wrings from me the confession that during my last few moments in the office I did move about with some activity. Indeed, I felt quite like my former self when, at 5:05, I fell into the elevator, which landed me on the pavement just in time to connect with The Players and Chalmers and the 5:28 and Bess's six-o'clock dinner without missing a move at any point along the line.

"Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?" Chalmers asked triumphantly, as we entered his cozy little cottage at Cloverdale, and found the dinner smoking hot on the table, with Bess radiantly beautiful in the joy of our prompt arrival. "Not a step of hurry—just ordinary promptness and foresight. Allow yourself plenty of time, old man, always plenty of time, and then move with deliberation and calmness. When people try to hurry you, don't allow yourself to be disturbed."

I assented. I would have agreed to any statement made by Tom Chalmers while his sister sat just across the table, yet I could not help wondering vaguely whether matters would have been so perfectly adjusted if I had allowed Chalmers himself to wait long enough to miss the 5:28 train, the smoking-hot dinner, and radiant Bess.

"Tom has made a new maxim," observed Miss Chalmers, "or an axiom, or something. It 's about promptness and plenitude—"

"And haste and hunger," I supplemented. "I have had already a taste of that alliterative wisdom, which accounts both for my being here on time, as well as for my good appetite for a hot dinner."

Chalmers regarded me severely.

"You did n't hurry, of course, after what I said in my note?"

"Oh, no—that is, I could n't, you know, after what you said. But one must move with a certain agility and vigor in order to be quite prompt, don't you see? That was your idea, was n't it, to be prompt?"

"Certainly. Promptness without haste. That is the secret of happiness."

"So I gathered from your note. It is true that in my pursuit of promptness I dipped my mucilage-brush in the ink, upset a card index, and pinched my fingers in closing the desk, but these were mere accidents. I have done the same things many times, with far less inducement."

A surreptitious glance convinced me that Miss Chalmers had not missed this delicate tribute, while her brother Tom, after regarding me rather solemnly for a moment, mounted his new hobby, which he proceeded to ride during what I now recall as a most delightful dinner.

Haste, he said, was against nature. Promptness was its very soul. The planets never hurried in their movements, yet they were always on time to the instant. The world, which in the beginning had made a revolution in twenty-four hours, did not, to keep pace with feverish humanity, revolve now in six, but in the same measured period that had been its inheritance from the ages. Seasons came and went as they had done through all time. The seeds sprouted no quicker, the fruit came no sooner to maturity. Within the earth precious minerals required ages to form. The gold nugget and the diamond crystal were not the product of a moment or a century, but of some vast eon of time. Even animal life, left undisturbed by man, had gone on in the same old fashion that had characterized it in the Garden of Eden. It was preposterous that men alone should have inoculated their veins with a fever to lay waste, destroy, and at last annihilate. It was lack of faith, he declared, an utter and terrible lack of faith in the Great Universal Scheme, and he concluded by quoting once more the line from Isaiah, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

I feel that I have not presented the case as well as Chalmers did. Tom talks well, as I have suggested, and then his manner carries you along. Miss Chalmers and I listened and nodded assent, and altogether entered into the spirit of her brother's enthusiasm.

I confess that I should have done so whatever had been his doctrines. I was in that state of mind which indorses anything advanced or approved by the one fair she across the table, whose every look is rapture, whose every word is joy.

Yet I was anxious not to appear too eager, too clearly personal, in my indorsement of her brother's philosophies. I even raised a mild objection here and there, suggesting that, in order not to disturb the existing scheme of things,—in the matter of catching trains, for instance,—it became necessary at times to act with an expedition which might, by certain thoughtless persons, be misconstrued as haste.



"'MERRITON,' HE SAID MOURNFULLY, 'YOU 'VE BEEN HURRYING.'"

But Chalmers would not concede a point. It was all wrong, he maintained. Two wrongs never made a right, and in any scheme there was nothing worth preserving if it depended on haste. As for trains, he would show me, in the morning, something definite in that line, and how taking a suburban train might be made an esthetic recreation instead of the disgraceful, nerve-destroying scramble it only too often became. There would be no sense of haste or anxiety anywhere. I should see.

In the parlor we held a sort of preliminary meeting. Crosby and Dixon had not arrived as yet, while Merriton, the dilatory and irresponsible, would come very late, of course, or, still more likely, not come at all.

We agreed that, for the present at least, the organizer of the new club should be its president; also that I would probably be acceptable as temporary vice-president, the office of secretary naturally falling to Miss Chalmers.

Knowing that our headquarters were to be the Chalmers cottage, I suggested that, in the beginning at least, meetings of the officers should be held as frequently as possible, to which both secretary and president heartily agreed. Altogether the prospect was delightful, and we fell to discussing ways and means and possibilities with an ecstasy and extravagance that were the natural result of Chalmers's ample imagination,

When the clock struck nine we suddenly remembered that Dixon and Crosby were still to come, with Merriton as a possibility. For my part, I should have been glad to know they were not coming at all; but Chalmers was not quite in my condition, besides having a New England conscience, as I have said.

When the half-hour struck he showed signs of impatience.

"It 's all right not to hurry," he said, "but they can't get here now before 10:30. I did n't expect anything better of Merriton, but Dixon and little Crosby, I thought, would at least be—"

There was a step on the piazza, followed by a ring.

"They 're here now," he added. "They 've been loitering from the station. They have n't caught the true spirit of the movement. I shall recite to them my maxim about promptness and plenitude, and haste—"

The servant's voice was greeting some one in the hall. Then there was another voice and what seemed to us considerable delay. Then the door opened—rather hesitatingly, it seemed to us—to admit—Merriton.

Yes, it was Merriton. We felt sure of that, though I don't remember now by just what features we identified him. Not by his face, certainly, for that was streaked and bespattered beyond the line of semblance. Not by his clothes, for they were still fur-

ther disfigured. There were large stains upon both knees. Deep rents began at the hem and extended upward. Dismantled pockets gaped and hung wretchedly, while mud and the stains of mud possessed and dishonored the fragmentary remains. The attempt made outside to remove it had been well for the carpets, but had been of no special benefit to Merriton.

I suspect that it was by his attitude that we knew him. That outline of humiliation and penitence we had seen before. Merriton meant well, but his good intentions had most frequently paved a pathway to remorse. As he stood there blinking in the full light of the parlor, we knew not whether to laugh or to commiserate him. Chalmers was first to find speech.

"Merriton," he said mournfully, "you 've been hurrying."

The figure in the doorway nodded miserably.

"I—I 'm afraid I have a—a little," he said weakly. "You see, I—I wanted for once to be on time. So I started in good season and did n't hurry. I got to the station all right, just on time—worked like a charm. Then I took the train. There 's where I first fell down—figuratively, of course, that time. It was the train that branches off at Oakwood. I saw people running, so I suppose the Cloverdale train must have been on ahead somewhere. I would n't run, of course, and I got on the car that stood there handy. When we passed Oakwood I waited and waited for them to call Cloverdale. I knew that it ought to be only a minute or two. When the fellow did call, it was John's Bay, and I was seven miles from this house. There was no way to get here by train before 10:30, so I walked across country. I suppose I forgot myself sometimes and ran. I—I did n't mean to, but it 's dark and cloudy, and twice I got off the road. Once I got into some brush on a side-hill and fell into the brook at the bottom. I did n't seem to be able to get back up the hill through the blackberries, so I followed the brook quite a distance till I came to an open place. Then I had lost a good deal of time, and maybe I hurried a little to catch up. Brooks and brush, after a rain, are not very good for evening dress, so perhaps I 'd better get back to town by the next train—"

He stopped, seeing that Chalmers was about to speak. For my own part, I had only pity and sympathy for the delinquent, while the face of Miss Chalmers was filled with the spirit of forgiveness. Tom, however, regarded the matter somewhat differently.

"Merriton," he began, with dignified severity, "I regret exceedingly to see you before me in this plight. As president of the Don't Hurry Club, whose main object is that serene calm and deliberate attention to details, the result of which is perfect peace of mind and dignity of bearing, I am obliged to reprimand you before the members present. Merriton, you are—"

"Here," supplied the offender, in weak triumph. "I 'm here, and that seems to be more than the others are. I don't see Crosby and Dixon present."

There came a clang at the door-bell as he spoke.

"You shall see them immediately," said Chalmers, and there was a shade of triumph in his voice. "As I was saying, Merriton, you are—"

But the door opened at that instant, and instead of Dixon and Crosby, the servant entered with two telegrams. Chalmers reached for them, and with an expedition that was hardly consistent with his office, pulled off the covers. Then he read them aloud. The first was from Dixon.

City Hospital, Ward 26.
Refused to step lively. Dragged two blocks. Laid up for ten days. Will sue company.

The other wire was from Crosby.

Jefferson Market Jail, Cell 7.
Would n't step lively. Altercation and arrest. Trial ten to-morrow. Want bail to-night.

No one spoke. Chalmers's eyes wandered from the telegrams to me, thence to his sister, finally resting on the pitiful object in the doorway. The sight of Merriton recalled his immediate duty.

"As I was saying, Merriton," he resumed sternly, "you are a disgrace to the organization."

The victim of brook and brier nodded humbly.

"And I suppose you consider *those* fellows shining lights," he said.

"I do. They have had the courage of their convictions, and are martyrs to a cause."

Beneath Merriton's splash and stain there flickered a smile.

"Yes, that 's so," he said, "and I suppose it does n't take courage or convictions to get in my fix; but I know one thing, I 'd rather be in jail than here."

Then the tension broke. Bess Chalmers

went forward and gave the unfortunate a welcome that was as cordial as conditions would permit, while her brother, relenting, suggested a change of raiment supplied from his own wardrobe, and began immediate plans for the release of the noble but incarcerated Crosby.

Merriton said: "I can fix that, I think, if I can get back to town. I knew all those Jefferson Market people when I was on the 'Shiner,' and they 'll take me, if the bail is n't too big."

"You can get a train back to town in thirty minutes," rejoiced Chalmers. "Bob and I 'll help you dress, so you won't need to hurry, and I 'll take you to the train, so you can't miss it. Tell Crosby I 'll be on hand at ten to-morrow sure, and you 'd better call on poor old Dixon to-night, too, if you can."

We got Merriton into some things with a promptness that, under the circumstances, could hardly be called undue haste. Then with Chalmers he disappeared into the night, and the vice-president and secretary of the Don't Hurry Club were left to continue its first meeting alone.

I cannot furnish a full report of this part of the meeting. If the secretary made any minutes of it, she has thus far failed to produce them. I knew that Chalmers would be back in twenty minutes, and there seemed a good deal to be done in the interval. Still, as I have said before, under the circumstances, I don't think there was undue haste—that is, not much. Indeed, fully ten minutes of the precious time had elapsed before the secretary was obliged to call my attention to the fact that I was vice-president of the new Don't Hurry Club. I may have been holding her hand at the time, or perhaps I took it just afterward.

"Yes, I know," I argued, "but I am not hurrying. I have known Tom for ages, and I feel as if I had known you as long. I have loved you ever since I first saw you more than a year ago. You must have seen that."

"But what about Tom? He would be alone, don't you see?"

"Not at all. He has said dozens of times that he and I ought to have a place together. I will take one in town, and we will come out here summers. So, part of the time Tom will live with us, and the rest of the time we will live with him."

"But we ought not to hurry, you know. We ought to—"

"Be prompt—yes, of course. That is

"But we really should consult Tom first; and I ought to have time to think—"

My ear caught the sound of a step on the pavement—a quick, firm step like that of Tom Chalmers. My heart had completely forgotten that this was a meeting of the Don't Hurry Club, and that, like Dixon and Crosby, we were supposed to be two of its shining lights.

"Yes, oh, yes, of course," I urged feverishly. "But, Miss Chalmers—I—oh, Bess, Tom will be here in another second! Say yes, now—quick, sweetheart, and let 's do the thinking and consulting afterward!"

And then I don't remember just what did happen,—there are no minutes,—but when, a few seconds later, the president of the Don't Hurry Club arrived he found the secretary rather flushed from stirring a grate wherein there had been no fire for weeks, and the vice-president altogether triumphant over the club's first meeting.

"THERE are trains up to 9:38," said Chalmers, as we met in the breakfast-room next morning. "We 'll have to take an earlier one to get to Jefferson Market by ten. There 's one at 8:39. We could get that without any difficulty, but it 's a way-train, while the next one at 8:50 is an express that gets there almost as soon, besides giving us eleven more minutes here. We must n't fail to get that one, though. I would n't miss being at Jefferson Market at ten o'clock for considerable. I 'm going to have something to say on this question of being made to step lively and rush and tumble through life. The Don't Hurry Club is going to get some free advertising. I was awake half the night preparing a little address to the court. It 's a defense of Crosby, and incidentally a plea for more deliberate action—more complaisant lives.

"I keep my watch exactly with railway-time," he added, "so that by starting right I need never hurry the least bit, but may walk along leisurely, listening to the birds, and drinking in the real bloom and joy of suburban life. In fact, since we 've begun the new régime my walk to the train has been a positive luxury, instead of the unhappy exhibition of former times. It is no longer a question of 'catching' or 'making' the train, but of calmly selecting the one desired, and of leisurely walking to meet it; then of boarding it without eagerness and without haste. It was so last night, when I walked over with Merriton. We had no time to waste, of course, but we did not hurry.

I called Merriton's attention to the pleasures of deliberate promptness as we went along. He seemed a good deal impressed, and I hope will remember the difference between our quiet walk and his own disgraceful experience."

Chalmers spoke as if the new system had been in vogue for months. I did not have the heart to remind him that less than a week before he had been living and working and catching trains at the pace that kills. He seemed so very established, somehow, in his reformation. Bess came in just then, more radiant than ever, in her fresh morning attire. She greeted me with a quick, firm hand-pressure that was delightfully different from any former greeting, and that set my pulse a-going. Chalmers now consulted his watch.

"It 's just eight," he said. "We will leave the house at precisely 8:40, which gives us ten minutes for the walk. In the old days I often covered it in five. I have done it in three. It was a spectacular performance."

"Are you sure of your watch?" I asked.

"Oh, Tom's watch is all right," laughed Bess. "He compares it every day, and all the neighbors regulate theirs by his."

"It 's a great thing to be sure of," Chalmers added. "One never need be uneasy then, or disturbed. He that believeth in his watch doth not make haste."

We set out after a delightful breakfast and another thrilling hand-pressure from Bess, accompanied by a beaming look which Chalmers must have noticed had he not been so absorbed in the demonstration of his new system as applied to the matter of catching trains. It was 8:40, precisely, when we closed the gate.

The sweet spring air brought increasing satisfaction, and on my part an exhilaration that was but poorly restrained. With each step I became more eager for the moment when I should lay before Chalmers some new domestic possibilities in which he was more or less concerned. There is something about the rhythm and swing of a railroad-train that makes a proper accompaniment to confidences, and I decided to begin my confession the moment we were in our seats.

There was a little rise of ground just ahead from which, in winter, when the trees were bare, Chalmers said, one could see the train for some distance. In the old days he had often run from this point to the station, after the train had been in sight, and had usually succeeded in catching it. He regretted now that wasted energy. He wondered how he had ever lived at such a tension.

We made no haste. The country was at its best, and Chalmers paused once or twice to point out homes of people I knew or had heard of, and sites where others were about to build.

"You 'll have to come out this way, Bob," he said. "A lot of your friends are out here, or planning to come."

It seemed an auspicious moment, and I was about to plunge into confidences forthwith. But we reached the rise of ground just then, and I saw Chalmers pause and hold up his hand, as if listening. I also paused, and then I realized that his practised ear had caught the sound of a faint puffing over among the trees to our right.

"Wonderful how far we can hear that train on a still morning like this," he said. Then, consulting his watch, "It must be at Ringside now, nearly three miles away. I did n't know but we 'd spent more time than we thought looking at those houses."

We walked on with restored confidence, but I noticed that Chalmers did not point out any more houses, and perhaps unconsciously quickened his step. Then, as the puffing among the trees grew ominously louder, he once more consulted his watch, and there was another definite increase of speed, until presently we were moving at a pace not wholly consistent with Chalmers's faith in his timepiece or with our offices of president and vice-president of the Don't Hurry Club.

"Do you suppose the hands of that infernal watch could have caught in the night?" he demanded presently, with great annoyance. "We 've got to move up, Bob. That train 's our last chance, and it 's nearer than I thought."

I was on the point of quoting the text from Isaiah, but resisted the impulse. It did not seem altogether wise in view of the situation.

"Perhaps the train 's ahead of time," I suggested.

"No, they 're never ahead. It must be this watch—" But at that moment there came a white puff of smoke from among the trees ahead, and we broke into a run without further ado.

Now, I know something about running myself, and once held the school record for a three-hundred-yard dash. But not being a suburban resident like Chalmers, with the advantage of continuous training, I was not in perfect form. Still, I held my own fairly well, until suddenly from the trees ahead there came a brisk, mellow whistle.

At that Chalmers leaped forward and passed me as if I had been walking. He leaped square into a large pool of water, the result of recent showers, and the turbid fluid splashed in every direction. A good deal of it went on my trousers, and a still larger quantity on Chalmers himself, extending upward as high as his tie and collar.

He was not dismayed. The train had left the trees and was pulling into the station. I made a brief, impatient instant, and then away. We must make it —there was no alternative. I did not pause to hear the birds sing.

With a mighty bounding effort I regained my lost ground, and was neck and neck with Chalmers, splashing down the soft street that led to the station. It was a race worth watching, and I regret that some of the old class were not there to see me "do up" Tom Chalmers and lower the record. Still, we were not without appreciation. From the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"HE LEAPED SQUARE INTO A LARGE POOL OF WATER."

little shops on both sides of the way the butcher and baker, with their clerks and delivery-boys, tumbled out to cheer and to encourage us to yet further effort. Chalmers running alone they had seen and applauded before, but to see two semi-professional sprinters racing neck and neck against time was unusual, even for Cloverdale.

When the train began to move we were still a short block away, and on the side opposite the platform. The train-handles were high from the ground, and the footing beneath looked poor.

"We—we 'll never make it," I panted. "Let 's take—next train and—telegraph."

If any struggle took place then between that New England conscience of Tom Chalmers and temptation, it was instantaneous, and the former triumphed.

"Can't!" he panted back. "Crosby—ten o'clock—must."

Then did we accomplish the impossible. Although at the utter end of our strength, we actually increased our speed for the few remaining yards, each caught a pair of handles as they swung by on a level with our chins, and at the risk of life and limb dragged ourselves up to soiled, crumpled exhaustion, but to safety and triumph.

We had neither strength nor breath for speech, at first, nor to totter inside. When we did, the conductor was just coming through. He knew Chalmers, and paused to look us over. We were worth looking over.

"Why," he commented, "what did you do that for? Why did n't you wait for the next train?"

"Could n't—important business—ten o'clock!" gasped Chalmers.

"But you 'd have made that all right on the 8:50 express."

Chalmers gaped up at him.

"Is n't this—the 8:50?"

"Oh, no. This is the 8:39. Five minutes behind time this morning."

I DID not make my confidences to the rhythm and swing of the train as I had intended. The time did not seem auspicious.

Neither did Chalmers make the address he had lain awake to prepare. He did address the court, however, and had some good things to say about the rights of citizens, the duties of corporations, and the arbitrary discourtesy of their employees. What he said was true and forcible, but it was not a free advertisement for the Don't Hurry Club. In the end little Crosby paid his fine, and Dixon paid his bill at the hospital. Chalmers generously offered to make good their losses, on the ground that they had been incurred through his well-intentioned but somewhat misdirected zeal.

Not that the Don't Hurry Club has gone out of business. Chalmers would never consent to that so soon. Besides, as he says, his own lapse only proves the folly of losing faith. The membership pledge has simply been modified.

For instance, we are all going to Cloverdale again to-night, and there have been no injunctions issued against "stepping lively." Indeed, we are ordered by the secretary to step as lively as need be to arrive in season.

As before, I am a favored guest; also Merriton—the dilatory and irresponsible Merriton.

He is going with me as best man.





"'AND NOW, SEE, SHE COMES HITHER.'"

CAPTAIN ENGLAND.

AN ANTIC OF THE OCEAN.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Author of "Tom Beauling."

WITH PICTURES BY GERTRUDE PARTINGTON.

You gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon
The danger of the seas!

WHEN the stretch of waves between the white coast of Britain and the oaken sides of the *Hynd Horn* had widened to an impassability for the most enduring swimmer, the two mariners with pistols in their sashes quitted the presence of Mr. England, to which they had clung with pertinacity ever since the elegantly buckled shoe of that gentleman had first touched the deck. Mr. England smiled with sweetness after the last disappearing hall-marks of his various misdemeanors, and seated himself on the rail, where he balanced with niceness and be-

leaped to his knee, purring. Thence the cat climbed to his shoulder and rubbed against his cheek.

"O cat," said Mr. England, "in the course of your nine lives, have you ever been hanged?"

The cat yawned, from the sea-freshness, and elevated his ample tail.

"And was it painful?" said Mr. England. "And were you, despairing, made to leave the most beautiful of all tabbies to the machinations of other toms?"

Mr. England's delicate hand passed in caress the whole length of the cat from his nose to the tip of his tail.

"In the midst of life, O cat," said he, "we are in need of the poets, and

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?

But to be hanged, puss!—a dolorous priest—a knot under the left ear—a drop—kingdom come, and be damned to you!"

The cat purred loudly.

"What is life?" said Mr. England. "A shoe too tight to wear. What is death? An ineptness of nature. Let us die cheerfully, puss, the stem of a rose between our teeth, and our feet clad in easy stockings."

Mr. England sighed and looked back on that fast-sinking shore where he and his crimes and the law had all met in the same ale-house.

"Feline," said Mr. England, "I am to be judged where I was born, hanged where I was bred, and buried where four roads cross, with a stake through my susceptible heart, and a devil to make me dream. But you, lamented sir, will die of an indigestion,—cat, 'ware rat!—and be hurled by the tail into some corner; and our respected talents will die with us. Do you draw a lesson from that? Then down with you, sir, for an ignoramus!"

Mr. England shifted his shoulder so suddenly as to send the cat scrambling to the deck. There he gradually lapsed from an attitude of surprised indignation into the first position of washing.

Mr. England mused with half-shut eyes.

"Ah, Mr. England," said the captain, "you are comfortable, I trust, in body and mind?"

"The sea does not make me sick in body," said Mr. England, "neither do my thoughts make me sick in mind. But I *am* sick at heart, for I have not yet been presented to Lady Pelham, and on that straight, short road which is between me and the gallows there is no other petticoat in view."

"Mr. England," said the captain, "when I agreed not to put you in irons during good behavior, but to give you the run of the ship, I made it clear that you were not to seek the society of the other passenger, and you promised a ready obedience to my wish."

"But I thought the other passenger would be a male," said Mr. England.

"I had not made the proviso," said the captain, "if it were to have been a man."

"But, captain," said Mr. England, "think of the lady! How may we find it in our hearts to oblige a lady—a beautiful, an accomplished, a fashionable, a *young* lady—to endure a voyage of inestimable length and dullness, which might be rendered a shadow less disagreeable by the society of one who, though not to the manner born, has been to court, mastered the graces, the languages, the poets, the game of piquet, and other arts, which, while not to be mentioned before honest men, have in no wit detracted from his knowledge of the world or his powers of conversation?"

"To the point," said the captain. "But how can I present to this lady, whose guardian and protector I am for the time being, a man who, however accomplished, is for all that a—"

"Spare me!" said Mr. England, with an assumed shudder.

"You see," said the captain.

"But she is so beautiful!" said Mr. England.

"I deplore," said the captain, "that duty which causes me to disoblige a gentleman whom I frankly like, and to deprive a lady, whose loneliness I myself can do little to alleviate, of his charming society."

"But surely," said Mr. England, "there would be no harm done. Has crime pock-marked me? Am I loathsome? Is not the great sweetness of this lady proof against contamination? I ask only to be allowed to render her those delicate attentions which are her due, and to bend such small talents as I may have to the shape of her amusement. And can you not, sir, consider me at all? A few weeks—a short trial—a speedy hangman—a dead England! How gaily could those weeks be passed in the nearness of a beautiful lady! How one could disregard the savage judge in the memory of those weeks! How featly one could tread the scaffold, imagining it a well-pitched deck beneath an August moon! Would you send me onward, my captain, with no gentle memories? Must I grave it to the recollection alone of murder and of sudden death? Oh for a gentle memory at the last—perchance a tender word to cling to, perchance a kerchief given in jest, the memory of a sweet profile against the moon, the memory of eyes that gave back stars to heaven! Such memories are fresh garlands hung upon the dying tree, to which, in the very clutch of death, I could whisper with the poet, 'Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die.'"

Mr. England turned half away with some show of bitterness.

"Mr. England," said the captain, moved, "my duty is as plain as the north star on a clear night. You are a passing cloud which obscures that star. In utmost sincerity, your sentiments are tearing my mind."

"Let me appeal to *her* great graciousness," said Mr. England. "Let me tell her who and what I am, and then, if she stand for me—"



"'TOM ENGLAND AND HIS CRIMES AND THE LAW THEY MET THERE.'"

"You *will* tell her who and what you are?" said the captain, weakening.

"My word!" said Mr. England. "At the worst, she can but spurn and despise me, and I shall have played the story-telling Moor."

"MR. ENGLAND," said Lady Pelham, jestingly, "the time is come when you did promise to confess your manifold sins and wickedness before all men."

The time was night. The full moon, like



PRISCILLA, LADY PELHAM.

"You shall have your chance," said the captain. "And now, see, she comes hither."

"Her eyes are like the morning," said Mr. England. And he added: "Captain, in the constant and diverting repetitions of history, it often occurs that when Mohammed cannot go to the mountain—you know the anecdote? I will lay my best gilt buckles against a half-dozen of your Burgundy that the lady takes the part of the pirate."

. . . . . .

a round of mottled marble, hung in the heaven. Her sweet light radiated across the dancing sea, and the white sails of the *Hynd Horn* were lighted by it.

Mr. England held up his head proudly, and Lady Pelham clasped her pretty little hands attentively.

"Lady Pelham," said Mr. England, "it is a poor thing that boasts of its own gallantry, but I have been no stranger to the giving and taking of blows, nor to encounters with

wild beasts, of which some were lions and serpents, and some men. I ask you to believe that, whatever the fear that has tugged at my heart, I have never run away. But now I would fain run from *you*, for what I have to tell will lower me unspeakably in your gracious sight."

"Mr. England," said Lady Pelham, gently, "your voice sounds tired and melancholy, like that of *Prince Hamlet* in the play when he becomes sickened of his part in life. If what you are about to say can in any way sever an acquaintance so prettily begun, I pray that you will leave it unsaid. We are two young people in a wide ocean, cut off from each shore, with weeks of weary sailing before us. Let us leave behind those things which have been, and be content with what is. If you are truly gallant, you will not leave the queen of this ship without a solitary courtier."

"Such a mantle were a cloak to any sin," said Mr. England. "But such shreds of honor as I may lay claim to require that I speak. Our queen must know her courtier for what he is."

"I will pardon my courtier in advance," said Lady Pelham, "for I need his service."

She looked up at him with a wonderful girlish sweetness.

"I am beyond pardon," said Mr. England, "and forgiveness. I dare not hope that those gentler elements of which I am at this moment composed can secure me toleration after the monstrous composition that I have been. Will you listen, lady, from the bitter beginning to the bitter end? It may be that no woman will ever listen to me again."

"I will listen," said Lady Pelham.

"We are to understand," said Mr. England, "that all those littlenesses, such as tears and laughter, and crime and goodness, which go to make up the Almighty's universe were established by some primal cause. In this way it is possible to conceive of a man who is not answerable for what he is. But I am answerable for what I am. I think I had no primal cause. I adhered to my will when it was good; I clung to it when it was wicked. I cannot say in my defense, 'Had my parents not beaten me, I had not done thus and so.' Therefore, Lady Pelham, you are to judge of a life which was not made for a man, but which a man made for himself.

"Down to the southward," continued Mr. England, "there was an island of the sea. [illegible] it was like an outstretched hand upon the waters: long, safe harbors were between its fingers, and the five knuckles were redoubtable mountains, susceptible to rare defenses—to the overwhelming of narrow gorges, to the rolling down of irresistible rocks. But from the ocean that island was more sweet; for frothy blue waves lapped the white sands on the one side, and to the other came troops of trees and greenery that knelt and bowed like worshipers. In the harbors of that island was a great safety and hiding-place for a certain ship, and on the shores were deep-thatched homes for men. Plantains and many manners of trees gave fruit; other trees, deep shade; swift brooks, cold water; the mountains, game. There were storehouses full of silks and satins and brocades, and spices, and all manner of good things. Many a chest of gold and silver was in the secret keeping of the strong sands. Dusky women of the island made welcome with soft voices, and the captain of the ship, who was a leader of men, gave good rule to that calm place."

With a little sigh of approval Lady Pelham settled deeper to the mystery of listening.

"There was a ship," said Mr. England, "so shapely above and below the water, and served with such cunning sails, that not one other ship in all the world was so swift upon the seas. This ship was manned by a crew of a hundred men, and captained by a devil."

Lady Pelham shifted uneasily.

"The men," said Mr. England, "were men of Devon in England and of Portugal and Holland and Spain and of the Americas. In only two things was there similarity among the men: each had the heart of a lion and the cruelty of a snake. But the captain!—oh, the captain! He was a rare bird—a pretty gentleman to look upon, if you like; a man of letters and breeding; a man of easy language, who could pin a compliment to a heart and slap his Maker's face in the same breath; a sweet swordsman, a sure shot, and"—Mr. England's voice rose almost to a note of command—"a leader of men."

A look of aversion began to creep into Lady Pelham's eyes.

"Now, what manner of kingdom was that, Lady Pelham?" said Mr. England. His voice was almost fierce. "Whence came those satins and brocades, those chests of gold? What manner of men lived in those deep-thatched homes and sailed that ship? What manner of man was their captain? I will tell you, Lady Pelham. We were bloody pirates, and *I* was our captain. We robbed

and murdered on the high seas. Those who despised us we shot; those who were for us we hanged; those who besought us we hauled



"'BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS,' SAID MR. ENGLAND."

down the barnacled keel. We made coffins of ships—"

He paused, sweating from the energy of his discourse.

Lady Pelham shivered.

"Right," she said—"right; you have said enough."

She rose and swayed slightly.

"To the bitter end—to the bitter end!" cried Mr. England. The sweat was on his forehead and upper lips. "I have your Ladyship's promise."

And, as it was in the beginning, the woman listened to the serpent. He spoke in a lower, less shocking voice.

"A wave of us," said he, "went up and over the side of a rich ship. When all was

finished, and while the sea, sucking at the shattered bows, was dragging her down, two brothers stood in the cabin. One was honorably, one basely, born. One was Henry, Lord Clearwater; one was Thomas England, pirate. One was a kingly boy with golden hair, and the pride of honor and innocence set like a crown upon his brow. The other was a hard man, whose heart was set upon grimness.

"'Sir,' says my Lord Clearwater, 'if you are truly my brother, I shall be obliged to take my life, which has become unendurable to me, now that I am connected with such vileness. I beg, in view of this, that you will retract your statement, in which case I can consent to live.'

"The boy was white, and he shook, for it was in his mind to take his own life, because I was his brother, and he loathed me, yet he feared to die.

"'Henry,' says England, 'you *are* my brother, and I will save you in spite of yourself.' Oh, the horror of it, Lady Pelham! The words were not free of my mouth when he shot himself—here in the forehead he shot himself, through the very crown of his pride and his innocence. I knelt and kissed the blood from him, for he was my brother, and a kingly boy."

Though Mr. England's voice broke at the tragedy of its own conjuration, he sighed with relief when he saw the look of aversion go from Lady Pelham. He went on falteringly.

"I cut a lock of his yellow hair, and we committed him with honor to the deep. Then I bade haul for England, and I laid the lock upon his mother's knee, and I said, 'Do not weep, lady, for he was a brave and kingly boy.'" Mr. England controlled his voice with effort. "I turned at the door and, looking back, saw the gray head bent over the yellow hair."

Lady Pelham was crying. Mr. England watched her furtively.

"Lady—lady," he said almost piteously, "does the bitterness of that atone a little? As I rode down the long avenue from the castle, I repented of my shudderable life, and said over and over again, 'God help me! God help me!'"

Mr. England's hand lay upon the rail, white in the moonlight and frail like an appeal. Lady Pelham touched it with her fingers.

"God help you!" said she.

Mr. England turned from her so that she might not see his face.

"There is more," said he, presently. "It is the bitterest part, for it is the death-blow to the new life then begun. In London is an ale-house where, it is said, if you sit for a year and a day you shall see all the people in the world. There are famous meetings in that ale-house. And who do you think met together there one day? Why, Tom England and his crimes and the law they met there, and, so help him God! he is being taken to the place where he was born, to be tried for all of his crimes, and for any one of them to be hanged by the neck until he is dead."

He leaned toward Lady Pelham.

"It was to lay a lock of hair upon a mother's knee that I went to England," he said. "Gracious, merciful, and beautiful lady, have I spoken my last word to a woman this side of the grave?"

"No," said she, and hot tears coursed down her sweet cheeks, and she ran below without another word.

Mr. England was joined by the captain, who had been prowling about in the night.

"Well?" said the captain.

"Captain," said Mr. England, with the utmost cheerfulness, "I am your creditor for six bottles of Burgundy. With your agreeable and esteemed acquiescence we will open one of them."

And he added to himself:

"That was a saving invention about the brother."

INFINITE compassion of woman; infinite forgiveness; infinite desire to mold and make new; infinite power to leave her great, tender, true, beautiful, silly heart in the most brambly places.

Those eyes of Lady Pelham's, which Mr. England himself had said were like the morning, looked into the eyes of Mr. England, and saw nothing there of all that horribleness which she had forgiven. She saw there only the purity and nobility of purpose with which he had promised her to live until he died; and in the bottom of her silly, golden heart, she said: "He has repented. He loves me—he must be saved."

Behind them were three weeks of fair and foul weather, a thousand pages of the poets, a hundred games at piquet; conversations wherein were laid down the laws of life, the meetings and partings of true lovers. Sometimes they had spoken of death, but more often of the beginnings of happy lives; sometimes of the delicate perfections of

verse, sometimes of predestination, sometimes of the champ of war, but mostly of love.

A bright sun was in the heaven, a following wind was on the sea, and between the *Hynd Horn* and her port was an ever-narrowing distance. But between Priscilla, Lady Pelham, and Mr. Thomas England was no distance at all, for her elbow touched his arm, and a wisp of her hair brushed his cheek.

"Beautiful princess," said Mr. England, "I see now, when it is too late, that the gods have loved me all along, for, through circumstances too horrid for another to contemplate, your favor has caused me to be happier than the heir of a kingdom about to mount the royal throne. I make it my hourly duty to thank God for the wealth of peace which he has given me. The end, which had presented itself to my view amid surroundings of such boundless dishonor, seems now like the gentle coming of night. I shall bid you 'good night,' and fall asleep to dream of you. But there will be no morning, my princess, after that last good night."

"There must be morning somewhere," said Lady Pelham.

"Do you wish it?" said Mr. England.

"I wish it," said she.

"Ah, lady," said Mr. England, "there is such bitterness in brief days! How can you, looking back upon the glory of this time at sea,—when I am gone,—believe, in your heart of hearts, that I was a true penitent? How easy it were to play any part for so little a space! There is scarce a difference between my case and that of your sinner who, feeling the tides of life run agonizingly out, the sweat on his brow, the rattle in his throat, turns with an ecstatic valedictory from his sins (which he can commit no more), and writhes to be forgiven. There is such doubt. Tell me, lady, that you believe—that you believe me other than that."

"I have given you my trust," said Lady Pelham.

"Golden heart!" said Mr. England, and a real tear ran down his cheek. "Oh," he cried, "for a full fragment of life wherein to step from the slough that was into the broad thoroughfare of a true knight! To march prospering, with her kerchief on one's sleeve, with her eyes looking upon one from the high tower, with her trust in one's keep, with her love to return to! I tell you, if I had a year to live I would prove before all men and such a lady that chivalry is not yet gone from earth, and that dragons are still to be found in the enchanted forest."

There was such a deep ring, as of gold, in England's voice, and such an undercurrent of pain and missed opportunity, like the tolling of a dirge, that Lady Pelham's heart was torn, and became bursting with a desire to help that same rebirth of chivalry and knightly deeds upon earth. She laid her hand on his arm.

"If I were Tom England," she said, "I would not yet give over. Rather a plank in the ocean, a gallant struggle, one last fight for that same year of life. If I were a leader of men, I would not suffer myself to be led meekly like an ox to the slaughter by men."

"A plank?" said Mr. England, looking at the great waves. "Ah, lady, not a plank!"

"The plank was a figure," said Lady Pelham. "Can you not think out some stratagem—some desperate chance?"

"And leave you?" exclaimed Mr. England. "Ah, beautiful princess!"

"At the end of such a year as you spoke of," said Lady Pelham, "you could seek me out, and come before me, haling the dragon after you."

"And the reward?" said Mr. England.

"The year were its own reward," said Lady Pelham.

"True," said Mr. England, dolefully. "Then you wish me to escape?"

"Oh, I do!" said Lady Pelham, vehemently.

"I bless you for that," said Mr. England. Then he looked into her eyes for some moments.

"Thank God!" he said at length. "My lot is happier than that of kings and emperors, for in my life I have found one person I can trust."

Lady Pelham's eyes filled with tears.

"And you will try," she said, "for my sake?"

"Listen, dearest lady," said Mr. England. "It has come to my mind that when I am cut off from the sight of your bright eyes I must have leisure wherein to turn back my heart and recollect them. Therefore, being a man of some resource,—the result of experience, not boasting,—I did decide to essay one desperate chance."

"Ah!" said Lady Pelham. "And that—"

"I have some power over nature," said Mr. England, mysteriously, "and I have altered the course thereof."

"Altered the course of nature!" said Lady Pelham.

Mr. England took from a pouch a piece

of heavy stone, the color of lead, and the size of a thumb-nail.

"I had two of these," said he. "You have heard how the coffin of Mohammed was raised from the floor of his tomb by the power of the roof, which was lodestone. This is part of the roof of Mohammed's tomb, and so was the other piece. The other piece is now playing ducks and drakes with the mariner's compass by which our good captain confidently thinks he is steering the *Hynd Horn* direct for the port where I am to be hanged. As a matter of fact, she has been running in a somewhat southerly direction. Strange ports offer strange chances to those who are willing to chance it."

Mr. England laughed softly out of pure satisfaction.

"And now," said he, "observe our astute captain and his able officers. It is twelve o' the clock, and they are about to take the sun with the sextant, and locate our exact whereabouts upon the face of the waters. But they will not do this, because our prying skipper shall find within a minute that his instrument—by the way, the only one now on board—has been irreparably deranged."

Mr. England smiled blissfully at Lady Pelham, and hummed from the ancient ballad of Sir Patrick Spens the lines:

> O whare will I get a skeely skipper
> To sail this new ship of mine?

"And, thank God," said Mr. England, "there is one person in the world to whom I can tell this thing."

"You trust me like that?" said Lady Pelham, a tender light in her eyes.

"I trust you," said Mr. England, "more than I trust myself."

The captain and his officers stood for a long time scratching their heads.

"At any rate," the captain had said to his officers, "we can trust to our compass, which is an excellent instrument of the latest pattern. At night we must watch out with redoubled vigilance, lest we fall a prey to some uncharted body of land. But it 's God's own pity that so pretty a sextant should have met with so untimely an end."

Though the nights were cloudy, the weather held to the satisfaction of all on board, especially to that of the captain and Mr. England, for each was holding himself responsible for the navigation of the ship. Each spent several hours a day in reassur-

that the piny shores of Massachusetts were dead ahead. Mr. England spoke of palms and guavas.

"It is so warm," said the captain, sententiously, to Lady Pelham, "because we are approaching the New World, where it is warmer than with us."

"It is so warm," said Mr. England, "because we are approaching the equator, where it is hotter than in the infernal regions."

"O Lord," said Lady Pelham, on her knees, "make it right for me not to betray his secret, for he is thine own true penitent, and I am thy daughter that adores thee."

One morning the fan of a palm was seen by Mr. England to pass to leeward in the boil of waters. A little later he showed Lady Pelham a school of flying-fishes, and about noon the lookout cried to those on deck that he beheld land under the port bow. The two faces which Mr. England wore as the *Hynd Horn* bore down on that island—for island it now showed itself to be—were of an exact oppositeness. To the captain he showed a drawn lip,—a beginning-of-the-end face, as it were,—to Lady Pelham the most dancing of eyes, the most radiant of smiles. But if the expression of his face was joyous when he turned it on Lady Pelham, what must have been the feeling in his breast when the dim bluish cloud on the horizon began to assume a familiar shape?

"By the splendor!" cried Mr. England's heart, "I have hit the nail on the very head."

The *Hynd Horn* ran nearer and nearer to the island, and the captain, who was forward, glass at eye, suddenly lurched like a drunken man. He made a new focus and looked again.

"My God!" he cried—"palms!"

Mr. England was at his elbow.

"The tropics!" said he, sweetly.

"This is the devil, Mr. England," said the captain.

"I begin to think it is," said Mr. England. "Sir, the loan of your glass."

Mr. England looked long and eagerly, and his heart leaped and bounded, but he kept countenance.

"Sir," said he, "these waters are familiar to me, and we are in imminent danger of our lives; we are in the midst of shoals and reefs—"

"Condemn that sextant!" cried the captain.

"Sir," said Mr. England, "I beg you to

"We will turn back," said the captain. He was dazed at finding his ship so far to the southward.

"It were foolhardy to turn back," said Mr. England. "We have no sextant, and the compass has proved as fickle as woman. I beg you, sir, let me take the wheel. There is not a moment to lose. We can talk as—as we save our lives."

The two gentlemen hurried aft, and Mr. England snatched the wheel from the helmsman's hand.

"Ah!" he sighed, as if relieved of a great burden.

"And now, sir, what do you intend?" asked the captain.

"That island," said Mr. England, "is a great putting-in place for ships short of water and supplies. It is inhabited by a gentle race of—of islanders, who will treat us with courtesy. I propose to conduct the *Hynd Horn* to a safe anchorage, and there we must lie until some other ship touches and we can beg a sextant. Sir, I pray that you will send a safe man forward to take the soundings."

"I will do it myself," said the captain. "Sir, you are proving yourself a man of spirit and resource."

"I think I am," said Mr. England to himself when the captain had gone forward. He patted the wheel, and added: "Oh, the simplicity of steering through imaginary shoals and reefs!"

Presently the captain cast the lead.

"Mr. England," he cried, "there is no bottom."

"Thank God!" Mr. England called back. "Then we are in the channel."

The *Hynd Horn* was now skirting the shore of the island within three cable lengths. Mr. England still steered, and the captain still cast the lead and found no bottom. Lady Pelham was standing close to Mr. England.

"It is a sweet place," said she.

"Sweeter than you know, lady," said he. "Do you notice anything particular about the scene?"

"Only that it is fresh and green and beautiful—a blessed island!" said Lady Pelham.

"Mark," said Mr. England, "how the frothy blue waves lap the white sands on the one side, and to the other come troops of trees and greenery that kneel and bow like worshipers."

"Mr. England," cried the lady, in excitement, "it is not—it cannot be *your* island?"

"In the midst of doubt," said Mr. England, "we must turn to the poets."

He raised his shapely head proudly, and turned his eyes on the lady.

"Princess," he said,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.
> From the center all round to the sea
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

"You terrify me," said Lady Pelham, "when you look like that."

"Oh, my lady," cried Mr. England, "my good, my blessed angel, how can *I* terrify *you?*"

"I have given you my trust," said Lady Pelham, "and I will not fear you any more."

"My people shall be your lambs," said Mr. England.

The shores kept unfolding great beauties, so that it was a sheer delight to look upon them—on the surpassing freshness of the green, the wonderful whiteness of the sands, the slender perfections of the palms, the bright-colored flashes from the flowers. The extreme coquetry of nature ornamented those shores.

Now and again the captain's voice arose from the main chains, where he was using the lead:

"There is no bottom."

Now and again Mr. England spoke reassuringly to Lady Pelham.

NATURE had done much to conceal the narrow mouth of the tortuous harbor into which Mr. England steered the *Hynd Horn*. Conceive a bottle from which a fragmentary and rotten cork has been three parts drawn. The cork, a dozen little islands, as round as coins, and densely wooded, was in, and projected from, the neck of the bottle. These islands were so placed and related that the channel, in any direction, was blocked by some one of them; and so close were they to one another and the main island that to even a near glance they gave the appearance of being one unbroken shore. Their inanimate deceits and contrivances so tricked the eye that it was as if that Providence which watches over the evil-doer had taken a handful of everlasting dust and thrown it in the face of Justice.

The channel itself was like a narrow tidal river: the trees on each bank were exceedingly well grown, and formed, with the various flowery and thorny creepers which bound them together, an unbreached and impenetrable wall; for, whereas the top of the wood

waved energetically in the wind off the sea, the waters of the harbor were as still as death, and the *Hynd Horn* seemed to be advanced less by the impulse of moving air than by a kind of delectable wafting.

A quiet came over the *Hynd Horn*, and only those men who were preparing the anchor spoke at all. Mr. England, his lips pressed tightly together to keep back any show of that eagerness and triumph which was almost bursting his sides, turned the wheel to right or left with delicate and precise movements of his white hands. Lady Pelham stood close beside him. She was very pale.

For a long time that ribbon of still water continued between its twin vegetable hedges, and then came a turn, beyond which everything spread. The channel opened into a great placid fan, dotted thickly with wild fowl. The matted trees stepped back from one another, and halted at stately distances, as in an English park. The shore ahead rose to the dignity of a hill, and discovered among its waving plantains and traveler's-palms a well-ordered village of deeply thatched cottages. But no atom of humanity was stirring, and that landlocked, fan-shaped basin, with its park-like shores, had been as peaceful as paradise, save for the intrusion on its shining surface of the shape of an ominously powerful ship, painted as black as the pit.

As when, at a game of pure chance, it is suspected that a certain player is causing the intrusion of skill, the other players begin to look at him askance, so the officers and crew of the *Hynd Horn* began to eye Mr. England. There was as yet no handle to seize upon; but the inhuman silence of that place, and the sardonic power and blackness of the vessel at anchor, worked upon the imaginings of men like unexplainable sounds in the night season. All faces became long and grave, save only that of Mr. England. Alert and flushed, his eyes glittered coldly over the captain, the officers, and the crew; even over Lady Pelham, from her head to her feet, for he knew what the others began to divine, that they had been betrayed.

Lady Pelham, poor dove, stood close to the snake and trembled.

"Mr. England," said the captain, in a deep voice, "what place is this?"

"A harbor," said Mr. England, sweetly.

"Sir," said the captain, "I would feel safer on the high seas without rudder or compass than in such a harbor."

"The tone of your statement," said Mr. England, "makes the issue personal rather than geographical. I brought you here. Am I to understand that—"

"You are to understand," said the captain, "that I have trusted the lives in my care to dangerous hands."

"Ah," said Mr. England, contemptuously, "and your final judgment?"

"I reserve that," said the captain. "And in the meanwhile I will run no risks. We will turn about and make for open sea."

Mr. England stepped back from the wheel, releasing the spokes.

"You are too late, captain," he said jauntily. "The channel up which we have come is now divided by an indivisible chain of iron, retreat is cut off, and, furthermore—furthermore, we—are—aground."

It was true. The *Hynd Horn*, either from being left to her own guidance, or from some last subtle impulse which Mr. England had given to the wheel, ran, with a scrunch, upon a submerged bank of soft, clinging sand.

Instantly all was bustle and menace, but before the latter had taken the shape of an attempt to arrest the person of Mr. England, that gentleman had found time to kneel at Lady Pelham's feet, kiss both her hands, say in his most tender voice, "Farewell, charmingest," to mount lightly on the rail, leap gracefully overboard, and swim leisurely ashore. Not a gun or pistol could be fired, for none was loaded; not a marlinespike was thrown, for the thought came to no one.

Mr. England stood dripping on the beach, in easy view from both vessels. He stood so for a moment, and then, turning, disappeared among the trees.

Instantly a port opened on the pirate ship, a gun was run out, there was a thunderous discharge, generating thunderous reverberations, and a ball screamed between the masts of the merchantman. The water-fowl rose from the surface of the harbor with a terrific roaring of wings, and swung over the trees with terrified cries.

The captain of the *Hynd Horn* hauled down his flag.

And Lady Pelham sank sobbing to the deck.

The afternoon passed without a sign from the pirate ship or the land. Long and short strings of water-fowl returned to the harbor, and all was as before. That island world stood still waiting until Mr. England should give it command to move.

He might have been seen pacing moodily in a glade of the forest. For the first time in his adventurous life he did not know what

he was going to do next. He was possessed of a magnificent devil which was tempting him to act like a gentleman.

About ten in the morning a small boat was rowed to the *Hynd Horn*, and Mr. England came over the side. He was white and drawn, and there were blue circles under his eyes, but he had been at some pains to dress himself according to the latest mandates of fashion. To the captain, who greeted him, he bowed shortly, and said:

"I have come to speak with Lady Pelham. Where is she?"

"If you have come to insult her, which I doubt not," said the captain, stoutly, "you shall have the pleasure of doing so across a number of dead bodies. I may have hauled down my flag of commission, but you shall find my flag of honor nailed to the mast."

The men of the *Hynd Horn* began to close in.

"For God's sake," said Mr. England, "don't make me angry! Where is she?"

"I demand your intentions," said the captain.

Mr. England pursed his lips and looked the captain over.

"My good man," said he, "I spent last night in hanging you for safety's sake and sparing you for courtesy's sake. I did each about nine hundred and eighty times. I have barely reached a decision comfortable for all concerned, when you begin to annoy me and make me wish to retract. Now I want to speak with Lady Pelham. Where is she?"

"Sir," said the captain, "whatever decision you may have reached as to hanging me or not hanging me, I stand in the place of a father to that young lady, and I ask why—"

"Why in ——," said Mr. England, fiercely, "don't you act as if you were grown up?"

"I 'm condemned if you shall stand there insulting me!" cried the captain.

"I 'm condemned if I sha'n't!" cried Mr. England.

"I tell you—" began the captain, hotly.

But just here came an interruption in the lovable form of Lady Pelham herself. The very exquisiteness of her sudden apparition upon the deck—for she was all in white, and her eyes were like the morning—cooled the glowing tempers of the two men, as sweetly as rain cools parched ground.

"Speak to her if she wishes," said the captain, with a bow.

"Captain," said Mr. England, with a flourish, "I am under many obligations to you already. I should like to place myself under one more. I desire to speak with Lady Pelham alone."

The captain and crew of the *Hynd Horn* went forward in a body. Mr. England removed his hat and advanced slowly to Lady Pelham.

"What are you to-day?" said Lady Pelham, not coldly, but with deep sadness.

"Do you mean am I penitent or pirate?" asked Mr. England.

Lady Pelham's head drooped in acquiescence.

"I think that for to-day and for many days," said Mr. England, "I shall be neither pirate nor penitent, but only a common man—with a broken heart."

"How well I know you now!" said Lady Pelham, with even more sadness.

"Lady," said Mr. England, "I did not think you had found me out. But since it is so—"

"It was yesterday," said Lady Pelham, "when your eyes glittered so, and you looked me over as if—oh, the shame of it!" A great blush rose on her cheeks.

"Oh, lady," said Mr. England, "I want you to listen to me *so* much!"

"Yes," said Lady Pelham; "and for what reason?"

"For these," said Mr. England—"for the sake of the moon, and the freshness of the sea."

"I think that you are only going to make me one of your speeches," said Lady Pelham. "But I will listen to you for the last time."

"You are right," said Mr. England—"for the last time."

"And for afterward," said Lady Pelham, almost piteously, "I have a pistol, which I have been shown how to use."

"You have the right," said Mr. England, "to hurt me more than you are hurting me now—if that is possible. But there will be no afterward, for I shall never see your face again."

"What!" cried Lady Pelham.

"Will you listen to me, most gracious lady?" said Mr. England.

"I am listening," said she.

"I am all that you think," began Mr. England, "and worse. I have done nothing but lie to you. But until we sighted this island I had no evil design. Then it came to me like a flash that I could have my escape and you, too. That was why my eyes insulted you. But, lady, just before I went ashore, when I stole those kisses from your dear, innocent hands, do you know what happened? I fell in love with you. And I walked out

the night in mortal combat with my worst enemy—myself. And in the morning the cur laid down his arms and my heart broke. And that is why, gentlest, sweetest, dearest lady, I am going to send the *Hynd Horn* on her way rejoicing, with all that I ever cared for on board."

Mr. England's voice was very tired, and he stood wearily.

"Are you going to say anything to me?" he said.

"I am going to tell you," said Lady Pelham, "that I know you have been speaking the truth, and that you are an honorable man."

"For your dear sake," said Mr. England, "I would leave the old life if I could, but it is too strong upon me. I am a little king upon this island, and my people are mine, heart and hand. It is not all murder and robbery. There are fair nights and white moons, and sometimes you can find, deep in the woods, places where innocence lurks, and you can go back to it for a little. Heaven can do no better than that, lady. Indeed, I think heaven is a place where we recover our lost innocence. If there is any good in me, lady, it is the love I bear my kingdom. And I cannot begin again, even for you. I was born by chance, and chance used to be my only goddess. I know that I must go back to her, and to her sister, the spirit of desperate adventure. At their feet I shall one day die, and be damned, as I deserve."

"I shall never think of you as—as a pirate," said Lady Pelham.

"For your dear sake I will try and be less hateful," said Mr. England. "But sometimes we are just like anybody else. Will you try to think of me like that? Why, lady, there have been true lovers on this island."

"I shall think of you often," said Lady Pelham.

"To-night," said Mr. England, "as the *Hynd Horn* passes the mouth of the harbor, will you wave your scarf to me? I shall be on the point."

"I will," said Lady Pelham.

"Thank you," said Mr. England. "It will be sweet to remember your having done that. And now I am going to say good-by to you, dearest lady, but first you will let me look at you a little, for I shall never see your face again."

Lady Pelham's eyelids drooped, and her graceful head drooped.

Mr. England looked on her for a long time.

"I have never seen anything so beautiful and pure," he said.

A tear stole down Lady Pelham's cheek.

"Good-by, dear," said Mr. England. He stooped quickly and kissed her hand softly where it hung at her side.

Lady Pelham burst into tears.

All that day she lay in her berth and cried, and made great moan, saying:

"Oh, how terrible—how terrible—for I love him!"

THERE was a wonderful moon that night. She came brimming out of the sea, dripping with light, and swept up the heavens, and the fire of all the stars in her path went out. Only the very youngest stars that had strayed to the most remote places remained to look at their mother; and even they became dim.

At the mouth of the harbor, leaning against the stem of a palm, stood Mr. England. He was back from the beach in a kind of recess among the trees. Every line of him expressed fatigue, and his face was very sad.

Presently out of the stillness came the creaking of rigging and the vowel sounds of commands.

"The end," said Mr. England. He stood more erect.

The *Hynd Horn* slipped by like a ghost.

Mr. England followed her with his eyes, at first eagerly, then surprisedly, then dejectedly, then bitterly. No scarf was waved to him from the deck of the outward-bound. She slid behind one of the little islands, and he saw her no more.

"The end," said Mr. England. He put his hands over his eyes, and pressed tightly. After a little he took them down and said:

"She did n't mean to hurt me so."

Then he looked up at the moon.

"Now I will go back to my kingdom," he said.

But a new sound broke the stillness—the splash of oars unhandily plied. The sound drew nearer, but the strokes occurred with less and less frequency, as if the boatman were tiring. Mr. England stepped briskly to the shore.

A few yards off, and to the left, a boat was headed for the beach. The boat contained a lady.

Mr. England sprang forward.

"Glorious, golden, gracious, wonderful, beloved, beautiful!" he cried. It was as if his voice caught fire and blazed up.

The boat grated on the sand.

"Will you help me out, please?" said Lady Pelham.

(BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)

THE RESCUE.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

Author of "The Confounding of Camelia," "A Lion among Ladies," etc.

XI.

DAMIER was well aware that some trivial and purely subjective fancy or emotion may oddly color and distort reality for one, and he was not quite able to decide whether change there really were in Mme. Vicaud, or whether it was only in his imagination that the difference he had fancied in her on that evening was continued during the following days. She seemed, in her relations with him, more intimate and yet more effaced; and he was almost sure—or was it only the reflection of his own solicitude cast upon her?—that she watched him, speculated upon him, more than at any time in their friendship, and always with that controlled agitation. It was almost as if she guessed his new knowledge and understanding of her sorrows and humiliations; as if she wondered how much he knew, and how much he was going to let her see that he knew. And if she seemed more intimate yet more effaced, Claire, for a little while at all events, was less intimate yet more in evidence. He had the rather uncomfortable feeling that Claire had implied on that evening more than he had been able to understand; that she had laid upon him some responsibility that he really never had undertaken to accept: but she did not emphasize it further, seemed content to let it remain indefinitely apprehended by him, and the slight discomfort and perplexity he had felt passed from his mind, leaving only in a half-conscious undercurrent the mood of vague doubt and withdrawal, mingling with a deeper pity, a deeper desire to help—for her own sake now as well as for her mother's.

It was odd, this hint of withdrawal and formality, in the midst of a greater kindness, when Claire occupied so much more conspicuously the foreground. She was now always with her mother; was a third in all talks and readings, listening, with eyes almost ironically vacant, her hands lying beautifully indolent in her lap, while Damier read aloud and her mother sewed. Claire did not seem to have stepped forward, but her mother seemed to have stepped back; and from the background—a mysterious one to his odd, new apprehension of things—she smiled more tenderly than before, and with yet a tremor, an intentness, as though expecting him to understand more than she could look.

And all this might be merely an emotional color in his own outlook on unchanged facts, but the color certainly was there, making a faintly tinted difference over all the mental landscape.

It was during the first days of this dim perplexity that he found himself alone once more with Mme. Vicaud. He had outstayed all her guests on a Tuesday afternoon, and, the Viberts having taken Claire back to dine with them, Mme. Vicaud asked the young man to share her solitude.

Now, when they were alone, and while he sat cutting the leaves of a new book they were to read together, she went about the room, putting things back in their places, closing the piano—a little restless in her restoration of composure to the room.

Presently she came to him, stood beside him, looking down at the book. "Always friends, you know," she said, putting a hand on his shoulder and speaking lightly, almost incidentally.

"Why not?" Damier asked, looking up at her.

"Indeed, why not?" she returned, smiling. "Nothing, I hope, would ever change our friendship."

"Nothing could." She stood silently beside him, looking down, not at him, but at the volume of essays, and he added: "You will tell me if you are ever in any trouble or sorrow where I could help you, if ever so little?"

"Oh, yes; I will tell you," she answered, still with the lightness that contrasted with the tremor of Damier's voice.

Moving away, she asked him, presently, if he did not think that Claire's singing that afternoon had been very intelligent. She had sung *Orfeo's* song of search and supplication through Hades, her mother accompanying her on the harp. Damier had not altogether cared for Claire's interpretation of the song. Claire's voice had thrown an enchantment around a rather over-emotional, yet an untender, conception of it.

"Her voice is glorious," he said.

"The song is to me one of the most beautiful parts of the opera," said Mme. Vicaud; "that lonely, steadfast love, throbbing onward, through horror."

"Ah," was on Damier's lips, "you have said what she could not sing"; but he had long felt that appreciation of Claire was the greatest pleasure he could give to her mother, and depreciation the greatest pain. He therefore sat silently looking at her, leaning forward, his hands clasped around the idle book-cutter; and Mme. Vicaud, with all her calm, went on presently, taking up her sewing as she sat near the lamp with its plain green shade: "Do you think Claire's life very gray—very dreary?"

The question from one who, on this subject of her daughter's upbringing, seemed always inflexibly sure of her own aims, surprised Damier, and its chiming with his own recent thoughts disturbed him. After all, was, perhaps, Claire's gray life an explanation, in one sense, of her ugly clutch at any brightness? Yet the serenity, the sweet, if laborious, dignity of the place her mother had made for her in life, hardly allowed the mitigating supposition. Claire's life was really neither gray nor dreary. He paused, however, for a long time before saying: "From her point of view it probably is."

"I should have liked to give her a larger life, a life of more opportunity, more gaiety. I feel the narrowness of her path as keenly as she does. Not that Claire complains."

"You have given her your best. How could she complain?" Damier was not able quite to restrain the resentment he felt at the idea of Claire complaining.

"Ah, I could not blame her if she did," said Mme. Vicaud, her quiet eyes on her work, "for mothers personify circumstance to children; we are symbols, to them, of baffling, cramping fate; very often, and very naturally, we are fate's whipping-boys; and when one is a young and talented and beautiful woman whose youth is passing in giving lessons, in seeing people who seldom interest or amuse her, fate must often seem to deserve blows."

Damier, in the surge of his comprehension,—of which she must be so ignorant and at which perhaps she yet guessed,—longed to throw himself at her knees: her pity for Claire equaled, surpassed his own; and he had—not blaming her for it, thinking it, indeed, the penalty of her superiority—thought her unconscious of Claire's pathos.

"You deepen your shadows too much," he said; "for a daughter more like yourself your life would not be a narrow one." He paused, for, though she did not lift her eyes, a faint flush passed over Mme. Vicaud's face.

"I see all your efforts to widen it," he went on, hurrying away from what he felt to have been an unfortunate comparison, "the flowers you strew: intellectual, artistic interests, friends that you hope she may find congenial, your delightful teas."

"Oh—our teas!" Mme. Vicaud interrupted, smiling with a rather satirical playfulness. "No; our delightful and 'cultured' little teas can hardly atone to Claire. She should have the gaiety, the variety, the colored experience that I had in my youth. I can well imagine that to Claire's palate the nourishment I offer her is rather tasteless. She needs excitement, admiration, appreciation, an outlet for her energy, her intelligence."

Damier seized the opportunity—it was, he thought, very propitious—again to ask her when he might bring some of his friends in Paris to see her, suggesting that so Claire's social diet might be pleasantly diversified. Mme. Vicaud had more than once evaded—gracefully, kindly, and decisively—all question of renewing broken ties with her country-people, or making new ones, and now, again, she slightly flushed, as though for a moment finding him tactless and inopportune; but only for a moment: when she lifted her eyes to him, it was with all their quiet confidence of gaze.

"I hardly know that that would be for Claire's happiness or good. One must have the means of widening one's environment if it is to be with comfort to one's self. Our means are too limited to be diffused over a larger area. You must not forget, my friend, that we are very poor. I do not like accepting where I can offer nothing."

"That is a false though a charming delicacy," said Damier. "You give yourself; and I hope you won't refuse to now, for I have almost promised you to Lady Surfex; she is very anxious to meet you."

Mme. Vicaud was silent for some moments, her eyes downcast to the work where she put firm, rapid stitches; then, in a voice that had suddenly grown icy, "Her mother did not recognize me one day, years ago, when she met me walking with my husband," she said.

It was now Damier's turn to flush. He nerved himself, after a moment, to say:

"But this is not the mother."

"No; and my husband is dead: otherwise the wish to meet me would not overcome that disability."

"You are a little unjust, my dearest friend," said the young man.

"I know the world," she replied; but she raised her eyes in saying it, and looked at him with a sad kindness that separated him from the world she knew. "I don't judge it—only see it as it is. It seeks happiness, it avoids unhappiness. To be unfortunate is to be lost, in its eyes—to sink from sight. To be fortunate is to have a radiance around one; and the world seeks radiance."

After looking at him she again bent her eyes, and still sewed on while she spoke. "When I needed it, it abandoned me. When I was in the dark, it did not look for me. I strayed—through stubborn folly, perhaps; perhaps, too, through generous ignorance—into a quicksand, and not a hand was held out to me. I was allowed to sink; I was déclassée, I am déclassée, in the eyes of all of those who were of my world." The cold flame of a long resentment burned in her steady voice. "I have tested average human nature," she resumed, after a slight pause, in which he saw her breast heave slowly. "It is a severe test, I own; but, after it, it is with difficulty that I can trust again. I have no wish to know people who, if I were in dire straits, would pass over on the other side of the way. The few friends I have I have proved—the comtesse, Mme. Dépressier, Lady Vibert, M. Daunay,—who had much to bear from my husband,—Sophie; there are a few more, very few; and then, you, my friend."

She stopped sewing—the rapid movements of her hand had been almost automatic—and looked at him, her work falling to her knee. "Come here," she said, holding out her hand to him, "come here. Have I seemed harsh to you?" Her sudden smile dwelt on him with a divine sweetness. "I am harsh—but not to you."

Damier, with an eagerness almost pathetically boyish, had sprung to her side, and she took his hand, smiling up at him. "Not to you. You have enlarged my trust—need I say how much? Don't ask me to alloy it with dubious admixtures."

His love for her was yet so founded on a sort of sacred fear that at this moment of delicious happiness he did not dare to stoop and confess all with a lover's kiss upon her hair, did not even dare to look a confession of more than a responsive affection.

She pressed his hand, still smiling at him, and then, resuming her sewing, "Sit near me," she said, "so I can see that you are not fancying that I am harsh with you!"

At such moments he could see in her eyes, that caressed one, made sweetest amends to one, touches of what must once have been enchanting roguishness.

"But I am still going to risk your harshness," he said; "I am still going to ask you to let your trust in me include my friend. She would stand tests. Won't you take my word for it?"

"I believe that I would take your word for anything."

"And," said Damier, looking his thanks, "all you say is true. I don't want to justify man's ways to man; and yet ordinary human nature, with its almost inevitable self-regarding instinct, its climb toward happiness, its ugly struggle for successful attainment of it, is more forgetful than cruel toward unhappiness. One must be patient with it; one must remember that only the exceptional natures can rise above that primitive instinct. To take the other road is to embrace the sacrifice of all the second-rate joys—the only real joys to the average human being. One must either yield to the instinct or fight it, and most people are too lazy, too skeptical of other than apparent good, to do that. And then you must remember—I must, for how often I have struggled with these thoughts!—that misfortune is a mask, a disguise. One can't be recognized and known when one wears it; one can't show one's self; if one could there would perhaps be responses. People are base—most of them are base, perhaps; but sometimes they are only blind or stupid."

"I sometimes think that I am all three," said Mme. Vicaud, after a little pause. "Misfortune's distorting mask has become in me an actuality. I am perhaps blinded; certainly, as I told you, warped and hardened. I used not to be so; it was, I suppose, latent in me: I could not bear the fiery ordeal; the good shriveled and the dross remained."

She spoke with a full gravity, no hint of plaintive self-pity, no appeal for contradiction, in her voice; yet, on raising her sad-

dened eyes, she had to smile when she met his look.

"I see," she said, "that you are determined to take me at your own valuation, not at mine."

She turned the talk after that; she could seldom be led to talk of herself, and not until dinner was over, not until, after it, he had read to her for an hour, did she return to its subject. Then it was when he rose to go that, giving him her hand in farewell, she said:

"Bring your friend; I shall be glad to see her."

XII.

It was as a result of this new friendship, which rapidly spread into half a dozen, that Damier, who seemed to himself to be walking among echoes of the past and whispered prophecies of the future, received yet another hint, another faint yet significant revelation, of Mme. Vicaud's attitude toward her daughter.

In the more or less fluctuating social world of English Paris, the beautiful and distinguished mother and her beautiful and effective daughter struck a novel and quite resounding note,—too resounding for Mme. Vicaud's taste, Damier at once felt,—a note well sustained by a harmony so decisive as Lady Surfex, Mrs. Wallingham (another new friend), and Damier himself. That Mme. Vicaud disliked feeling herself a note sustained by any harmony, Damier guessed. That she mastered the dislike for his sake, he knew. He knew that she would do a great deal for his sake—a great deal for Lady Surfex, too. She and Lady Surfex liked each other absolutely. But it was through Lady Surfex, and her secret alliance with Damier, that the problem of Claire, instead of being unraveled, was the more deeply involved. Claire evidently enjoyed this new phase of life. She had now quite frequent opportunities for displaying her gowns and her voice and her dancing at receptions and balls. Yet, already, among her new entourage, she had shown her affinity with its less desirable members. A rich, fashionable, and rather tawdry Englishwoman took a great fancy to her; and Mrs. Jefferies was the sister of a fashionable and tawdry brother, Lord Epsil, who at once manifested a decided interest in the red-haired beauty, pronounced her to be like Sodoma's "Judith," and made her mother's withdrawal of her from his company the more noticeable by his persistent seeking of hers.

"It is really too bad," Lady Surfex said to Damier. "She flirts outrageously with the man—if one can call that indolent tolerance flirting. I hope that she realizes that he is a bad lot. From a purely worldly point of view he can be of no advantage to her. He is married and has not a nice reputation."

"She may not realize it, she may be indifferent to it; but her mother realizes and is not indifferent."

"And we wanted to spare her such watchfulness!" sighed Lady Surfex.

"It seems that we can spare her nothing," Damier replied. At the same time he felt that Claire could be accused of nothing worse than too great a tolerance. Once or twice she spoke to him of Lord Epsil with half-mocking insight. "He is not like you," she said; "the difference amuses me." Claire's intelligence was, after all, her best safeguard in all that did not touch matters of delicate taste, and Damier's only way of helping her mother was to watch with her—to constitute himself a sort of elder brother in his attitude toward Claire, and to try, by being much with Claire himself, to make Lord Epsil's wish to be with her less able to manifest itself.

The faint yet significant hint of what Mme. Vicaud's real feelings toward her daughter were came to him one evening at a dance, when she sat beside Lady Surfex, more beautiful, with her white face, her thick gray hair, in the dignity of her black dress, than any other woman there. He then saw on her face, as, fanning herself slowly, her head a little bent, she watched Claire dance, a concentration of the somberness it sometimes showed. It was a moment only of unconscious revelation; in another she had turned, with her quiet and facile gaiety, to a laughing comment of her companion's. But Damier, following that momentary brooding look, saw in a flash its interpretation on the daughter's face. Claire was dancing, exquisitely dressed, calm, competent, complacent, as noticeable and as graceful a figure as any in the room. And yet—he had felt it from the first, but never so clearly, so tragically, as through that somber maternal gaze—Claire was ill-bred. It was that her mother should see her so that made the revelation.

The somberness was not a fear of what others thought; she was, he knew, almost arrogantly indifferent to what people thought: it was what she herself thought that had gloomed her brow. And that she should see, should recognize, that affection should not mercifully have blinded her, filled Damier with a sort of consternation. Again

all the ugly visions of Claire crossed his mind, and now, indeed, the mother stood transfixed beside them, for she, too, saw such visions. Ill-bred was a trivial, mitigating word.

He realized that this very quality—call it what one would—in Claire was the cause of her effectiveness, the reason, too, that his hopes for her would probably remain unfulfilled.

She was a woman upon whom, when she entered a room, all men's eyes turned. Her beauty was like the deep, half-triumphant, half-ominous note of brazen instruments. But she was not a woman that men of Mme. Vicaud's world, of Lady Surfex's world, would care to marry. Had she been an heiress,—and she was of the type that one associates with unfragrant and recent wealth,—had it not been for her poverty, her essential obscurity, she would no doubt have been enrolled among the powerful young women who are watched with admiring envy as they advance toward a luminous match. Claire had quite the manner of placid advance, quite the manner (and how detestable to her mother the manner must be!) of a young woman bent upon "getting on." But though her indolent self-assurance made people give way before her, made her talked of and something of a personage, she was, as a result of her launching, far more likely to become notorious than eminent. Any success of Claire's must, like herself, be ill-bred, tainted.

That Claire felt this, he doubted, or even that, if felt, she would mind; but that Mme. Vicaud felt it he now agonized in knowing. And she had asked for her daughter neither eminence nor a luminous match; she had, he now saw, been glad to shield her with obscurity. That she might become notorious, fulfil herself completely in so becoming, would be the bitterest drop in her cup that fate could reserve for her.

If she dreaded it, she kept, at all events, a stoic's calm above the dread. And her restrictions, delicate, subtle, unemphasized, were about Claire on every side; her unobtrusive watchfulness was constantly upon her. With a cheerful firmness she held Claire to her duty of earning, as Claire had said, "the butter for her bread," and thwarted, without seeming to thwart, many of her social opportunities. Damier saw, though only faintly, under the surface of appearance her dexterity kept smooth, the constant drama of the conflict, a conflict that never became open or avowed. He saw that Mme. Vicaud's cleverness was so great that even Claire hardly knew that there was a conflict; but after what he had seen in the mother's eyes on the night of the dance, he understood, at least, for what she was fighting.

Damier still felt the subtle change in his relations with Claire and Mme. Vicaud, and he had by this time adapted himself to it—adapted himself to seeing Claire more constantly, seeing Mme. Vicaud more rarely alone, encouraged as he was in this sacrifice by the strong impression that in so doing he was pleasing her, and was emphasizing that silent, yet growing, nearness and intimacy.

The silence was part of her extreme delicacy, and of her fineness of perception; it showed that his brotherly attitude toward Claire was what she had hoped for, and it was almost maternal in its sweetness of recognition to him, its loyalty of speechlessness toward the other child, the child that —he knew it so clearly now—could only give her profoundest pain; such a silence would a mother keep with the child that gave her happiness.

He had never more strongly felt this queer medley of influences than on one warm summer evening when he and Mme. Vicaud sat outside the salon on the high balcony that overlooked the garden. They had dined,—he and M. Daunay, and Claire and her mother,—and now Claire and M. Daunay had established themselves at the piano in the distant end of the salon, the pale radiance of two candles enveloping them and deepening the half-gloom in the room's wide spaces.

Outside the twilight lingered, though beneath them the June foliage made mysteries of gloom; the warm breathing of the summer ascended in fragrance from still branches; the faint stars above shone in a pale sky.

They were both very silent, Damier looking at her, and she with eyes musingly downcast to the trees. Her face, he thought, showed a peculiarly deep contentment; more than that, perhaps: for he still felt the whisper of a mystery; still felt, in all the peace between them, a hint of perplexity; still divined that, though she was tranquil, her tranquillity had been wrested from some struggle,—a struggle that she had hidden from him,—as though she had yielded something with pain, even though, now, she was satisfied. Patience as much as tranquillity was upon her lips and brow; and yet he knew that, insensibly, she had come to lean upon the new strength he brought into her life; that she depended upon him, though she confided so little; that soon, very soon, her eyes must

answer the unspoken question in his, and solve, in the answer, all mysteries. Indeed, he said to himself that, Claire's harassing problem all unsolved, he could not wait much longer; he must know just where he stood with her, and tell her where he wished to stand. Now, as they sat there, listening to Claire's richly emotional voice,—a voice that expressed so much more than it felt,—it was Claire's voice, just as it was the thought of Claire, that disturbed the peace, jarred upon the aspiration of his thoughts. Its beauty seemed to embroider the chaste and dreaming stillness with an arabesque of opulent curves and flaunting tendrils. Our imaginative young man could almost see a whiteness invaded by urgent waves of purple and rose and gold. He stirred, shifted his position involuntarily and uneasily—wished Claire would stop singing; her voice curiously irritated him.

Mme. Vicaud sat with her back to the open window, and Damier, beside her, could not see into the room without turning his head. He did happen, however, to turn his head during a humming pause. M. Daunay's hands were still held on the last chord, while, as Damier thought, he demonstrated to Claire some improvement in her rendering of the note that had just soared above it. But as he turned lazily to glance at them, Damier saw a strange, an unexpected thing, a thing poignantly disagreeable to him. M. Daunay's face, vividly illuminated, was upturned to Claire's; he was speaking below his breath, under cover of the humming chord, and with a look of humble yet reproachful entreaty. Claire, a swift finger on her lips as she bent to the music, had a glance for the window, and Damier's eyes of astonishment and dismay met hers. He looked away abruptly—too abruptly for a successful controlling of the dismay and astonishment, for he found Mme. Vicaud's eyes upon him, and he saw in a moment that they had been upon him during the swift incident—eyes filled with wonder and with an ignorant yet intense fear. Memories of another scene, hand-kissings in an arbor, flashed upon him, and he knew her thoughts. She met his look—as empty as he could make it—for a long moment; but after it she did not, also, glance into the room, where the song now flowed with an almost exaggerated spirit. Wrapping her arms more closely in her light shawl, she sat quite silent, the effort to control, to master the crowding of her surmises apparent in her rigidly still profile. Damier guessed that the surmises must, inevitably, suspect Claire, not M. Daunay. In justice to Claire, after the involuntary silence of his dismay, he could not longer be silent. After all, and he drew a long breath in realizing it, Claire's past shadowed perhaps too deeply her present; after all, the fact was not so alarming.

"Have you never suspected," he said, "that M. Daunay cares for Claire?"

She did not reply; turning a wan face upon him, her eyes still averted, she shook her head in a helpless negation of all such knowledge.

"Don't be distressed," said Damier, terribly afraid that he too much showed his own distress; "it is unfortunate for him, and wrong of him to keep such feeling from you; I happened just now to see its revelation in his face as he looked at Claire."

Mme. Vicaud, for another moment, said nothing, struggling, he knew, with those awakened memories—or were they not always awake, clutching at her?

"He may care for Claire," she then said faintly, "but she cannot care for him; that—you know—is impossible."

"Only enough, I am sure, to wish to shield him."

"I could never have suspected. He is an old friend, a trusted friend. I must speak to him."

"Let me speak to him—may I? I will walk home with him to-night."

A certain relief in Mme. Vicaud was taking a long, deep breath, and nothing could more clearly have assured him of the position he held in her eyes than the half-hesitating yet half-assenting consideration she gave to his rather odd proposal.

"But," she said, "will he not wonder—by what right—"

"I speak? By the right of my fondness for you."

"And for Claire, yes," said Mme. Vicaud, thoughtfully.

Damier had not at all intended to imply this amendment, especially at a moment when he was so sure of not being at all fond of Claire; yet the trust of her inclusion was so unconscious of possible contradiction that he could not trouble it.

"But what will you say?" she went on. "Any reproach should come from me; and what reproach could you make? I cannot think he is more than piteous; people fall in love with Claire—often."

Damier was feeling that if, by chance, M. Daunay were more than piteous, he must stand between Mme. Vicaud and the discovery.

"I will be all discretion—all delicacy. I

will only say that I was the unsuspecting, the involuntary witness of the incident; and that, as your friend, almost, I might say,"—he hesitated, seeking a forcible word in place of the one he dared not use,—"your son, I must ask him how much Claire knows of it—how far it should interfere with your confidence in him."

She was silent for a long moment, her head still turned from him to a silhouetted profile against the sky; it was now so much darker that he could see little more than its vague black and white, yet he thought that, in her stillness, she flushed deeply. In her voice, when she spoke, there was the steadiness that nerves itself over a tremor, yet there was, too, a greater relief. "Well," she said. The word assented to all he asked. She did not look at him again, and presently, as the music had ceased, rose and went into the room. Claire was pointing out to M. Daunay a picture in a magazine, apparently all placidity; but in a moment near the parting, while Mme. Vicaud, with an equal calm, stood speaking to M. Daunay near the piano, Claire said to Damier, quietly but intently:

"You have not betrayed me to mama?"

"Betrayed you?" Damier questioned, ice in his voice.

"Him, rather," she amended. "Not that there is anything to betray, only mama would find it so shocking that a married man should be in love with me; he is so *bête*—M. Daunay—to have forgotten that you were out there."

"I must tell you that your mother guessed that I had seen something. I told her what I had seen, that he loved you, though not that you seemed to accept his love."

For a moment she gazed into his eyes, at first with a gravity that studied him, and then with a light effrontery. "Accept it! *par exemple!*" she exclaimed, and she put her hand on his arm with a half-caressing reassurance. "Set your mind at rest! I am only sorry for him. Meet me to-morrow morning at ten at the Porte Dauphine; we can have a little walk in the Bois. I want to tell you all about it."

M. Daunay was going, and Damier, as he turned from Claire, met Mme. Vicaud's eyes. Their wide, dark gaze was, for the instant in which she let him see it, piteous and almost wild. He interpreted their fear, though he could not quite define their question. All the mother was in them. Did he despise her child, as others did? He mustered his bravest, most gravely confident smile, in answer to them, as he pressed her hand in parting. For another instant they met his, saw his smile, and answered it with a look tragically grateful in one so proud. He had never stood so near her as at that moment.

Damier went out with the Frenchman, and once in the cool, dim street, he dashed at the subject: "M. Daunay, I must at once tell you that inadvertently this evening, through your own indiscretion, I discovered your secret. You are a married man; you are Mme. Vicaud's trusted friend; and you love her daughter."

M. Daunay stopped short in the street, exasperation rather than embarrassment in his face. He fixed Damier with very steady and very hostile eyes.

"And what then?" he asked.

"You have a perfect right," said Damier, "to ask what business it is of mine, and I can only answer that I, too, am a trusted friend of Mme. Vicaud's, and, M. Daunay, a friend whom she can trust."

"Ah, M. Damier, you have—I do not deny it—more rights than I, who have none," said Daunay, in a voice the bitterness of which was a revelation to Damier. "I have no rights, only misfortunes. Why not add that you are Mme. Vicaud's trusted friend, and that you, too, love her daughter?"

Damier felt a relief disproportionate, he realized, to any suspicions he had allowed himself to recognize. The atmosphere, after the unexpected thunderclap, was immensely cleared. M. Daunay was jealous, and M. Daunay was evidently piteous only. With all the vigor of a sudden release from bondage, he exclaimed: "You are utterly mistaken; I have no such rights: I do not love Mlle. Vicaud."

"What do you say?" M. Daunay's astonishment was almost blank.

"I do not love her in the very least."

"Then," stammered the Frenchman, "we are not rivals? You can then pity me—I am jealous with none of the rights of jealousy."

"None of the rights?" Damier eyed him.

"None, monsieur; Mme. Vicaud's trust in me is not unfounded," said M. Daunay, with something of a slightly ludicrous grandiloquence.

"Yet Mlle. Vicaud knows of your attachment."

"I never declared it; she guessed it, perhaps, inevitably." They were walking on again, and he shrugged his shoulders. "*Que voulez-vous?* She has a certain tenderness for me that gives perception, and I adore her—but adore her, you understand." Damier was understanding and not at all disliking this victim of the glamour—or, was it not deeper than that? Something in the

Frenchman's voice touched him. Would Claire ever arouse a deeper affection than this? Not only had she cast her glamour upon him: he evidently loved her—"but adore her, you understand," as he had said in his expressive French.

His hands clasped behind him, M. Daunay, with now a reminiscent confidence, shook his head and sighed profoundly. "*Que voulez-vous?*" he repeated. "Since her girlhood it has been with me a hidden passion. *Ce que j'ai souffert!*" He showed no antagonism now, no resentment; Damier could but be grateful.

"Claire has not suffered through me," he went on. "She allows me to love her, but she knows that she is free. What can I claim?—an honorable man, and shackled. Yet—I have always hoped that she might, generously and nobly, keep an unclaimed faith with me. I have claimed none, and yet she has assured me that, as yet, she loves no other. I have needed the assurance of late—I confess it. Your apparent courtship I could not reproach her with,—though it tore my heart,—but her permission of this ill-omened Lord Epsil's attentions filled me with consternation; I have felt myself justified in reproaching her for her *légèreté* in regard to this."

"But," said Damier, after a slight pause, "this unclaimed faith—how do you expect her to keep it?"

There was a touch of embarrassment in M. Daunay's voice as he answered: "My wife and I have, for years, been on most unfortunate terms; I have no reproaches to address myself on her account. She is a confirmed invalid, and of late her condition has been critical. One must not hope for certain contingencies—one must not, indeed, admit the thought of them too often; but—if they did arise—"

"I see," said Damier, gravely; "you could claim her. It is, indeed, a most unpleasant contingency. Would it not be for Claire's happiness if you were not to see her again until it arose?"

"Ah, no," said Daunay, with something of weariness; "ah, no; her happiness is not involved. Claire—I speak frankly; my affection for her has never blinded me—Claire is not easily made unhappy by her sympathies. It is only myself I hurt by remaining near her, by seeing her, as I constantly imagine, on the point of abandoning me. But to leave her—you ask of me more than I am capable of doing."

Later, when Damier told him of Mme. Vicaud's knowledge of the situation, M. Daunay heaved another, not regretful, sigh.

"It is as well. I will say to her what I have said to you. She will be generous; she will understand."

Damier felt oddly, when he parted with him, that he might trust M. Daunay, but that he trusted Claire less than ever.

(To be continued.)

"I SHALL NOT GO AS OTHERS DO."

BY RENNELL RODD.

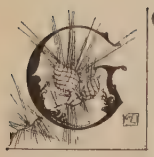
I SHALL not go as others do
To seek the quiet spot
In which they laid the last of you;
There, all I loved is not!
It would not help me, who have known
That all that life could die,
To read the record on the stone
Recording where you lie.

I do not seek you in the grave
Hard by the ivied tower;
But when the sun is on the wave,
The dewdrop on the flower,
When morning sings and swallows dart
Across the blue above,
I feel your spirit stir the heart
In which I buried love.

AN IRISH MOTHER.

A MONOLOGUE.

BY ELENE FOSTER.



OOD mornin' ter ye, Miss Frost. I come up ter school this mornin' 'count o' Mame's comin' home an' tellin' me that Dennon woman wuz up here yistarday, tellin' lies about Mame. My land! the likes uv her to be talkin'! I s'pose she let yer be callin' her Dennon an' she never sayin' wan worrud! Well, her name ain't Dennon at all! She 's married ag'in. I don't know his name, an' why should I want ter know? I have fri'nds uv my own without cultivatin' the likes uv thim! But wan thing I do know, he ain't no good annyhow. What do ye think he does? He 's a lather! Yis, a lather! I s'pose ye think that 's a stiddy job, lathin', an' him waitin' around till they be puttin' up a new house till he kin git the job to putt the laths in! Hm! McDermott has worruked in the rubber-factory fer sivinteen years an' we 've lived in wan house in Royalstone Avener fer sivinteen years, an' that 's my idea uv a stiddy man an' a stiddy job. You kin take yer ch'ice! Oh, thim Dennons, they ain't no good annyhow—now, mind, I niver spoke wan worrud ter thim in my life, but I hears this from me neighbors. I 'd like ter have yer git on ter the rovin' disposition uv Mrs. Dennon (only her name ain't Dennon). This is what I hears from the Murphys, that bes livin' next door but wan ter thim. In the first place, she wuz borned in Roxbury; thin she gits married an' moves to Dorchester; thin the old man gits a job in the State uv Connecticutt, an' they moves there; thin the old man dies, Dennon that wuz,—an' he had need of p'ace an' quiet afther livin' wid that woman, the Lord knows,—an' thin she moves to New York State an' she marries this man, whativer his name is,—I don't know an' don't want ter know,—an' she moves down in Royalstone Avener, makin' trouble 'tween me an' my neighbors, where I 've lived in p'ace an' quiet fer sivinteen years. Why, Miss Frost, I wuz borned in Jamaica Plain, an' McDermott wuz borned in Forest Hills, an' we ain't nayther wan uv us iver been out uv Boston in all our lives, an' that 's the kind we air! You kin take yer ch'ice.

I do be sorry, though, fer thim Dennon kids. I do so! Do you know what they call thim down Royalstone Avener? "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons"! I s'pose ye don't know what that means, an' why should ye? Well, I 'll tell ye: they niver eats a meal's vittles Christian-like in the house, to my knowledge. Well, now, I don't know as I oughter be sayin' that, fer I don't know about their breakfasts, but I kin swear ter their dinners an' suppers. The childer comes home from school, an' she bes off in town with her man, him not havin' anny business half the time, an' the childer comes home, an' they ain't no table set fer thim, an' they goes ter the closet an' gits a hunk uv bread in their fist, an' goes walkin' up an' down Royalstone Avener. "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons" is what the neighbors all calls thim.

My hivins! My childer never could be fetched up like that; they 're too delicate to their stummicks—they take that from McDermott. Now, I can ate annything! Now, there 's Mame. Come up here, Mame. What wuz the matther with the aig I give yer this mornin'? "Too saft"—will ye mind that, now! It was too saft, an' she could n't tech it. That 's Mame all over; she can't tech an aig onless it 's biled jes so: ef it 's too saft she ain't no use fer it, an' ef it 's too hard she ain't no use fer it. An' this mornin', whin she could n't tech her aig, I seen a Dago man goin' through Royalstone Avener, sellin' bannanys, an' I sez to the childer, "Ef I buy yer a dozen bannanys, will ye ate thim?" They sez they would. What wuz the matther with yours, Mame? Now, git on to that; it wuz too *grane*, an' she could n't tech it! That 's the kind I have. My land! I come nigh forgettin' Georgie. I fetched him up with me this mornin'. He 's stayin' ter home now, 'count of his havin' the measles, but I guess your kids won't ketch thim the little time he 's



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"'I COME UP TER SCHOOL THIS MORNIN' 'COUNT O' MAME'S COMIN' HOME.'"

here. He heared me tellin' McDermott I wuz comin' up ter see yer 'count uv that Dennon woman (only her name ain't Dennon, ye mind)—well, he heared me sayin' I wuz comin' up, an' sez he, "Oh, let me go," sez he; "I jes love Miss Frost." Now, that 's like all my childer; they all git saft on you, an' I sez ter McDermott this mornin', "The Lord knows why!" Georgie 's awful cunnin', I don't care ef I do say it. Mame, you take Georgie up ter the windy an' show him the choo-choo cyars. Georgie, gowan over to Mame. Miss Frost, I could n't have him gittin' cornceit inter his head fer money, but I jes want ter tell ye what he sez ter me yistarday. He sez, "Ma, kin I tell ye a num-

ber story like what we tells in Mickdonald's room?" So he out with three pieces uv paper in wan hand an' two pieces uv paper in the other hand, an' he sez, sez he, "Yistarday mornin' my rooster laid three aigs, an' this mornin' my rooster laid two aigs, so now I have five chickens." I thought McDermott would die a-laughin'. Don't yer think my childer is smart? I don't care ef I do say it, I think they 're awful smart. Now, there 's Mame, thim little pieces ye teaches her. What 's that wan about the Injin kid, settin' in the tent door? "Higher-wather"! That 's the feller! Oh, she sez that with airs jes like yerself. McDermott sez he 's afraid she 'll jine a show, but I tell him I guess she 'll outgrow it.

Ye niver had my Timmy, did ye? Well, ye 'll niver have him now, fer he 's dead, the pore little thing! He 'd 'a' been tin years old on the tinth day uv May ef he had n't have died on the third. He wuz a saint out uv hivin, Tim wuz. He only had wan fault, an' that wuz that he 'd always be hookin' from school. He wuz to the sisters' school. Do ye know, I 'm goin' to putt the rest uv my childer right through the public schools; I think they learn more, fer there 's a man ter look afther their hookin's. Now, in the sisters' school, Sister Veronica could n't be out yankin' thim in, an' Father Maginnis could n't be yankin' thim in, an' so Tim 'd always be hookin'. Pore little Timmy! McDermott sez ter me wan Sunday, sez he, "I 'll break Tim uv hookin'," he sez, an' then he sez, "Timmy," sez he, "ef ye 'll go ter school reg'lar ivery day fer a week," sez he, "I 'll give ye five cents when it comes on Sunday." Now, that 's like McDermott; he 'd give thim annything. Well, Tim he wint ivery day an' niver missed wan, an' when it come on Sunday, McDermott give him his five cents, like he said he would; an' he run up in Franklin Park, an' he buyed five cents' worth uv pink ice-crame, an' thin he downed it an' started runnin' fer home, an' when he got inside the kitchen door he fell down in a fit in the middle uv the flure. Oh, it wuz terrible ter see him! I sint fer the docther, an' before he got there Timmy wuz gone, rest his sowl! But oh, Miss Frost, the docther explained it ter me jes elegant—how it wuz the pink ice-crame had froze up his pore little heart, an' him a-runnin' home on top uv it!

Yis, I *have* got a new cape, an' a new hat, too. I do feel that fine! It 's McDermott as buyed 'em fer me. I tell him he 'll have me *in gloves* next.

How 's Mame doin' in her lessons? Well, ye can't push Mame, she 's too delicate. She bes sick half the time. Do ye mind the time she wuz out two weeks the first uv the winter? She had the am*mo*ny. She only had it in wan lung, but she wuz terrible sick. She come home from school, an' she wuz all stuffed up in the t'roat. I sint fer Docther Ridmond, an' he come in his big fur coat, an' he give wan look at Mame, an' sez he, "Oh, Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "she 'll be worse before she 's betther!" "Well," sez I, "thim be encouragin' worruds ter be tellin' a parent," I sez. Well, he felt uv her fist, an' he thumped her chist, an' he left her some pills an' some medicine, an' thin, as he wuz goin' out the door, he tarned around, an' sez he, "Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "I may as well tell ye," sez he, "that she 'll prob'ly git black in the face to-morrer," sez he, "but whin she gits black," sez he, "don't ye be frightened, but give her tin drops of whisky in half uv a tumbler uv wather"; an' with that he wint out. Well, afther he 'd gone I wuz sittin' there alone with Mame. McDermott wuz down in Doyle's liquor-saloon—now, he don't tech a drop; he wuz down there with the boys. Well, I sez ter myself, ef tin drops uv whisky will do her good *afther* she gits black in the face, why won't they do her *more* good before she gits black? Thin I thrun me shawl over me head an' I rin down to Doyle's. McDermott wuz talkin' ter the bartinder,—a special fri'nd uv his,—an' I wint up, an' sez I, "Buy me a gill uv the best whisky." Sez he, "What fer?" Sez I, "It 's fer Mame; she has the am*mo*ny, an' Docther Ridmond has ordered it." So he buyed the whisky,—thirty-five er thirty-sivin er thirty-nine cents he paid fer it—he 'll do annything fer the childer,—an' I tuk it home, an' I give Mame a half a glass full, an' I did n't putt no wather with it, naythe r. An' it 's the truth, Miss Frost, she *niver got black in the face*, an' the next day the docther came, an' he sez, "Why," sez he, "she ain't black in the face!" "No," sez I, "she is not," sez I. "Docther Ridmond," sez I, "no child uv mine will git black in the face fer the want uv tin drops uv whisky"; an' he laughed to beat the band.

My sowl! It 's ha'-past 'leven, an' I must be gittin' along home. We have dinner ter our house—we set down Christian-like, an' that 's more than I can say uv some uv my neighbors, though I ain't mentionin' no names—not that I could ef I wanted ter, fer I don't know their names. Mame! you come right home from school an' not go fightin' with thim that be n't yer equils! Come on, Georgie. Good mornin', Miss Frost.

WHITE CITY AND CAPITAL CITY.

BY DANIEL H. BURNHAM,
Of the Commission for the Improvement of Washington.

THERE develops in the life of every American youth a state of restless desire, a dissatisfaction incited by the prospect of superior opportunities, a potent longing for pleasanter things. In this frame of mind, this eager desire and expectancy, the American, alert for the pleasanter and better, comes upon a new thing that, in its capacities to make him happy, transcends anything he has used or known. No ancient traditions bind him to the outworn. The new has come, and he will possess it. So works out the ambition of the New World's pioneer ancestry in the children of the new day. It is to a significant phase of our development in the arts, one happy sequel of the forceful ambition of mother and father working out in daughter and son, to which I beg to call attention. In the American there is developing, as it were, a new instinct.

Never in any country was there, up to 1893, so large a yearly expenditure of money for public improvements as was lavished in this. Nevertheless, throughout the land dissatisfaction was general over the results. Something indefinable was the matter, but the cause still lay unrevealed. Up to 1893 the American citizen, as a rule, had given little thought to the way that things generally looked about him. Not far had he then advanced in the development of a civic sense of the beautiful in the quality, quantity, and relation of the lands and buildings he works and plays in. He knew what building he liked and what he disliked. He had seen much public money spent, yet many things did not seem right. Things did not fit. Within him was an instinct groping outward. He wanted an example to give it form, breadth, and a base for grand initiative. He wanted a vision, a picture materializing his yearnings.

The World's Fair came, and disclosed what all were unconsciously waiting to receive, a lesson in landscape architecture. What the matter was with our public improvements the Columbian Exposition made forever plain. Here, studied on the spot by millions, and by millions more through the activities of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, a great truth, set forth by great artists, was taught to all our people. This truth is the supreme one of the need of design and plan for whole cities. Now every one saw plainly that, though a pond be beautiful, a grassy lawn or bank beautiful, a building beautiful, all of these elements wrought into a harmonious design attain another and greater beauty, and that the beauty of the whole is superior to that of each of the several parts of the composition exploited separately. Thereupon this people, where education is universal, thought and reasoned. They found that, in some places, their money had been spent honestly and with artistic skill so far as individual objects were concerned; but their vital discovery was the fact that they had built great public works in piecemeal, unrelated, and without the unity of a comprehensive general plan. Thus awakened to the missing factor in public art, people took up the study of the wider side of public works; and serious efforts were made in San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, and New York to obtain and officially adopt a plan for all future public improvements, and to eliminate the objectionable from works already in place. From these centers the spirit of agitation and reform has spread, and hopeful evidences of popular understanding of the value of great general plans

—of the basic principle of landscape art—multiply throughout the land; while, guiding and invigorating the public purpose, are the civic or municipal associations, and the periodical and other literature devoted to the great question of how man shall live with his fellow-man in harmony, as befits the intellectual level to which he has attained in this country.

It would seem, therefore, that the World's Fair was first of all a result of dumb desire already strong in all American hearts, and, second, that it became not only the embodiment of what people vaguely felt, but that it also taught that public money put into public buildings and grounds is used rightly, and so economically, only when every part of the system of public works is related to every other part, and each and all parts are constructed after a *general* plan.

A friend of Ruskin once pointed to an ugly ink-blot while discussing the artistic value of details, and said that nothing could be done with *that*. Ruskin soon after sent him a beautiful handkerchief, the border of which was composed of the blot laid out in series. Out of a blot, formless and solitary, a good general plan created beauty. Americans, now having found the function of plan, an element as vital in successful art as in a campaign military or industrial, are taking up the problem of public improvements with an intelligence and prescience never yet applied upon such national questions. As a people we are beginning to see that in no architectural or landscape composition do many parts of themselves make a whole, unless by plan and design they are primarily laid out to have the reciprocal relations of a whole. A perception of this principle, animating the continued use of vast outlay in public works, will bear fruit that will signalize this century. For the people have seen and known, and it is the logic of their training that what they know and want, that they will have. It is much when the many faintly catch the vision of the few: the useful flowers only in the atmosphere of the beautiful.

Out of the World's Fair came popular understanding and feeling of the intent and scope of landscape architecture. Out of these has come a national purpose to express the fullness of this art in a no less representative place than the city of Washington. Here, in the nation's capital, the American people have declared shall be the theater for an exhibition of what plan, single and comprehensive, can do to develop and correlate the diversified parts of the urban and rural landscape of an already beautiful city. In this city, itself the issue of a perfect topographical arrangement designed under President Washington, the people ask for a demonstration of the sense and soul of landscape art, so magnificent that the capitals of Europe shall confess it; so simple that the rawest county-seat in the newest State, having seen the vision of the World's Fair, shall grasp and apply. The general plan is the thing. No longer shall a representative of the people, knowing some things well, but among them not art, go forth and out of hand ordain that "about there" shall arise a monumental edifice, "about there" for generations stand a great something repudiating the past, affronting the present, and forever blockading the future.

We go forward. What the people desire, their great representatives feel. The United States Senate has authorized its committee to obtain a plan for the improvement of the District of Columbia. When the people cry in this Western republic, "Let the consuls look to it that the republic take no harm," they bid their wise men not alone to safeguard them from foreign invasion or internal corruption, but to remove and forever keep from view the ugly, the unsightly, and even the commonplace.

It is the signs of the time that the people will no more continue to endure gross violations of landscape art than they will the disgusting and disorderly in domestic and municipal environment. Sentiment is gathering to the form of an edict that the offensive shall not be forced upon the multitude, and that when the chief expenditure is of brains, and not money, they shall no longer be denied the right to live among beautiful things. And I say again that it is not so much money that is wanted to shape municipal improvements in response to the growing taste of the American people as it is a general, a well-thought-out plan—a plan that reaches out not merely through the life of one throw of the political dice, but beyond men and seasons and policies, for a century. What is logical is also beautiful. The monuments of Pericles, reared in the zenith of Attic supremacy, are logical. The pilgrims of twenty-four centuries say that they are also beautiful.



THE IMPROVEMENT OF WASHINGTON CITY.

FIRST PAPER.

BY CHARLES MOORE,
Author of "The Northwest under Three Flags," Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia.

WHEN President Washington was charged by Congress with the duty of superintending the creation of a capital city on the banks of the Potomac, he sent Major Andrew Ellicott to mark the metes and bounds of the federal territory, and immediately afterward commissioned Major Peter Charles L'Enfant to make drawings "of the particular grounds most likely to be approved for the site of the federal town and buildings." During the Revolution Count d'Estaing had commended L'Enfant to Washington, and the latter had formed a good opinion of the young French engineer's abilities. When peace had been conquered, L'Enfant settled in New York city, where he was enjoying a lucrative practice when Washington summoned him. Such was his confidence in the President that he immediately gave up his private work, and threw himself heart and soul into the task that, while it won for his name enduring fame, brought to him personally nothing but disgrace, neglect, and poverty prolonged through more than a quarter of a century.

Arriving in Georgetown in the March of 1791, L'Enfant was soon joined by Washington, and the two tramped over hills and through forests to discover the most advantageous sites for the Congress house and the President's palace. These two points having been located, L'Enfant began his congenial task of laying out a city, reporting by mail twice a week to Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State. Calling on Jefferson for maps, he received large and

accurate ones of Strasburg, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Turin, Frankfort, and other cities visited by the Secretary during his travels in Europe. On the margins of these maps were copious notes made by that observant traveler; but Jefferson proffered no advice beyond a few general observations, such as exhortations to adhere to classical models and those modern examples of architecture which had been approved by persons of taste.

A lieutenant in the French provincial service when he came to America at the age of twenty-two, L'Enfant must have been familiar with landscape-architecture as practised by the great Lenôtre, whose work, not only in France, but also in England and in Rome, is still unsurpassed. Washington was not unacquainted with the stately art of landscape-gardening as exemplified in the capital of his native State and the great plantations laid out according to plans brought oversea; and Jefferson's taste had been developed by actual study of some of the world's greatest examples of civic art. Two plans were drawn by L'Enfant, only to be rejected by his principals; but the third was accepted and adopted. In this accepted plan undoubtedly Washington and Jefferson each had some part, and for it Ellicott made valuable suggestions; but the origin and development of the general scheme belong alone to L'Enfant.

The commissioners who had the general oversight of all matters pertaining to the District of Columbia had decided on a system of streets running from north to south and from east to west. Upon this rectilinear arrangement L'Enfant imposed those diagonal avenues, radiating from the Capitol and the White House, which give to Washington its distinguishing feature. He also made disposition of the public buildings so as to secure to each its appropriate landscape setting; and he was most particular to preserve the axial treatment which is the cardinal principle of Lenôtre's work. In a word, he planned the capital city as a work of art, in which each feature should have a distinct relation to every other feature; and thus he gave to the scheme that feeling of unity which to-day excites the interest and admiration of the visitor in Paris.

In L'Enfant's plan the one great park of the city was to be the space connecting the Congress garden with the President's park south of the White House. Here a grand avenue four hundred feet broad and about a mile in length, bordered by gardens flanked with buildings, was to dignify the approach to the halls of legislation; and where the axis of the White House intersected the axis of the Capitol was to be placed the equestrian statue of Washington voted by the Continental Congress in 1783. The twenty-five springs within the limits of the city were to furnish an abundant water-supply for fountains and cascades, and Tiber Creek was to be utilized as a canal to accommodate commerce, save where the waters should flow through the public gardens. In this manner he proposed to overcome the arid conditions which prevail during the long Washington summers, or at least to mitigate them. The canal was built; in its day it served its full commercial purpose, and even now the small portion remaining uncovered is in use. The cascades were never realized; and the most urgent need of the capital city to-day is fountains as numerous and as copious as those which give life and beauty to Rome.

L'Enfant became so absorbed in his plan that he conceived an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Fearing lest speculators would select the choicest sites, he perversely withheld his map from the commissioners, who needed it to satisfy purchasers at the sale of lots which was to supply the funds for the construction of the public buildings. Washington, who had received L'Enfant "not only as a scientific man, but one who added considerable taste to professional knowledge," and who regarded him as, by all odds, the person best qualified for the work in hand, intimated to the commissioners that the feelings of men of genius "are always alive," and that it is policy to humor them, or to put on the appearance of doing so.

Unfortunately, however, it was found impossible to employ Major L'Enfant "about the federal city in that degree of subordination which was lawful and proper," and so Jefferson dismissed him after he had been employed only a single year. The President urged that his compensation be ample—twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars: but L'Enfant placed the value of his services at fifty thousand dollars, and refused to accept a less sum, nor would he accept an appointment as professor of engineering at West Point; and until the day of his death, in 1825, the tall, erect figure of the courtly Frenchman trod the corridors of the Capitol as he vainly pleaded with Congress for the reward he believed to be his due.

Washington and Jefferson not only adopted L'Enfant's plan, but so long as they were in power they protected it from perversions,

just as they also guarded Thornton's plans for the Capitol from threatened changes by builders claiming to be architects; and by the time these two worthies had passed from the scene the main features of the original scheme were fixed beyond possibility of loss, although not beyond neglect and temporary perversion. Lack of money in the federal treasury at first prevented a full realization of those elements which made for beauty, and in later years there was a marked decline in public taste.

The Civil War found and left Washington a straggling Southern town, ill built, unpaved, with cattle and swine roaming the streets at will. During the war the poor and homeless negroes, who naturally drifted to the capital, squatted upon its vacant lands and built a cordon of huts on the range of hills that commands the city on the north.

Then came the Shepherd régime, during which Washington was improved with a ruthless hand. Grades were changed, streets cut down and hastily paved with wood; Congress was outwitted and defied; judges were lured on excursions from the city in order to prevent them from restraining the demolition of unsightly structures; money was poured out like a Potomac flood; taxes were doubled, and an enormous debt was piled up: but, after all has been said, the fact remains that the result was amply worth the cost.

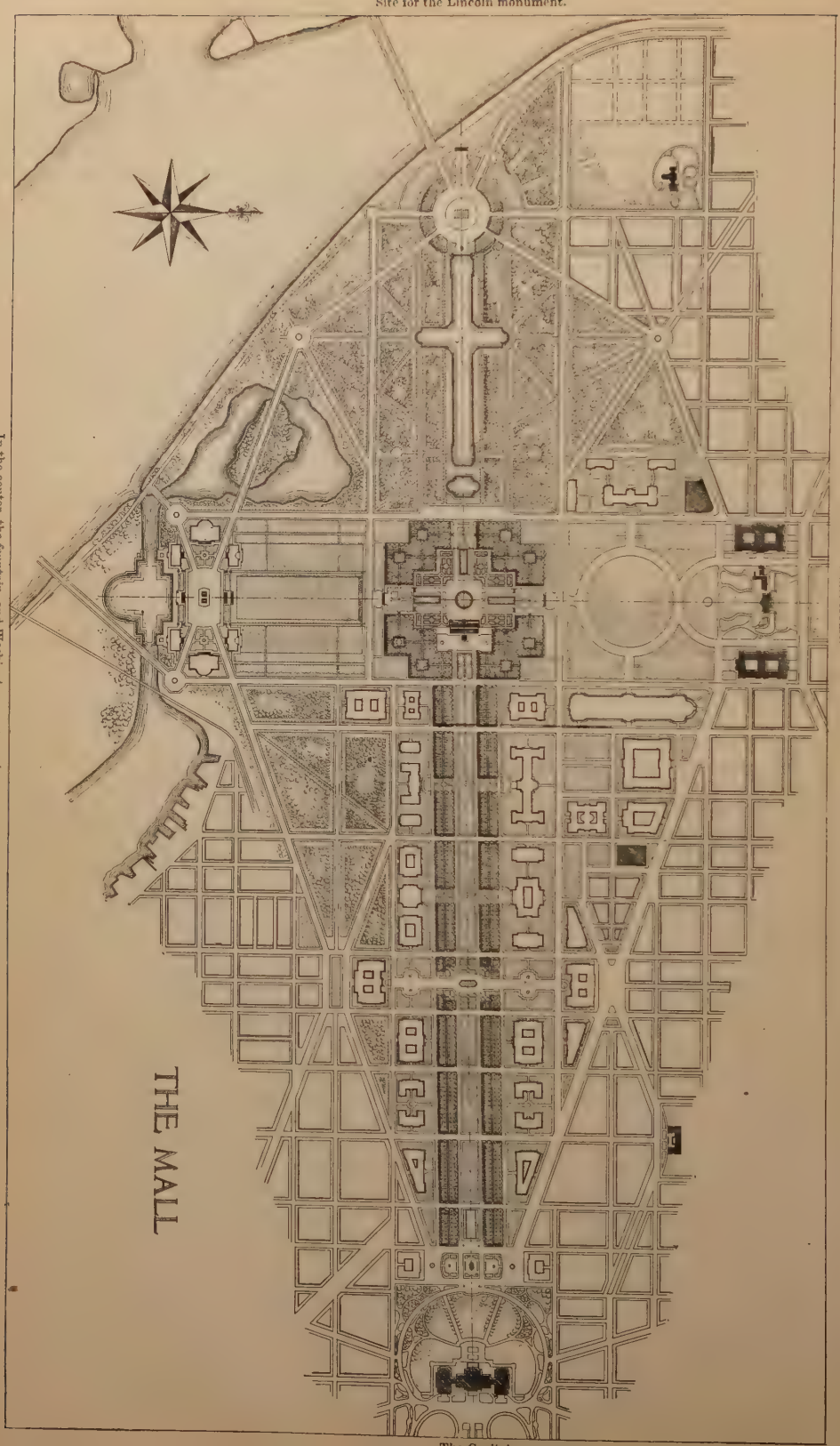
Meantime two great works had been accomplished. The Capitol extension, planned by Walter, had been finished during the war by the completion of the superbly proportioned dome; and in 1884 the half-built Washington monument, which had been an eyesore for a generation, was carried to its present splendid height. Unfortunately, however, the engineers, despairing of building a firm foundation at the intersection of the two axes as planned by L'Enfant, placed the monument off center as regards both the Capitol and the White House. Moreover, the space where was to have been the grand avenue connecting those two monumental buildings had become a common pasture, watered by a canal lined with wood-yards; and, as if with the purpose of destroying forever L'Enfant's conception, in 1870 the citizens invited, and Congress sanctioned, the location of a railroad across the Mall.

It is true that the parks and circles which L'Enfant had reserved for improvement by the States came to be adorned with statues of heroes of the Rebellion, until to-day Washington can boast of more bronze horsemen than any other city on the globe possesses; that, year by year, the small parks have been improved, the streets have been well paved, and many excellent residences have been built; and that large park areas have been either purchased or reclaimed from malarial marshes. The one thing lacking in the development of the capital has been that unity for which L'Enfant strove.

Such was the situation when, at the special session of the Senate, last March, Senator McMillan of Michigan, for some years the chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, secured the adoption of a resolution directing that committee to report a plan for the development of the entire park system of the District, and authorizing the employment of experts to prepare such a plan. A conference with the Institute of American Architects resulted in the selection of a commission composed of Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, Charles F. McKim and Augustus St. Gaudens of New York, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of Brookline, Massachusetts. It so happened that these men had worked together to produce the results achieved at the Chicago Exposition, and thus they were able to bring to their new task a familiarity with like problems, and, what was more important, the ability to work together in entire accord.

No sooner was the membership of the commission announced than requests for aid and advice came from a number of the officers of the government who had duties to perform in relation to parks and buildings in the District of Columbia; and at the very outset was established a feeling of confidence and coöperation that promises well for the success of the undertaking.

When the commission began to study the problem presented to them, they were satisfied that their first duty was to return to the original plan of L'Enfant, which had found favor with Washington and Jefferson. In order to treat the Mall as a unit, the removal of the railroad-tracks and the station was absolutely essential. Happily, the appeal of the commission found sympathetic response on the part of President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Most fortunately, also, the common ownership of the two railroad lines entering Washington makes possible the creation of a monumental union station, a consummation long hoped for in the District of Columbia. Thus the commission has been able to secure terms on which the removal of the tracks from the Mall may be


Site for the Lincoln monument.
White House.
In the center, the fountain, and Washington monument.
THE MALL
The Capitol.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND APPROACHES, LOOKING EAST—THE CAPITOL IN THE BACKGROUND.

brought about by the favorable action of Congress.

The plans now before Congress contemplate not only the improvement of the Mall and the monument grounds, but also driveways, boulevards, and park connections, the reclaiming for park purposes of the Anacostia Flats, the acquisition of additional park areas in those portions of the District now ill provided with breathing-spaces, and the development of areas already possessed and awaiting improvement.

When one recalls the setting of many foreign capitals and their flat topography, one realizes that with so superb a beginning, and with the majestic monument in a vista closed by the Potomac and the Virginia hills, the possibilities for beautiful treatment of Washington are unequaled. The new plans open the way to realize these possibilities.

Let one imagine himself standing on the western terrace of the Capitol on a summer afternoon. At the foot of the extended grounds great fountains toss clouds of refreshing spray into the heated atmosphere. From the foot of the Capitol hill to and up the monument slope, a mile and a half distant, two lines of stately elms march majestically in column of fours, one column on each side of a carpet of greensward three hundred feet wide. Buildings of white marble gleam behind the rows of elms; where the streets cross the Mall great bands of light lie across the stretches of tree-shadow; carriages and riders pass and repass on the roadway half covered by the grateful shade, while pedestrians linger under the wide-spreading trees. Thus, by a simple device of planting, the monument is brought into the vista of the Capitol.

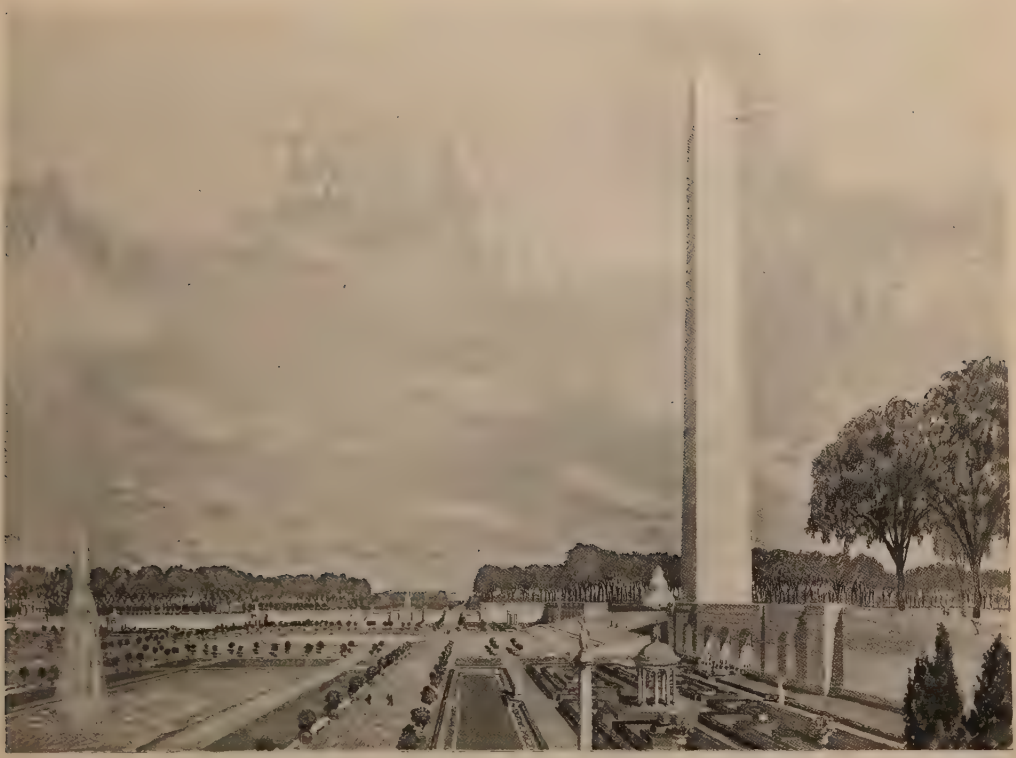
Or suppose that the observer stands at the monument, with his gaze still directed to the



VIEW OF THE TERRACES AND THE MONUMENT FROM THE GARDEN.

setting sun. The space about him, as extensive as the piazza facing St. Peter's, is flanked by elms beneath which children play. At his feet broad stairs lead down to a formal garden inclosed by wooded terraces; and from this garden the broad opening leads to a long canal, tree-bordered, as at Versailles. Nearly a mile away, where the axis meets the Potomac, is a great *rond-point* surmounted by a Doric portico commemorating the one man in our national history who is worthy to stand with Washington—Abraham Lincoln.

From this point of divergence a memorial bridge leads straight across the broad Potomac to the terraced slopes of Arlington, surmounted by the temple-like mansion, which, once the home of Robert E. Lee, now stands sentinel among the thousands of graves of Union soldiers. From the same point of departure one road leads up the river to the valley of Rock River, and thence



VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND GARDEN FROM THE SOUTH TERRACE, LOOKING TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE.

to the great park which takes its name from that stream; while a second drive extends down the Potomac to the park formed by the engineers in reclaiming those malarial flats whose miasmal emanations, in Garfield's case, are believed to have completed the work of Guiteau's bullet.

From the portico at the rear of the White House the eye looks off over, first, the circular parade-ground, and thence over the garden at the foot of the monument, which is treated as an adjunct to the towering needle, thus establishing the reciprocity between the two structures that now is missed by reason of the construction of the monument off the axis. The space still farther to the south, between the garden and the Potomac, is arranged with basins for swimming and boating, with gymnasiums and ball-fields, with a stadium for games and displays of fireworks, and with all those means of athletic recreation which now are a necessity in civic life. The White House vista may be completed, perhaps, by a colossal figure, emblematic of the republic, standing serenely on the shore of the broad river, or even rising from the smooth surface of the water.

Fronting on the White Lots, as the parade-ground is called, public or semi-public buildings may well be placed—on the east perhaps an armory, to be occupied by the battalion of District militia, and to be used for inaugural balls or other large gatherings; on the west, continuing the line of the Corcoran Art Gallery, the administration building of the contemplated National University. So, too, the spaces fronting on Lafayette Square may come to be occupied by buildings for the Departments of State and of Justice, and by such other monumental structures as the growing needs of the republic may demand. Possibly, too, it will be found advantageous to build for the President an office building, and thus relieve the present overcrowded condition of the White House.

The historic Pennsylvania Avenue, also, will have its south side lined with such structures as a municipal building for the District of Columbia, a modern market in which the space is ample to accommodate the traffic now done on the public streets, and a hall of records for storing in safety government archives. And the Capitol grounds, too, should be faced only by public buildings, of which the number already projected is sufficient to complete the square indicated by the Capitol and the Library of Congress.

The return to the original type of treat-

ment for the development of the Mall was not determined without most careful consideration. During the summer of 1901 the commission studied the great parks of Europe: in the Borghese Gardens, on the broad terraces of the Villa d'Este, amid the still splendid ruins of Hadrian's Villa, on the Grand Canal at Venice, on the magnificent Maria Theresia Platz at Vienna, on the swift Danube curbed between miles of stone quays at Budapest, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and amid the splashing fountains of Vaux-le-Vicompte they threshed out many a perplexing problem. Bushy Park and Windsor Great Park, while they emphasized the beauty of long stretches of green, warned the commission against disturbing the central space by a commonplace roadway; and Hatfield House showed conclusively the surpassing beauty of a *tapis vert* bordered by tall trees.

Will these plans, developed after much study by competent men, be carried out? That is for Congress to determine; but there is good reason to believe that the work will begin at once and be prosecuted continuously. The new building for the Department of Agriculture is to form a portion of the Mall improvement; and the supervising architect of the Treasury sought and obtained the aid of the commission in preparing the program, in selecting the architects for the competition, and in making the award. The removal of the railroad-tracks from the Mall will necessitate the improvement of the space vacated, together with the adjoining areas.

The Secretary of War has made the approval of plans for two new bridges across the Potomac contingent on the approval of the commission; and various other projects that have been delayed for the want of agreement as to the sites to be occupied now will have that obstacle removed. Moreover, there has been manifested throughout the country a conviction that the day has come to develop Washington according to a well-considered plan, rather than continue the haphazard building that has gone on since the L'Enfant plan was lost sight of.

The large degree of interest and coöperation the commission have met with since the beginning of their work is decidedly encouraging; and if only the people of the United States will support their representatives in Congress in making the necessary appropriations, the improvement of the national capital along the lines laid down by Washington and Jefferson will be accomplished speedily.

It is not essential to the success of the plans that large appropriations be made immediately. Considerable amounts of money are appropriated annually for carrying on the development of the District of Columbia in order to meet the needs of the increasing population, and from year to year new buildings are being erected by the government. The public offices are now scattered about the city, many of them being located in private buildings, the rentals of which are out of all proportion to the interest paid by the government on its loans.

There is every reason to believe that in the near future a number of the bureaus will be provided with buildings adequate to the demands of the work to be done; and the two houses of Congress are considering the question of erecting office buildings of a monumental character for the use of their members individually. What the new plans do contemplate mainly is that when appropriations are made from time to time, the buildings shall be placed and the parks shall be developed according to a definite system; and if this principle shall be established, the result must follow that the capital of the United States, already beautiful for situation, will stand as one of the most beautiful cities of the world.



THE BOOK-AGENT.[1]

A MONOLOGUE.

BY BEATRICE HERFORD.

WITH PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS BURKE PARKINSON.

BEATRICE HERFORD.

(*She enters, turning to a servant.*)

NO, no name; I don't believe she would remember me by the name. Just say a lady would like to see her, please.

(*Seats herself on the edge of a chair, surveys the room, rises, and begins to look at the pictures, books, etc. Hears the lady of the house coming, sits hurriedly, placing her book on the floor against the side of the chair, hiding it with the flounce of her dress. Arranges her bonnet and a smile.*)

(*To the lady of the house*) I did n't send my name up. I thought likely you would n't remember me by the name. You don't?

No, I did n't think you would.

[1] Attention is called to the fact that this article is protected by the general copyright of the magazine, by which stage and all other rights are reserved.

(*Looks toward the windows*) Lovely weather, is n't it? I think these first warm days are so sweet. I think the last time we met was at a wedding; I presume you don't remember seeing me, but I remember seeing you very well. Sweet wedding, was n't it? Oh, you don't recollect it at all? Well, I guess you would n't, but I remember very well indeed.



You see, I never forget a face, or, I should say, faces; once seen, a face haunts me forever—not unpleasantly, of course. But people are very different. Now, my sister, my third sister, is n't like that at all—not at all; but, then, mother was n't, and she takes after mother more than any of the rest of us do, and none of mother's family had that way of retaining a face, what I call memorizing countenances. It 's a gift, as I tell my sister. Of course she misses it more than she 'll allow, and I think it troubles her considerably; but she 's very brave about it. I tell her she can't have everything; she has one lovely little girl—perhaps you 've seen her? No? Oh, well, I did n't mean just that, but I thought maybe you might have seen her at the back of one of the magazines. What a splendid thing that Miller's food is, is n't it? What say? You have n't used it? Well, sister can't be grateful enough for it; she just brought the child up on it.

So she sent the baby's picture to Mr. Miller, and he 's had it printed out in most of the leading magazines; taken quite simply in her little nighty, with "My darling after treatment" written in sister's own handwriting underneath.

You see, when you have a case right in the family like that, you feel a great bond. Now, when I ride in the cars, for instance, and there 's one of Miller's advertisements, I never feel I 'm alone. I feel there 's a real friend of the family over the door, or just opposite, or above my head, wherever it happens to be located. It 's just a feeling you have, it 's like no other feeling you ever felt, and you feel you never felt anything like it before, and that 's the way you feel; it 's just a feeling you have.

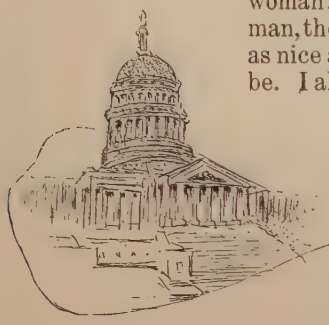
Sister 's named her little girl after Mr. Miller; pretty name, is n't it? You don't care for it? But you don't care for the food. Of course it 's just a matter of taste, but I think it 's a real pretty name apart from the food.

What a lovely day it is! I think these first warm— You 're too busy to enjoy it, are you? Got a dressmaker in the house? No? Oh, spring cleaning! Oh, I know what that is; you must n't let me keep you. But I always think it 's such a good thing to have a little break, to be called away for a while; you go back fresher to work, though I don't suppose you take an active part. Still, there are always little things to do that no one else can do: covering up, putting away, wall-papers to select, and one thing and another. You must n't let me keep you. But I always think spring is the time to do it; of course it 's where the saying comes from, "spring cleaning."





I always go by those old sayings a great deal, but people are very different. Now, I have an aunt,—not my own aunt, step-aunt,—she would n't any more go by one of those sayings than she 'd fly; large stout woman; nice woman, though, just as nice as she can be. I always feel they want to be like your own, if you 're prepared to meet them half-way. You see, what makes her a little nearer is that her husband's—her first husband's—son married my husband's half-sister's cousin's — You don't care to enter into it? Well, it 's very complicated, unless you know the family. But he 's a sweet young man, quite deaf and prematurely bald, but so helpful; does n't mind how much you shout at him. We don't put ourselves out, and he would n't want we should; he picks up what he can, and I must say he 's just as contented with his bits of conversation — conversation-links, I call them—as if he caught the whole drift.



He loves these first warm days. Lovely day! Every one ought to be out.

You were just getting ready to go out, were you? Well, you must n't let me keep you. I 'll tell you what I came for; I came to show you a little book—wait a minute, please—we are just getting out, and knowing how interested you are in such things, I wanted you to be one of the first to see it. Oh, I know just what you are going to say: you 've seen it. But pardon me, I don't hardly think so. There 's only a few first copies; Harker, Guttons & Sons are the publishers, and I told them I 'd be glad to take the book around for them. I thought the air these first warm days would do me good. I 've been suffering considerably from my chest during the winter months.

It 's a beautiful thing, very rare in its way, and unique.

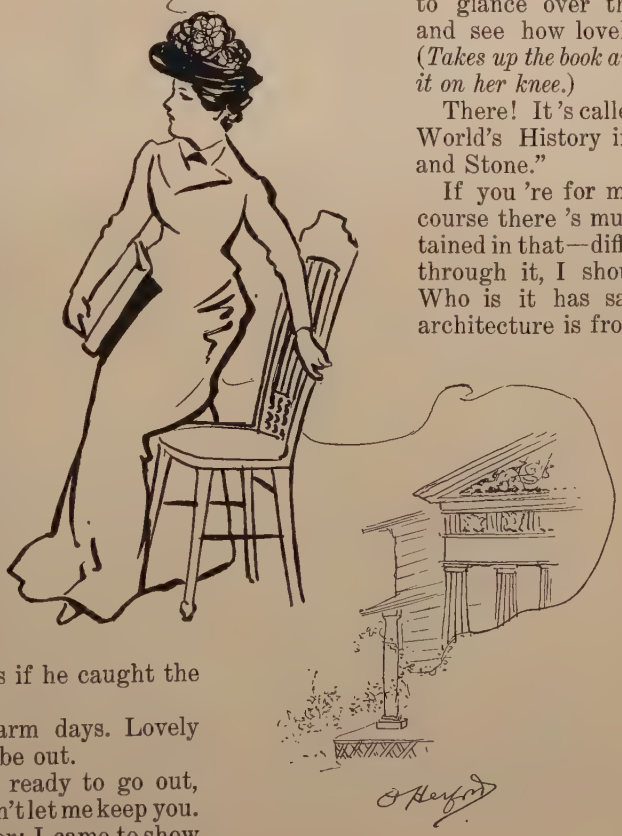
What say? You don't care for books? Perhaps you 're all for music. A great many people are.

Oh, I know just what you 're going to say: you never buy books. Yes, I know, some people get along with what they have for wedding presents; but you know there are new things coming out all the time that are not in those old wedding-present sets, although they 're very handsomely bound, I know.

But I 'm not talking of buying; I merely ask you to glance over the book and see how lovely it is. (*Takes up the book and opens it on her knee.*)

There! It 's called "The World's History in Wood and Stone."

If you 're for music, of course there 's music contained in that—diffused all through it, I should say. Who is it has said that architecture is frozen music? Well, I don't go as far as that myself, but I can see it 's a beautiful saying.



Of course the title is somewhat restricted; they have to be, as I 've often remarked. Where is the title that tells the whole story? You won't find it.

So you see, although it is designated on the back "The World's History in Wood and

Stone," the buildings depicted are not confined to those materials exclusively.

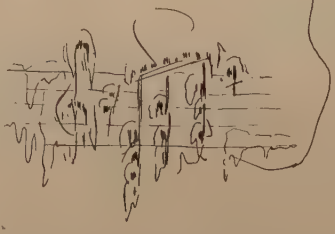
We all know, at least most of us do, that there is a great deal of ironwork, for instance, introduced into many of the edifices, both ancient and modern, in the past and present, and will be in the future, no doubt.

Don't think for a moment that I wish to run down the title. I 'm the last person to do so. No one can feel more than I do that it is one that must and will urge the public—the knowledge-seeking public—to open and reopen and peruse the



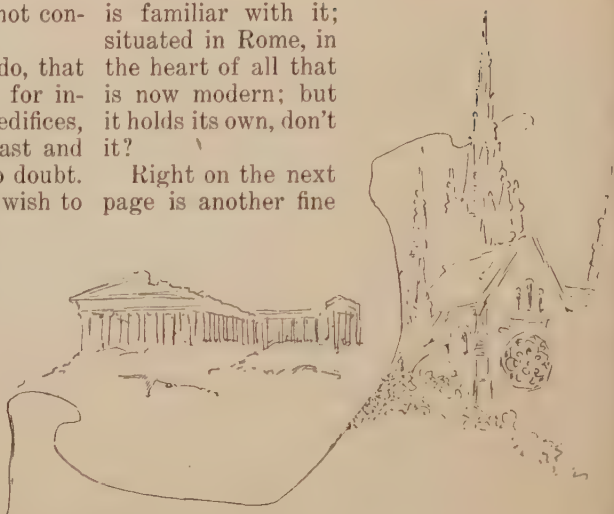
interior matter, where the gems of architecture and art will repay his or her every look, I feel sure.

Don't say anything, just look and see first; I 'm going to turn over the pages and show you there 's something lovely on every one.



There! There is St. Peter's. Of course you know St. Peter's? I presume every one is familiar with it; situated in Rome, in the heart of all that is now modern; but it holds its own, don't it?

Right on the next page is another fine



structure, the Parthenon. Rather monotonous, I always think, but quite old, I should judge, although you never can tell.

Now, my sister's new house is ever so much like that Parthenon—not the whole structure, of course it 's smaller, though, for my part, I don't care for the large scale on which they 've done that Parthenon. But it 's the piazzas that 's like it. They have just those same pillars. I do love a pillar here and there; they break up the landscape, don't they?

Here we have the gems of all the foreign galleries, all the well-known figures, taken in their celebrated attitudes.

There 's a wonderful statue,—I don't know as you know it, the "La-o-coon,"—but awful intricate. I guess that 's only a fragment, but if that 's a fragment what must the whole be! Ever since I first saw it, I 've been intending to ask a friend of mine if she could make it out. She 's real quick. Why, I tell you, she made out that pig-puzzle, "pigs in clover," when it first came out. So I said to her, "Can you make out that La-o-coon?" "Well," she says, "any one can see they 're firemen, but how they got tangled up in the hose that way I don't see."

There are some more of those pillars. I can't pass a pillar without looking at it; they 're so

handy for trailing things over. Of course I 'm fond of standing plants, and I presume you are, and I ain't going to say anything against them; still, they only grow so high, and there 's an end to it, but a vine or a trailing thing you can follow right around a pillar or over the roof of a house, and it 's always interesting.

On the next page is that Tower of Pisa. Of course it 's elegant, and quite a curiosity, but it seems to me something might be done about it.

Well, you see what a wonderful collection it is of all the world's greatest treasures—all the principal buildings, churches, cathedrals, palaces, ancient temples, domes, pagodas, and mausoleums, to say nothing of all the best-made statues, taken either in the antique bas-relief or standing right out, ten dollars with the box.

I know just what you are going to say: you don't care for a book with so many pictures.

Well, now, it 's a great convenience. I 'll tell you why. I expect you often have those small evening parties, where it 's so dull—too few for conversation and too many for a game. Now, if you can bring out a fully illustrated book like this, from a low bookcase or the top of the piano, and set it among two or three people, you 've got them there for three quarters of an hour at least; there 's no getting away. It 's a very handy thing for any hostess.

Don't want such a large book? Why, it ain't a large book. Now, I 've been surrounded with books on both sides of the family for generations, and I would n't tell you if it was n't so—this ain't a large book.

Why, the book I had round last year,—I forget the name,—but it was certainly three times as large. Oh, it was Dante's "Inferno," a new edition I presume he was just bringing out. If you wanted a large book, that 's the book you 'd want. Maybe you 've read it? I have n't. My sister glanced it through; she said it was very deep, something like "She."

Wait a minute, please. So many ladies say that in haste, and then they wish afterward they 'd taken it. Now, I have a feeling you want this book; I had it when I got up this morning.

As I say, it 's ten dollars with the box, and I 'm so sorry I have n't got one of the boxes with me; but I omitted to bring one to-day. They are made of plush of every color— What! You don't care for plush? Well! You 're the first lady I ever heard say that. Of course you could have it made in something else, but I think you 'd learn to love it, and placed in a window recess on a table of its own, where the sun can strike the plush cover, it 's a beautiful ornament in any room.

You 've got an engagement? Tiresome things, are n't they? Well, you must n't let me keep you. Now, you could have it on the two-dollar instalment plan. What 's two dollars a month? You give and you never feel, and that 's what we all like to do.

You 're in a hurry? I usually am, but somehow I feel like sitting to-day. I guess it 's the warm— Well, I think you are making a mistake, and I don't feel I can go till you decide to take this book.

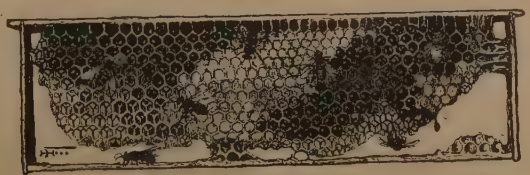
You wish your husband was here? Well, I wish he was; I 'd love to meet him. Yes, indeed, we sell a great many to gentlemen. We go into their offices, and they 're busy, and they glance over the book and are glad to take it. What say? No, of course two dollars a month would n't feel so much.

You will? Well, now, that 's right. I knew I could bring you around. Yes, indeed, I shall go now, and I 'll put your name right down.

Now, I wonder what color of a box you 'd like? I think a pale-blue would light up your room nicely; it 's very good for a dull—for a room papered like this.

And then, there 's another nice thing: you can place the book on one table and the box on the other, and no one will know but what you 'd got two, and that 's always pleasant.

I 'm delighted to have found you in. Good morning; and place it where the sun can strike the plush cover. Good morning, good morning.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Men's "Lives."

THERE seems to be opportunity for tact amounting to genius in the choosing of the right way to present a man's life in a book. As volume after volume of biography appears, continually the discussion is renewed as to this right way. Obviously the author of any given biography may be handicapped, first, by an official or representative relation to the subject; second, by the fact that still are living near relatives and close associates of the subject. Of late years there have been biographical publications that shocked the sense of propriety of friends no more than of the whole reading world. Then, partly as a reaction from these, there have been lives which seemed to omit the life, so trimmed and anxious was the treatment.

The ideal life of the newly dead would be that which gave all details in just proportion; which dwelt chiefly upon the commanding characteristic, that which made the man thus written of worth writing of at all. But how much of a great man's weakness should be "frankly and honestly" written down? This is the question that disturbs the literary moralist. The trouble is that a little that was wrong, set down in staring black and white, immediately leaps into a disturbing and dominating prominence. The man was noted because of some virtue of character, some virtue of art, some virtue of accomplishment in this field or that. Like all mortals, at some point he failed morally. Shall this, through the morbid conscientiousness or the unconscious awkwardness of the narrator, be so set forth that in the mind of the reader all else is obscured?

Truly not! The good man's vices may have an encouraging lesson for us all; but in his vices he was but ordinary. Let us say that he knew and deplored and tried to subdue them. Shall they nevertheless be permitted to dazzle, to perturb, to mislead the observer, perhaps to serve as examples for imitation? We knew, in our younger years, a most amiable man, kindly, sympathetic, moral, exemplary, affectionate in his family as well as in a large circle of friends attracted by his gentle and winning carriage—one who might well be called, in the honored phrase, a "Christian gentleman." Now, suppose that his biographer, imagining that he had earned one by traits more strenuous, should have dwelt with undue particularity upon the fact that, passing from a Northern into a Southwestern environment, in days we now call historically "early," he had found it necessary, as he thought, to "kill his man" in order to live himself. Greatly would a biographer have erred had he, by setting forth an unfortunate but picturesque incident with lavish disproportion, fastened upon this amiable and seldom-shooting man the name of man-slayer.

All men can sin; but the subject of a biography, who, though in some degree a sinner, nevertheless did fine, noble, beautiful, and useful things, arousing in mankind an insatiable curiosity as to his personality—shall his little or big shames be mercilessly uncovered, now that he is in no condition to hide them, as he, poor fellow, instinctively did in his lifetime? It is consoling to know that great lives have little moments, but this is a knowledge which may, at last, be said to be universal. Why grossly reiterate? The present writer once said to a well-known British poet, who was also an inspired preacher of the gospel—a man of very exquisite nature: "If you should come upon an unknown fact derogatory to the character of Shakspere, would you give it to the world?" Well do we remember the poet's loud and startling reply: "I 'd be domned if I would!" Evidently our friend was not thoroughly imbued with the spirit of scientific historical research, but there was that in his humanity which we have never ceased to honor.

There is a large difference, though, between, on one hand, the avoidance of a disproportionate dwelling upon weaknesses, and, on the other, a frightened refusal to portray idiosyncrasies. Some biographies of our day have been ludicrous in their omission of well-known peculiarities of the persons idealized to the point of idolatry in their pages. Certain writers have assumed certain famous careers as their personal property, and have resisted all attempts to disturb the image they have endeavored to create. It is only of late years that Washington has been permitted to write and talk as he did write and talk in this life; and meantime his fame has suffered no detriment. Not many years ago we printed in this magazine a striking portrait of Daniel Webster wearing a high hat, and we published, in this connection, a remark made by the great and idiosyncratic orator on the occasion of the taking of the daguerreotype from which our engraving was made—a remark containing an adjective of intensity of a somewhat profane nature. It was not long before we received from a learned and worthy gentleman, who had written much concerning Webster, a letter indignantly denying that Webster either wore a high hat or swore. All we could say was that the story came from an ear-witness; that the daguerreotype was itself a proof that he did wear a high hat, at least once; and that, moreover, this very same high hat was still preserved as an object of veneration for the benefit of all worshipers of Webster.

A Point in Psychology.

A CURRENT discussion—which has its distinctly regrettable accompaniments—touches upon the question of development of character in the subject of a certain prominent biographical work. An apparent change in the man whose life was recorded seems to have disturbed an old friend, and his criticisms appear to apply not merely to the "Life," but to the man.

The persons and writings and the biography involved we do not wish at this moment to discuss in detail. What we wish to do is to insist upon a psychological fact which seems not to be kept well in mind by all parties in the current controversy, namely, the natural reversion to the ethics of his people and of his race on the part of a growing man, of a man developing intellectually and spiritually, especially of a man facing increased responsibilities toward his own immediate circle and the ever-enlarging circle of followers and readers,—facing, too, now and again, the abyss. To imply that such a reversion, in the present instance, is tainted with anything approaching pharisaism is an implication as dull as it is amazing from other points of view.

There is a hunger of the soul for things of good repute that, given a life of average length, is apt sooner or later to assert its power in every man not born an irreclaimable criminal. There is a passion, in strong natures as in weak, for things evil; but there is a passion, as well, for things clean and virtuous. In that strange and memorable colloquy of the dawn between Francis Villon and the Lord of Brisetout, in Stevenson's story, "A Lodging for the Night," the sympathetic figure is not the well-housed seigneur, but the homeless, thieving poet. And yet the man of convention, warming his knees by his comfortable charcoal-pan, said things that hold water. "You speak of food and wine," quoth he, "and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure: but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring tooth-ache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but, indeed, I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

The young man who put these words into the mouth of the Lord of Brisetout knew one or two things about life; and it would be nothing other than natural if, more and more, his own life be-

Heaven knows there is enough to pull us down. Let us not be ashamed, we poor sinners, of cherishing ideals, even in weakness! And defend us from the cynic critics who, for reasons that savor of qualities one does not wish to name, would deface the ideals that speak to us from the many-volumed writings of a brave, knightly, and lamented spirit.

Our Obligations to Dialect.

IT is not unusual to hear the remark, "I never read stories with dialect," and every now and then this personal attitude finds expression in the press in the shape of a savage ban against this form of composition in prose or verse, as though it were a sort of literary heresy. The impression is sometimes given that dialect is an invention of the modern magazine.

There is no disputing about tastes, and it would be idle to expect by argument to convert any one to the liking of dialect. The dislike for variants from what may be called the normal type of English expression is often the sincere conviction of a jaded reader that so far as the perusal of dialect is concerned the game is not worth the candle; sometimes, however, it is merely the mark of mental indolence or inertia. As we grow older, we are likely either to become more selective in our reading, confining ourselves to those writings which we have proved to be most agreeable and valuable, or to broaden our tastes into a more catholic range, finding honey in many flowers. But in either experience a well-balanced mind does not allow itself to fall into superficial condemnation of classes, and a philosophic temper would be inclined to inquire why dialect has played so prominent and, on the whole, so acceptable a part in English and particularly in American literature.

Doubtless in Spenser's day his characterization of Chaucer as a "well of English undefyled" was accurate, but without a glossary his rich and rugged narratives are almost unintelligible to the reader of to-day; and yet how much they lose in the paraphrases of even a modern poet like Dryden! It is appalling to think what would become of Burns in such a process, and the measure of the loss is the measure of the value. And yet in readableness Chaucer and, in large part, Burns stand in much the same relation to us as though they were written in Creole or Negro patois. In Shakspere, the speech of his low comedians, while more readable, is often like a homely steed set to the task of carrying the rich by-product of a mine. We cannot spare Dogberry, or Launcelot Gobbo, or Bottom, or Touchstone, or Trinculo.

Coming down to Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and Lover and Lever,—to say nothing of Kipling,—who would give up the humor, the raciness, the tang, so to speak, of their dialect characters—the Scotchmen, the Cockneys, the Yorkshiremen, the Irishmen, the East-enders? Who would be willing to give back to a state of non-existence such creations as Andrew Fairservice, Sam Weller, Peggotty, Sairey Gamp, Charley Bates, Costigan, Foker, Yellowplush, Pleeceman X., or

Mrs. Poyser? If the canon were fixed against dialect, would not English fiction be robbed of many of its choicest personages? And what a havoc there would be among American writings! To be sure, we should still have the treasures of Hawthorne and Poe—products of a romantic era and of unhumorous minds; but every type and class of the country would be without its most salient exponent. What would become of Hosea Biglow, Petroleum V. Nasby, Hans Breitmann, M'liss, Tom Sawyer, Jules St. Ange, Uncle Remus, Marse Chan, Chimmie Fadden, Mr. Dooley, and many another of our "immortals"? In short, could one put into practice the anathema against dialect with *ex post facto* effect, the variety and flavor of democracy would largely disappear from fiction, and the color would almost fade out of it, while the gaiety of nations would well-nigh be eclipsed. It would not be the abolition of dialect, but the extinction of a large measure of literature. To object to dialect is to object to the types it represents, and to deny them the right to speak in their natural voices.

No; what the critics mean to inveigh against is not dialect as such, but the poor or tedious variety in which there is neither humor nor substance, but rather a finesse of philological exploitation, a labyrinth which it would take the skill of a Theseus to explore. One naturally tires of bad orthography or grammar when its associations are merely vulgar, when it exists as an only too perfect example of false realism. It is not the verbal or literal niceties of dialect that give it value, but the content it sets forth appropriately, the picturesque and engaging figures it adds to the ever-expanding realm of humor, its homely and humanizing touches of pathos. And not the least of its uses is the advantage it gives to the satirist of public affairs who is able to dramatize his criticism in a Biglow, a Nasby, or a Dooley.

Again, the dialect literature of a country is a not unimportant part of its social history, and has a distinct value as folk-lore. In America, with its populations of mixed origin, this literature has extraordinary richness and variety. So far, we believe, our Scandinavian and Italian elements have had no adequate representation in our dialect, but our readers will be reminded of its range in some other directions by certain contributions (past, present, and to come) to THE CENTURY'S "Year of American Humor," in which, side by side with numerous articles entirely free from dialect, will be found close and racy studies not only of the Negro and the Irishman,—the two chief resources of American humor,—but also of the Kentucky mountaineer, the Pennsylvania Dutchman, the Bowery boy, the inland or the 'longshore Yankee, the cow-boy, the Hoosier, and the French *habitant* of Illinois. None of these types is "difficult" as here presented, and altogether they compose a gallery of American characters so various as to accentuate the political homogeneity of a land that holds them all.

A Prize for Humorous Drawings.

WITH a view to develop the talent of young draftsmen in a humorous direction, and to make clear the large demand for good examples of this sort of artistic work, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has, on the following terms, announced a competition for original humorous drawings appropriate to THE CENTURY by any one under thirty years of age.

For the best drawing, $100. For the second-best drawing, $60. For the third-best drawing, $40.

The Editor and the Art-Director of THE CENTURY are to be the judges of the competition, and the drawings that win the prizes are to be the property of the magazine, which is to have the privilege of publishing them, and is to have the refusal of all drawings submitted.

It is hoped that this competition will result in many available drawings besides the prize-winners.

Drawings must be delivered at the rooms of THE CENTURY, 33 East 17th Street, New York, by noon of March 1, 1902.

OPEN LETTERS

Artemus Ward at Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE entertaining memoranda of Artemus Ward in the November CENTURY bring back to me his characteristic appearances in New England on the occasion of his first and, I think, his only Eastern lecture tour after his original lecture in Irving Hall, New York. It was in the late summer of 1862, and, as I recollect, in Springfield, that I heard Mr. Browne.

I remember the inviting solicitation of the handbills that proclaimed his avatar:

"The lecturer, on appearing, will be greeted with tumultuous applause. Ushers will please attend to this." And later: "There will be an intermission of ten minutes for the lecturer to go across the street and see a man."

Such eccentricities as these in the advertising aroused unusual expectancy in the community, but the assembly on the lecture evening was self-contained and critical, as became New England, and not to be taken off its guard by unaccustomed amenities. "Here we are," it seemed to say; "we have paid to be amused. Now amuse us if you can."

Presently the door on the left of the stage was slowly, almost hesitatingly, opened, and the looked-for man appeared. I recall vividly the impression he made upon us all with his tall, gaunt, almost attenuated figure, accentuated to mournfulness by the unrelieved austerity of his black dress; his face like frost, with cavernous eyes; cheek-bones almost pricking through the skin, hectic even then with consumption; and his wistful half-smile, as he glanced deprecatingly at the audience, and then, looking straight before him, strode quite across the platform and took a chair at its farther end. There he sat, his sorrowful visage seeming to breathe the spirit of Cervantes's knight of the weeping laughter. And the audience, as if feeling that it could not come to the relief of the unhappy man too quickly, and assure him of its entire neighborliness and sympathy, broke out spontaneously with hand-clapping that said plainly enough, "Welcome, welcome! Be not cast down! We shall laugh at anything you say." I do not know that I have ever witnessed such a capture of an assembly, so immediate a dissolving of that cold equilibrium which even experienced public speakers dread—and this without a word having been uttered. There could not, it seemed, be a more auspicious moment for his beginning. But the enthusiasm did not, apparently, reach its object. There he sat, motionless; one long, thin leg hanging over the other, his eyes cast down, a picture of irresolution and melancholy. Soon he took out his watch, looked at it, and replaced it; then, after a little, he nervously reversed the position of his legs, raised his eyes, and revealed a gaze of anxiety and unrest. Then he distressfully consulted his watch again, after which he resumed his posture of resigned waiting. After a few minutes this dumb-show was repeated with distracting variations, until the evident fear and worry of the man infected and hypnotized us all. We could not understand his unrest; we could only sympathize with it. But when the town clock was heard striking eight, instantly his constraint vanished. With an air of blithe relief, he straightened himself, arose, proceeded to the middle of the rostrum, and, a shadow of a smile appearing on his grave, sad face, he began in a conversational tone to explain that inadvertently his lecture had been advertised to begin at eight and close at nine; but the lecture being only three quarters of an hour long, he had found himself, on arriving, in a predicament.

"I did not know," he said, "whether I ought to begin at eight and close at a quarter to nine, or wait until eight and a quarter, so that I could close promptly at nine." And then he went on, giving reasons first for one course and then for the other, until he actually succeeded in impressing us, by his ingenuous reiterations, with the embarrassment of his imaginary dilemma. Then he paused, and, assuming a more forensic attitude, said:

"I have come here to lecture in order that I might get money enough to go to Africa. I go to Africa; and"—his voice up to this moment had been pitched in a high minor key, almost touching in its effect, but now he drew out his handkerchief and, holding it to his eyes, apparently broke into sobs, his voice choking through—"I don't want to live in vain. I had rather live in Springfield."

From this moment the audience was unreservedly his own. I do not remember much of the lecture. He followed it on subsequent evenings with other lectures or variations of the same.

I remember the novel incident of his farewell appearance. For some reason there had been no ticket-taker at the door. When the lecture was concluded, he addressed the audience as follows:

"This is my last appearance here; and I desire to thank you all for the kindness I have experienced while I have been dwelling in this town. There is no place I have ever visited where I have been treated better, I may say oftener, than I have here. I have been wondering how, in some delicate manner, I could recompense your kindness. You will have noticed, perhaps, that the tickets have not been collected; and I will now state that two weeks from to-night I shall lecture in San Francisco, and the same tickets will be good."

Charles J. Woodbury.

Old Spanish Masters.

II. PORTRAIT OF THE DAUGHTER OF EL GRECO.

(See Frontispiece.)

Domenico Theotocopuli, surnamed El Greco, is classed among the Spanish masters, though he was born in Greece (about 1548) and studied under Titian. His style and coloring partake, to a great extent, of the Venetians, though he is often extravagant in the tallness of his figures, and his technic is ropy and involved. He is recorded to have worked principally at Toledo, where he was living in 1577, and where he died in 1625.

The portrait of the artist's daughter would seem to be a unique example among his works, there being nothing in it reminding one of the peculiar handling in the technic of the body of his pictures, unless it be in the manipulation of the high lights of the ermine fur; "otherwise," as a connoisseur remarked to me concerning it, "you might never know it was a Theotocopuli." It is just these few scattered lights that bear the unquestioned impress of the master's hand—or manner, rather, for he was very mannered as to both touch and style. But in this head he apparently turned aside from his habitual manner in the endeavor to do justice to the features of his lovely daughter; and though he has succeeded, to some extent, with pose and expression, in giving a look of virgin shyness, sweetness, and reserve, it is yet cold, hard, and tight in treatment. The technic of the hand is better in its suppleness and fleshy quality, and it softens beautifully into the depth of the fur, and is thus naturally subordinated to the face.

The greatest volume of light is concentrated upon the face, which is brighter in tone than the fur. Photographs, on the contrary, falsify

this effect by rendering the fur lighter than the flesh. The coloring of the whole is rich and mellow. The background is flat, of a dark, cool, gray umbery tone, into which the delicate hairs of the fur tenderly fade, for he is unable to resist painting the separate hairs of the fur, albeit he yet retains a general impression of the hair as a mass. The tone of the fur is a warm creamy gray. The ring on the third finger contains a ruby, painted with fine depth and glow of color. The ruffle about the black sleeve is a warm brownish yellow, very neutral. The wimple about the head and throat is of some delicate soft gray material, of a tone similar to the color of the fur. The face is luminous and of a general mellow cast, becoming a rosy flush upon the cheeks, and the hair is jet black. The ensemble is harmonious, rich, and luminous, and executed with considerable finesse and delicacy.

It was through the medium of Mr. Claude Phillips that I came across this beautiful canvas at the residence, in London, of Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., M.P., who kindly granted me the liberty of engraving it. It measures nineteen and a half inches wide by twenty-five inches high, and is life-size.

Timothy Cole.

The Author of the Browning Articles.

KATHARINE COLEMAN DE KAY BRONSON.

THE author of the reminiscences of Browning published in April, 1900, and in the present number of THE CENTURY, was Mrs. Katharine Coleman de Kay Bronson, who died on February 6, 1901, in Florence. It was to Mrs. Bronson that Browning dedicated his last book, "Asolando." He was frequently her guest in both Asolo and Venice. At her hospitable home, Casa Alvisi, on the Grand Canal, were welcomed a remarkable group of authors and artists, including Ruskin, Whistler, Lowell, Story, James, Clemens, Howells, and many others, along with men and women high in the political and social world. She was greatly interested in certain charitable work and in certain industries of Venice. Those who came even but casually into the circle of her charm were not at a loss to understand why so many were drawn to her in peculiar relations of friendship. It would be difficult to count the lives brightened by the radiance of her spirit. It seemed fitting that she should be a grandchild of that poet of whom it was said:

None knew thee but to love thee.

R.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Timid Fiddlers.

A LITTLE fiddler-crab of an unassuming drab
Grew fierce as any Roman gladiator
When he thought, with utter shame, on his scientific name,
Which was Uca Gelasimus Pugilator!
He said: "If I should dare to ask any one to share
That name, I 'm sure my offer she 'd repudiate."
And with rage he used to gnaw at his quite colossal claw
As in melancholy solitude his food he ate.

Now there chanced to live alone, underneath another stone,
A lady crab of unassuming nature,
Who daily sadder grew, for she was a victim, too,
Of that cruel scientific nomenclature.
"I would n't care a jot," she would say, "if I were not
A beauty, for conceit I am not addled with;
But I find that life 's a sell when I cannot even spell
The nauseating title I am saddled with!"

They met from day to day in an accidental way:
She 'd glance toward him, ill at ease and bridling;
He 'd make the kind of bow such relationships allow,
And continue on his way sedately sidling.
But at night he could n't sleep, and the spinster used to weep,
For they longed for a betrothal, and for Hymen, too;
"But it would n't do," he said, "being thus yclept, to wed."
And she: "My name was never made to tie men to."

So they ne'er exchanged a word, till a circumstance absurd
Brought them up against the climax of their story;
For the twain were caught as bait, and they met inside a crate
That a fisherman was towing with a dory.
Then he saw what course was best, and his name at once confessed.
She answered: "Sir, I fear you 're making fun of me—

That 's my appellation, too!" He responded:
"Good for you!
And I 'm very pleased to find there 's more
than one of me!"

I am glad to tell you that in the crate a broken
slat
Made a crevice that for getting out was
ample,
So they shouted, "P. P. C.!" and they scuttled
forth in glee,
And the other fiddlers followed their example.
That evening on the beach they sat looking
each at each,
And he murmured: "I regret it if I trouble you,
But I wish you 'd be my bride." And the spin-
ster crab replied,
"I Will!" (Observe the largeness of the W!)

THE MORAL is: "If music be the food of love,"
we know
That love won't die of hunger when the fiddler
finds a beau!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Song of the "Supe."

WE say our little say, and we act our little act,
And then the play goes on again and we are
left behind;
'T is but a little minute that such as we are in it,
And then we flit like sleepy ghosts before the
morning wind.

Yet all concede, I ween, we help make up the
scene,
As soldiers or as peasants or as pirates of the
sea,
With our crude gesticulations, and pathetic imita-
tions
Of the actions of our betters who are artists
of degree.

And the public hardly thinks that we sing, per-
haps, for drinks,
Or a paltry half a dollar that may keep us
through the day.
They are thinking of the star and his gorgeous
palace-car,
Or if the leading lady owns the diamonds in
the play.

Eheu! the mighty sage said: "Life is but a stage!"
And stars are few, one rarely sees a perfect
luminary;
Then, as we can't be stars, we 'll dance and trill
the bars
That fall to common mortals like the super-
numerary.

Charles H. Crandall.



THE OLD STORY.

THE LADY: "Do the terms suit?"
THE COOK: "Yes, I 'll come; but I must have my nights out."



DRAWN BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

"'HED A FUNNY DREAM LAS' NIGHT.'"

THE drifts were deep last week, and Deacon Abner Perkins found only two or three of his neighbors in the post-office at mail-time, which is perhaps just as well, because he told a dream, and people affect to hate dreams—except their own.

This was the deacon's own, and he did n't hate it; but as he seated himself in the big arm-chair in front of the air-tight stove, he said:

"Hed a funny dream las' night." Then he paused as a minister does at a certain point in the marriage service. No one orally objecting, he went on:

"I dreamed thet some years back the Chinese sent over a lot of missionaries to this country to make us learn this here Confusionism, an' we did n' take kindly to it, because this is a free country,—free to take a thing or let it alone,—an' we did n' want a strange an' confusin' religion sorter forced on to us.

"But, bein' civilized in a good many spots, we treated those missionaries polite, an' they kep' sendin' more an' more, an' wearin' aout their welcome. Well, I dreamed thet meantime we was tryin' to git a big openin' into Chiny, but the narrer-minded an' selfish yeller-skins put up a sign, 'The Americans Must Go,' an' those thet was in was fired over the Wall, an' no more was let in, which, considerin' their missionaries an' some of their merchants was doin' business here, was aggravatin', to say the least."

"Kinder puzzles me. You say you dreamed it?" said the postmaster, who had come out in front the better to hear Abner.

"Yes, I dreamed it. Well, purty soon some of us begun to think we could treat a Chinaman the same as some of us treat a black man, an' ther' was one or two of these here barber-cues with the yeller fellers fer victims. Now, a Chinaman hates to have anything done to his cue, an' I dreamed thet they promptly sent an army over here to fight us fer havin' the barber-cues. Naow, thet was the time fer the dream to go all to pieces, but this one had as logerkle an endin' as could be.

"By jingo! we felt aour rights was trampled upon, an' we cut thet army to pieces. You see, it seemed to me in the dream thet the Chinese was so unjust. There they was sayin' we could n' git into their country on no sort of pretex', an' yit they was comin' over here in large numbers, an' forcin' us to listen to Confusionism, an' then declarin' war on us jes because of a barber-cue or two. It made my blood bile, an' the bilin' woke me up, an' then, by jingo! I done some *thinkin'* until daylight."

"Yes," said the postmaster; "them Chinese is a bad lot."

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"Iris" (Mrs. J. J. Shannon).

From the painting by J. J. Shannon.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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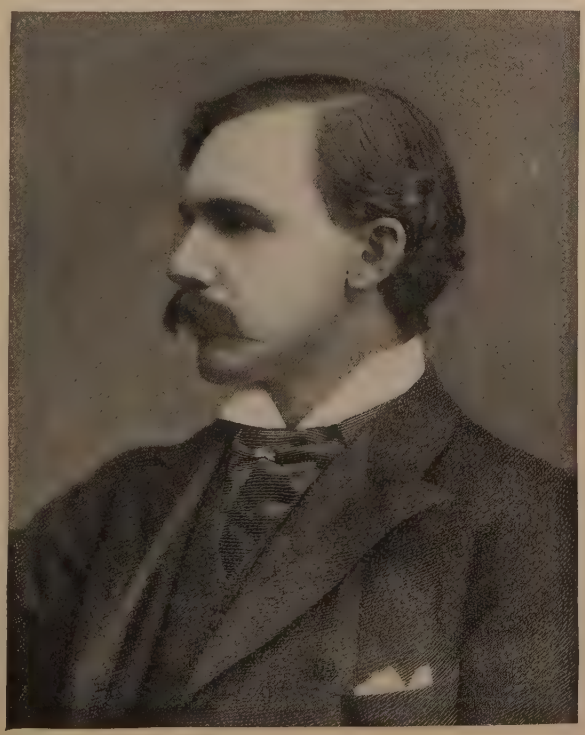
AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF THE ENGLISH COURT.

J. J. Shannon's remarkable success as a portrait painter in London—His genius and his methods, with engravings of some of his best canvases.

THREE distinguished American portrait painters have flourished side by side in this generation among the mists and glooms of London. Of these, J. J. Shannon is alone the artistic child of the foggy British capital, and yet he is the most temperamental and poetic of the three. As in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his work is supremely instinct with the sentiment of beauty—a rare quality in these days of conscious and blatant technique, which subordinates everything to the personality of the painter.

Mr. Shannon was born in Amsterdam, New York State, and spent his early boyhood at St. Catherine's, Canada. Here he received a rude education in draftsmanship under the direction of a local artist. His unformed talents were at first devoted to the depiction of coarse bill posters for agricultural fairs—an inauspicious beginning for a color poet. But poverty drove the boy to his task, in spite of the glimmerings of half awakened imagination that touched his pride and ambition. At the age of fifteen he found his way to London, and entered the art school at South Kensington.

It is the fashion in America to sneer at England as a country totally devoid of pure taste or feeling in the fine arts; and the charge is not without reasonable foundation, for the practical English mind does not easily yield itself to the upper atmosphere in which the muses dwell. So that the mere mention of South Kensington and its commonplace traditions is usually enough to excite the scorn of our Paris bred painters. George the First's "I hate all boets and bainters," is not yet forgotten



J. J. Shannon.

From a photograph by Taylor, Amsterdam, New York.



Miss Clough, President of Wellesley College.
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

In spite of his early days in the metropolitan fogs, among an unsusceptible people, given over to utilitarianism, Mr. Shannon graduated from South Kensington with high honors, and brought to English art a charm and a style that have rarely appeared since the days of Romney, Hoppner, Reynolds, and Raeburn. He has all the soft grace and tender coloring of that great group, blended with modern skill and accuracy. He may lack the authority and bold brilliancy of Whistler and Sargent, but there is a gracious note of sentiment in his work, a suavity and depth of feeling, that pervade and control every stroke of his brush. He is to Whistler and Sargent what Reynolds was to Rembrandt.

Although Mr. Shannon is only thirty eight years old, he stands in the front rank of the world's portrait painters, and his works hang on the walls of many a stately palace. He has built for himself a splendid London residence, next to the famous house of Sir Frederick Leighton, beside Holland Park. Here the fairest women of the English court have come to sit for their por-



Mrs. Prideaux-Brune.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

traits in the spacious studio of the young American. It is an interesting place. In one corner gleams a gilded chair which a duchess left behind her after her beauty had been caught upon canvas. Close by, on a graceful old carved settee, lies the shimmering cloak which one of the greatest women of England has just slipped from her shoulders. A rare piece of Japanese embroidery hangs from a quaint gallery, while the side wall is covered with Flemish tapestries, whose soft tones of green, brown, and yellow are repeated in the backgrounds of many of the pictures in the room.

The drawing room is filled with fine old furniture, and a great slumbrous divan, covered with dull stuffs, adds the necessary bohemian touch. In the dining room strange and soothing contrasts of blue cool the walls, and the ceiling is supported by massive rafters. Mr. Shannon is painting fairy tales on the walls of his little daughter's room. From roof to ceiling everything in this house bespeaks an ordered love of quiet beauty.

Above all things Mr. Shannon loves to portray the faces of his wife and child. Not many years ago they were his models for a picture of the Madonna and Child. The old church of his native town was in debt, and, to please his mother, the artist painted an exquisitely subtle scheme of white upon white, with doves faintly iridescent, and pearly lights touching the radiant faces—profoundly religious in conception and feeling. This masterpiece was to be drawn by lot at two dollars a chance, the understanding being that the winner should present it to the church. It happened that a poor old washerwoman won the picture, and she was so overcome by the spiritual power of the work that she refused to part with it. Mr. Shannon offered her several thousand dollars, but in vain ; the painting remained on the wall of her humble dwelling.

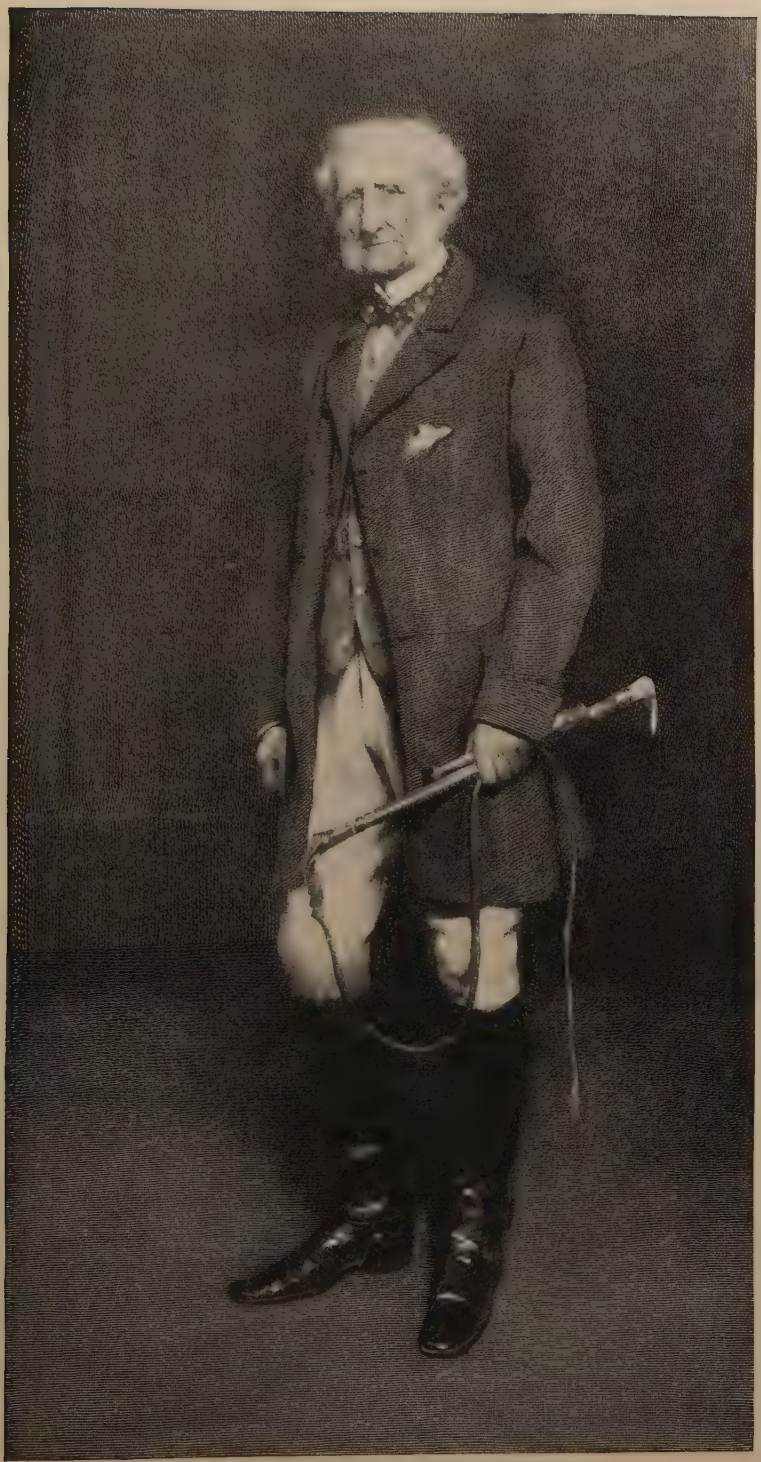
A maid of honor to Queen Victoria gave Mr. Shannon his first commission as a portrait painter, but his price was so high that nearly two years passed before he secured another order from the court circle. The time came, however, when he had his choice of sitters. Among his notable works is his portrait of the young Duchess of Portland, who was married to the most eligible nobleman in Great Britain shortly after he had declined the hand of a daughter of the Prince of Wales. The duchess is six feet tall, and the artist, with consummate skill, has preserved the stately value of her height without impairing the effect of youth and grace.

His portrait of Miss Clough is another powerful illustration of the great range of his brush. The youthful peeress and the venerable pioneer among the teachers of women both inspire sentiment in the painter ; but how widely apart are his sympathies in the treatment !

Among the six or seven modern portraits that were hung in the " Gallery of Fair Women " in London two years ago, as foils to the great collection of old masters, Mr. Shannon's " Iris "—a picture of his wife, with a bunch of purple flag flowers in her hand—won high praise. The simplicity and loveliness of the canvas contrasted strangely with the masculine technique of Herkomer's " Miss Grant," Sargent's awe inspiring " Ellen Terry," and Boldini's grotesque " Lady Colin Campbell."

I have seen Mr. Shannon at work. Imagine a slender man, rather under the average height, with fine, regular features; a broad, high forehead; a sensitive mouth, shaded by a dark mustache, and gray eyes that somehow give you an impression of black. A sweet faced woman sits on the model's throne, in a billowy whirl of white satin, her graceful hands resting on the arms of the old mahogany chair. The artist stands in front of her, with the virgin canvas on an easel at his side and the well filled pallet in his left hand. He smokes a cigarette, and walks back and forward, sending gray circles of smoke into the air, glancing anxiously at the face of his subject. Then he picks up a piece of charcoal, and—no, the head must be moved into an easier angle. With a few swift strokes he makes the rough cartoon. Another cigarette—with a courtly apology to the sitter for smoking—and another attack of restless pacing, his eyes searching every point of the lovely countenance. Finally he pauses before the canvas and selects a wide, flat brush—there is not a pointed one in his studio—and with contracted brows, and eager, vigilant eyes, he begins to touch in the key of the color plan. He changes the brushes rapidly, indicating with vigorous splashes the tone of the hair, the dress, the face, and the background, feeling his way until the tones are harmoniously distributed and balanced with one another.

Now for the actual portrait. The painter seems to be working under the stress of some excitement. His eyes brighten, his lips are puckered nervously, and the strong white hand moves lightly over the canvas. The woman in the chair smiles and asks a question. There is no reply. The colors glow under the painter's brush, and slowly



Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.



The Duchess of Portland.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

tne face emerges from a prismatic chaos, warm and gracious. Still another cigarette and a nimble turn about the throne, with backward and sidewise peeps at the sitter, who tries in vain to engage him in conversation. Again to the attack. His imagination is on fire. He works on the dress, on the hair, on the neck, on the



The Countess of Dufferin and Ava.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.



"The Madonna and Child."
From the painting by J. J. Shannon.

background, until the dominating tone of the picture is reached in the adjustments of color.

"I can do no more today."

In an instant the sitter descends from the throne and clasps her hands ecstatically in front of the canvas.

"How beautiful! And you have done all this in less than two hours!"

Mr. Shannon smiles, and puffs at his cigarette.

"That's nothing. Why, Reynolds finished some of his greatest works in eight hours. He could paint a fine portrait in

four hours, when he was pressed for time. One of my best pictures was done in twelve hours, although Mrs. Claude Magniac had to sit sixty times for a half length portrait. In her case I could not satisfy myself with the background."

Presently the sitter departs, and a beautiful Englishwoman, with a rose in her dark hair, glides across the great hall to the painter's side. It is Mrs. Shannon. He watches her face as she scans his work.

"Do you like it, dear?"

The cigarette has dropped to the floor.

"Like it? I'm actually jealous."

Mr. Shannon utters a sigh of relief and gratification. Then a wonderful little fairy of a girl comes dancing across the polished floor.

"Do you like the new picture, Kitty?"

Kitty's rosy mouth is screwed up in a pretty *moue*.

"Ugh, papa! Ith all sthicky!"

James Creelman.



NE'ER a star unveils her light;
Dark and cheerless is the night;
Dark my longing soul till thou
Lend thine ear unto my vow!
On my fond love, pleading now,
Smile, my lady!

If to hold thee close from mine
Sleep doth jealous arms entwine,
Oh, sweet sleep, my image wear!
Lend thy glamour to my prayer!
On my dream eyes, pleading there,
Smile, my lady!



Walt Whitman at Sixty Eight.
From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

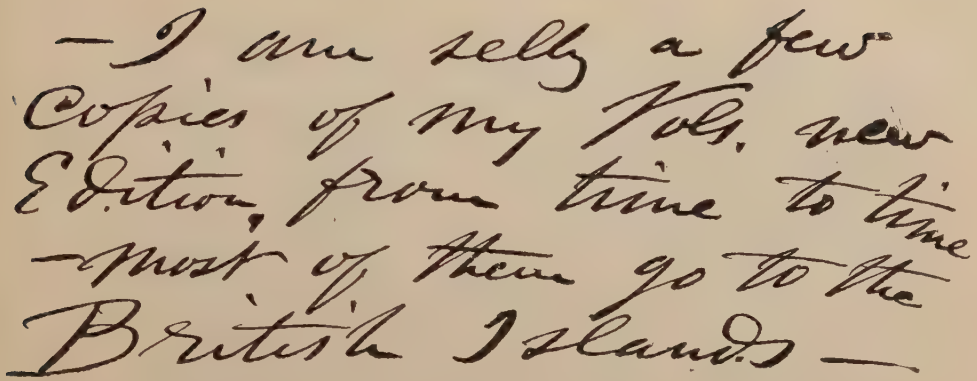
THE GOOD GRAY POET.

Walt Whitman's unique figure in American literature—A sketch of the man and his life work, the fierce controversies he aroused, and the enthusiastic devotion of his admirers.

LESS than four years have passed since Walt Whitman was buried in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden; but already it is clear that the man and his work are in no danger of being forgotten when the generation that knew him in the flesh shall have passed away. As the controversies of his enthusiastic friends and his bitter critics are ended by the impartial verdict of calm deliberation, his remarkable writings have gained a more intelligent appreciation and a more general influence. Never during his life were they so widely discussed and so justly valued as today.

Walt Whitman is the strangest and most striking figure in the whole history of American literature. He defies comparison and classification. He does not fit any of the measuring sticks of criticism. We hardly know what to call his work. It has no rhyme, no meter, and no rhythm like the rhythm of any other singer; many deny that it is verse at all; yet certainly it is not prose. The intelligent reader who takes it up for the first time may be amused, perhaps, at the quaint simplicity of the first line his eye may happen to encounter; the next one may awe him by its majesty of thought and expression.

Never, during his life, was Whitman's audience a really large one—though it grew steadily, and has grown still more since his



Facsimile of Walt Whitman's Handwriting.

death. Of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" only about a dozen copies were sold, besides a number of presentation copies—several of which were returned to the author with insulting notes. Yet while some vituperated him, and the great mass held aloof, to many minds his writings were nothing less than a revelation. There arose a gradually widening coterie whose members regarded him with affection—as did quite or nearly all who knew him personally—and respected his writings as a new gospel for mankind.

The diversity of criticism was extraordinary. He was ridiculed and reviled on both sides of the Atlantic. Swinburne, who at first praised him warmly, afterwards compared him to a drunken apple woman reeling in a gutter. In 1865 he was dismissed from his clerkship in Washington because the chief of his bureau would not allow such a man to remain in the department. Even as late as 1882 a district attorney refused to permit "Leaves of Grass" to be published in Massachusetts. On the other hand, from the vast number of encomiums of Whitman that have been penned by well known men at home and abroad, let us take four specimens. This is what Emerson—then at the height of his fame and of his powers—wrote in 1855, when Whitman sent a copy of his first volume of poems to the sage of Concord:

I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that



Walt Whitman's Birthplace at West Hills, Long Island.



Whitman's House in Mickle Street, Camden.

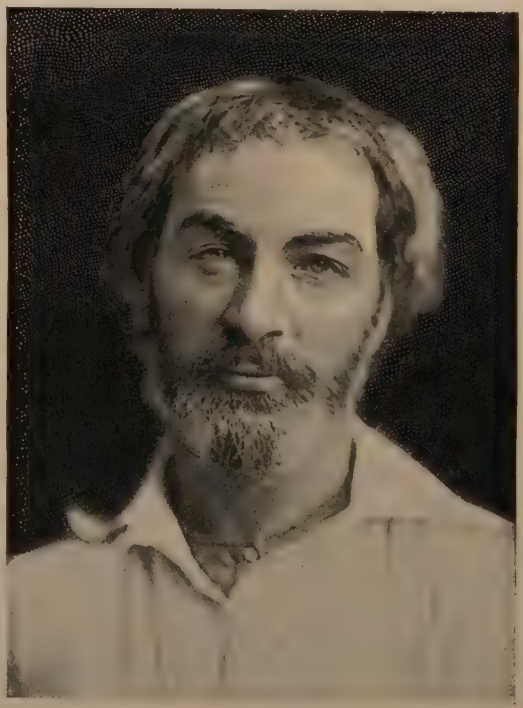
America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean.

I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I find incomparable things said incomparably well. I greet you at the beginning of a great career.

This last sentence, with what by ordinary standards would be considered questionable taste, was printed on the binding of the second edition of "Leaves of Grass." The result was that many of Emerson's admirers severely criticised the sage's opinion, but he declined to withdraw or qualify his utterance further than by saying that it was a private letter.

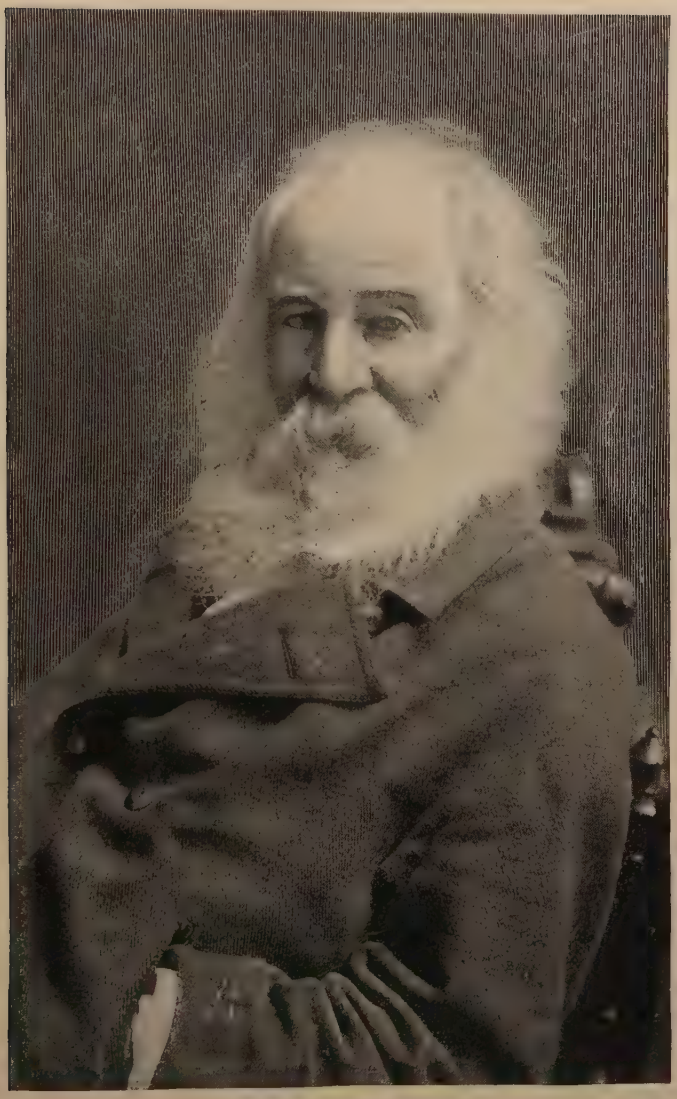
In 1888, when it was thought that Whitman was near death, Robert G. Ingersoll was asked to speak at the poet's funeral. Colonel Ingersoll hesitated to undertake this. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" had long been in his library, but he could claim no intimate acquaintance with the book or its author. He was then asked to read the volume anew, and he promised to do so. Its influence upon his mature judgment was shown by what followed. Some time afterward, hearing that the old poet had rallied, but was helpless and in poverty, the colonel was so much moved that he offered to prepare a special lecture for Whitman's benefit. The result was the essay on "Liberty in Literature," delivered in Philadelphia in October, 1890, which netted nearly a thousand dollars for its beneficiary.

"Walt Whitman," declared Colonel Ingersoll, "has dreamed great dreams, told great truths, and uttered sublime thoughts. As you read the marvelous book called 'Leaves of Grass,' you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions becomes petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of nature."



Walt Whitman.

From a daguerreotype taken in 1854 or 1855.



Walt Whitman at Sixty One.

These are strong words, but stronger yet were those of the eulogy that Ingersoll pronounced two years later, when the poet finally passed away: "A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this republic, lies dead before us."

Both practical men of affairs and members of the inner circle of literary culture were profoundly influenced by Walt Whitman's "unparalleled and deathless writings," as they were termed by William M. Rossetti, who first introduced them to English readers by publishing a selection of them. Rossetti lent a copy to his friend Mrs. Gilchrist, who thus described her impressions, in a letter written a few days later (July, 1869):

I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words, and become electric streams like these. I do assure you that, strong as I am, I feel sometimes as if I had not bodily strength to read many of these poems. In some of them there is such a weight of emotion, such a tension of the heart that mine refuses to beat under it, and that I am obliged to lay the book down for a while. Then come poems in which there is such calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine, that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened. Living impulses flow out



Walt Whitman at Fifty Three.

of these that make me exult in life, yet look longingly towards "the superb vistas of death."

Again, this is an extract from the full and complete study of Whitman published by that finished Oxonian scholar and critic, the late John Addington Symonds:

He is an immense tree, a kind of Ygdrasil, stretching its roots deep down into the bowels of the world, and unfolding its magic boughs through all the spaces of the heavens. His poems are even as the rings in a majestic oak or pine. He is the circumambient air, in which float shadowy shapes, rise mirage towers and palm groves. He is the globe itself; all seas, lands, forests, climates, storms, snows, sunshines, rains of universal earth. He is all nations, cities, languages, religions, arts, creeds, thoughts, emotions. He comes to us as lover, consoler, physician, nurse; most tender, fatherly, sustaining those about to die, lifting the children, and stretching out his arms to the young men. What the world has he absorbs.

These four specimen expressions—to which many others might be added—are sufficient to show the extraordinary en-

thusiasm with which Walt Whitman inspired some of the best contemporary minds. Had that enthusiasm been less extreme, and had its eulogies tended less toward hyperbole, it might have evoked less opposition from those who did not share in it.

Whitman's own utterances, characteristic as they were of the absolute frankness of his unconventional nature, were a target for many critics. He thus introduced himself to the public:

An American bard at last! One of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking, and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect, his voice bringing hope and prophecy to the generous races of young and old. We shall cease shamming, and be what we really are. We shall start an athletic and defiant literature.

Then, after complaining of the subserviency of American letters to foreign forms and precedents, he went boldly on:

Self reliant, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer. Every move of him has the free play of the muscle of one who never knew what it was to feel that he stood in the presence of a superior. Every word that falls from his mouth shows silent disdain and defiance of the old theories and forms.

There is no boastfulness in all this, further than an absolutely frank statement of Whitman's thoughts and feelings. His estimate of himself—of his perfect originality, his utter disregard of established forms, and his typically American quality—is a remarkably just one; he gives it without the slightest pretense at the reticence that convention calls modesty. Not for an instant can it be maintained that he was in any sense a poseur, that he ever cultivated notoriety or indulged in eccentricities for business reasons, as some of the world's favorites have done. He was wholly devoid of mercenary motives, and seemed, throughout his life, to be almost entirely indifferent to financial considerations. "I have despised money," he says of himself.

"Whitman didn't even know how to make the dollar mark," an old friend of the poet's told the writer. "I have a postal card written in 1887, a few days after he delivered his lecture on Lincoln at the Madison Square Theater, to tell me that Andrew Carnegie had sent him $350 for a box, making the total profit $600. Each time, instead of the dollar sign, he put the cent mark—a 'c' with a vertical line."

The same story is told, indeed, by Whitman's whole life. He was a Long Island farmer's son, who served his time as an apprentice in the office of a Brooklyn newspaper, and then for two or three years taught country schools in Queens and Suffolk counties. At twenty he started the *Long Islander*, in his native town of Huntington—a weekly paper which is still in existence. "Only my own restlessness prevented my establishing a permanent property there," he himself said; but he preferred to plunge into the more dramatic life of New York. In the metropolis he did all sorts of journalistic work, yet found much time for the study that he loved best, and which was the great formative influence of his character—the study of the people of the chief American city, of their work and play, their natures and occupations.

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical
chorus, with varied chorus and light of the
sparkling eye,
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

He had a "good sit," as he termed it, at the editorial desk of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, when a political disagreement led to his resignation, and he went—on the strength of an impromptu offer made and accepted one evening, between the acts, in the lobby of the old Broadway Theater—to New Orleans, to edit the *Crescent*. But he drifted back to the North, and opened a small book store and printing office in Brooklyn, where he also issued the *Freeman* newspaper.

"The superficial opinion about him," says a friend of those early days, "was that he was somewhat of an idler—a loafer, but not in a bad sense. He always earned his own living. He wore plain, cheap clothes, which were always particularly clean. Everybody knew him; every one, almost, liked him. He was quite six feet in height, with the frame of a gladiator; a flowing gray beard mingled with the hairs on his broad, slightly bared chest. I hardly think his style of dress in those days was meant to be eccentric; he was very antagonistic to all show or sham."

At this time he became interested in some building ventures, which were profitable, and offered him the prospect of a fortune—a prospect from which he turned aside, without the slightest hesitation, to take up two other tasks. One of these was his literary life work, "Leaves of Grass"; the other, his self imposed mission to the sufferers of the civil war. When his brother George was wounded at Fredericksburg,

Walt Whitman went to the army on the Rappahannock, and nursed the wounded man back to life. Finding himself in the midst of thousands whose need was no less urgent, he remained as a volunteer hospital attendant, and worked unceasingly for the comfort of the soldiers. He toiled day and night, and denied himself the comforts and almost the necessities of life, in order to contribute to the relief of the distress and agony about him. His own constitution gave way under the terrible strain he put upon it, and in 1864 he was stricken down by a malarial and paralytic seizure. As soon as he was partially recovered—he never really regained his health—he went back again to his hospital work.

After the war President Lincoln—a man whom Whitman enthusiastically admired, and who had an appreciative regard for the poet—gave him a clerkship in the Interior department. Being forced to resign this, after Lincoln's death, he was transferred to the attorney general's office, where he remained till increasing physical disability incapacitated him for duty. He went to Camden, the New Jersey suburb of Philadelphia, and there the remaining years of his life were spent—at first in his brother's house on Stevens Street, and later in a little frame cottage, 328 Mickle Street, where he lived alone, with a single attendant. He died, after a long and gradual sinking of his bodily powers, in March, 1892.

During these last years, in spite of the dark clouds of poverty and physical weakness, nothing could mar the poet's patient and cheery philosophy. He was happy in the ministration of many devoted friends, in the knowledge that his work had found an assured place in literature, and that the bitterness of its critics had yielded to the kindly appreciation of a widening audience. All through his life, indeed, criticism had vexed him very little. When "Leaves of Grass" was first issued, and, to use his own words, "aroused such a tempest of anger and condemnation," he went off to the east end of Long Island, and "spent the late summer and all the fall—the happiest of my life—around Shelter Island and Peconic Bay. Then came back to New York with the confirmed resolution—from which I never afterwards wavered—to go on with my poetic enterprise in my own way." His work was for the man that had ears to hear; the poet had no quarrel with him that heard it not. In this and other ways Whitman showed the "malice toward none," the "good will toward all," of his ideal American, Abraham Lincoln. His charity was as wide as mankind; all human beings, from king to slave, were his brothers. "He *is* democracy," Thoreau said of him. Whatever he hoped or claimed for himself, he hoped and claimed for

You, whoever you are, flush with myself.

To the lowest human outcast he says, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

That noble line sums up the practical side of Walt Whitman's religion. He was sincerely religious, though he frankly declared his disregard of the orthodox creeds.

I heard what was said of the universe;
It is middling well as far as it goes—but is that all?

Accepted theology did not satisfy him; yet he was full of reverence for the spiritual side of life.

I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for Religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worshiped half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, or how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their religion;
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur;
Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without Religion;
Nor land, nor man or woman, without Religion.

He had two profound beliefs—in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul.

I know I am deathless.
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass.
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.
I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;
The Lord will be there and wait till I come, on perfect terms;
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine, will be there.

Technically Whitman may be classified as a pantheist—a believer in a divine spirit manifested in the universe and permeating every part of it—though his philosophy is by no means identical with that of Spinoza or any other pantheistic thinker.

The title of "Leaves of Grass" is characteristic and expressive. It is not the artificial blossom of the hothouse nor the stately flower of the ordered garden, but the native growth of the open, untilled

meadow. "I wished my work," the poet said, "to be something that would not easily die—something that neither cold nor heat would hinder from growing, nor trampling feet would kill."

A child said, "What is the grass?" fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff growing.

These lines are from one of Whitman's earliest utterances—the "Song of Myself." In his valedictory, the "Backward Glance O'er Traveled Roads," he thus sums up the purposes, the "bases and object urgings" of his life work:

The word I myself put primarily for the description of them as they stand at last is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight. Another impetus-word is Comradeship as for all lands, and in a more commanding and acknowledged sense than hitherto. Other word-signs would be Good Cheer, Content, and Hope.

It was curious, perhaps, that from the first Whitman received a more favorable hearing in Europe than among his fellow countrymen. Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") introduced him to French readers, Freiligrath to Germany, and Nencione to Italy. In England—a country always more tolerant than America of revolt against convention—"Leaves of Grass" found its readiest acceptance. Such men as Ruskin, Carlyle, Moncure Conway, and the late Lord Houghton (better known as Richard Monckton Milnes) were among its first champions. Irving, when in America, went to Camden to see the poet. Tennyson, though his own key was so widely different from Whitman's, warmly admired him, and used to pen him a friendly letter at the beginning of each year. "Dear old man," one of the last of these began, "I, the older man, send you a New Year's greeting;" and one of the last letters written by the English laureate was a note of thanks to a correspondent in America, who had forwarded him a notice of the peaceful ending of the life of "brave old Walt."

A description has already been given of Whitman's appearance in the prime of his manhood. The portrait engraved on page 140 belongs to the same period; those on pages 138, 141, and 142 show him in later life, when in features and expression he bore a decided resemblance to Longfellow. The likeness may be strikingly shown by comparing the cut on page 138 with the portrait of the older poet published in MUNSEY'S in December, 1894. Whitman's face is Longfellow's, scarred by years of toil and suffering that never fell to the peaceful lot of the New England bard.

Here is the picture of the "good gray poet" drawn by one of his friends, William Douglas O'Connor, in his story of "The Carpenter," which gives a sympathetic and remarkable character study of Whitman:

The newcomer was tall and stalwart, with a brow not large, but full, and seamed with kindly wrinkles; a complexion of rosy clearness; heavy lidded, firm blue eyes, which had a steadfast and draining regard; a short, thick, gray beard almost white, and thinly flowing dark gray hair. His countenance expressed a rude sweetness. He was dressed in a long, dark overcoat, much worn, and of such uncertain fashion that it seemed almost a gaberdine. He looked an image of long experience with men, of immovable composure and charity, of serene wisdom, of immortal rosy youth in his reverend age.

Of personal anecdotes of Whitman, many are treasured in the recollection of those who knew him. To one of the closest of the friends of his later life—Mr. J. H. Johnston, of New York—we are indebted for some of the facts recited in this article, as well as for the material for the accompanying illustrations, culled from his unique collection of books, portraits, and other memorabilia of the poet. Whitman was a frequent visitor at Mr. Johnston's house, which thereupon became a Mecca for a host of pilgrims of all stations or conditions. One visitor might be Whitelaw Reid or John Burroughs, the next some old soldier whose wounds the poet had nursed in war time. One such man, the driver of one of the old Broadway stages, spent a whole afternoon with Whitman, whom none of his visitors delighted more. The veteran—grateful according to his means—had brought a coffee cup and saucer as a present for his old friend, who valued the trifling gift highly, and, happening to leave it in New York, had it sent after him to Camden.

One story of Whitman, which has probably never been published, tells of a visit he made to some Indian prisoners in Kansas, during his "wander years" before the civil war. It was at Topeka, the State capital, and with the poet were Governor St. John, the sheriff of the county, and John W. Forney, then clerk of the House of Representatives. Some thirty Indians, all of them chiefs, were grouped in the jail yard,

where they sullenly squatted with their blankets wrapped about them. The Governor was formally presented to them, but not a savage moved. They saw in the official the power that had taken away their liberty. The sheriff was introduced, and next Colonel Forney, with precisely the same result. Not an Indian would notice them. Then Walt Whitman, in his flannel shirt and broad brimmed hat, stepped forward and held out his hand—"partly out of mischief," he said in narrating the incident, "and partly out of mere curiosity to see what they would do." The leading chief looked at him for a moment, grasped his proffered hand with an emphatic "How!" and turned to mutter something to the other Indians. Thereupon each of the thirty aborigines rose and took the poet's hand in turn. "I suppose," said Whitman, "they recognized the savage in me—a comradeship to which their nature responded."

Perhaps, too, the keen eyed Indians agreed with what Abraham Lincoln said when he first saw Whitman: "Well, he looks like a *man!*"

Richard H. Titherington.

DESTINY.

LACHESIS spins;
And from her fatal distaff flows
A pitchy thread—the warp of woes
That are to be, the woof of sin
Predestined to enmesh the soul
Of man. Full thrice accursed those
Whose luckless lives today begin.
The strand is strong, the web is wide;
Ensnared by crime or lust or pride,
It drags its victims to the hole
Where shame crowned Death forever grins.
The mist veiled moon shows pale and hoar,
The restless river frets its shore;
A plunge, a shriek, one less, one more—
Lachesis spins.

Lachesis spins;
And now a slender thread of gold
The distaff yields. 'Tis wealth untold
To those who, all unwitting, wear
The web of gossamer the Fate
Now spins. For health and love enfold
Them, like rich garments, fine and fair;
And wisdom, honor, wit, or power
Entwines them from their natal hour
With potent meshes intricate.
One born today forever wins.
The moonbeams flit across the floor,
The loved ones weep when all is o'er;
A nation mourns, one less, one more—
Lachesis spins.

Henry B. Culver.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

[*Being the Personal Explanation of the Rev. Charles Mercer.*]

I HAVE suddenly become famous as a detective. The fact is known all about this part of the world; it has been published in the county papers, and the city dailies have spoken of me as instrumental in bringing to justice a murderer, for which I received a thousand dollars as reward. I write these lines that I may fully state the facts upon which these reports are based, and to end the unpleasant notoriety I have gained. I am not a vainglorious person. I have my share of pride, but I am not one of those ministers who seek to be famous outside of their calling. No one who knows me can deny that modesty is my chief characteristic; in fact, my best friends have told me that this trait has often stood in the way of my just advancement.

The events I shall relate here comprise the only remarkable episode in my life. At school I was a well behaved boy, noted for neither mischief nor intelligence. My main delight is in making the rounds of my parish and ministering to the spiritual wants of my people. My sermons are not brilliant. There was a time when I dreamed of being a great pulpit orator, but I have long ago made up my mind that my gifts do not lie in that direction. My discourses are reasonably acceptable to the people; still, if I excel at all, it is as a pastor. I am an unnoticed man in company. Passing me on the street you would never think of inquiring about me. So, when this fanfare appeared in the newspapers about my ferreting out a famous criminal, and all the rude and vulgar were agog at me, it was extremely distasteful. I admit that at first I had a flush of pleasure at seeing my name so often in print, but I have put away that satisfaction as being unworthy of me.

I want to tell the things in my mind in the order of their occurrence. I am not a story writer, and have no literary skill in arranging the events of my tale. I wish I did have. I would like to dress this narrative in the language of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of Charles Reade. It seems to me that the character of James Ratcliffe has much that is beautiful in it, and if I only had the art to arrange the incidents which I know, I should preach a great sermon.

I like a good story. Some brethren object to novels. Dr. Ambrose, one of the leading men of our conference, in whose judgment I have great confidence, says there are real woes enough in the world without inventing artificial ones. He has often reproved me for having works of fiction in my library. But it has always seemed to me that there were deeper truths than facts. One can take real occurrences and so turn them as to form a lie. So he can tell his fancies in such a way that they shall be profoundly true. However, I have not this latter art. I must confine myself to a plain account of the most peculiar case of James Ratcliffe.

I had just finished my supper one evening, and was helping the children with their lessons, when the maid announced that a man wished to see me in the parlor. I drew on my coat and went to him. He stood up as I came into the room, and I saw that he seemed to be a well to do workman. He had a short, brown beard, light blue eyes, and a dignified and reserved appearance, although he was evidently not one used to moving in what we call good society. I took him to be about thirty five years of age. His voice was deeply resonant and his utterance slow. He rarely took his eyes from my face during our interview.

"You are the Reverend Mercer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you not be seated?"

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" he inquired abruptly.

"Certainly I do."

"Do you think that His example of self sacrifice should be literally followed? Is it ever right in these days to give one life to save another?"

"Under proper circumstances I think it is."

"Well, I have been to your church, sir, and heard you preach. I think you are a good man. I want to tell you the story of my life. I have a request to make of you; and before I can do it, I must confide in

you a sacred trust. That trust is my life's secret."

I begged him to think twice before he did this, as I had no desire to mingle unnecessarily in another's private affairs or receive a secret that might be burdensome to me.

"Some one must take this burden," he replied. "It is not for you, as God's man, to refuse to take what has been weighing me down for years."

With this he began at once to relate his story.

"I never had a father or mother, that I can remember," he said. "The earliest thing I can recollect is being with a lot of other children in a big house somewhere, with a great yard around it. I suppose it was an orphan asylum, or foundlings' home, or some such place. I was sent into the country, in Nebraska, while still young, to a family of good people. I worked on the farm and went to school some. When I was about twenty years old the farmer died; his widow sold the place, and moved away. She made no provision for me, because, I think, she had some relatives that never liked my being with the old folks, and were afraid that they would give me some of their property. So they got the old lady away, and I was sent adrift.

"Then I lived the life of a farm hand. I won't go into all of the details. They are unnecessary. I will hurry and get to the matter that stands out like a blotch on my memory. It has no connection with the rest of my life. It seems like the devil had just reached in and dabbed a big splash of red paint on my history. I ain't bad. I never was. Not that I am religious; I have been converted at several meetings, but being a hired hand, and just drifting around from pillar to post, I never was no good to any church, and finally I quit joining them.

"I won't go over it all, sir, but just say it was at a party one evening that it happened. I got drunk. I don't like liquor; it turns my stomach. But I drank then. I don't know why—except it was just to be smart and not take a dare from the boys. Going home, we all got into a row. I never knew how it came about, but I killed one of the men. No, I didn't, either; it was the red devil inside of me that done it, or I wouldn't have kept on beating him. I was crazy. When my mad fit had run itself out the drunk was all gone, too, and I stood there over his body as sober as I expect to be when I stand before God A'mighty's throne and He asks me about it. There was two or three fellers along, and one says,

"'Lord! Jim, what 'a' you done?'

"'Done!' I says. 'I don't know, Ike.' And I stood there with the club in my hand I'd killed him with—just stood there like an idiot.

"Then one of the boys says, 'We'd better git, boys,' and we all lit out as hard as we could. I run 'most all night and hid next day in a swamp. I kep' on running and hiding for two weeks, living off of hand-outs, till I struck the Missouri River. I got a job there on a boat as a roustabout, and went down the Mississippi. I was in New Orleans for some time. One day there I got hold of a paper and found the story of my crime. I saw by it that the young fellow I had killed was the son of wealthy parents. The father had offered a thousand dollars reward for my capture."

He drew forth an old pocket book, and taking from it a soiled scrap of newspaper, handed it to me. I read hastily the account of a murder, written in usual newspaper English, and saw that it tallied with what my visitor had said.

"Now, sir," he continued, "I don't want to be tedious, and won't go over a whole lot that I might tell you. I have suffered a thousand deaths for that crime. But, before God, I have been straight ever since then, just as I always had been straight before then. I must have had a good mother. I don't believe it was her fault that I never knew her. I never did want to do anything wrong. Since that terrible day I have never touched a drop of liquor, although, as you may suppose, I have had plenty of chances.

"I have been in this town going on three years. I got a job in a paper mill about a month after I came here, and have been working there ever since. I began as a common laborer, but have worked my way up, and for the last year have been getting three dollars a day as foreman. I boarded around at different places at first, but finally I struck the Widow Emmons' house, and have been there for about two years. She lives in the north edge of town. Do you know her? No? Well she is a good woman. She has been kind to me."

He paused for a while, seeming under great embarrassment, and fumbled with the lapel of his overcoat.

"I may as well confess, sir, to you, as you are God's man, that I love her. Don't tell it." He looked guiltily around, as though he suspected some one might have overheard him. "It is not for me, a criminal, to love her, who is as good as an angel.

"She's got two children and a little home. She keeps boarders. I hadn't been there

long till I learned the struggle that little woman was making against fate. It seems there is a mortgage on her property. She told me about it. Not that I ever conversed with her, as you may say, as friend and equal; but after my day's work I would drop into the kitchen as she was getting supper, to dry my boots, or some such thing, and she got into a way of talking to me about her affairs. The interest on the mortgage is something enormous, and, what with keeping her children in school and making ends meet, she kept running behind. She might have got along better if she had set a poorer table, but she said she never could stand to see working men have poor food.

"As I say, I often dropped into the kitchen, and sat around. Them children kind o' took to me. Phil he'd climb into my lap and make me tell him stories till he'd go to sleep, almost every evening. I tell you Phil is the most beautiful child I ever saw."

The man rubbed a tear from his cheek, and continued: "He is the most confiding little fellow you ever saw. Why, when I would look at that little head laying on my arm, and all them curls falling over my coat sleeve, why it just——" He drew out his handkerchief and mumbled into it.

"Laurie, the little girl," he went on in a minute, "is a likely one, too, I tell you. Smart! Why, there ain't nothing that that young one don't know. Whenever she gets into a new reader she just up and learns it by heart. What do you think of that?

"Well, when I found out the circumstances, I sent the biggest part of my month's pay regularly through the post office to her, marking it, 'From a friend.' I remember the first time she got any money I sent her. She told me all about it, and wondered who in the world it could be. She was mighty pleased, I tell you. Her face flushed up and her eyes brightened. Why, sir, the saints o' heaven couldn't be prettier than that woman was then.

"But, in spite of all, the mortgage couldn't be paid. It is due in three months. It's killing that woman. If she loses her home, what will become of her—and little Phil? She's rassled too hard with that debt to have it down her now. Now, sir, I'll tell you what I thought of the other night. I was awake, just a-thinking. Suddenly a thought hit me—like it was a brick. It knocked me clear out of bed. I got up and stood like a fool for a few minutes. Then I put on my clothes and walked out where I could get some fresh air, for my head was bursting. Mr. Mercer, there is just a thousand dollars needed to make that woman happy. Mr. Mercer, that's the price that I will bring in a court of justice."

Ratcliffe paused. I suppose he expected me to say something; but I couldn't think of a word, and sat fidgeting in my chair. At last he went on.

"But I could never see them again. Think of Phil, and the pleasure of sitting by and seeing her work! When these things came to me I thought I couldn't stand to do it. Then I said to myself, 'Who are you? You are a criminal, a murderer. You need never hope for any happiness in this world. It would be better for her that you go away. Why not make your going away worth something to her? She don't think any more of you than just as a common boarder. You *must* be miserable all your life. She *can* be happy.' And then I kind o' thought, too, that I'd find a sort of contentment in being hung or going to the penitentiary, because I'd know that my secret was out, and the load would be off of my heart. So I made up my mind to do it.

"So that's why I come to you. I want you to take me to the authorities and give me up, but make sure that you get my reward. Thompson's my name here. My real name is James Ratcliffe. She'll never know. I'd a little rather she wouldn't. Take the money and pay the mortgage. Don't deny me, sir, for if you do I must get some one else to do it. They may cheat her and keep the money. I thought you, being a minister, would be sure to give it to her."

He had risen to his feet and come close to me in the earnestness of his entreaty. I arose also. We looked into each other's eyes in silence. It seemed to me that he was the greatest man I ever knew.

"Won't you do it?" he asked pleadingly.

"Let me think," I said.

I am slow at conclusions. I turned away from him and walked to the window. As I looked out into the darkness I tried to grasp the situation. The decision I came to was this:

Here is a man who has nerved himself to do a heroic action; it may hang him or imprison him for life; but he will be glad over it throughout eternity; and when he meets me in heaven he will thank me. I determined to accept his proposition. If I had not believed in heaven I would not have done so. I turned to him and said,

"James Ratcliffe, I'll do it."

He grasped my hand with a grip that made it ache for two days, and said, "God bless you!" Then he sat down in his chair and wept like a little child.

The next day I went to the county seat and consulted the officials. Communication was had with the authorities where the crime was committed, and we found out that the reward money would certainly be paid upon the arrest of the murderer. To cut matters short, I will say that in three months James Ratcliffe was behind the bars of the Nebraska State penitentiary under a sentence of life imprisonment, and Mrs. Emmons received a check for one thousand dollars from an unknown person.

It was not more than a day after she had received the money, however, that she called at my house. She was not what you would term a handsome woman, but she had a very sweet and gentle face.

"Are you the preacher who received the reward for the arrest of James Ratcliffe?" she asked. I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, I am Mrs. Emmons," she said. "I know who the man you arrested is. He is James Thompson. A new boarder told me so, and showed me his picture in the newspaper. I have come to tell you, sir, that you are mistaken. You are all wrong. That man is no criminal. He is a good man. Why did you do what you did?"

"I did it because he laid it upon me to do, Mrs. Emmons. Of his own free will he chose the higher path of self sacrifice. He never intended that you should know."

She looked at me haughtily a moment. "And you never intended to tell me!" she said. "Here, here, take the money—it is blood money. The curse of God is on it." She sat down and rocked herself and sobbed.

"Did you like Mr. Thompson, or Ratcliffe?" I asked.

"Like? I *loved* him. I love him yet. I always will love him. I would rather be with him in his cell today than to have the finest house in this town. He was the best man I ever knew. My children just worshiped him. I knew 'twas him all the time that was sending me his wages. He was so simple, he thought I didn't! But women see things, sir; they don't have to be told. And to think that he done *this* for me!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly. "I know he is a good man," she said in a moment. "He is gentle with creatures; even the cat and the bird liked him. He liked to fix around flowers. He was so quiet and tender in all his ways. Oh, no, no, sir; a man like that cannot have the heart of a murderer."

She dried her eyes quickly and got up. "I do not want the money, sir; keep it, keep it!" She drew her shawl about her thin shoulders and went out.

* * * *

When I had finished telling James Ratcliffe's story to Governor Crounse, in his private office at the capital of Nebraska, he was silent a moment. Then he said, "Is this man sentenced for life?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then may the Lord have mercy on the rest of us! Meet me at ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the State penitentiary."

I was there punctually at the hour, and shortly afterwards the Governor's carriage appeared. We went together into the prison office. James Ratcliffe was called. He was very glad to see me, and thanked me again for what I had done. While the warden was talking to the Governor, he took me to one side and whispered,

"How is *she?*"

"What's that he whispered to you, Mr. Mercer?" the gruff old Governor asked, looking suddenly around.

I told him. Then he stood up before the prisoner and said,

"James Ratcliffe, here is your pardon. You are a free man. Go back with Mr. Mercer, and," he added, smiling, "if you don't marry Mrs. Emmons inside of a month, I shall have you hanged."

But James Ratcliffe was not hanged. I had the pleasure of slipping a noose of a different sort from that of a hangman about his neck, shortly afterwards. It was a noose that bound him to Mary Emmons for life, and constituted him the lawful guardian of little Phil and Laurie. Instead of taking a fee I handed to the bride one thousand dollars which I had earned by my detective service.

And so I feel that I acquired my unpleasant notoriety in a good cause. There are many things in the matter which are far from disagreeable. Not the least among these is one that I want to mention; perhaps some of my readers will understand. Little Phil had observed how much his mother and his new father thought of me, and had discerned that I was in some way making them very happy; so when I went to leave the house he ran after me and pulled my coat.

"What do you want, little fellow?" I asked, taking him up in my arms.

"I want to kiss you," he said.

Frank Crane.

AS THEY SEE IT.

The question whether it is more desirable to be born to poverty or to wealth, discussed by leading men in the practical world of business and politics—The opinions of Ex Senator Ingalls, Frederic R. Coudert, Ex Governor Flower, Oscar Straus, and Henry Clews.

THAT riches are the root of evil is a familiar maxim of the copybook; that they are also the most powerful engine of good is a matter of universal experience. The happiness of the individual may be said to depend first on the condition of his mind, then on that of his body, and only in the third place on that of his purse; but his importance to his neighbors is measured primarily by this last standard. We divide men broadly into rich and poor; and the distinction counts for more, in the world of today, than any mental or physical differentiation.

It has been said that if the laws forbade men to leave their property to their children, few fortunes would be amassed, for the chief motive for the quest of wealth would be destroyed. Paternal affection is almost always stronger than the love of self. And yet it may be that in shielding his sons from the possibility of want, and guarding them from contact with the hardships of poverty, the rich man is doing them a positive and irreparable injury. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion from the opinions gathered for MUNSEY'S from some of those best qualified to speak upon the problems of practical sociology. Here, for example, are the views expressed by Henry Clews, the well known New York banker, upon the question of the advantage or disadvantage of being born to the inheritance of wealth:

"To those unlucky sons of fortune who are not born with superior natural abilities, the advantages of wealthy parentage are very great, because their money inheritance may supply their mental deficiency; but as a rule, little is expected of such men and women. On the other hand, a young man possessed of natural and brilliant talents is most likely to develop them if he has to depend upon his own resources, for necessity is the mother of invention. It is a well known fact that the great inventors have all been wretchedly poor. Their efforts to provide for their wants made close application, determination, and industry a matter of life and death with them. This urgent and irrepressible incentive has always been the most effectual in the development of great talents.

"The Almighty never intended a boy to come into the world that had not within him the necessary qualifications to occupy a place in life, and the abilities which, if exerted, will provide for his own needs and for those of his family besides, should he have one.

"The conspicuously successful men—and their number is comparatively small—are the ones who fully appreciate their strong and their weak points, and who apply their abilities in the most advantageous channels. The reason why so many people come into the world and go out of it leaving no mark, and perhaps scarcely a remembrance, is because their lives have been misdirected, if not misspent, and because their abilities have been hidden, like the light under the bushel, by their unpropitious surroundings.

"These observations may strike some of my readers as too harsh. To convince them that my views correspond with recorded facts, let me recall a notable instance—the case of William Orton, the well remembered president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I had the pleasure of being very intimate with this gentleman, and in one of our talks he gave me this account of himself.

"'I was born not only poor,' he said, 'but very poor, with no possibility of getting the slightest assistance from any relative or friend. As a necessary means of existence, I obtained a situation, and after two or three years' hard work I climbed up to a salary of ten dollars a week. At this point I met a young woman of whom I at once became fond. For some time after our engagement, I hesitated to assume the responsibility of marriage on so small an income as five hundred dollars a year. However, we finally determined to run the risk, and were married. Then a child was born, which made an additional responsibility, but I exerted myself

commensurately with the requirements, and the additional income came. In due time a second child was born, making further efforts necessary. With my shoulders still under the wheel, my family increased until we counted twelve children, and as I was a fond father the necessity of meeting my constantly increasing responsibilities impelled me to exertions which enabled me to provide better for my large family than I could at the start of my married life for one small baby.

"'You see,' concluded Mr. Orton, 'if a young man will only select his proper calling, work hard during the day, and sleep well during the night—which hard work, as a rule, renders both necessary and possible—he is bound to maintain himself in this world, fulfil his mission, be a good citizen, a good husband, and a good father, and leave an honored name behind him.'

"On this subject," Mr. Clews adds, "I can say no more, I can say nothing stronger and more to the point than my late friend has done. If I had the choice, I would rather be born poor and acquire a competency by my own efforts, than be the son of a Crœsus with small opportunity to show the stuff within me."

Frederic R. Coudert, a New Yorker whose career in law, politics, and diplomacy entitles his opinion to the respect due to wide experience and versatile success, reaches a similar conclusion from a somewhat different standpoint.

"There are distinct advantages," he says, "in being born rich, and there are equally distinct advantages in being born *not* rich. I avoid the statement that it is well to be born poor, for I cannot see the benefit of poverty—grinding, cruel poverty. We know, of course, that men have been born and cradled where no fairy godmother was within hearing distance of their baby cries, and that they have nevertheless, by mental brawn, fought their way to the front. But these are the heroes of life, the scarred giants for whom the world had to make way and provide room at the top. These exceptions prove nothing. Like the eccentricities exhibited at a dime museum, they establish the proposition that nature indulges in occasional frolics, and destroys or disregards the barriers which she herself has set, and within which, with unimportant variations, she usually disports herself.

"Confining my answer to this big country of ours, and with this reservation, I would say that it is a distinct disadvantage to be born rich. The law was laid down, thousands of years ago, that by the sweat of his face man should earn his bread. The poor fellow whose father's bank account will not allow him to sweat is much to be pitied. The splendid effects of brave and successful perspiration are unknown to him. He cannot use the first personal pronoun in connection with honest achievement; he cannot certainly know whether he was born man enough to win a prize in the struggle for life. He shines, if at all, by a reflected light, the mitigated radiance that is given him by paternal coin; but the great joy of the first dollar gallantly made by hard work he may never know. Even if he tries to work at some respectable business—the law, for instance—he cannot quite feel sure that the clients would come but for the fact that he puts up 'Dives, Junior,' on his door.

"The love of work is not a heaven born gift. It is developed by stern necessity until it becomes habit. There is no promoter of honest industry like quarter day, when you are the tenant; no spur like the shadow of the sinister collector who reminds you of that unpaid bill. When Erskine took the bar and the bench by storm in the case that made him great, he ascribed his success to the fact that, as he rose to speak, he felt his children tugging at his gown and clamoring for bread. His rich and stingy old brother was not so far wrong when he attributed his brilliant junior's success to the fact that he himself had always refused to help the younger man in his struggle for subsistence.

"The history of our rich men shows the same thing. How few of them would have built up such stately fortunes if necessity had not rung them up in the morning, stimulated them by day, and sat by their troubled bedside at night! They learned to love work in time, but the rugged face of coerced effort has no smiles for the beginner. It is only long acquaintance that softens the hard features, and helps men to learn the greatness, the beauty, the happiness of successful effort and personally achieved success.

"Having satisfied ourselves that moderate poverty is good and great wealth is bad, we shall all continue, as in the past, to get rich, if we may; but our children may have to encounter the happy condition which we so justly commend."

A characteristic expression is sent us by John J. Ingalls, the brilliant Kansan whose retirement from the United States Senate, five years ago, left an intellectual gap in that body which Mr. Ingalls may before long refill.

"Honorably acquired and rationally employed," writes Mr. Ingalls, "there is no other form of power so permanent, substantial, and palpable as that which accompanies the possession of money. The desire for money is the supreme passion of the human race; seldom for its own sake, but for what it commands and what it brings. Multitudes are indifferent to fame, glory, pleasure, and ambition, but everybody wants money. Maturity forgets the joys of youth, and age sinks into apathy that cares nothing for the pleasures of love, or the exultation of success; but the need of money survives the decay of the faculties, and, beginning with the cradle, ends only at the grave.

"To be born rich is to come at once into possession of the means of the highest physical nurture and intellectual culture, the best physician in illness, congenial companionship, the wisest instructors, cultivated leisure, books, travel, familiarity with the world, attractive apparel, the delight of the senses, the ability to enjoy the pleasures of the passions and the appetites before the capacity of happiness is extinct, the luxury of doing good, the relief of suffering, consolation in bereavement, exemption from hardship, superiority to many of the accidents of time and fate.

"These conditions should be favorable to felicity and greatness. But destiny is sardonic. It wears a grinning mask. Its decrees are inexorable. Unless man struggles he deteriorates. There is no enduring happiness that is not earned. Black care sits behind the horseman, and satiety waits upon the footsteps of those who without effort can gratify every desire. No man can reach the highest development of his powers except under the spur and pressure of necessity; and the youth who is conscious that he has a fortune at his command is prone to yield to the seductions of sense, and become incapable of strenuous, self denying activity. The temptation to sloth, indulgence, and excess are too often irresistible.

"Of the great civil and military leaders of this generation, the scholars, the inventors, the men of affairs, the poets, the orators, who have achieved the highest renown in America, not one has been born to wealth or reared in luxury and ease. Those who are to do the work and win the prizes of the coming age, which is to be the richest epoch of time, will not be found among the gilded youth of 1895, who neither toil nor spin, but in the ranks of those who now, in poverty and privation, are striving, against formidable obstacles, to enter in at the strait gate.

"But considering the chances against the acquisition of either fortune or fame, where so many are called and so few chosen, to the majority, doubtless, it may well seem more desirable to be born with a million, even with the certainty of dying in an almshouse, than to be born a pauper with the remote contingency of dying a plutocrat."

As a sturdy type of the self made American, Ex Governor Roswell P. Flower speaks with the authority of experience on the powers and the possibilities of the young man whose only capital is energy and ambition. Yet he recognizes that the millionaire's son has his special opportunities—if he will use them.

"As I was not born rich, I do not consider myself fully qualified to say anything about the advantages of starting life in affluent circumstances. I can readily perceive, however, the benefits that would naturally arise in each case. In some instances, what might be beneficial to one, would prove injurious to another. It all depends upon one's temperament, or perhaps one's environment. I can readily see where one born wealthy, as the term is used and understood in this age, can further improve his condition and position, as he has the means to assist himself—that is, provided he will use his opportunities. One favored with an abundance of means naturally has every wish and desire gratified. He is benefited in one way by the material improvement of his surroundings, and may strive further to develop his fortune in a legitimate and honorable way. One of the special advantages he enjoys is his ability to equip himself with a better and higher education than can be reached or gained by most poor boys. His wealth allows him to travel, and thus broaden his mind by observation—one of the best means of mental improvement in the world, so far as I can learn.

"Where one born rich seeks to develop himself further, and in so doing elevates the standard of humanity, it is a good thing for the community that he inherited an abundance of this world's wealth. But the great evil, it seems to me, that attaches to being born rich, is that in far too many cases the person so favored is deprived of all incentive or ambition to exert his powers, and thus becomes a drone. He finds himself, on the threshold of life, in actual possession of what another man devotes a lifetime to secure, and thus becomes an indifferent spectator instead of enjoying the pleasures of activity in professional, financial, commercial, and industrial circles.

Many instances might be cited where vast fortunes bequeathed to those born to wealth, but unable to retain it, have been rapidly dissipated. The cause is perfectly plain. It is the sheer incompetency of rich men's sons who have failed to improve their opportunities for development. The grasp of practical affairs is born only of experience; it cannot be inherited.

"It is always the hope and ambition of the poor man to better his condition in every way he can. He desires to make for himself a name in the world. Fame is a great magnet, no less than riches. His wish to reach a certain plane in life is the poor man's greatest incentive to action, and leads him to accomplish results that the rich would consider impossible.

"One of the principal disadvantages of being born rich, and of the life of luxury that is likely to follow, is the fact that when some disaster like a financial crisis suddenly confronts the inheritor of wealth, he is generally ill equipped to meet the strain, and is likely to be crushed in the wreck. On the other hand, had he in early life divorced himself from the prevailing luxury of indolence, and properly developed his powers, the crisis could have been met and heroically resisted.

"I know of no better illustration of the whole question," concludes Mr. Flower, "than the difference between those who live in warm and cold countries. In a warm country, men's ordinary wants are bountifully supplied, and the natives dream through a lazy existence. Let disaster strike them, and they will be found incapable of coping with their difficulties. The peoples of the northern countries are hardier races, made so by the sterner training they receive from nature. The conclusion is obvious. To sum up, if one born rich appreciates and improves his position, it is an advantage to him; if not, it is a disadvantage."

The last contribution to this contemporary symposium comes from Oscar Straus, formerly United States minister at Constantinople, and a leading New York business man.

"The obstacles poverty imposes," Mr. Straus says, "and the alluring temptations of riches, have been subjects for moralists in all ages. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' says the proverb—doubtless because the path of safety lies between the two. Whether the advantages of being born rich are greater than the disadvantages, is neither a question of statistics, nor a problem capable of mathematical solution. The answer depends upon the individual, his inherited tendencies, his early training, and his aspirations. Poverty, and the necessity to depend upon one's self to win a way through life by the exercise of virtue—using that term in its broadest sense—is indeed a wholesome discipline, provided the obstacles to be overcome are not greater than the effort and the qualities the individual can command. These qualities are not alone moral; much depends upon health, strength, and physical endurance. The moralists point to the immortal dead who have 'left footprints on the sands of time,' and single out the many who have struggled through poverty to fame; but they neglect their statistics, and lose sight of the fact that not one child in a thousand is born with riches.

"While there is no royal road to knowledge, yet that road has been trodden by the scions of the wealthy as well as by the children of the poor. Riches afford opportunities; so do the qualities which constitute genius, but whether these opportunities are to be of advantage depends upon each individual who is so endowed.

"In all ages have parents been solicitous to afford their children the advantages and opportunities that wealth brings; and this desire has been shown by parents who themselves were born and reared in poverty, equally with those who were born and reared in riches. May it not, therefore, with some justice be inferred that this universal desire of parents is itself proof that the advantages of riches outweigh the disadvantages?—or, as the poet says:

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

"If we look for an answer among the wrecks of life, in the poorhouses, among the 'submerged classes,' we shall doubtless find that of these unfortunate beings not one in a thousand was born with riches; on the contrary, many of them have failed because they never were properly equipped for the struggle for existence, by reason of the disadvantages imposed by poverty. For these there was no formative period; like sickly plants in a cellar grown, they never acquired the strength to stand alone.

"The advantages of riches, or at least of sufficient of the world's goods to keep pauperism at a distance and poverty from the door, were perhaps never more felicitously expressed than by the peasant poet:

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor,
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a trained attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

THE HOUSE THEY TOOK.

IT was nearly five o'clock, and Beth was tired enough to sit down on the curb-stone and weep.

"Not more than seven rooms, whether it's a house or a flat," Ada had stipulated. "And be sure that the servant's room isn't in the basement, for no woman would sleep there, and I won't have a Chinaman; they are just as likely to murder the whole family as not. The baby has got to have a sunny nursery, and we must have a guest chamber, of course. It would be nice if there was a music room where I could practise without bothering Harvey, and a little smoking den out of the dining room would be——"

"But, Ada," Beth interposed, "that's a great deal more than seven rooms."

"Is it? Oh, of course; I forgot the kitchen. Well, leave out anything but the nursery. As long as the walls are pretty and the house is sunny—you'd better get a corner house, Beth—yes, dear, mother's coming! And mind, Beth"—this from the stairs—"we can't pay a cent over forty dollars, and we'd rather pay thirty five. Be sure it's a nice neighborhood, and hot and cold——" But Beth had fled.

For three hours she had tramped up and down the Western Addition, list in hand, rushing in where any one but a house hunter would have feared to tread, and getting gloriously snubbed in consequence. She broke up tête-à-têtes, interrupted family rows, assisted at a fire, and barely escaped a funeral. The hunt became a nightmare of glaring pavements, and placarded windows that enticed her in with their impudent "To Let," and grinned maliciously when she went away disappointed. There had always been a tradition to the effect that Beth was a little shy, but after the first half hour she found that she was by nature brazen. A woman could not walk down her own front steps without Beth's plunging after her to ask how much rent she paid, and which was the sunny side of the street. Gradually she began to feel a growing dislike for her sister in law, and a positive hatred for the baby. That "sunny nursery" was like a ghost at her elbow, warning her away from every door.

There was just one house left on the list. It was the most promising of all, but she had avoided it before. When you've told a man you never could care for him in that way, and parted from him with something very like a quarrel, it isn't exactly nice to take a house for your sister in law directly across the street from his home, when everybody knows you spend more than half your time with her. It would look as if you wanted—people are silly enough to say anything. For herself, she didn't think much of a man who could ask you to marry him one month, and go bicycling all the time with that Cragan girl the next. Beth honestly believed those were the reasons she had left that house till the last. If any one had suggested that Walter generally got home about five, she would have wanted to know what earthly difference that made to her, and would have been very angry indeed.

It was a pretty little house, as near what Ada wanted as it was reasonable to expect, with a sunny corner room for the nursery, and a clean odor of new paint and paper.

"It is exactly what they want," she decided, looking around the nursery with deep satisfaction. "And it is all in such nice order. I wonder which way the house fronts?" She went to the window, then opened it with an unnecessary amount of noise and leaned out regardless of the fresh varnish. A young man passing below glanced up, then stopped short in surprise. Oh, Beth, Beth! You who despise the Cragan girl because she is not above small maneuvers, you who never walk past the club unless that is undeniably your way, who pride yourself on having no small motive for word or deed, after all you are but a woman. There was no harm in flinging up the window, or even in knocking on it if you had wanted to, but in that look of genuine surprise as you heard your name, there was.

"Beth!" said the young man, wondering.

"How do you do, Walter?" she said in the grave, rebuking tone we use to people whom we have vowed never to speak to again as long as we live.

"What are you doing up there?" he asked, trying to be easy and natural.

"Have you set up housekeeping by yourself?"

"I'm looking for a house for Ada," she explained. "This is the best I have found yet, though I don't altogether like the neighborhood."

"Perhaps you would like it better if I moved out of it," he said meekly. This was exactly what she had meant; but she had not expected him to show that he understood, so she answered hastily,

"It's rather far from the cars, that's all. Harvey has to go down town early, you know."

"I see," he replied. Then he looked up at her with a sudden smile. "Please can't I come up and shake hands with you?" he asked. Beth had smiled back before she realized what she was doing, so up he came, several steps at a time. He found her standing in the hall looking rather frightened.

"Oh, Walter," she said in a low tone, "I just heard such a funny noise, as though some one sneezed right behind me. I was in here"—going into the corner room rather fearfully—"and it seemed to come from that side, near the chimney."

"You always hear spooky noises in empty houses," he answered, stooping to look up the chimney. "No burglar could get into that little flue. It wouldn't even hold his jimmy."

"Perhaps it's haunted," suggested Beth.

"Oh, ghosts have gone out of fashion, like valentines and keeping Sunday," he answered. "You never would find one in this neighborhood. There's an old suit of clothes behind the door—maybe you heard it bag at its knees. But, seriously, Beth, you ought not to go around empty houses by yourself. I hate to have you."

"You do, do you!" thought Beth defiantly, to cover a little thrill of delight. Aloud she said, "At the last moment Harvey found he couldn't get away, and I was tired of putting it off, so I just came alone. Ada does so long to be settled, and she isn't able to go around herself yet. Be careful of that varnish, it's still wet. I'm going to get most of the furniture for her, too, and see about mattings and carpets and rugs. Do give me some artistic ideas. I don't know where to begin." Beth was talking nervously, trying to ward off the awkward pause that was ready to fall at any moment.

"Have lots of lamps, and places for open fires, and dark shiny floors that will reflect the legs of the chairs," he began.

"You don't put down hard wood floors in rented houses," she interrupted.

"Oh, well, you would in this one," he said. "Have a deep leather chair with a standard lamp beside it where a fellow can read the papers."

"With a rose colored shade to throw a pink glow over everything," added Beth, growing interested. "And little silver lamps on the dining table."

"A little round table, just big enough for a man and his wife," he went on excitedly.

"And a place for the high chair as soon as the baby is big enough."

"What? Oh, yes, of course. And a barrel full of matches in plain sight in every room."

"And ash trays attached to every chair, so that the ashes need not be deposited on the floor. And lots of puffy cushions."

"And a divan in the corner where we could—I mean, your sister——"

"Walter, I heard it again—that queer little cough. Listen!" She had come close to him, evidently startled. "I'm sure I heard something."

"Wasn't it a mouse in the wall?" he asked, offering the masculine solution for all feminine terrors.

"No, it was a human sound, like a choked off sneeze. It might have come from the next room." Walter boldly led the way, closely followed by Beth, who was surreptitiously holding a corner of his coat, to his vast delight. All was empty and silent.

"You see, there isn't any one," he said. "This isn't a bad room. If you want any ideas about furnishing, why don't you ask Miss Cragan? She is awfully good at that sort of thing." Beth's face changed indescribably. If she had been in another walk of life, you would have said that she turned up her nose. I don't know the polite equivalent.

"Thanks, I'm afraid our ideas would hardly harmonize," she said. "Well, I'm very glad to have seen you, Walter, but you mustn't let me detain you." This in the most society of tones, as a mild punishment for dragging in that Cragan girl. Walter, however, thought she was giving him a hint, and straightened himself up rather huffily.

"Please remember me to your sister," he said, with an expressionless handshake. "I hope you will be successful in your hunt. Good afternoon."

"Thank you. Good by," she said coolly, so there was nothing for him to do but go, which he did with much dignity, shutting the door behind him with exaggerated carefulness. Well, he could go, if he was so dying to. Nobody was going to

call him back. Ask that Cragan girl, indeed! Evidently he was *épris* in that direction already, when just a month ago— A girl who married him would have a nice time of it. Fickleness is such a horrid trait. Beth congratulated herself on being well out of it, and felt so relieved that she sat down on an empty box and took out her handkerchief; then stuffed it resolutely back, determined to shake the dust of that neighborhood from her feet. As she started to open the door there was a quick movement on the other side, and, to her amazement, the knob was seized and held fast before she had half turned it. She could not move it one way or the other.

"Walter! What are you trying to do?" she exclaimed indignantly, and then discovered that it was not the hall door that she was trying, but one that she had supposed led into a closet. A shiver of deadly fear ran over her, and her heart beat wildly, but she would not run. Perhaps the door led into the next room, and Walter had slipped in there, though practical jokes were not particularly in his line. She stole out into the hall and looked, trembling, into the next room, but it had no door on that side. Evidently, then, it was a closet, with somebody in it, and she had a right to be frightened, so she ran quickly down the stairs and opened the front door.

Walter, meanwhile, had slowly crossed the street. Not even after the most bachelor of suppers did he ever have any trouble in mounting his own steps and fitting his own latch key, but this afternoon both took an abnormally long time. He was about to give it up and go in when he was rewarded by hearing a low call of "Walter!" from the opposite house.

"What is it?" he asked, hurrying over.

"Oh, Walter," she said, panting a little, "there is some one up stairs in that corner room closet. I tried to open the door, and I distinctly felt some one grab the handle. I couldn't move it. I'm awfully frightened."

"Are you sure it wasn't just stuck?" he asked, following her into the house.

"Certain. Besides, I heard somebody move." Walter grinned a little, as men will, and started to make some teasing remark, but stopped with uplifted head and listened. There was an unmistakable sound from the room above, the whine of a door slowly opening. They tiptoed up stairs, Walter signaling caution and Beth clutching up her skirt in one hand, a woman's first instinct in time of danger. The closet door was gradually opening, and the top of a little bald head was being cautiously thrust out.

"Good afternoon," remarked Walter. "Do you use Macassar Oil?" The head disappeared like a flash, and the door was slammed. Walter strode across the room.

"Say, come out of there," he commanded, laying his hand on the knob.

"I beg your pardon," answered a courteous voice. "It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"What are you doing in there?" Walter demanded. "You'd better explain yourself."

"I shall be glad to, sir, if you will kindly leave the door shut."

"Fire ahead," said Walter, and Beth came a little nearer.

"I happen to own this house, sir, and as the workmen neglected to varnish the window ledges in this room, my wife suggested that I should come over and do it myself. I had just finished, and was making a necessary change in my toilet, when the lady came in. I live across the bay, sir, and after doing such work, it was necessary ——"

"Of course," said Beth nervously. "I'm so sorry."

"In short, sir, I was changing——"

"It was a shame," said Beth. "If you had only spoken—"

"It was an awkward position. I had provided myself with a ——"

"Yes, to be sure," said Beth.

"A clean shirt, sir, and I was about to put it on. If you will kindly hand me the garments that are behind the door——"

"Oh, we'll go away," said Beth. "I want to look at the down stairs, any way." She left rather hastily, and Walter followed a minute later, shaking with half suppressed laughter.

"The poor duffer, in that stuffy closet!" he chuckled.

"No wonder he sneezed," laughed Beth.

"Say, Beth," he went on a minute later, "tell me, don't you like Miss Cragan? You used to, I know, and she admires you tremendously. I do want you to like her," he added earnestly. Beth stood by the parlor window, pulling the shade down by its little brass chain and letting it fly up again.

"Oh, I don't dislike her," she said nonchalantly. "She just isn't my kind, that's all. She's a nice enough little thing, if you don't mind her affectation." The curtain flew up with a rattle, and was jerked down again. Walter looked at her in surprise, then instinct whispered a word or two in his ear, and he replied with an invisible wink of comprehension.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about her," he said gravely, "for I wanted to tell you

something. Did you know that she was engaged to be married to some one you know?" Beth dropped the chain and appeared absorbed by something in the street.

"Yes?" she said, in an odd little voice.

"Of course it's a secret yet," he went on, watching her from the other side of the room. Beth had good blood in her veins.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said quietly. "I've always thought you were just made for each other, and hoped you'd find it out for yourselves." Walter came across the room, mentally calling himself a brute, but unrepentant.

"Oh, it isn't to me she's engaged, but to my little brother. It is to be announced as soon as he gets back. I'm still unconsoled." She changed color a little, but stood bravely by her guns.

"I'm disappointed," she said. "It was one of my favorite dreams." Walter looked a little disconcerted.

"Beth," he exclaimed, "if you don't take that back, I'll make you."

"I must be taking the car back, or Ada will be worried," she answered. "I hope we will run across each other again some day." She started to bow with a woman-of-the-world air that should show him she was not an inexperienced child, and that he did not see through her as plainly as he thought he did, but straightened up again with a very school girlish "Ouch!"

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did something hurt you?"

"Not at all. Don't wait for me. I am not ready to go just yet."

"I won't go till you tell me what is the matter," he persisted. "Are you faint at all? You look dreadfully pale."

"Thank you, there is nothing the matter."

"I know you want to get rid of me, but I can't leave you alone. Let me see you to your car, and then I won't bother you any more."

Beth struggled a minute, then dropped her dignity and began to laugh.

"It's only that nasty little curtain chain," she said. "It is all caught in my hair."

"Let me see," said Walter. "I should say it was! Every little link has grabbed a handful all across your waterfall, or whatever you call it. I'll undo it for you, if you'll take that back."

"Thanks, I can manage it myself," with an impatient tug at the chain.

"You're only making it worse, and you're mussing your hair all up, besides. Take it back?"

"When you say things under compulsion, they don't count, do they?"

"Oh, certainly not!"

"All right, then, I'll take back anything you like, if you'll only be quick."

"Absalom did it by his hair," murmured Walter, disentangling the little chain. "Now you know how it feels to be on somebody's string. There, I think I let you off pretty easy. I might have made you promise all sorts of things."

Beth looked up with sudden mischief in her eyes.

"Weren't you stupid!" she said.

"By the way," said a voice from the door, "I've another house for rent just two blocks from here, six rooms and bath, sanitary plumbing. Perhaps your wife would prefer that."

Walter glanced at Beth, then laughed a little to himself.

"Thanks, we'll look at it," he said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

MY MARY.

A BARD would praise her saucy ways,
So winsome and so airy,
Her form's sweet mold, her hair's red gold,
Her eyes—the teasing fairy!

No bard am I, but shall I sigh?
Her heart is so contrary,
She'll have me say—no other way—
She's "just my own dear Mary!"

Catharine Young Glen.



From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

JANE HADING.

A brief study of the art and the personality of the famous Parisian actress, with portraits of her as she appears in some of her best characters.

MADAME JANE HADING—who isn't Jane Hading at all, but of that anon—is an accident; a happy, in many respects a delightful accident—still an accident. Here it might be well, perhaps, to pause and remark that there are not a very great many actors and actresses whose success has not been due to fortuitousness; or, to speak more exactly, whose opportunity to display ability was not accidental. "Ostler Joe's" felicitous drawing room début gave the stage Mrs. Potter. The unexpected badness of a *Delesparre* years ago, in Dublin, when Helen Barry was revealing judicious Boucicaultean teaching as *Armande* in "Led Astray," led to Kyrle Bellew's trial rehearsal in the part.

Was Hading a conservatoire pupil? Surely

not. My first recollection of her is that some leading woman in a play running at one of the principal theaters of Paris was taken ill, and Jane Hading, who was either "supering," or playing an unimportant part, came forward to substitute for the indisposed "lead" at a few hours' notice. How did she know the words? Here I'm reduced to gossip, and the "*gyp*" of that hour was that the manager was particularly interested in and benevolent towards the long, lithe girl who was soon to win fame as Jane Hading. She must have satisfied requirements on this occasion, for my next reminiscence is that the manager in question—Victor Koning, of the Renaissance—abandoned benevolence for responsibility and acquisitiveness. This latter quality displayed itself not only in marrying a charming woman, but in controlling the immediate earnings of a promising actress, and the subsequent money value of a new star. I hope I am not doing this gentleman scant justice in these remarks, but in those days we had a definite impression that the marriage was distinctly worldly on both sides.



Jane Hading as "Mme. de Seglières."
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Jane Hading's charm, it is said by her fellow countrymen and women, is her lack of Frenchiness. An inspection of the illustrations accompanying this article at once reveals the fact that the characteristics of French features are conspicuous by their absence. As an experiment, the pictures were shown to a number of people, and the question asked, "What should you take to be the nationality of this lady?" Of those who did not recognize her identity, the majority said "English," a few "American," one "Russian." In the early days of her career there were numerous *on dits* announcing that she was English. The name she bore—whether hers by right or by selection—gave color to this. As to its origin, a good guess would probably be that the Parisian manager, already mentioned, said unto his shrewd self, "Here's a tall, beautiful woman who can act. The English craze is just setting in here. An English name and a few judicious paragraphs will set tongues wagging." And the tongues did wag.

The face of this actress is worth attentive study. Not so beautiful as Mary Anderson's in feature, perhaps, but with a style of loveliness more useful on the stage, for it is desperately hard to get expression into perfect features. They are despairingly immobile; emotion finds little or no anchorage upon them; whereas on irregular physiognomies there seems to be holding ground for such immediate revelations of the thoughts that speech is accessory rather than necessary. Jane Hading's eyes are almost marvelous. No mere picture, how-



Jane Hading in "Nos Intimes."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ever carefully selected, can do justice to the "windows of her soul." She is tall, thin, and graceful in her stage movements. She weighs what women of her age ought to weigh, and not what too many successful stars are injudicious enough to permit themselves to weigh.

Of her acting it would be quite possible to write nothing but agreeable phrases, but to do so would hardly enable the reader to evaluate her position among her contemporaries. She can play quite well, for instance, a part in which Mme. Bernhardt has failed—that is, in the opinion of the author of the play and of the Paris critics. Yet, to be perfectly frank, Mme. Hading does not advantageously compare with her older compeers. The real rivals for the position of *première artiste dramatique de nos jours* are Duse and Bernhardt. Hading is merely among the prominent secondary stars, and her best work is when she depicts the French gentlewoman of private life, the young lady who at the instigation of her parents has made a *mariage de convenance*, and, overtaken by the tender passion too late, successfully combats its dangerous workings.

One of her most interesting assumptions is that of *Clorinde* in Augier's "Aventurière." The part is an odd one. *Clorinde* is the sister of a rascally brother, and pretends to be a highly born dame who has been in grief and trouble, and to fall in



Jane Hading in L'Aventurière."

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

love with a rich, and richly sympathetic, old nobleman. The marriage is stopped by the old gentleman's son, who returns from foreign lands in the nick of time, and *Clorinde*, falling genuinely in love, for the first time in her life, with the son, *Fabrice*, retires in a reformatory frame of mind to a convent.

The difficulties of such a rôle are evident. *Clorinde* is used to low life, but must be perfect enough in her presentation of a *grande dame* almost to deceive the entire entourage of the old nobleman's household; yet the audience must be enabled to trace the real woman who is pretending. This severely difficult feat Hading accomplishes with easy success. Mme. Plessy, who originated the character, never deceived the eye. Mme. Bernhardt, all through her performance, sounded a note that was stridently *cocottish*, and entirely defeated Augier's scheme of construction. It led to her *démission* at the Français.

To sum up, Hading is a very agreeable actress and a very beautiful woman, but her superiority to some American players is not distinctly apparent to the present writer. If the possibility of true greatness is denied her, she will never be without great charm—which in these days is much.

Harry Saint Maur.



LOVE UNDER EASTERN SKIES.

I.

BESIDE the rippling of the stream
Where lilies in the shallows gleam,
  Cream white, with hearts of gold,
She waits my coming in the gloom
Where, laden with a strange perfume,
  The jessamines unfold.

II.

But fairer, purer, sweeter she
Than any tender flower could be,
  My Mut-le-fa, my love;
The little lamps that dot the skies
Are dull and dim beside the eyes
  Of Mut-le-fa, my love.

III.

A breeze across the river sweeps
To greet me, where my shallop creeps
  On to her fragrant bower;
And in its arms it bears a scent
That but a moment since was pent
  Within a starry flower.

IV.

But sweeter far, but far more dear,
Is that low singing that I hear
  From Mut-le-fa, my love;
So swift across the stream I win
To find my flower, my jessamine,
  My Mut-le-fa, my love.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



SOME UNHAPPY QUEENS.

Famous women to whom a crown brought sorrow and death—The historical tragedies of English, French, and German royalty.

IF every queen is by courtesy "cousin" to the rest, it has happened in too many instances that she was also sister to those in misfortune. As the procession of women who have sat on thrones passes by, most of them move out of our recollection with bending heads. Sometimes they were burdened only with the sorrows of common humanity exaggerated by reason of their high estate; sometimes they passed into exile, sometimes to the scaffold or under its shadow. It is these that interest us most.

Some natures appear to attract the thunderbolts. We are fascinated by their fate, toward which they themselves seem to have consciously, contributed so little. It takes a century or two for justice to tell her calm story, but in the end she almost always shows that the women who have suffered most have been the victims of luckless schemes in the brains of others.

These women have almost always been the instruments of great changes. They are like the conductors of tremendous electrical charges that break under the strain. Even Anne Boleyn, who died that another woman might become her husband's wife, was the direct cause of the Reformation in England.

The light heart of the young Anne Boleyn was never intended for the seriousness of a throne, and particularly an English throne. When she was only seven years old, she had been sent to France in the train of Mary, that sister to Henry VIII who married Louis XII; and she passed her girlhood at the gay and brilliant court of the first Francis. When she was twenty, her spirit, liveliness, and tact won her a post as maid of honor to the wife of Henry, and, in a little time, a place in his fancy. A throne was offered to Anne if she would marry the king. She had never loved the queen, and doubtless she blinded herself to the thought of the sorrow that would come to a divorced wife. Doubtless her girlish vanity was stirred at her conquest, at the thought that she had the power to change the history of England; and behind her were the counsels of Cardinal Wolsey, who had already broken off her engagement with Lord Percy.



Anne Boleyn.

No king ever exercised such a personal influence over his country as Henry



The Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

From the painting by Paul Delaroche.

VIII. He crushed public opinion under his arrogance. His subjects submitted even when he changed the church of the country that the Pope might not be able to prevent his divorce and subsequent marriage to Anne.

It was a short reign for the young queen, and an unhappy one. Hardly a year had passed when another maid of honor, Jane Seymour, had taken his wandering fancy, and he was looking about for a way to rid himself of his second wife. She, poor girl, had learned frivolous ways at the French court. She had been taught that a recreant lover might be brought back by coquetries, and it was thus that the queen gave her enemies their weapons. At a May day tourney, Henry, greatly disturbed, arose and left the queen and rode back to London. It was said that he had found her handkerchief in the possession of one of his gentlemen in waiting. The next day a privy council was called, and in the afternoon Anne was sent to the Tower. In bitterness of spirit she wrote from there:

Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient to draw your Grace's fancy to some other object.

Anne was beheaded, and, like the woman she was, prayed a blessing on her husband's head, even as the axe fell upon her own.

The headsman was kept busy in those days, but there was no victim whose blood has left a deeper stain on history than that of the Nine Days' Queen, Jane Grey. Jane Grey was the granddaughter of the Princess Mary who took Anne Boleyn to France. After the death of the French king, Mary returned to England and married the Duke of Suffolk, who was Lady Jane's grandfather. A gentle, soft hearted girl who loved her books and prayers, and who meekly accepted her lot, it was a slaughter of the innocents to send her to the scaffold by way of a throne. She had been the friend and playmate of the young king



Mary Stuart.
From the portrait by Hader.

Edward, and had never thought of succeeding him. When she was told of the greatness which had come to her, she fell down upon her face and wept.

The crown was thrust upon her by the ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, whose young son she had been forced to marry. It is said that these two children wept on their way to the altar; and yet they became friends and lovers afterward. When her little reign was over, and she was in the Tower, every effort was made to hurt her and break her spirit. She might have saved her life had she changed her faith. When her kinswoman and successful rival, Queen Mary, found it impossible to make the prisoner submit, she was wild with rage. She sent Jane's young husband to his death past her window; she brought her father to see his daughter die, and she hounded the last moments of the poor girl's life.

On the day of her execution, her waiting women could hardly walk from weeping, but Lady Jane came forth, a quiet look in her eyes, and stepped from her cell to the block with dignity and composure. She herself bound the handkerchief about her eyes. Even the executioner begged her pardon for what he



Mary Stuart Receiving Her Death Sentence.
From the painting by Carl Piloty.



Mary Stuart and Rizzio.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by David Neal.

must do. She whispered a word of forgiveness, felt for the block, and put her head upon it peacefully. Only seventeen, and a queen nine days!

When the news of Mary Stuart's birth was brought to her father's death bed, James turned over in bed and muttered, "The devil go with it!" He was thinking of the marriage with Bruce's daughter which had brought the Scotch crown to the Stuarts. "It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman."

No historical subject has been more hotly discussed than the character of Mary Stuart.



Marie Antoinette and Her Children.

From the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun at Versailles.

She was beautiful, with a vivacity of expression, a sweetness of voice, and a nobility of carriage which were irresistible. It has been said that her crimes, if crimes they were, were not nearly so fatal to her as this beauty and charm. They were the faults which Elizabeth could not forgive in her.

Mary was educated to be the wife of the miserable, sickly son of Catherine de Medici. The two women, each powerful in her way, detested each other; and when Mary was left a young widow, she was compelled to return to Scotland. The queen mother, whom she had called a merchant's daughter, could not tolerate her. As she left France, which had been



Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine.

From the painting by François Flameng.



Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I of England.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait by Vandyke in the Dresden Gallery.

the only home she had ever known, her tears fell, and she turned to look upon the rugged hills of Scotland with a breaking heart.

When she was seated on the Scotch throne, almost every unmarried prince in Europe was proposed as a candidate for her hand. She settled finally on her cousin, Lord Darnley, one of the poorest, weakest, and most vicious men in the kingdom, whose good looks were his only recommendation. For once Catholics and Protestants were agreed that this marriage was a false step; but Mary was immovable. Her marriage ceremony was hardly over before she realized her mistake. Her husband was a compound of folly and worthlessness. He held her while conspirators broke into

her chamber and murdered her favorite friend, Rizzio, at her very feet. Mary turned to him with "I shall be your wife no longer, and shall never lie well till I cause you as sorrowful a heart as you have caused me."

Mary was a very poor judge of men. Three months after Darnley's murder, she married the man who was believed to have actually committed the crime, allowing him to divorce a young and lovely bride that



The Empress Josephine

From the portrait by Prudhon in the Louvre.

Months later, Darnley lay ill at Edinburgh, and Mary stayed with him. One night she made him uneasy. She talked of Rizzio, and mentioned that the anniversary of his murder had almost arrived. Then she went away to a ball. The festivities were still going on when the house where her husband lay was blown up with gunpowder. she might become his wife. That was the downfall of her reign. They tore her from Bothwell, and the rabble hooted at her in the streets. She grew to hate the Scotch, and in a mad moment she threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, only to be a prisoner for years, and at last to lay her head on the block. Guilty she may have



Queen Louise of Prussia.
From the portrait by Koppay.

been, but unhappy always. Yet through her trials England and Scotland became one country, joined in her son James.

Marie Antoinette, another queen to end her days upon the scaffold, knew years of happiness before evil fortune came to her. She had the joyous heart that could not see anything but sunshine ; like Anne Boleyn, she was out of place amid the ceremonial of a court. It was her delight to go to the Trianon, where she had instituted rules that she was not to be treated like a queen, but to have the simple courtesies given to any lady. Here she played at making butter, and dressing like a country girl. But nothing she did could please the French. She was German, and even then the German was hated. Financiers said that she was responsible for the bad condition of the country because of her extravagance, and she became the subject of the coarsest calumnies. The affair of the stolen necklace turned public opinion forever against her, although it has been proven over and over that she was absolutely innocent. One day a dealer brought a diamond necklace to her, asking two million francs for it. She refused to buy. Some time after, he wrote to her, thanking her for having taken it, and asking for his money. The queen discovered that she had been represented in the transaction by a lady of the court, but the people were never convinced of it. From the beginning of the Revolution they hated her, and tried to destroy her.

She might have fled, but she stayed with her husband until it was too late. They were seized and imprisoned, and the queen was subjected to every insult. Her little son, tenderly brought up, was made to testify against her. The head of her dearest friend was pushed into her face, and at



Queen Louise's Flight from Napoleon's Invasion.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Heydeck.



Queen Louise and Napoleon at Tilsit.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by W. Camphausen.

last she was pushed on a cart and rolled off to execution. The frivolities of Marie Antoinette were those of a gay young heart, but when sorrows came she showed herself a heroine.

It was not always the women who suffered death themselves who had the hardest lot. There are more valuable possessions than life.

When Louis XIII betrothed his sister Henrietta Maria to Charles I of England, he pledged the young lover to a course of conduct that was certain to bring unpopularity upon the couple. The English prince agreed to relieve Roman Catholics from the operation of the penal laws. His defiance of public sentiment made the first years of his married life so unhappy that the young queen would often retire to her apartments to weep.

In spite of all the troubles of his reign, King Charles and his wife were devotedly in love with each other, and no misunderstandings could keep them apart. Henrietta Maria was devoted to her children, too. She meddled little with politics, until it came to the point where she must help her husband in his fight with the Parliament.

She threw herself heart and soul into the work of raising money for him, but with always the shadow of defeat over her. Finally she was compelled to leave the king and take refuge in France. She never saw him again.

As her children grew up, they became estranged from her. Even when her son was restored to the throne of his father, she found herself without honor at the English court. Her health failed, and she went back to France to die in loneliness.

Perhaps both Josephine of France and Louise of Prussia, each of whom suffered so bitterly at the hands of Napoleon, could have endured death with more fortitude than the humiliations that were put upon them.

Louise is the heroine of Prussian history. Her brief life—for she died at thirty four—covered the most eventful period of her country's annals; and in the drama of war and disaster she played a foremost part. She was a devoted wife to Frederick William III, who married her for love, but her husband's weakness brought humiliation upon her and upon his country. He delayed resistance to Napoleon's aggression until resistance was impossible. His military preparations—into which the queen had thrown herself heart and soul—were swept away by the thunderbolts of Jena and Auerstadt; and with Louise he was forced to flee from Berlin before the Gallic invader. At Königsberg one of her children was stricken down with typhoid fever, and she, staying to nurse him, caught the disease. Napoleon still pressed on, and in the cold of midwinter, amid a deep snow, Louise was lifted from her bed to a carriage, to fly further eastward. It was after a journey of extreme hardship along the frozen lagoons of the Baltic coast that she found a refuge at Memel.

Further humiliation was in store for the unhappy queen. Her husband's ally, Alexander of Russia, believed that no man could look upon Louise's sweet, womanly beauty unmoved, and he begged her, for her country's sake, to consent to an interview with Napoleon. She went through what was to her a bitter ordeal, and went through it in vain. Napoleon followed her with the words, "After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

The darkness of those days never left Louise's life. But from it was born the hatred of France that made the Germans a warlike and united people, and that won for Louise's son, the great Emperor William, an ample vengeance for his mother's sufferings, when he set an imperial crown upon his brow in the conquered palace of Versailles.

To the historical figure of Josephine, the wife of the Corsican officer, the divorced wife of the all powerful emperor, there has come a poetic justice which might almost have compensated her for her sorrows could she have foreseen it. In a thousand ways we see, today, how much Napoleon owed to the brilliant creole. She was older than he, not only in years but in worldly wisdom, and it was through her counsel that the young man gained the opportunity to make himself known and felt. Yet when the highest place was reached, Napoleon put her aside at the dictate of dynastic ambition. To Josephine was given not only the seclusion and loneliness of a dethroned queen, but the infinitely sadder lot of one whose affections have been trampled under foot. In her home she heard the guns announce the birth of the King of Rome, and every shot seemed aimed at her own heart. Yet, after all, it was to be her daughter's son that came back to the throne of France, and it was to be her name that has become linked forever with that of the greatest soldier the world ever saw. She may not have been a wise woman, but she was his companion through the stormiest years of his life. Her very faults were part of the discipline of his character; when he lost her, he lost an integral part of himself, and the power to retain his great prestige in the world. The historian traces the beginning of Napoleon's downfall from the hour when he divorced Josephine.

George Holme.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.*

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

In the quaint old Californian town of Santa Cruz, Robert Atterbury, a young theological student, meets and loves Sara Gardner, who is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Towers, and her cousin Margaret. Robert proposes and is accepted, and both write to Sara's father, who long ago left America and settled, self exiled, in Japan. Pending a reply the lovers separate, and Atterbury returns with his mother to their home in the East.

On reaching Boston, he receives an urgent summons from Van Ruger Blethen, whose wife is Mrs. Atterbury's niece, Claire. On discovering proof of her husband's infidelity, she has left him, and Blethen desires Robert's assistance in discovering her whereabouts. Atterbury finds Claire living with her old nurse. He soothes her and arranges to place her in his mother's care. Then, suddenly, Atterbury, whose brother has recently died of consumption, is stricken with the same disease. His physician recommends a milder climate, and he is soon southward bound in charge of a young doctor, John Richards. Atterbury is conscious of his approaching fate, and in despair he writes to Sara, releasing her from her engagement.

IX.

AFTER Robert had left him, Van Ruger Blethen sat long beside his table in sullen anger. Social condemnation was the one thing which he feared, and now that he realized that Robert would not stand by him, he saw that it might be in store for him. In imagination he met the hypocritical condolences and covert sneers of his friends and acquaintances, and he ground his teeth with rage. His mind ran over all the people from whom he could ask assistance.

Suddenly he sprang from his chair, a new look of hope coming into his bloodshot eyes.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "the very thing! I wonder I did not think of her before."

He went out and cabled to Mrs. Whitwell:

We need your assistance. Can you come at once?

He returned to his room with quite a light heart. Under the charming frankness and exquisite politeness of his French mother in law he had always recognized the knowledge and wisdom of a perfect woman of the world. He felt sure the present crisis would never have come if Claire had grown up under her influence; and even now he believed that she would be able to make Claire listen to reason, as he called it. He smiled to himself as he laid his head on his pillow, and he slept the sleep of the just, calm and full of peace.

Claire also slept long and well. The day was nearly gone when she awoke to realize with her first consciousness that her time was come. Nancy summoned the village doctor, and Claire, calling her Puritan nature to her aid, fought her battle alone and almost calmly. Through the long hours of suffering she uttered no complaint, and was quietly obedient to the doctor.

Then, as another new day came in over the sea, a new life, unwished for and unwelcomed, added its cry to the chorus of human voices.

When the doctor had gone, Nancy brought the baby to the bedside.

"Don't ye want to kiss your boy, my lamb?" she asked.

Claire turned her head away with a weary sigh, and Nancy sat down, crooning to the baby in her sweet, old country brogue, and waiting for Mrs. Atterbury to come. She did not know what was wrong, but her true woman's heart yearned over the little one. Its guardian angel—one of those who always behold the face of the Father—may have recognized in her the true mother; at any rate, a few hours later, when Van Ruger learned Claire's whereabouts and all that had transpired, and sent doctors and attendants out to her, no one thought for a moment of giving the baby to any one but Nancy. It was a happy fate for one born an orphan, into a family which was no family, with parents who were neither father nor mother.

Van Ruger did not intrude upon Claire. Every day he sent out to inquire how she

* *This story began in the October number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

was, and at the club he offered himself for the congratulations of his acquaintances. He posed as a happy father, and to all inquiries said that his wife had taken a fancy to go down to her old home for the happy occasion, adding that of course, under the circumstances, her lightest whim was his law. This was the outside; inwardly he was waiting with great anxiety.

* * * *

"*Eh bien, monsieur!* You have indeed the kindest heart in the world, and the best intentions. That we know; but is it not possible that you have not exactly known how to manage the young wife? That is so necessary. It is even possible that she has been *triste*. One may be very *triste* in this country. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Yes. I remember it well. Now if you had more amused her, might it not have been well? To me that is the grand secret. *Bien!* We shall see. We will surprise her with a little gaiety, *n'est ce pas?*"

Van Ruger was glad to do whatever he was told, and under the direction of his mother in law began to open his town house and prepare for the reception of his wife and child.

* * * *

In the almost bare bed room of the lodge, Claire sat in old Nancy's big arm chair. She wore a simple, dark blue wrapper, her hair was brushed straight back above her melancholy eyes, and in neither her face nor her surroundings was there any trace of grace or beauty. Her ringless fingers were clasped tightly in her lap, and their strained tension seemed to assert utter abnegation of joy.

Into this unattractive apartment entered her mother, bringing at once the indescribable atmosphere of perfectly ordered worldly life. Her costume, the rhythmic motion of her step, the perfect delicacy with which she changed the exclamation of horror, which had risen involuntarily to her lips, into one of enthusiastic and sympathetic greeting, all belonged to a world from which Claire had banished herself, to a world which she had fancied she hated and loathed. Her mother noticed instantly that the child was not in the room, and tactfully refrained from asking for it. In a few minutes, while she made tender little speeches and covered the pale face with kisses, she had caressed the soft hair into its wonted waves. Taking from her own shoulders a scarf of daintiest lace and rose colored ribbons, she threw it around Claire, hiding the uncouth gown.

"Ah! *Comme ça va bien avec les joues transparentes!*"

Then, holding the thin hands caressingly in her own, she talked of Paris, of their friends there, and of what was in anticipation. Without going into details she spoke as if Claire must be interested in it all, because she would have her part in all. With no discussion she succeeded in arranging that her daughter should go to drive with her in a few days, and in spite of herself Claire was glad to go.

When the day for the drive arrived, Mrs. Whitwell sent her own maid to dress Claire. She brought with her a lovely wrap of bronze velvet trimmed with gray ostrich tips, and a dainty bonnet to match it. Mrs. Whitwell had selected them in Paris, and her taste was faultless.

Claire sat before the glass, but she was not looking at herself. The deft hands of the maid piled the fluffy light hair in puffs and waves upon her small, shapely head, and placed upon it the dark bonnet which brought out in perfection its pale golden gleams. Silently and rapidly she worked, asking no questions, but instinctively and artistically making the best and most of everything. When all was finished she stood for a moment contemplating her work.

"I hope that madame is satisfied," she said.

Claire had been absorbed in the thoughts which her mother's coming had awakened. Why should she not go back to Paris with her, and live there? Her mother had always fascinated her, and the memory of those short years of delight the two had spent together, came back to Claire's senses with seducing sweetness.

The sound of the maid's voice recalled her to the present. She glanced at the mirror, then leaned forward and looked critically at herself. It was a poor little glass—old Nancy's; but from it there looked an exquisite picture. The face was perhaps a little pale, the great dark eyes a little hard, but it was lovely, it would win admiration anywhere. She smiled at it; and when the expression of the mouth softened and the eyes grew limpid with pleasure, she added another word to the one that had expressed her thought—it would win love. She felt her power. For the first time in her life she realized herself a woman, by birthright a ruler over men's lives, born to subdue them by her beauty, her fascinations, and her knowledge of their weaknesses. She longed to begin her triumph.

When her mother drove up for her, she stepped into the carriage, caring nothing

that it was Van Ruger's carriage in which she was to be shown to all her acquaintances who might meet them on the road. She thought only of herself and her coming life, and no consciousness of Van Ruger troubled her plans for the future.

They drove for a little while, Mrs. Whitwell expressing the greatest delight in Claire's appearance. Her manner was caressing and tender; she seemed to be simply rejoiced to see her daughter's returning health, and to be with her.

"When do you return to Paris?" Claire asked abruptly. "I am going with you."

Her mother hesitated just an instant before she answered.

"That is most sweet in you," she said with smiling cordiality. "I shall love to have my little queen go with me. I have not quite decided when I will go; we have several things to do first. There are some friends of mine here, who came over with me. Van and I are planning to give them some pleasure, as soon as you are able to go with us. We wish to take them to the White Mountains and to some other places in this beautiful autumn weather. Then," she went on without giving Claire a chance to speak, "I am also arranging for the christening. Under the circumstances"—it was the first allusion which she had made to there being anything abnormal in their situation—"it will be wise to make of the christening a little fête, *n'est ce pas?* We are preparing it for a little surprise for you." She noticed, from the corner of her eye, that Claire was very pale, and that her lips were compressed as if she with difficulty restrained a cry. She did not pause. "I have done everything as you would have wished, and, my love, your gown is simply a dream. It is pale gold, just the color of your beautiful hair, and the train is of velvet, as becomes your new honors. The corsage is of satin and tulle; it is entrancing. The christening will be in the afternoon, as is most suitable, but we will have the house lighted by gas, because that is so much more effective. Van is having the conservatory prepared for the breakfast. There will be about a hundred people to sit down to the breakfast. It will be the most beautiful affair of the kind ever given here. The invitations are to go out for next week Thursday." She stopped to pat Claire's hand lovingly and to smile at her. "There is a secret," she added softly, "and I ought not to say anything about it, but Van has gotten for you the most magnificent rubies that I ever saw. He went to New York for them. There are earrings which are lovely, but the pendant! I have no words to describe it. Just one great, blazing ruby surrounded with tiny points of diamonds. It is a wonderful thing, and I am impatient to see it on your white throat, my darling."

"I will not wear it," burst from Claire. "How dare he get a present for me! I will have nothing to do with him, and he knows it perfectly well."

Her eyes were blazing, and her face expressed all the anger which she felt. Mrs. Whitwell laid her hand softly on Claire's, and only smiled at her, but the girl felt that she had committed a blunder, that in some way she had failed to live up to the social laws which governed her mother's every word and look. She sank back in her seat, moody and silent. Presently her mother began to talk of other things.

"I am most anxious," she said, "that you should meet my friends. They are Mme. Troubat and her brother, M. Jean Sievert. She is my dearest friend; indeed, we have been inseparable for more than a year. I met her at Spa, just after you had left me, and she consoled me in my loneliness. I am sure you will find her charming and sympathetic. Her brother also is delightful. He has one of those perfect natures that are, I think, peculiar to Frenchmen; he wins your friendship at once by his frank kindness to you and his delicate understanding of you, while he is always so absolutely *maître de soi* that you have no fears, simply confidence."

Claire looked inquiringly at her mother. Could it be that she herself was fascinated by this man? There was nothing to indicate it as she proceeded.

"Mme. Troubat and I had made all our arrangements to come over together. The night before we sailed, Jean, who was dining with us, announced that he would accompany us. We expressed at once our delight and our surprise at the unexpected pleasure. 'Why this sudden resolution?' his sister asked. 'I don't know,' he replied; 'I feel strongly drawn to the other side of the water. I don't know what it is unless, perhaps, *les beaux yeux* of madame's daughter.' He was standing under your portrait, which hangs in the dining room, you remember, and of course it was only one of his gallant speeches. Still, he is most anxious to meet you, as is also Mme. Troubat."

When they arrived at the lodge again, Mrs. Whitwell went in for a little while. She waited until Claire's wraps were removed and the maid had left the room; then

she drew her chair close to the lounge where her daughter lay.

"Let us understand each other, Claire," she said.

In broken sentences Claire began her story, but even to herself it seemed very different in the light of those clear, worldly eyes of her mother. The bare outlines of facts she told, but the shame and self abasement, the fierce anger against fate, and the passion of revolt, all these it was impossible to reveal in that cold, judicial presence. When she paused, her mother smiled icily if indulgently.

"Fie!" she said. "I did not think you could be so childish. It seems to me that you have absolutely nothing to complain of. Van has been always perfectly courteous and polite to you. He is liberal to a fault, and if not always thoughtful in arranging pleasures for you, he has but to have them suggested to be enthusiastic with regard to them. What more do you want? For these other things, of which you seem to have made a bugbear, they are simply a part of life, common to all the world; and I must tell you, my dear, it is a part of life with which you have nothing to do. It is not becoming in you to concern yourself with questions in regard to matters in your husband's life which are outside of yours. Ignorance of them is so desirable that I should greatly have hoped that you might have had the delicacy to feign it even if you did not possess it. It seems to me that you have everything that heart can desire, and I fear that you have been in danger of being ungrateful, if not unwomanly. Let us forget all these things, and look at the situation fairly. On the one hand is a lovely home, life in the world, with charming friends to admire and amuse you, and all the countless joys and pleasures of society, with a husband who only asks that you accept with complacence the universal lot of women. You look surprised, but it *is* universal, no matter how it is accepted. On the other hand what have you before you? A lonely life in this *triste* old house"—she shuddered, recalling her own experiences there—"simply to let the days go by from youth to age; nothing more. Think of it, and do not make a false step now. Van has taken every precaution, and no one even suspects that all is not well. It is impossible to estimate too highly his delicacy in the unfortunate circumstances in which he found himself. It only remains now for you to do your duty in a womanly way." She leaned over and kissed the girl's cold face. "Tell me that I may take you home tomorrow."

Claire was silent. She thoroughly understood the pressure that was brought to bear on her. A great chill fell on her as she realized that her mother meant her to understand that she could not go to Paris with her as a woman separated from her husband. It seemed to her to be the very acme of injustice, in view of her mother's own life, but she also knew that it would be vain to appeal against it, that the decision which she made now was the final one.

Still she hesitated. The vision of her own face, as she had seen it in the glass, came back to her. It seemed like Satan's "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." She shuddered and still hesitated. The blood rushed to her pale face, tingeing with its color even her ears, and then sweeping back, to leave her painfully white. She raised herself upon her elbow, and her black eyes looked straight into her mother's.

"I will go back to the house," she said, "and to everything; but"—— the words were hard to say—"it must be understood, entirely understood, that I will have my own apartments quite to myself."

She knew that appearances were what Van Ruger cared for most in the world. This was also understood by Mrs. Whitwell. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"*Ça va s'arranger*," she said.

X.

Out of doors the day was exquisite. The great sea outside the harbor lay sleeping, wrapped in the fleecy mists of the Indian summer. Its gentle breath served only to stir softly the yellow leaves that floated silently down from the great trees on the avenue. Everywhere the mellow October sunshine flooded earth and sky with the glory of a benediction. It was as if summer, already parted, turned once more to look with love upon her erstwhile home, to ask pardon for past pain, to recall lingeringly past joys, and to breathe tenderly, "Farewell."

Farewell, farewell, a word which hath been
and must be,
A word which makes us linger, yet farewell.

It was high noon, and the horses' feet scattered the leaves to right and left as carriage after carriage drew up in front of the Blethen mansion and deposited at the door its burden of well dressed men and women. They entered from the golden glory without, and for a moment the interior seemed lost in gloom; then, as their eyes became accustomed to the subdued light,

they saw the long parlors arranged with seats on each side, leaving a broad aisle in the center, which led to a dais, slightly raised from the floor. On the front of the dais stood a small table, upon which was a silver bowl wreathed in maidenhair fern. Behind the dais was a semicircle of palms; everywhere the walls were hung with smilax, and shaded by the green wreaths were rose colored lights, which filled the rooms with soft radiance, while from somewhere behind the palms came a faint odor of burning incense.

A little to one side of the dais stood a beautiful chair, upholstered in pale golden brocade.

The guests seated themselves, indulging in expectant whisperings, while they noted the details of the preparations. The invitations to which they were responding had read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. P. VAN RUGER BLETHEN
Request the Honor of Your Presence at the
CHRISTENING
Of Their Son,
WHITWELL VAN RUGER BLETHEN,
October 10, 18—.

Softly, as if heard from a distance, came the sound of music, a piano and strings; then a door opened, and a sweet, high soprano voice, a child's voice, began to sing:

"And they brought young children to Him that He should bless them.

"And His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them,

"'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Suddenly a whole choir of voices joined: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

Now the sounds came nearer, as the procession passed slowly through the hall. Into the parlor and down the aisle came the boy choir of the church of St. Mary the Virgin. They walked two by two, each carrying in his outer hand a tall stem of St. Joseph lilies. Their sweet treble thrilled the air with tenderness and pathos.

"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

"Now, this little one receiving,
Fold him in Thy gracious arm;
There—we know, Thy word believing—
Only there secure from harm."

Following them came the rector; then Nancy, in a black silk dress and long apron of sheerest lawn, bore in her arms the tiny being in whose honor the fête was celebrated. Next, Mrs. Whitwell, who was to be godmother, leaned on the arm of the happy father; and M. Jean Sievert, the godfather, brought up the rear.

When all was ready for the solemn vows, Claire was seen seated in the golden chair, beside the dais. Her fluffy golden hair rested against the paler brocade; the rich folds of her gown wrapped her in an oriental splendor. Her eyes were cast down, and her clear, pale face seemed as if it might have been carved out of ivory. It was a marvelous picture, gold upon gold, pale, rich, and rare. Like a sign and seal, upon her white throat blazed the blood red ruby.

As the ceremony proceeded she looked up, and, apparently oblivious of what was passing, let her gaze wander from one to another of her guests. If it had chanced that any among them had had eyes to see, what revelations they might have found in her grave, melancholy glance!

The clergyman raised his hand, and all rose to receive the benediction. The well instructed Nancy, who had already taken the child, led the procession from the room. She was followed by the children, who sang triumphantly, as they passed out:

Children of the Heavenly King
As we journey let us sing.

Mrs. Whitwell took her place beside Claire to receive their guests, and Van Ruger offered his arm to one of them and led the way to the breakfast room.

The rector of St. Mary the Virgin prided himself upon the fact that he was never at a loss as to what he ought to do. He could be all things to all men. He was very high church, and of course very exacting in the matter of externals, which he was fond of calling the "signs of inward grace." The last dreamy strains of one of Chopin's waltzes were slowly dying on the strings of the violins when, in obedience to the demands of duty, he rose to his feet. In his hand he held an exquisite goblet, in which the amber wine quivered like a spirit in unrest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the most beautiful moments of life are in their very nature so intimate and so sacred that it is seldom possible to share them with our friends. Therefore when, as on this most happy occasion, the innermost shrine of a home is opened, and we are permitted to draw near, we do so with joyful fear, wishing indeed to remove the shoes from our

feet, which are standing on holy ground. Naturally, in viewing such a scene as the one which we have just witnessed, in such a home, made lovely and perfect by all that intelligence and wealth can bring to its service, our thoughts turn to the one who is always the central and essential part of home. I have searched in my storehouse of words for some name which should embody in itself all her manifold manifestations, but I have not found such a one. I therefore add to the time honored toast the one word demanded by this time.

"Some of us know how much more precious is the wife than can be the dearest sweetheart, and in our truest moments we all realize what ineffable glory and worship crowns the name of 'Mother,' highest, dearest, and best in this ever blessed trinity of womanhood."

He raised his glass to his lips, saying, "Sweethearts, Wives, and Mothers." The men drank the toast standing, and Van Ruger returned thanks gracefully, in a manner which entirely satisfied Mrs. Whitwell. It is not possible to say more.

The sun was disappearing when the guests began to make their adieux.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Whitwell, this has been quite the loveliest christening that I ever saw. It was simply perfect in every detail; and dear Claire is looking *so* well and *so* happy."

"Yes, indeed. It almost makes one sick with envy to see the dear girl. She has everything, quite everything in the world. I should think she would feel like doing something to propitiate the evil genius, don't you know? I should be almost afraid to be so perfectly happy."

"I was just thinking the same thing. It doesn't seem quite right that one person should have every blessing—such a home and such a husband, and be so beautiful too. And now a lovely baby added to all the rest!"

And so on and on until the last one was gone.

Claire had endured the day with the heroism which is an absolutely necessary part of a society woman's equipment, but the strain had been terrible, and her strength was almost gone when relief came.

"Will you drink this? You are exhausted, you have eaten nothing."

Jean Sievert stood beside her, handing her a tiny glass of liqueur. She drank it, and handed the glass to him again.

"Thank you. It is most kind in you to drink it. It will do you good."

The words were nothing, but the tones and manner were much. She raised her eyes to his, and saw that he knew; that he alone of all the vapid crowd understood that she was alone and desolate and wretched. He knew it and he cared; not with pity, but with something akin to it, only more kind, more sweet. With a quick movement of her head she turned her eyes away from his, but she knew that she was alone no longer.

Up stairs, in the sunny nursery, old Nancy had taken off and put away the costly finery that had served to decorate the fête; the baby in its simple muslin slip lay on her lap. She sat near the window, and the level rays of the setting sun played softly and lovingly on the face and hands of the sleeping child. Some idea or feeling of the simplicity and bounty of God's gifts passed through her mind. She bent over and whispered, "The blessed Lord love ye and keep ye, my lamb."

XI.

WHILE all these events, so important to her, were happening in the East, away on the shore of the Pacific the days were bringing lessons of pain to Sara. At first she received notes and letters constantly from Robert. While he was on the way home each train that he passed took a message to his love. Then suddenly, as if the sun should go out in mid heavens, all ceased. For a day or two she waited without great impatience; then there began to grow in her heart a sense of coming trouble. She did not doubt Robert for an instant; it would almost be more true to say that she did not even *trust* him, because her love for him was so perfect, so all pervading, that there was no room for anything but simple love.

The days passed, and while she answered the anxious looks of her aunt and cousin with shadowy smiles, dark circles grew under her eyes and her step lost its lightness. Mrs. Towers watched her with a mother's care, and sometimes there seemed to be more of tender pity in her regard than the case called for.

One day Margaret came in from the post office and handed her mother a letter. Mrs. Towers rose instantly and went out of the room. Coming back in a moment she went to Sara, and, putting her hand quietly on the girl's shoulder, stooped over and kissed her.

"Be strong and brave now, dear," she said. "There is a letter for you in your own room."

Sara saw that her aunt's eyes were wet, and she rose silently and went to her room.

There she found Robert's letter—a poor little letter, written in pencil, and telling its tale almost as plainly on the outside as in its contents. She opened and stared at it. The words swam before her, and her heart throbbed so that she could not hold the paper still. She shut her eyes; then, saying to herself, "At any rate, it is his writing," she pressed it to her lips and read it through.

As she read, slowly she slipped from her chair down to the floor; the veins in her throat began to swell, her breath to come hard and rasping through her teeth. "It cannot be, it cannot!" she moaned. Then suddenly she sprang up, seized the letter and read it again. She walked rapidly up and down the room, the blood came back to her lips and the light to her eyes, but no tears moistened them. "He is not dead, not yet," she said. "He shall not die, I will save him."

She sat down and began to write rapidly.

Robert, my love, I am coming to you, at once. I shall start tomorrow, and when this reaches you I shall be almost there. It cannot be as bad as you think; it cannot, and you cannot give me up. You said that *nothing* could now come to divide us and make two lives of our united life. You said so, darling, and I have taken it into my very soul. You cannot give me back my life; it is yours, and I am strong, so strong. I will give you my strength. I will give you my life; I will cure you; I can. Oh, Robert, do not die before I can come to save you. I am coming——

She had written so far when there came a gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Towers opened it and entered. Sara looked up and met her aunt's loving eyes. The strain relaxed; she threw herself into the arms that were outstretched toward her.

"Oh, auntie, he is ill, he says he is dying!"

She burst into a fearful sobbing and moaning. For a long time she wept unrestrainedly, Mrs. Towers thanking God that she could weep. By and by, when the first passion of her grief was hushed, she looked up imploringly to her aunt.

"It is not so bad as he thinks; he cannot be so very ill in so short a time, and people can always be cured at first. Don't you think so? Oh, auntie, tell me that you think Robert will not die!"

Mrs. Towers said everything to comfort her that she could think of.

"Were you writing when I came in?" she asked.

"Yes, I was telling him that I will go to him at once. I will go tomorrow. You will help me, auntie?"

Mrs. Towers drew the girl to her and held her close for a few minutes, as if she found it difficult to reply.

"Sara, my dear child, I have tried to be a mother to you ever since you were a baby; now if I should ask you to do a very hard thing for me, would you try?"

Sara became suddenly very pale.

"Not to give up going to Robert? You would not ask me to do that?"

"No, not to give it up, but to wait for your father's letter." She hesitated for a moment, then added, "I even think it probable that he will come himself instead of writing, and I do not want you to be gone if he should come. It will only be for a little while—a week or so—and I beg you to wait, my darling."

Something solemn and strange in her aunt's manner impressed Sara with the importance of her request. She sat quite still, with compressed lips, restraining all expression of the conflict that raged within her.

"I will wait for the next steamer from Japan," she finally said. "If he does not come and I do not get a letter by that steamer, you will not ask me to wait longer, because I cannot."

Mrs. Towers consented to this arrangement, and from her heart she prayed that Sara's father would come.

Sara spent the days that followed in writing to Robert. She wrote long letters, trying to cheer him and to take from his mind the fatal hopelessness that she found in his letter.

The summer visitors had almost all gone from Santa Cruz. The beach was deserted; the heavy fogs of autumn rolled in and shut out the water, making the whole scene one hopeless gray. The dreariness suited Sara's moods. Each day, when she had written her letter to Robert, she went out and walked for hours on the wet sand or along the cliffs which stretched to the north. When the afternoon light faded she came in, and, going straight to her own room, went at once to bed. She could not endure the presence of even her aunt and cousin. Usually she slept a little while, from sheer exhaustion, then woke. "Her heart made moan, before she was well awake." Then for the long hours of the night she sat up, listening, watching, praying in all the ungovernable agony of youth. Sometimes her aunt, coming softly to her door, heard choking sobs, half smothered in the pillow. Slipping into the room Mrs. Towers would lie down beside the girl, and, drawing the restless head to her own breast, would

try with fond words and tender kisses to comfort her.

One day Sara sat alone on the beach. Not even a fisherman was in sight. Around her the fog folded close; in front of her was a little stretch of sand, and from out the thick vapor, in constant succession, huge dark masses of water rose and came suddenly into sight. Piling themselves higher and higher into mountains of indistinct green, they rushed forward and broke in foam at her feet. For hours she watched these mysterious rollers of the great ocean dash themselves to pieces on the sand. They fascinated her; they seemed symbolical of life in its sudden uplifting and its terrible overthrow. She lost the hope that had sustained her. It seemed to be borne in upon her mind that Robert would die. With this despair came the fear that she would be too late to see him, that perhaps it was already too late.

Moved by a sudden impulse she rose and went down to the post office. She said to herself, "If the letter has not come today I cannot wait." She seemed to know that it had come, and took quite as a matter of course the package bearing the Japanese postmark which the postmaster handed her. She walked rapidly back to the cottage. She had no concern as to the contents of the package, did not even wonder why it was in this shape instead of being a letter. The only thought in her mind was that now she would go to Robert.

Entering her room she threw her hat and gossamer upon a chair, then lit the candles on her dressing table, and sat down. Her heavy hair was damp with the fog; she pushed it back from her face and leaned for a moment on her elbows, looking at her own face in the glass. It was pale and sad, but she smiled at it. "Tomorrow we will start," she said.

Then she untied the package. There were several wrappers, and at last a small tin box, carefully tied and sealed. She opened it, and found lying on the top a letter in her father's handwriting. Beneath it was something wrapped in many folds of tissue paper. Unrolling this, she found a small miniature. She started when she first saw it, almost thinking that it was a picture of herself. Looking more closely at it she discovered subtle differences, and realized that it must be her dead mother's portrait.

It was a sweet young face smiling at her; a dear, loving, and lovable face. She had always been told that her mother had been beautiful, but her aunt had no picture of her, and until now Sara had never seen one. Now she gazed at this, and her thought was that her father had sent it to her as a betrothal gift. It was as if he had said, "Your mother would have wished to send you some token now;" and for the first time in her life she had a strong realization of her mother as something real to herself. Her heart went out in love for the young mother who had died so long ago, and she wondered if in her distant home she knew and pitied the agony and suffering of her child. She kissed the picture; then, with the instinct which lives in us all, she whispered, "Dear mother, if you can, help Robert to get well." She laid it down where she could see the face; then opened her father's letter.

My child, the hour has come; the cup which I have prayed to be spared is pressed to my lips, and I must drink it. It is my Gethsemane; but below and beyond my own pain is the most terrible question, what will it be to you? I do not know you. I have tried to make you strong. Are you so? I have tried that you should be self reliant and brave. God grant that you are! I have also hoped against hope that your life would be absorbed in art or science or work of some kind, and that this day might never come. It had seemed to me that fate might be propitiated by the sacrifice of my whole life, and might spare yours. But it has come, and now, daughter, I bid you bring every strength of mind and body to your aid and bear the burden which life lays upon you.

I send you your mother's portrait. It has lain on my heart for more than twenty years, and I send it to you because the time has come when you must hear her story and mine, which is also yours.

She was twenty years old when I first saw and loved her; for I loved her from the instant that I saw her. I wooed and won her, and in six months I was her husband. There are no words to tell how blessed we were, for she also loved as I did. We went abroad, not so much to see what there was in foreign countries, but that being among strangers we might be more alone together. For one year life was perfect; then, for there was promise of a new life coming to ours, we went slowly back to our home in Oakland.

Her joy in her new hopes was great, and I shared it because it was hers. I had not felt the need of children, my happiness was complete in her. About three months before her confinement there came a sudden change in her. She grew melancholy, then morbid, and I could not hide from myself the nature of her malady. I consulted the best specialists on nervous disorders. They said these symptoms were not unusual, and not especially alarming under the existing circumstances, and bade me hope that all would be well. We tended her with unceasing care and devotion, but she grew worse, and finally, to my unspeakable

grief, she showed such excitement and fear on seeing me that the doctor forbade me to go into her room. At night I waited until the nurse came to tell me that she slept, then went and sat beside her bed and watched her beloved form.

One thing, above all others, roused in her either terror or anger. If she found anything that had been prepared for the child she had expected with so much joy, she instantly destroyed it. Matters stood in this way when the day, longed for and dreaded, came, and you were born.

Can you, now that you are a woman, put yourself in my place, and realize with what agony I prayed that she might be given back to me well, or have rest in death?

She lived, and from day to day the doctor put me off. "Not yet"—eternally "Not yet." He said I must have "patience." One day I sat in my own room, the door open, sadly watching the door of her room. The nurse passed out, stopping a moment to tell me that her patient was asleep. I still sat there, my eyes fixed on the door, when I heard a stealthy step within the room. Instantly I opened the door. She stood, in her long white gown, in front of the fire. She was laughing horribly. A smell of burning wool filled the air. I glanced at the crib; it was empty; then at the fire, and, rushing forward, I seized the blanket in which you were rolled and snatched you from it. I had only time to throw you into the crib—unhurt, thank God!—when, with a shriek which rang in my ears for many years, she sprang upon me. Before the nurse returned and help could be gotten, I had received an injury which deprived me of one eye and left me disfigured for life.

You were at once sent to your aunt, in whose house you have since then found your home. After many efforts to have my darling rightly cared for at home, I was driven to take her to the Napa asylum. The doctor there asked me if this malady was in her blood, if others of her family had been insane. I did not know, and I am sure that she had never known. When I had made inquiries, the facts confirmed our worst fears. The doctors pronounced her incurable.

Still I hoped, and I spent the next two years in Napa, near the asylum, waiting, waiting, and hoping that some day she would open her sweet eyes and know me. Even this was denied me; only when the end was coming, and she grew very weak, they let me go and sit beside her. She did not know me, but it was my hand that gave her food and drink and closed her eyes at last.

Then I turned my back on my country, and hid myself and my misery from all who had known me. For you, my one care was that you should grow up healthy in mind and body; and, as you know, I hoped that you would never wish to marry. You will understand now that marriage for you would be a crime, and by the memory of your unhappy mother, and equally unhappy father, *I forbid you to think of it.*

Do not give way to despair. If I seem to have written coldly, do not think that I feel coldly. I write the plain facts, for they cannot be made other than they are; but now, dearest child, you know why I have lived a stranger to you and to my own country. I have longed for you, but I hoped that you need never know the tragedy of your birth, and so I have stifled that longing. Now, will you come to me? Dearest child of my love, will you come and let my hungry eye see again one of my own? Or shall I come to you? At one word from you I will hasten, only it seems to me better that you should come to me. Come, weep your tears in my arms, and find some balm for your pain in bringing comfort to your devoted, loving father.

Sara's teeth chattered as with great cold while she read. When she had reached the end of the letter she sat quite still, bending forward a little and shaking. Her whole world had gone from her and left her alone, without support. She was powerless to move. Slowly a strong and terrible feeling came over her—a feeling that she had always known this thing, that all through her gay and thoughtless childhood she had been well aware of this ghastly enemy waiting somewhere beside her path. It did not enter her mind to rouse herself and give him battle. After a little she spoke aloud.

"I am glad that Robert is dying," she said.

The sound of her own voice frightened her. She glanced stealthily around, then up at the glass before her. Great God! What was this creature staring at her? For a moment she thought it was her mother, escaped from the asylum and come to claim her; then she saw that it was the reflection of her own wild eyes and haggard face. "No, no," she said. "Not yet, not yet."

She moved away so that she could not see the glass, and sat still again, thinking. Then she put her hand upon the miniature, and, without looking at it, rolled it up in the papers again. She folded the letter and wrote on the last page, "You were right to give me up, Robert." Then she put them both into an envelope and addressed it to Robert. She blew the candles out, moved softly across the room, and stole out into the foggy night. She put nothing around her, and did not notice that the fog was like rain. At the door of the hotel was a post box into which she put the package; then she hurried on.

The streets were deserted, no one saw her, and her aunt and cousin, not knowing that she had received the letter, thought her resting and did not go to her room. She did not pause for an instant, but went over the bridge around to the cliff road,

and on to the lighthouse. As she passed the lime wharf she wrung her hands and moaned, but did not stop.

At the point where the bay meets the ocean, the high cliff turns almost at a right angle. Sometimes, at this spot, the waves roll up in mighty breakers and dash themselves into the air in clouds of spray; then rush out again, swirling round and round in a vortex which the strongest swimmer could not withstand for an instant. At other times the rollers take another direction, and, coming in straight from the ocean, sweep along at right angles to the shore. Then they follow each other in foam crested waves.

The tide was running in, and was almost at the full when Sara reached the point at the extreme limit of the bay. She did not hesitate; her mind was made up. She was conscious only of a terrible pain in her head, and of the imperative necessity of doing this thing before she lost the self control that enabled her to accomplish it. She walked straight to the point, and, holding her hands high to heaven, threw herself off.

As she fell, a great mass of water passed solemnly on its irresistible way into the bay. It caught her, and, folding itself around her, bore her onward. The sharp shock of the cold water woke her as from a dream. In the flash of a lightning stroke she came to herself. She realized what she had done; all her cruelty to Robert, all the despair and disappointment of her father surged through her brain. She understood the cowardice and shame of her act. She was too good a swimmer, too superbly well and strong, to drown in any ordinary water, and before she had time to *think*, she was swimming steadily.

It was a long way to any safe landing place, and when reason had come to the aid of instinct she saved herself by resting at times on the water, then swimming slowly with the tide. Her light summer gown troubled her little, and by and by she saw the long, dark wharf in front of her. She felt her way to the fisherman's stairs, and, climbing up, soon stood beside the same coil of ropes on which Robert had sat to watch the sunrise. She fell down upon it and wept long and bitterly; yet she thanked God that she had not succeeded in killing herself. It seemed to her now that nothing which could come to her could be so terrible as this which she had almost accomplished, and which she knew, if she had accomplished it, would have filled Robert's few last days with pain and suffering. Then she remembered her father, his long years of exile and loneliness, and groaned to think how nearly she had made of no avail all his teaching and his self sacrifice. "Be strong, be well." How often he had written these words to her, and at the first need for them she had thrown them to the winds.

She rose at last and went home. She was broken hearted, but she knew what she had to do, and she was *strong and well*. She went in and slipped her wet clothes off; then, wrapping herself in a warm gown, she sat down and gazed calmly and steadily at herself in the glass. The great melancholy eyes looked patiently and bravely at her.

"We cannot go to Robert," she said, "but we will go to father and try to comfort him, and"—she bent a little forward, still looking steadily into the watching eyes—"and we will never, never let go the reins again."

There was faithful promise in the strong, self reliant face.

XII.

ABOVE, a dome of blue darkening toward the zenith; all around a heaving plain of gray green waters; at the far south a few downy clouds piled up into the semblance of mountains. The solitude is absolute. Here is no stretch of shore with headland and beach to put a bound to the measureless march of the waves. They are utterly unrestrained. Here no mountain clasps hand with mountain to say to the winds, "Turn back." They meet with no opposition.

So it is that in this vast playground the forces of nature sometimes seem to grow sluggish, as if they found nothing worthy of their efforts. The great calm swells follow one another in monotonous succession. The playful winds ruffle the surface of the waves, then fly away to fan the fleecy clouds into shreds and streamers.

This ocean knows nothing of the land, but sometimes, from far away, where the great continent gasps under the throbbing sun, there blows a fierce, hot wind. The sea feels its coming and mutters sullenly; then, as if refusing to receive even a message from the land, it gathers itself together and wages war against it. Then is heard the roar of deep calling unto deep, mingled with the shrieks of the wind warriors. But whether in sleepy peacefulness or in wild warfare, there is nothing here but the elements of air and water. Man has not placed his brand upon the vast plain; no smoke from giant chimneys

blackens its shining surface with the signs of toil; no sewers vomit the refuse of cities into its uncontaminated depths. It laughs and frowns, plays idly with the summer wind, and dashes its foam to heaven when its waves meet in anger, all unconscious of man and his world; of palaces and fetid prisons; of hot, dark forges where amid the roar of mighty furnaces the stubborn iron gives up its will and stretches itself out in long serpents of fire, obedient to its master; of crowded workshops where men, women, and little children spend all their days in labor which gives them only daily bread and strength to toil again.

One would say this part of the world had nothing to do with that—that smoky, toiling, greedy world, so full of care and wrong and pain—this free, irresponsible waste of air and water. Yet the earth is a little globe. The morning sun tinges this lonely horizon and wakes to laughter these foam crested waves before the last light of day has faded in the west to the world weary eyes that have forgotten how to joy in its brightness. Who can know that the quiet, resistless march of ages will not bring these ends of the earth together?

Down in these depths, undisturbed by any commotion on the surface, myriads of tiny creatures are toiling. Slowly but surely they build walls, which in time will be reefs, will be islands, will grow through countless years into continents whose snowy mountain tops will gather the moisture from the air and send soft rains to refresh its smiling valleys; whose spreading forests will creep down to the shores of sweet inland seas. By and by, where now these green waves roll, every sound of life and joy and love will resound.

Out in that other world, the world of men, are also many laborers. They have brave hearts and ready hands. In the dark places of the great cities, in the cruel, blood stained countries of man's earth, man the deliverer is reaching out to his brother men. Across chasms rent by years of wrong and oppression, hand clasps hand; the poor are learning the griefs and sorrows of the rich and have compassion, the rich are learning the nobility of the poor and have respect; and in all lands men are coming to know themselves, and the inherent, absolute laws that control their being. Here and there are those who live according to those laws, actually and truly according to them and by them; and in these rare and possibly isolated places there is growing up a race which will inherit the earth.

We cannot know when it will be, but just as surely as the reef, upon which the coral insect builds, will appear above the surface of the water, so surely that emancipated race will come. It will be, in its freedom, akin to the waves, in its truth and majesty akin to the heavens; and it may be that on the unpolluted soil of that new continent there will at last be true human happiness.

* * * *

It was March, and the day was pleasantly warm and balmy. Over the quiet southern sea the barkentine Santa Mariana glided leisurely along. The breeze was merry and gay; it sang little songs in the rigging, and made rippling laughs along the tops of the solemn swells.

Robert and Dr. Richards sat under an awning which the doctor had rigged up for them—Robert reading, the doctor hard at work on a knotty chess problem. The days had passed into weeks and months since they had left Panama, on the Mariana, bound indefinitely for a cruise among the South Sea Islands, and then for Sydney. Dr. Richards had considered that they were fortunate to have found the barkentine, because she was new and seaworthy, had a hearty, wholesome captain, and was bound to be for some months in a climate that would do much for his patient. Besides themselves, the only passengers were a missionary's wife and daughter. They were returning to their island home from a visit to their relatives in England.

As Robert changed by slow degrees from a sick man to one who was convalescent and only delicate, the two young men had naturally fallen into the relation of fellow travelers rather than that of doctor and patient. They used all of their resources to make the long, monotonous days agreeable; played endless games of chess, and talked still more endlessly. They were well matched in intellect, each ready to find the truth and also ready to follow wherever it should lead when found. They were well matched in chess, of which both were fond, and victory perched now on one side, now on the other. The last game had resulted in checkmate for the doctor, and he had arranged the board again as it had been before the last few moves, and was going over and over the fatal ending, his eyes intent and brow knitted.

Forward, in the west, the sun was settling toward the horizon, and the lights began to pour their colors over the sea and sky as they have no power to do on a broken landscape. Robert went aft and leaned over the side of the ship, watching them at their work. Presently he drew himself up

and filled his lungs with the warm, salt air. The unchanging life of these days had silenced his self consciousness. A man must be with other men, and obliged to make constant comparisons, in order to keep an active sense of his own condition. Now, as Robert stood with his shoulders back, drinking delicious drafts of the balmy, life giving air, it suddenly came to him that he was much better and stronger than he had ever thought to be again. He examined himself critically for a moment, and as he did so he remembered how a few months before he had been brought upon the steamer a dying man. Simultaneously with this memory came a thought of a fellow passenger on the steamer; a woman whom he had noticed because she also had been brought on board in an invalid's chair. He had not thought at the time that he noticed her particularly, but now he recalled her face perfectly. He walked back to the awning where the doctor sat.

"John, do you remember the woman who was brought on board the steamer almost at the same time that I was?"

"Yes, I remember her very well. I was called in to see her several times on the way down. She was going to her home in San Francisco."

Robert looked thoughtfully at John for a minute.

"Did she have consumption?" he asked.

"No, at least not pulmonary consumption. She is the victim of one of the unanswered problems of modern society, or rather of one of the wrong answers; a kind of martyr to what I call a false morality. I do not know what you would call it."

"What is the problem, and what was this answer?"

"The problem is one which confronts most young married men and women in the present time, and can be stated in this way. A and B wish to marry. A's business is sufficient to warrant him in the conclusion that he can support himself and wife in comfort. They marry. At the end of the first year C is born. The sickness and other expenses attendant upon his arrival have made large calls upon A's surplus funds; still, he can manage. In less than two years more, D puts in an appearance. There are more expenses, more sickness, and life begins to look very serious to A. This goes on for a longer or shorter period, but any one can see that the limit is soon reached. If B goes on having children, the time is not far distant when A cannot support them at all, to say nothing of supporting them in comfort. The problem, then, which all those people have to meet is 'What is to be done about it?' Some of them find one answer, some another, according as they are governed by superstition, knowledge, passion, or anything else."

"How do you mean 'by superstition'?" Robert asked.

"It is a most remarkable fact that the most religious people often adopt the methods which to the scientific mind are most absolutely wrong. For instance, this woman of whom you were just speaking. I had a very plain talk with her. I told her that she could not pursue the course which I found she had taken, and live any number of years. She was weak and hysterical, and cried, saying that all she wanted was to make her husband happy. As if a man could be happy living with a nervous, broken down woman who cries half of the time!"

Robert was determined to get to the bottom of John's idea.

"Did you help her to solve her problem?" he asked.

The doctor shut the chessmen up in their box, stretched himself back in his chair, put his hands into his pockets, and looked straight into Robert's eyes.

"Yes, I did. I gave her the only solution that I know of," he answered. "And it is one that doesn't exactly fit in with conventional ideas of propriety. Doctors cannot accept convention as the well spring of truth and wisdom. What we have to do is to study human nature as we find it, and discover from itself the laws that govern it."

"Human nature as we find it is not natural, but fallen," said Robert.

John laughed.

"That is a theological term which we do not know."

Robert got up and began to walk up and down the deck. His loyal love for his human brothers and sisters forbade him to look upon the one as the hopeless slave of his own passions, and the other as merely the minister of those passions, whether as wife or mistress. Yet he could not deny to himself that the whole world seemed to groan under the misery of the existing relation between man and woman. His love for Sara had lifted him up into a higher and nobler world than the one of sense. He worshiped her with his soul far more than with his body, and her body was to him as something sacred to the glorious end for which it had been created. It was for this reason that he had with firm hand put away from himself the temptation to let her come to him, to have

for the short life remaining to him the blessedness of her companionship. He knew that marriage with him would rob her children of their birthright—the right to be born well and strong.

Now as he paced the deck a terrible depression was upon him. He thought of Claire Blethen's almost mad invectives against fate, and of John's philosophy, which seemed to him to mock the whole world's woe. The doctor had said, "We must discover from human nature itself the laws which govern it." This brought to Robert's mind the familiar words of the old Hebrew singer, "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." He paused beside the railing and looked out over the sea.

"What is the 'law of the Lord' about this matter?" he asked.

On the edge of the horizon the last red arc of the sun was resting. It sank slowly into the water, and in the deep night blue of the sky the stars shone out suddenly. Down in the cabin the missionary's daughter was singing:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

The doctor called to him to come in out of the night air, and he went down, saying to himself, "We are indeed 'pilgrims of the night,' but the light must be there, in the 'law of the Lord,' if we can only find it."

XIII.

ROBERT rose late the next morning, having fallen asleep at daybreak after a night of earnest thought. While he was dressing he was impressed with the feeling that something out of the ordinary was going on. The usual quiet of the ship was gone, and instead there was a thrill of expectancy in the air. When he stepped out on the deck he saw John, with the captain and several others, examining something with the captain's glass. He looked in the same direction as that in which the glass was pointed, and thought he could see something like a faint cloud resting on the horizon.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is land," John answered gaily. "That is one of the Samoan Islands. It has been in sight from the mast head since sunrise, and I have been up in the rigging looking at it. What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" he added, as, turning to look at Robert, he recognized his not very satisfactory appearance.

The doctor insisted that they should go below at once. He made a thorough examination of Robert's lungs and general condition.

"I do not understand why you look so badly this morning," he said when he had finished.

"I have not slept much," Robert explained, "but I do not feel ill, only tired."

The doctor turned away, dissatisfied. He had been both happy and proud in the steady improvement of his patient; and being rather dramatic in his temperament, he had planned a little scene which he intended to arrange on their arrival in Sydney, in which he, assuming for the moment Robert's clerical manner, should say to him, "The sins of thy body are forgiven; go and sin no more." Today he did not feel so confident.

Dr. Richards spent most of the day watching the barkentine's gradual approach to the land. When afternoon was merging into evening, he went down into the cabin, where he found Robert seated, writing, while page upon page of manuscript lay on the table beside him.

"Hello! What is all this?" he exclaimed.

"It is my answer to your problem," Robert said. "I have found one which suits me better than yours does, and I am writing it all out. It is of no use for you to shake your head," he continued, "because I must do it. Last night I found that there may be a good and perfect use for even the end of my broken life. I have made my plan." He laid down his pen and held his hand out to the doctor. "You have been very good to me, and now I am as well as I ever shall be, and have no right to keep you from those who need you. I shall miss you sadly, of course, but I am glad that since the time is near for you to go back to your work, there has come to me an absorbing occupation for the remainder of my life. I have a message for my brothers and sisters; I cannot preach to them from a pulpit, but I will write it to them. It seems to me best that I should remain in Apia, and that you should take the first opportunity to go back to the world where you belong."

John had not arranged this, and was not pleased with the plan.

"How much writing is it your purpose to do?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," Robert answered. "The subject grows with wonderful rapidity to my mind. I shall write in the form of sermons, that being rather a natural method for me to use. When I have something finished, I will send it to my friend in Boston.

He is an editor, you know, and a publisher as well. I will consult with him as to the best way of offering what I have to say to the public. Meanwhile, I will write as constantly as possible, to lose no time."

"May I inquire how long you expect to live?" John asked.

Robert looked at him with earnest, questioning eyes.

"I don't know. About how long do you think?"

"Well," said the doctor, "you are about twenty seven now, I believe. That leaves forty three years before you will attain to the allotted three score and ten years of man; and if by reason of any great tenacity of life you should hold out to four score, it will be fifty three years. You are as likely to do it as any one."

Seeing the emotion on Robert's face, he made haste to change his tone.

"Seriously, my dear fellow, there is nothing whatever the matter with you that need shorten your life. I do not say that you are a strong man, or will probably ever be strong. You are not. You will have to live in a good climate; may have to change the climate occasionally; you will have to obey the laws of health rigidly, but granting that you do these things your life is as secure as any one's. If I were examiner for a life insurance company, I would take you at the usual rates."

Robert had been perfectly motionless while the doctor gave his opinion, but the storm which rose in his soul was terrible. What? He was to live! A long life, alone, away from her! It was impossible. He could not face such misery.

John had expected, at least, some expression of satisfaction on the part of his patient, and was amazed to see his face grow stern and white. With trembling hands he gathered up his papers, and said, rising, "Excuse me, John;" then he went into his own room and closed the door.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONGS I SANG FOR YOU.

I SANG for you one early morn
When leaves with dew were wet.
Though years have passed, that simple song
Rings in my memory yet;
You were my little Queen of Flowers,
I lay low at your feet,
And crowned you with a diadem
Of blossoms fair and sweet.

I sang for you one afternoon,
A bird sang overhead:
"Your song is far the sweeter song,"
Those were the words you said;
I wooed you for my bonnie bride,
You gave your heart and hand,
And forth we wandered arm in arm
Across the twilight land.

I sang for you one starless night;
My tears fell like the rain;
You bade me sing "Abide with me"
I did not end the strain;
You closed your eyes, and lo, your ears
With angel music rang!
I wonder if you e'er recall
The earthly songs I sang!

Clarence Urmy.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

It is unfortunate that there should be recurring rumors affecting the authenticity of some of the art treasures of the Metropolitan Museum. Whatever may be the real status of the museum's oft criticised Cyprian antiquities, however, it is satisfactory to believe that the charges of illegitimate treatment of certain valuable paintings are greatly exaggerated, if not entirely baseless. It is not denied that canvases have been treated, as they are in all art galleries, to counteract injuries due to the corroding touch of time. One painting whose bright appearance has been commented on as suspicious is Rubens' fine "Holy Family Returning from Egypt." It is positively asserted that there has been no retouching of this, but only a careful and thorough cleaning.

A picture that needed more heroic measures was Meissonier's "Friedland," one of the museum's most cherished possessions. Although painted so comparatively recently, this costly work was in very bad condition when it left the gallery of the late A. T. Stewart. It had cracked to an extent that does not speak well for the French master's choice of pigments, and the evil had been magnified by improper treatment. An effort was made to have it retouched by Meissonier himself, but was frustrated by the illness that ended, not long afterward, in the painter's death. The canvas was then taken in hand by George H. Story, curator of the museum's galleries. He has photographs that show how some of Meissonier's figures were almost obliterated by a network of cracks. Upon these he went to work with poppy oil, which he carefully rubbed in until the paint was so softened that he was able to unite the edges of the fissures. The process and its results have been approved by the most exacting critics.

* * * *

Ten or a dozen years ago, the popular appetite for etchings seemed almost insatiable. They were the fashion, with all that that implies. "People used to buy them simply because they were etchings," a New York inporter said the other day. "Now, I cannot sell them unless the subjects are specially attractive." Nor were all of them brought from abroad; good plates were etched and printed in America, and sold at remunerative prices. This is, generally speaking, no longer the case; there is very little demand for native work today, except in the cheap field. The decadence of the etching may be due to the increasing competition of the photograph and the many forms of photo engraving; or it may be another instance of the proverbial instability of popular taste.

* * * *

The Düsseldorf professor, Walter Petersen, who is at present painting portraits in America, is one of the German artists who have produced excellent likenesses of Prince Bismarck without once being able to chain the chancellor down to a regular sitting. Rather than deprive himself of his liberty to move about, Bismarck invited Herr Petersen to visit him at Varzin and Friedrichsruh for an unlimited number of days, and to make sketches whenever and wherever an opportunity offered itself. Of this offer the artist made good use, as is shown by his sketch book, which for a time was exhibited in New York.

Lenbach, the most famous of Bismarck's biographers on canvas, studied his subject in the same manner—"by fits and starts," as the prince once said. "If photography had not been invented," added Bismarck, "the world, I believe, would have to get along without a true portrait of myself, as it does without a genuine likeness of Frederick the Great."

Last year Vilma Parlaghi, the Hungarian artist, who is such a favorite with the Kaiser and the imperial family, while visiting at Friedrichsruh, succeeded in engaging Prince Bismarck in animated conversation on topics congenial to both for two hours at a time. While retailing gossip of her native country and of the Quartier Latin, she made a detailed sketch in oil of the great man's wonderful head.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bismarck, when he saw the clever woman's work, "don't let Lenbach hear of this!"

* * * *

One of Lenbach's portraits of Bismarck was recently added to the Metropolitan Museum's collections. It is a good specimen of the somber, powerful style of the Munich master—a style that has been cleverly caught by his pupil Parlaghi.

Lenbach's fame as a portrait painter has completely overshadowed the reputation he won, early in life, as a copyist. He was a student in Munich when Baron von Schack



"A Song of Springtime."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. Juchmus



"A Rustic Esmeralda."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. R. Goubie.

took a fancy to him, and gave him a roving commission to travel through southern Europe and reproduce the masterpieces of medieval art. The result was the fine collection of copies in the famous Schack gallery, rated as the best work of the kind that has ever been done.

Then came Lenbach's association with Hans Makart. The two men, so unlike in their art—the one a brilliant colorist, the other a lover of the dusks of Rembrandt—worked together in Vienna, and traveled together in the east. It was in Makart's splendid studio, built for him by the liberality of Francis Joseph, that Lenbach painted portraits of the Austrian emperor and of many members of the Viennese court. From that time he has been almost the official portrait painter of Germany, having placed on canvas the features of nearly every famous Teuton of this generation. Most of his sitters are men, his style being rather too gloomy for popularity with the other sex; yet he can render beauty as well as strength, and some of his most striking faces are those of women. His favorite method is to make a number of sketches of his subject, in varied poses and



"The Fortune Teller."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Vinea.



"Autumn."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Eiman Semenowsky.

with varied expressions, and then to combine them into a composite portrait.

* * * *

FEW Americans go abroad to have their portraits painted, nowadays, by the famous masters of Europe. The preference for the foreign signature still lingers in many quarters, to the detriment of our own artists, but an ocean voyage is no longer necessary. The European masters cross



"Forgotten."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. A. Walker.

the Atlantic to make professional tours of our great cities, and to go back with pocket-books full of American greenbacks. From the classically correct Benjamin Constant to the dashing Swedish painter, Andreas Zorn, artists of many schools and nationalities have invaded our financially fertile fields and have reaped a more or less rich harvest. Professor Petersen, already mentioned, is one of the latest to follow in the footsteps of these European pilgrims.



François Flameng.
From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

Meanwhile we have not only a long list of clever and successful American portraitists —such men as Chase, Porter, Munzig, Carroll Beckwith, Frank Fowler, and many others—but we even export them to Europe; for are not Sargent, Whistler, and Shannon at the very head of the craft in London and Paris?

* * * *

A REPUTATION has been won in Munich by a lady whom the German papers describe as a "beautiful American sculptress." Much has been said of one of her latest works, a statue of the late Ludwig II of Bavaria, recently erected on the banks of the Starnberg Lake, where that unhappy monarch committed suicide nine years ago.

It seems that Miss de Ney was born in South America, and as a young girl came to Munich to study. King Ludwig noticed her, and took a great interest in her work, giving her several commissions, and finally building a studio for her. After his death she suddenly vanished from the Bavarian capital, and went to Mexico, where she remained in seclusion for several years. Then she reappeared in Munich, and set to work upon the memorial which has just been unveiled at his mountain chateau of Linderhof. It represents Ludwig in the picturesque St. Hubertus hunting costume, and the likeness, which is founded upon studies made during the king's lifetime, is said to be an excellent one. It remained in Miss de Ney's studio for some time before the administrator of the demented King Otto's private estate saved up a sufficient sum to pay for it, and to have it set upon a lofty marble pedestal overlooking the romantic Alpine lake.

* * * *

OF the younger artists of Paris, François Flameng, whose portrait appears on this page, is one of the foremost. He made his mark in the historical field, but in the last few years he has followed the example of many another successful figure painter, and has taken up the more lucrative branch of portraiture. Some famous people have been among his subjects; one of his commissions involved a visit to St. Petersburg, where one of the last acts of the late Czar Alexander was to sit for a portrait by M. Flameng.

He was only nineteen when he won his first prize at the Salon—a second class medal, in 1879. His father, Leopold Flameng, a well known Parisian engraver, had given the fullest encouragement to the young man's precocious talent, and had sent him to the very best masters—Cabanel and Laurens, among others. His reputation was fully established in 1884 by his "Massacre of Machécoul," a canvas huge in size, disagreeable in theme, and masterly in treatment, founded upon a bloody incident of the war of 1793 in La Vendée. In the following year he exhibited another picture that has become well known—"Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine," an engraving of which may be found on page 169 of this magazine.

* * * *

THE various schools of nearly half a dozen



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At Eventide."

From the painting by B. W. Leader—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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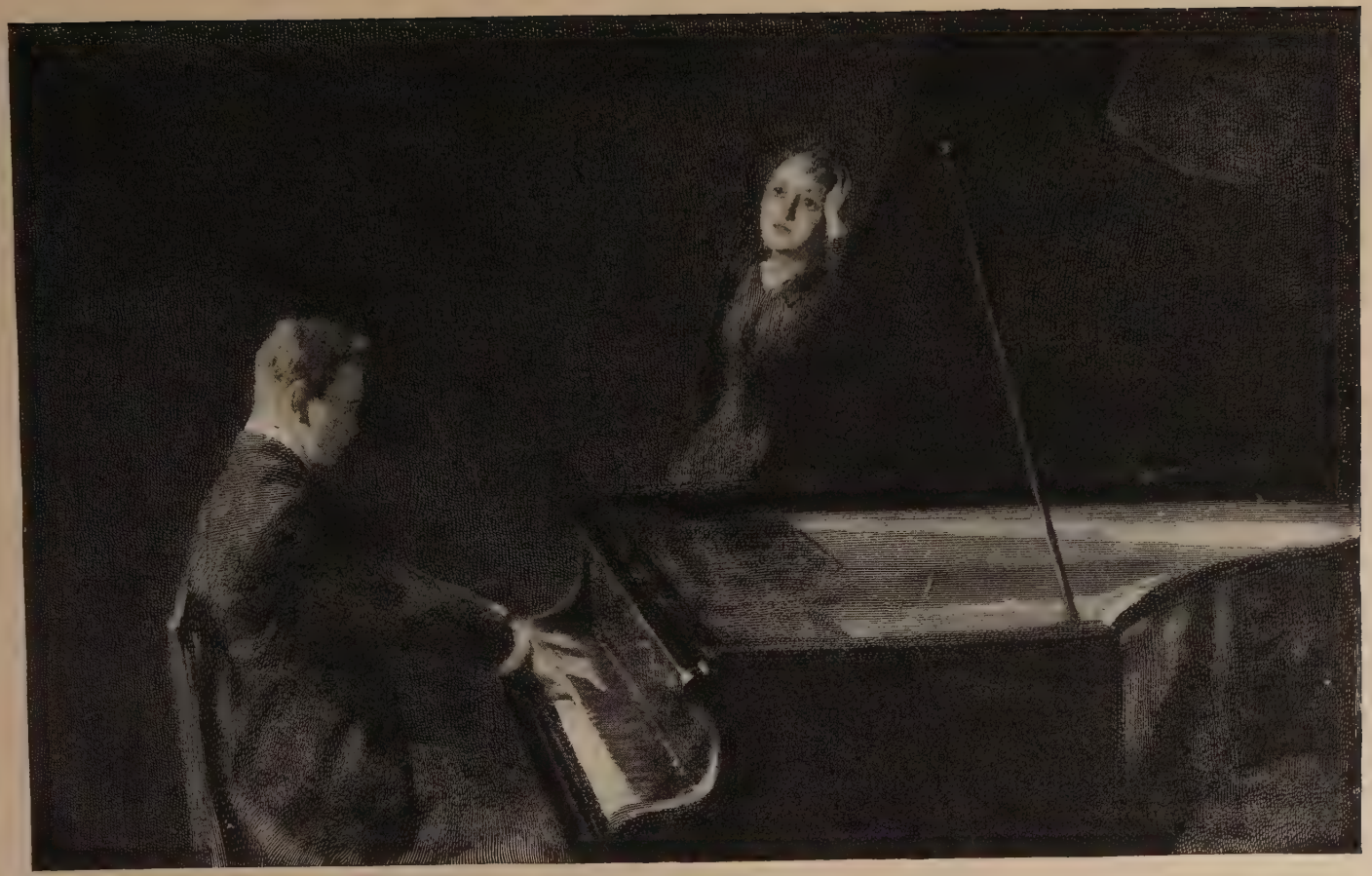
"Sally in Our Alley."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nationalities are represented in the engravings on the accompanying pages.

Jean Richard Goubie is a pupil of Gerome's, though his work is not especially suggestive of that veteran master's. A Parisian by birth, training, and residence, his field is outdoor life, and he is best known as a painter of horses and dogs.

Francesco Vinea has the lightness of treatment, the decorative style, characteristic of



COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"In Harmony."

From the painting by F. Block—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York

the contemporary art of the country of Rafael and Michelangelo. He is a native of Forli, near Ravenna, and studied with Pallastrini in Florence. There is a picture of his, "An Italian Dance Party," in the Vanderbilt collection in New York.

Leader's landscapes—of which a good example is given on page 197—are among the most widely known of recent English paintings. The artist—whose name is self adopted, he having been born to the more prosaic patronymic of Williams—has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for forty years, and was elected an associate of that institution in 1883. It was an American collector who, in 1854, paid him fifty pounds for the first picture he ever sold.

Another regular exhibitor at Burlington House is Blair Leighton, who first attracted public attention in 1879 with "Until Death Us Do Part." He is a graceful painter of idyllic scenes from old time English life.

August Wilhelm Leu is a veteran of the Düsseldorf school, though late in life he settled in Berlin. He was a pupil at the Academy of the Rhineland city under Schirmer, and has painted landscapes all over Europe, from the North Cape to Sicily.

* * * *

MAHOMETAN tradition forbade the introduction of man's likeness into a picture. That this ancient law, however, is no longer observed has been proved by the exhibition, in Berlin, of half a dozen figure paintings by a Turkish artist, Hamdy Bey. They attracted a great deal of attention, and it is perhaps a little surprising to learn that they won general praise from the critics. They are described as rich to gorgeousness in respect of color, and their realistic rendering of oriental character is said to have been strikingly original, in comparison with the somewhat conventional work of western painters who have traveled in Turkey.



"Sunset."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by August Leu.



"Tea Roses."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Corcos.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF SWEDEN.

The crowned descendants of a humbly born French soldier—King Oscar's family and court, his conflicts with the Norwegians and with the nobles who regard him as a parvenu.

THE disregard for legitimacy in questions of royal inheritance has always astonished the people of a republican form of government, though not more so in the past than today, when the royal family of Sweden is trying to bring order out of the hopeless state into which unions that could not be recognized have thrown it. King Oscar, the ruling power, maintains his own through all attacks, though the nobles about him sneer, and the peasants—many of whom trace their lineage to the old Norse kings—turn up their noses. The king, a grandson of the Gascon law clerk, Bernadotte, and the discarded fiancée of Napoleon, Desirée Clary, has been obliged to disinherit his second son and namesake, Prince Oscar, the most promising of his boys, because he married the girl he loved, a woman who happened to be of the common people. It is not an easy thing for even a king to disown his favorite son; it was particularly hard for the King of Sweden, because it was this particular son who is to inherit the colossal fortune that gives Scandinavian royalty its support and standing among the majority of its subjects.



The Queen of Sweden.
From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

King Oscar has little or no income of his own. His civil list of five hundred and seventy five thousand dollars, annually drawn from the government revenues, pays only a very small portion of his expenses. Still, he is considered a very rich monarch, on account of his wife's wealth.

The queen of Sweden was a princess of Nassau. Her father and her brother, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, owned the gambling tables in Wiesbaden while reigning over the little duchy of Nassau, and accumulated a vast fortune. This money the queen inherited. She is now in broken health, and it will probably be but a few



The Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

years before the property passes to her heirs, chief among whom will be Prince Oscar. It happened that the old queen loved the pretty commoner whom her favorite son married, and she has vowed that the young couple shall have all her money to recompense them for the loss of their rights of succession.

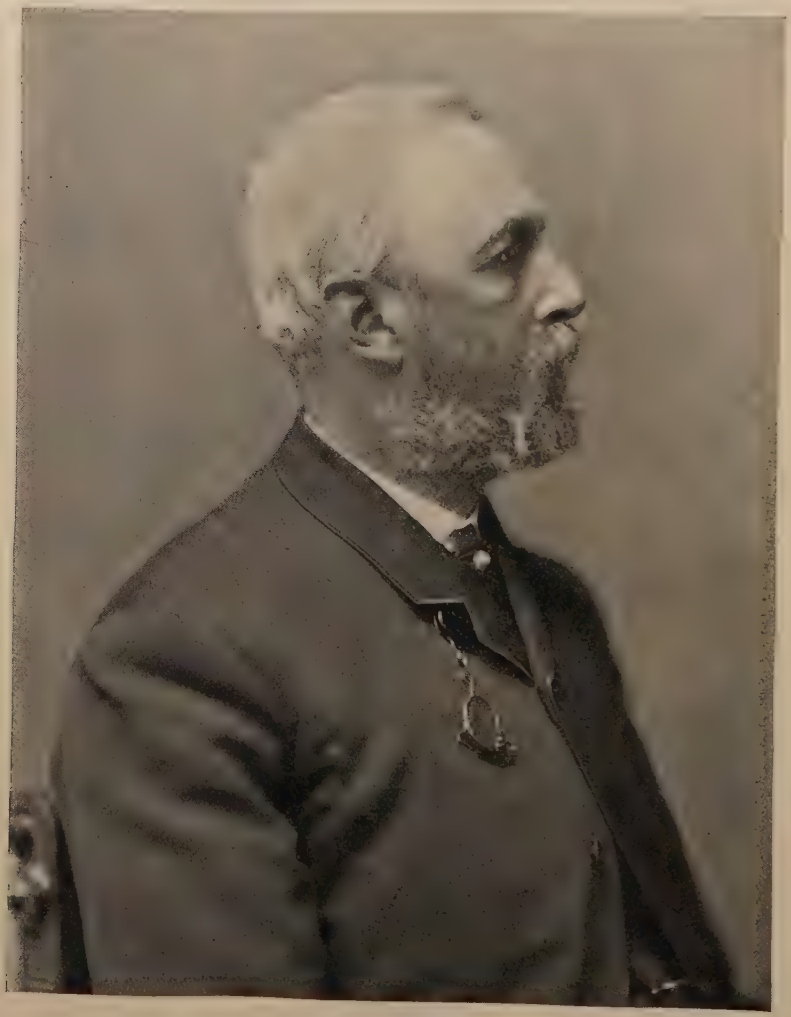
So runs life on a throne. The great grandson of a red republican and a bourgeoise throws away his birthright to marry a woman not of the blood royal; his mother, the daughter of the ancient house of Orange, which has given the world many famous princes and generals, and who is a firm believer in the principles of legitimacy, discards all interest in the dynasty she has helped to propagate, and leaves her material possessions to the bourgeois prince, and to his wife, who does not even bear her husband's name.

These royal Swedes are very proud of their crown and prerogatives. They ignore the family name of Bernadotte, and claim descent from the house of Pontecorvo, one of the mushroom titles invented by Napoleon I for his marshal, in 1806, and officially doomed to oblivion three years after, together with the semi independence of the five mile territory in central Italy whence it was derived. But when it comes to parting with forty or fifty millions of the coin of the realm to a son and brother who, according to royal precedents and

judgments, proved himself unworthy of the position "to which nature appointed him," that is quite another matter. Prince Oscar is not mentioned in the family circle, for the king and his other sons regard the future Crœsus in anything but a friendly spirit.

crowns they claim to hold "by the grace of God"?

Until three years ago, the Swedish royal family, with its four stalwart sons, and the three promising boys of Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, was always regarded as a para-



The King of Sweden.

From his latest photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

There has even been talk of contesting the queen's will immediately after her majesty's death, on the plea that she was of unsound mind when it was executed.

May this not be taken for a refreshing sign of democracy? If kings and princes of the blood royal adopt the ethics of millionaires' sons and cousins and aunts as to their relatives' mundane legacies, may we not, in the end, expect them to barter away the

gon among kingly households. Then the bugbear of mésalliance and financial disappointment crept into the palace. The crown prince, a very imperious personage, is said to have induced his father to emphasize his brother's official disinheritance by a special decree, which contained many annoying allusions. This had the effect of cementing the love between the Prince of Bernadotte, as Prince Oscar is now called,



Two Sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

and the queen, and these two have formed a silent coalition against the other members of the royal family.

King Oscar is in many respects a remarkable man. He was forty three years old when he ascended the throne. Up to that time his life had been spent in study, in the army and navy, and in travel. His literary productions show genuine talent, and might have attracted the serious attention of scholars and critics even if their covers were not decorated with crowns and crests. As it is, these emblems may have had something to do with his majesty's reputation as an author.

To the American mind, his majesty's prose writings are a trifle heavy and cumbersome. For that very reason, however, they appeal strongly to a Scandinavian audience. I remember to have seen in Stockholm, some years ago, a play by King Oscar called "Some Hours at the Castle of Kronborg." The title alone would suffice to kill the piece with us. On the Swedish program it had three or four subtitles, and its long monologues, tiresome harangues, involved situations, and impossible dénouement were received not only with respectful patience, but with genuine enthusiasm. Since then I have often wondered why his majesty does not follow up his dramatic success. There is nothing more inspiring to the literary mind than the applause of a large assemblage of men and women.

One of the sights of the Stockholm season is the opening of Parliament by his majesty. Other monarchs of Europe have allowed occasions of that kind to fall into innocuous desuetude, thus missing a rare opportunity for the display of pomp and circumstance. "Speeches from the throne" are read nowadays only by editors, foreign ministers, and diplomats, and the dual kingdom of Sweden and Norway being of little importance to the world at large, even King Oscar's scholarly effusions of state probably do not escape the common doom. That fact, however, does not detract from the charm of their delivery in the gorgeous hall of the Rigsdag, amid scenes of medieval splendor.

Imagine this royal six footer in the gold embroidered uniform of a general, a red and gold mantle over his shoulders, with train and collar of snowy ermine, a high crown on his head, and a jeweled scepter in his hand. Thus attired, see him step forward from his brilliant suite to deliver a carefully prepared oration, which is more of a historic review than a political document. As his impressive voice rings through the throne room, all hearers, be they friends or members of the opposition, listen intently to his words. "Although but a plebeian, he is every inch a king," said a Swedish count to the writer at one of these occasions. Oscar II has a handsome, florid



The Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

face, gray beard and hair, and dark blue eyes, which, as one of the ladies of the court expressed it, "are black as night and bright as day." His figure is tall and erect, and his shoulders broad.

It has been proven to almost a certainty that Bernadotte had Jewish blood in his veins. This would account for his grandson's pronounced aquiline nose, and other slight Semitic characteristics of his face that become manifest on nearer acquaintance. When not on parade, King Oscar invariably dresses in dark blue with a white peaked cap—the undress navy uniform—without marks of rank. He wears no jewelry whatever, save his wedding ring, and his tastes are the simplest. One may run across him any day in the streets of his capital, or in the neighborhood of his estates, walking alone, or, more often, escorting a pretty woman. In the first instance his majesty will remind you of the captain of a great ship, treading his bridge with full confidence in the power of his command. As a cavalier, he is conspicuous for courtly grace. In this his French descent clearly shows, while in other respects no more thorough Swede than the king exists.

His majesty is the first Bernadotte to display any great liking for feminine society. It is recorded of the French marshal that he had none of the Gascon's sprightliness or readiness of speech, and preferred the pedantic Mme. de Stael to his wife. King Oscar delights in the company of women that are young and pretty—feminine attributes which in Sweden almost invariably go together. One may walk for miles in Stockholm without meeting a handsome woman above the age of twenty five or thirty. When his majesty travels through his country, there is always a gathering of the people at the railway stations or naval depots, and the young and pretty girls are bidden to be well in evidence. They are ordered to wear the brightly colored dress peculiar to each province, and must be prepared to accept a kiss or two and a hearty embrace from their king, if the latter should be inclined so to honor them.

On winter days the king may frequently be seen upon the ice, surrounded by a bevy of handsome young ladies attired in the smartest of costumes. Often he gathers about him a small regiment of beauties, who in their turn attract all the men of fashion at the capital. All this is done openly, without a shadow of reserve, either on the king's part or that of his fair courtiers. It may be for this reason that Swedish court life is singularly free from scandal.

Behind all the Norwegian troubles, which in the past summer have evoked so much newspaper comment, there is the proverbial "black horse." The real fight is not for the power to name consuls and foreign ministers; that coveted privilege is but a blind to hide the true issue of Norway's claims. The stalwart Norwegians have never gotten over their resentment against the decree of the European powers which forced them to live under the crown of Sweden. In 1814 they elected their own king in the person of the Danish prince, Christian Frederick; and there is still a very strong party that secretly supports the claims of an alleged brother of Charles XV, Oscar's predecessor on the throne of Sweden and Norway.

The annals of Norway, thirty years ago, record that this mysterious prince was killed while hunting. According to the story told by the prince himself—or shall we say the pretender?—the hunting accident was a fiction invented by his father, Oscar I, to account for his son's dismissal from court after he had secretly married a woman of the people. The marriage and the outcasting of the prince, it is said, happened in the beginning of the forties, and in consequence of it the present king, Oscar II, although only the third son of Oscar I, succeeded to the throne after Charles XV's death. The disinherited prince, cheated out of the dual crown, would now be willing to compromise all his claims for the royal diadem of Norway; not such an unreasonable offer, if the facts outlined can be substantiated.

Queen Sophia will live in history as the modern interpreter of the phrase "The history of kings is made in the nursery." She bore her husband four sons, healthy in body and mind. The eldest, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, is now in his thirty seventh year; the youngest, Eugene Napoleon, is thirty.

Ebba Munck, the wife of the second born, the Prince Bernadotte, acted for many years as the queen's maid of honor. The Muncks have figured prominently in the history of Sweden as statesmen and generals, and several members of the family now hold important offices in the civil and military service. Like their forefathers, they have more than once refused to accept paltry titles of nobility from their more or less plebeian sovereigns.

The crown prince is even taller than his father, but lacks King Oscar's complaisance of manners and grace of speech. Last summer, when the Norwegians became

more troublesome than usual, he was the first to advocate bringing them to terms by force of arms. In extenuation of his rash suggestion, which he will be sure to regret in later years as sincerely as the majority of his future subjects now condemn it, it may be said that the prince is a soldier, soul and body, and unfortunately regards the German Kaiser as the ideal ruler, whom he emulates as far as possible. In this he is supported, no doubt, by his wife, Princess Victoria of Baden, who is the emperor's first cousin. She is one of the few princesses of the present day who can lay claim to beauty, but unfortunately her health is exceedingly delicate, and a weakness of the lungs forces her to spend the greater part of the year in southern climes. She is constantly under a physician's care, and it is generally assumed that she is a victim of consumption, though the Swedish official press strenuously denies the allegation. Princess Victoria has visited Norway once or twice for a few days, and occasionally attends a court function at the Stockholm palace. High bred and amiable woman that she is, she has made many friends in the upper circles of her adopted country, without attaining general popularity. The Swedes do not look with any degree of deference upon their royal family. They regard the Baden dynasty, whose present line sprang from the union of the last Zaehringer with one of his low born mistresses, with even less respect, and refuse to take her royal highness' claims to regal prerogatives seriously.

During his travels in Sweden, the writer was told an amusing anecdote, illustrating this rivalry between the descendants of the old Norse kings and the Swedish dynasty, or rather the former body's persistent attempts to press their claims. At a state dinner, one of the leading members of the Swedish Parliament, who had his seat to the left of the crown princess, once or twice carelessly placed his arm around the back of her chair, and proceeded to chat with her in the most informal manner. Finally, having satisfied his appetite, he moved his chair back, crossed his legs, and, again encircling the fauteuil on which the Princess Victoria was seated, renewed his attempts at conversation with a hearty grunt. Whereupon the royal blood of the Zaehringer began to boil, and Victoria, without an instant's consideration of the political effect of the affront, rose unexpectedly, and, pushing her chair against the Storthing orator, gracefully upset him.

The crown prince has three boys, aged thirteen, twelve, and six years respectively.

Prince Carl of Sweden, the king's third son, is the best looking of the Swedish princes. He is a soldier who is devoted to his profession, and works enthusiastically to complete the reorganization of the army. If he was not so poor, all the princesses of Europe would strive for his smiles. His youngest brother, Eugene Napoleon, bears a strong resemblance to the founder of the dynasty, Marshal Bernadotte, with his black hair, hooked nose, sparkling eyes, and firm mouth. He is known as the "red Prince," as Bernadotte was called the Jacobite on account of his democratic notions. Unlike his other relatives, he cares nothing for the army or the navy. His ambition centers in the art of painting. Several years ago he took a course of study with M. Humbert and M. Gervex in Paris. Of late one of the Scandinavian masters has taken the young man in hand, and great works are promised from his brush.

Henry W. Fischer.

MIRAGE.

How many day lengths have I wander'd here,
In this dun desert's fierce monotonies
Of molten dawns and noons—these whirling seas
Of sand? At times a spectral phasma clear
Dazzles my sun blind eyes; there lingers near
Soft lapse of running waters, and the breeze
Blows briny cool, pregnant with ministries.
And, of all human voices, one most dear
Mocks glibly through the chorus'd undertone,
And goads my soul to madness. Ah, more wise
To bar my senses 't were 'gainst hope's demands,
And stumble o'er the arid plain alone
Till death companion me—where white hot skies
Tent breathlessly the tawny desert sands.

Bessie Gray.

A "BOOM" TOWN TRAGEDY.

FROM the low lying bank of the muddy Missouri, across the flat bottom lands, up the steep hillside and on toward the south where it straggles aimlessly and at last fades into the country, Centropolis stretches its dreary length along the river. It is a patchwork of staring white packing houses and dingy dramshops, caught in the gigantic meshes of a web of railway tracks; on the hilltop a jumble of ill paved, dirty streets lined with low, box-like, red brick shops, with here and there an office building, ostentatious, new, bristling above its humbler neighbors like a self made man among his less successful fellows. Through the residence quarter, toward the south, stretch treeless, dusty avenues, bordered by vacant ground, broken only at intervals by pretentious houses of florid architecture. Crude, unlovely, blatantly new, the town sprawls ever under a heavy canopy of dull smoke.

The gray afternoon of a November day was deepening into twilight. Two men sat in the private office of the president of the Higgins Investment Company in the Higgins Building, the most ornate and towering structure of the city. One of them, a pompous, red faced man with thin brown hair smoothed carefully across his bald head, had been talking earnestly and long, tapping meanwhile with his pencil on the plans of a bridge which lay spread open on his desk. His smooth flow of words ceased at an impatient movement on the part of his companion, and his small, heavy lidded eyes watched that person narrowly as he said,

"It's no use wasting words, Higgins. We have been all over those points before. Your bridge scheme may prove the bonanza you prophesy, but I haven't faith enough in it to advise my clients to invest. Mark my words, Centropolis has seen its best days; a collapse is coming, and coming quick." The speaker arose and picked up his hat.

"You will see your mistake when the bridge is built and is coining money," replied Higgins, smiling uneasily, and rubbing his great hands together. "You had better reconsider your decision, Crandall."

"No! I have made up my mind. Good night, Higgins."

"Good night."

When his visitor had gone Higgins still sat drumming impatiently on the desk with his pencil, a look of perplexity and chagrin upon his face. Finally he rolled up the bridge plans, fastened them securely with a rubber band, and touched an electric bell at his side. He waited for a response to his call with his arms clasped across his ample stomach, his fingers tapping thoughtfully one against another. The door opened slowly, admitting a thin visaged man, sallow, middle aged, deferential.

"Well, sir?"

"There is no hope from Crandall. He absolutely refuses to touch it. And he means no when he says it—damn him! He has only to say the word, and money would pour in like water. It simply amounts to this: I have got to look somewhere else. We *must* have the money by the first of next month!"

"Yes, sir, or let our guaranteed mortgage bonds go to the wall; and that means——"

"Careful, Dodge!"

The man flushed slightly. "Well, you know what I mean," he said.

"I know what you fear—you're a coward, Dodge! You always were one. Confidence is what you want. Look at me! Where would I be by this time if I hadn't had confidence?"

"Yes, I know," returned Dodge humbly; "but I didn't see just where the money was coming from unless Crandall would interest his people. The bank won't do anything more."

"No. Between ourselves, the bank is devilish hard up, too. Let me see—today is Friday."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I shall leave tomorrow night at seven o'clock for the East."

"Is there a chance there, do you think?"

The big man arose from his chair, eying his companion majestically. "Think? I know! Am I in the habit of jumping in the dark?"

Dodge withdrew nervously, closing the door carefully and silently behind him.

Higgins' was a story common enough in the "boom" towns of the Western States. Ten years before, at the commencement of

the wave of real estate speculation which swept over the country west of the Missouri, he had arrived at Centropolis with $1,500 in cash, unlimited faith in his own judgment, and a singularly elastic conscience. Within six months a series of daring real estate speculations had increased his original capital to twice as many thousands as it had been hundreds, and within five years his $1,500 had grown into a sum close upon the million mark. His faith in his judgment and ability grew apace with his increasing reputation as a great "boom financier," and from a daring, unscrupulous real estate gambler he evolved rapidly into one of the representative citizens of the growing, feverish town. He was one of its "solid" men, a warden of its most fashionable church, whose pretentious edifice his money had more than half paid for, and, although close upon fifty years of age, he had rounded out his respectable rôle as a financial and moral pillar of the community by marrying a young and pretty woman. He had installed his young wife in the biggest, newest, and most impossible architectural fantasy of the south end. He was proud of her, and lavishly kind to her as well. His present financial difficulties would have daunted a man endowed with a less overwhelming belief in his own destiny, but luck had not once deserted him during the past ten years, and he believed in it.

As he was driven this evening through the dreary streets of the ugly town, a feeling of confidence in his ability to cope successfully with any obstacle which fate might throw in his pathway possessed him. "Let Crandall and his croaking go to the devil," he thought. "The town is all right and I am on top." To his wife as she met him at the door he said,

"Pack up your traps, my dear. I'm going to take you for a little flier to New York tomorrow night."

* * * *

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day Higgins was still at his desk. A pile of letters lay before him, and as the last one of the line of men who had claimed his attention during the long day retired, he touched the bell summoning Dodge.

"Have all the men gone, Dodge?"

"All except Handly, sir. He is just putting up his books."

"Tell him to go to the Union Station with these tickets, meet Mrs. Higgins there, and check her trunks for her. I can't get away for half an hour yet, and she will be worried if some one isn't there to take care of her."

"Yes, sir." Dodge started to leave the room, but paused with his hand upon the door. "A woman has been waiting some time to see you," he said. "She won't tell me what she wants—says she must see you."

"The devil! I haven't any time for any one now. Some book agent or beggar. Make her tell you what she wants."

"I don't think she is either of those, sir. She looks like a respectable sort of a person—a widow, I imagine. She says she won't detain you but a moment."

"Oh! Well, show her in. I can listen to her gabble while I run over these papers."

She was a gaunt, little woman, thin and worn, with the lines of a hard, unhappy life about her drawn mouth and dull eyes. She was dressed in rusty black; her hands, encased in cotton gloves, were tightly clasped as she stood just within the door looking sharply at Higgins' back as he stooped over his desk, rapidly scanning the file of letters in front of him.

"Well," he said abruptly, not looking up from his desk, "what can I do for you? I'm very busy, and haven't any time to waste."

She made no reply, but stood calmly with folded hands.

"What is it?" he cried, looking up impatiently, annoyed by her silence.

Their eyes met. The woman caught her breath sharply. A sudden look of fear crept over the man's face. The woman smiled grimly as she advanced toward him.

"You ain't quite sure whether it's me or somebody else, are you, Jim?"

"My God! Mary!"

He started from his chair, but fell back quickly, with great beads of sweat on his brow.

"Yes, it's me—flesh and blood. You don't appear to be glad to see me, but I'm most surprised you know me at all after all these years. Lord knows I'd ought to be changed after all I've went through." She sat down beside his desk, smiling viciously and scanning his face closely. "You ain't changed so awful much," she continued in her whining monotone; "only you're better fed looking than you used to be. You ain't changed half as much as your name has, Jim Walton!"

The man was cowering in his chair, breathing heavily. At her last words he sat suddenly upright.

"Shut up!" he said hoarsely. "Don't you dare to use that name again!"

"Po'h! you can't frighten me. It's yours, ain't it?"

Higgins glanced uneasily toward the

window and door. The shade was drawn, and they were free from prying eyes from the street. The door was closed, and Dodge alone was in the outer office, quite at the far end of it probably; at any rate, not within reach of their voices.

"No," he replied doggedly; "it isn't. Neither you nor anybody else can prove that it ever was." His usual dictatorial manner began to assert itself once more. "My good woman," he continued, fixing his little eyes squarely upon her, "you are trying to run a bluff game. It won't work! I hold all the cards, and you can't win!"

The woman eyed him calmly. Unloosening her shawl, she settled herself in a chair. The man's eyes shifted a little under her insolent gaze. He waited anxiously for her to speak. If she would but give him an inkling of what she proposed doing, he could meet her attack. He fidgeted in his chair. At last his impatience led him to make a false move.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"Oh, you ain't quite so sure I can't do anything, are you? I haven't come all the way from Ellensville just to be scared off at the end. You're rich and powerful. I'm a poor woman, and nobody knows me here. But"—pointing a blunt finger at him—"folks will know me before I give up. In spite of your riches and your power I can make this town too hot to hold you, if there's any decent men or women in it. If I can't prove your name's Walton, I can prove it was oncet, and, what's more, I guess your riches and big name nor nothing will help you much when folks knows you're a bigamist!" Her voice grew shrill. The man's air of bravado forsook him as he listened. "You didn't think I knew so much, did you?" she asked, with a hard little laugh.

"It's a lie," he muttered.

"Oh, no, it ain't. Ain't I your wife, and ain't you got another woman who thinks she is, too? I read all about that other woman in the book."

"In what book?"

"The book this town sent out, telling all about its big men, with the story of their lives. If all the rest of 'em was as big a pack of lies as yours was they must be a holy lot. I knew your picture the minute I laid eyes on it. I showed it to brother Wash, and he knew it, too, an' he set me on to coming here to get my rights—give me the money an' all. I don't know as I'd have come, though, if it hadn't been that the book said you'd married a high toned girl, and it gave a lot of fol-de-rol about her. Lies like the stuff about you, I suppose. That made me mad! Lord knows I didn't want you, and I could get along without your money, but when I read you was married to another woman, an' she a trailin' round in silks and satins, while me, your lawful wife, was diggin' and delvin' like I've done ever sence you skipped out and left me, then I got mad, an' I says to Wash, 'I'll go, and if it's Jim Walton sure enough, I'll have my rights'—an' here I am, and you *are* Jim Walton, an' I'm going to stay till I get what's due me."

Higgins sat watching her quietly during this tirade, thinking how common and unlovely she was, flattering himself that he had risen far above her class—his class once—comparing her with a sickening heart to the other woman whom he called his wife. The woman by his desk was growing more excited. She clasped and unclasped her hands continually; she had shifted her position quite to the edge of the chair, and her shawl had slipped off, exposing her flat breast and stooped shoulders.

"I tell you," she went on, "that other woman shan't live in that house. Maybe you think it's too fine for me to live in, but she shan't if I can help it."

He looked at her questioningly. "Oh, I've seen it. I was out there today!"

"You have been to my house?" he asked slowly, his voice trembling a little. "Did you—did you see——" his question died upon his lips unfinished.

"Oh, no; I didn't go in. What kind of a fool do you take me for? Do you suppose that I would give myself away to her first, and let you have a chance to skip out together before I could nab you?"

A feeling of intense disgust crept over him. He was a coarse man, unprincipled as might be, but he fully appreciated, in the young woman he had deceived, all those virtues which he lacked. In a dumb sort of way he fancied that her refinement and moral uprightness offset his own failings, and when with her he always radiated a gentle benignity oddly at variance with his natural brute selfishness. That she should be classed as a guilty partner in his crime filled him with mingled shame and rage.

"I should have killed you if you had dared to see her," he cried. "She is as far above you and me as the sky is above the earth. If she knew, she——" He paused suddenly. He had no wish to inform the woman before him of the fact that the other one would spurn him at once and forever if the truth about his past became

known to her. But for a second time his words betrayed him. His wife read his face aright, and completed his unfinished sentence for him.

"She would leave you, eh?" she said with a chuckle. "Angel, is she? Well, her wings will be pretty well dirtied up after I'm through with her!" She arose from her chair, crossing her hands primly. "I don't want to waste words with you, Jim. I guess I'll move on."

Higgins sprang to his feet.

"Stop, Mary! There's no use in our fighting this way. We always used to, I know"—he attempted to smile a little as he spoke—"but what's the good? Let's talk sense. You've found me out. I don't pretend I'm glad of it. I was a fool to let my picture go into that book. I knew it at the time, but God knows I never thought one of them would get to such a hole in the ground as Ellensville. But as long as it's happened, I'm willing to do the square thing. I'm a rich man." Even in his excitement he remembered that this was a conditional fact. "I'm a rich man, and I'll do what's right. Now, you don't care anything about me, and you are poor. What's the use of spoiling my life and not helping your own? If you will go away and not say anything, I'll give you"—— he hesitated, true to his business craft to the last, trying to hit upon the least sum which might accomplish his purpose—"I'll give you five thousand dollars."

The woman shook her head sullenly, drawing her shabby black shawl about her shoulders.

"Ten thousand if you'll go away, anywhere but to Ellensville."

Still she remained silent, looking up at him with a grin.

"Fifteen thousand," he gasped, wondering where he might be able to lay his hands upon that amount.

"Why, you fool!" she broke forth suddenly, "you must think I'm crazy. Ain't I your wife? Ain't that big house mine if I want to live in it? Ain't a good pile of all you've got mine if I want to claim it?"

What a rusty Nemesis she was, this yellow faced little woman with her dull eyes and thin lips! But she was a Nemesis! This common, unlovely, insolent old woman held his destiny in the hollow of her misshapen, toil worn hands. Whether she went away or remained near him he would never again be safe from her attacks. After all the years, she had tracked him down to denounce him, to ruin him, or at the best to make his life a perpetual nightmare of dread. He felt his past success, his present power, his future hopes, crumbling into the dead ashes of defeat before the obstinate, malicious hate of this worn, old woman, old beyond her years, who stood silently before him with folded arms and grinning lips.

A sudden fury seized the man. His breath came in great, quick, uneven gasps. The woman shrank from him as she saw the change, and stepped backward, but his hands were upon her throat, his arms pinioning hers to her side. She struggled, and tried to cry out, but she was a weak little creature, powerless, lost in the clutch of his great hands, in the vise-like grip of his arms against her own. He pushed her back against the wall with his hands clinging to her throat, his breast pressed against her mouth. His eyes were bloodshot, his red face showed great blotches of purple about his heavy cheeks. There was a mighty roaring like that of raging wind in his ears.

It was past in a minute. His hands weakened their grasp on the woman's throat, and he began to tremble. He looked about him dazed and anxious. What had happened? What was he doing? He stepped back; the woman's body swayed and fell forward. It would have struck the floor, but he caught it in his outstretched arms. There were great dark marks upon her throat where his fingers had pressed. He bent over her and whispered her name. He shook her gently, then fiercely. He unfastened her shawl, and placed his ear to her heart. A great horror froze him as he realized what he had done.

He stood with the woman's body in his arms, staring at her distorted face. He had hated her almost from the first day of their wedded life in the remote village whence she had just come, and where he had deserted her years before. For fifteen years she had been but a hateful memory. At first, he remembered, he used to fear pursuit and discovery, but afterwards, with his change of name and increasing prosperity, came a feeling of security, until finally she had become only a bad dream which came upon him sometimes in the night. But she was here now, in his arms; here, and——

He glanced again toward the door and window. Had Dodge heard anything? What could he do with her?

Adjoining his office was a large closet, where he kept his coat. He opened its door now, carrying his burden carefully. How thin and worn she was! He placed her body on the floor at the end of the

closet, locked the door and dropped the key into his pocket. He sat down at his desk, trying to control his trembling hands, and listening intently with his eyes upon the door leading into the outer office.

The moments dragged wearily; with fumbling fingers he felt for his watch. Fifteen minutes of seven! With a start he remembered the other woman—who was awaiting him at the railway station. Some word must be sent to her, or she would become alarmed at his non appearance and would come to his office. He shivered with apprehension at this thought, and with a supreme effort nerved himself to face the man who might have heard the struggle, and was perhaps waiting now outside his door ready to denounce him. He touched the bell button and waited with anxious eyes.

Dodge opened the door with his usual air of respectful self effacement.

"Well, sir?"

The president of the great Higgins Investment Company spoke rapidly. "I find that I can't get away tonight," he said. "Go to the station, Dodge, explain matters to Mrs. Higgins, and see that she gets safely home." His voice faltered. The glance of the other man was traveling slowly around the room in quest of the woman who should have been there. "I—I hope to get away tomorrow night," he continued haltingly. "Tell her that. And tell her not to expect me home tonight until late. And—and, Dodge, you saw the woman who was here go out, didn't you?" he asked suddenly with parched lips.

"No, sir; I didn't. I was just wondering how it happened. I must have been busy at my desk, and she slipped by without my noticing her."

"Yes, yes, that was the way it happened. She was a little woman and stepped lightly." He laughed uneasily, drawing a shaking hand across his mouth. "She wanted to borrow some money. She might just as well have told her business to you."

Would Dodge never leave him? He felt that in another moment he must cry out, or laugh, or sob.

"Hurry, hurry, man!" he cried. "I am afraid you will be too late!"

"Yes, sir," replied his secretary, passing out with wondering eyes upon his employer's face.

Did Dodge suspect anything? How strangely he had gazed at him! Could he have heard their voices or their struggle? No! His face showed that he suspected nothing when he first entered the room. But he had looked for the woman. He *knew* that she had not gone away. Perhaps he would not go to the station at all—maybe he was lying in wait outside the closed door now! The thought was maddening.

With stealthy steps Higgins approached the door to the outer office. He placed his ear against it, listening, his hands clenched, his eyes peering intently through narrowed lids. Some one was moving about out there! He crept back across the room, the blood leaving his heart wildly. Then a sudden impulse seized him to know the worst. He recrossed the room and threw the door open fiercely. A sigh of intense relief trembled upon his lips. What a fool he was! It was only the night watchman who came on duty at seven o'clock. The man looked up pleasantly at Higgins. "Working late tonight, sir!" he said.

Once more behind the closed door Higgins regained his composure somewhat. "I must think, think!" he murmured, sitting at his desk, his face buried in his hands. He knew the woman was dead. It was an impossibility to get the body out of the building that night. There was but one exit from the room, and that through the main office where the watchman would remain until morning; and in the morning? He tried to think of some way in which he could get rid of that horrible, silent witness to his crime. Dare he leave the building and run the chance of throwing suspicion upon the watchman? That, too, was an impossible thing. Dodge had seen the woman, and had already expressed surprise at not having noticed her when she left the office. Was he devoted enough to his employer to keep his mouth shut? Even if he was it would only be a temporary respite, for the woman's brother knew of her whereabouts, knew where she had gone, and what she had gone for. The whole miserable story was bound to come out when he arrived on the scene; but he was a grasping, miserly wretch, and perhaps his silence could be bought more easily than his sister's. The thought that all this would take time flashed into the brain of the man who sat with his face buried in his hands. Weeks probably would be necessary for him to accomplish all that was necessary, and by that time the first of the month would be long past, the financial crash would have become a horrid fact instead of a possibility to be fought against and overcome. The thought of Crandall flitted through the man's teeming brain. "Curse him! Curse him!" he muttered. "If he had only put his money in I might have a fighting chance even

now." Like a rat in a corner he sought for some loophole of escape. There was but one. On one hand was ruin, disgrace —possibly the gallows; on the other were ruin and disgrace also, but the possibility of life.

He opened his pocket book and counted his money. Then he looked about for his great coat and hat. They were in the closet where *she* was. Twice he went to the door, taking the key from his pocket each time, but twice the courage to open the tomb failed him and he shrank away to the farthest corner of the room, looking back as he went as though he feared a presence behind him. He sat down again for a moment at his desk to get himself together; then, rising, crossed the room slowly, unlocked the closet door, and swung it wide open. It was too dark for him to see to the farther end, even had he tried—he didn't try. Reaching within he snatched his coat from its hook and took his hat from the shelf above. Then he closed the door quickly and locked it. With another effort he opened the door into the outer office, and passed out, mumbling a good night to the watchman.

As the street door swung to behind him he drew a long breath, and, turning his coat collar about his ears, hurried away toward the river. A cold, drizzling November rain was falling, but of this he was glad; it kept the streets free from pedestrians. On, down the narrow street, he pursued his way almost at a run. At a dark corner some one touched his arm. He sprang back with a cry. It was only a beggar, shivering in the rain. Shaking him off he went on, slipping on the steep incline, stumbling in the dark.

Near the river he entered a dingy dramshop and got a flask of brandy. He crossed the bridge and listened, shudderingly, to the hungry lapping of the water below him. At the further end he paused, and turning, looked back across the river to the lights of the town. Slowly his eyes traveled up the hill until they rested upon a cluster of lights which, blurred and indistinct through the rain, burned high above all the others —the lights which encircled the great tower of the Higgins Building. He remembered well the night when first they burned there. How full of self sufficient pride he had been; what a pleasant thing life had seemed, and what an easy thing success! It had been but a few nights before his second marriage, and he had given his friends a banquet—his last social appearance as a "bachelor."

As he gazed and thought, a great longing suddenly possessed him to look once more upon the woman he had wronged, but whom in his hard way he loved. A horror of his future fell upon him—that future when he should be a skulking wretch fleeing from justice, fearful of the daylight, watching and listening in the darkness of night, ever within the shadow of his crime, ever stumbling upon the brink of detection. And with it all—above it all—there glimmered, too, in his dull soul a flame of pity for the woman whom he was leaving, disgraced, nameless, penniless.

Yes, he would go back; he would see her once more.

With dogged energy he retraced his steps across the bridge, and began to climb the steep bluff of the town.

A narrow ray of light shone from the window of a room in his house—the room in which they had been in the habit of sitting together when alone. He fancied he saw the woman there, and he crept noiselessly along by the wall of the house, and crawled up the steps of the veranda, upon which the room opened.

The window shade was lowered. He got down on his knees, so that he could bring his eyes to a level with the space between the curtain and the sash. A fire was burning in the grate, and in front of it sat the woman, with an open book resting on her knees, her anxious eyes fixed upon the flickering flames before her. She was waiting for him, vaguely wondering at his delay and at the sudden changing of his plans. Waiting for him, and he dared not go in to her! He could only crouch outside in the darkness and watch her stealthily, and then slink away through the night into oblivion.

A wild sense of regret for her, mingled with a selfish despair at his own loss of the great house, his social prestige, and his mock respectability, surged over him, and a groan tore itself from his lips.

She heard him, and started from her chair. In an instant he, too, was upon his feet, tiptoeing his way toward the steps. As he reached them, the great hall door was thrown open, and a flood of light caught his retreating form, while a woman's voice called questioningly, anxiously,

"John! Is that you?"

He turned toward her, mumbling,

"Did I startle you? I—I was just coming in."

She came to him, and drew him inside the house, glancing wonderingly at his pale lips and shifting eyes.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing has happened. I have been worried and overworked today. I am not ill —only tired."

She looked at him anxiously, and helped him to get off his hat and coat, which were soaked with the rain.

"Why, you walked home this wet night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I walked home," he returned huskily.

"Why are you so careless, John? No wonder you look cold and sick!"

She lighted a spirit lamp, and heated water mixed with whisky. He listened to the gentle singing of the kettle, watching her movements with confused eyes, as if but half awakened from a heavy sleep.

"Drink this," she said, holding a glass full of the steaming liquid toward him. "You must get off your clothes and go to bed at once."

He drained his glass, and followed her dumbly up the stairs like a bewildered child.

She got him to bed, and, putting out the lights in his room, left him. As she closed his door, a shivering terror came over him, and cold sweat covered his body. Before his hot eyes there arose the vision of that dark closet far below—the glittering lights in the tower of the Higgins Building, and of the shabby little woman in the old black dress and shawl, who lay there with great black marks upon her throat. He clenched the covers of his bed fiercely to stay the nervous restlessness of his hand, and stared into the darkness, shuddering at each chance noise of the silent night. At length, with stealthy care, he slipped from the bed and groped for his clothes. The woman in the room adjoining heard him, and asked,

"What do you want, John?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I am restless. I cannot sleep."

He sat by the window, hoping she might sleep, but she spoke at his slightest move. Twice during the night he attempted to dress himself and escape, but each time she aroused herself and checked his flight. And when the eastern sky broke into dawn he crept back to his bed wondering how he could live through the hours until another night should come to shield him as he fled.

Through the early hours of the day he cowered in the great house, fearfully alert at each sound of footsteps in the door yard, drawn by a morbid longing to visit the scene of his crime, held back by an unreasoning fear of detection should he go.

About noon he roused himself to quiet the woman's alarm at his unnatural nervous state. He repelled her suggestion that a physician be called, and with tight lips laughed at her forebodings of illness. Finally he told her that he must depart for New York that night, and that he must go alone, silencing her quick expostulations with a hard brutality which stung her to tears that he could not dry. She watched him with sorrowing, anxious eyes as he mounted the stairs to make ready for his journey.

It was just noon. With fumbling hands he was busying himself in the dim room when the faint, sharp notes of an electric bell struck his ears. He stole into the hall and listened. The sound of men's voices at the door reached him. He heard them say,

"Something serious has happened. We must see Mr. Higgins at once!" Then he heard the rustle of a woman's skirt upon the stairs. She was coming to tell him he was wanted—wanted for what?

The unreasoning terror of a wild beast at bay seized him, and sent the blood surging from his heart. *They knew!* They had found the body! They had come for him.

He jumped back into his room. In another moment the crack of a pistol shot rang through the house.

The two men below sprang up the stairway, but at the open door of the front room they paused, horrified at the scene before them. Higgins lay upon the floor, with a wound just above the temple, and by his side, holding his bleeding head in her hands, knelt a woman moaning piteously.

Opening the offices of the Higgins Investment Company, the morning after Higgins' stealthy departure, the watchman of the building was startled by a low moaning. He was straightening Higgins' desk when he heard the sound. The window was up. The rain clouds of the night had passed and the bright morning sunlight flooded the room. There was nothing ghostly about the environment, and the watchman stopped to listen, with all his reasoning faculties alert. There was no mistaking the sound; it was a moan—deep and human. He went into the outer office; no one was there. He looked out into the hall, but saw only the scrubwoman, with her pail and mop. He came back into the inner office, and on the threshold listened again. The sound was repeated. It was near him—in that room. He waited until he heard it again, and then crossed to the closet and tried to open the door. It was locked. He put his ear to the keyhole, and shuddered as the knowledge of a presence within became certain. He shook the

door and called, but only a moan, low and deep, answered him. He ran into the hall and shouted down the shaft for the elevator boy, then he went back into Higgins' office and unlocked the closet door.

With an exclamation of terror and surprise he discovered the woman Higgins had put in there for dead the night before. She had recovered from her swoon, and had crept close up to the door for air. She had been too weak to call out—she could only moan. As the door swung open she fell heavily forward at the feet of the watchman.

With the help of the elevator boy he lifted the woman up and laid her on Higgins' couch. In less than an hour she had completely recovered, and was conveyed to the police station.

The news of the finding of a woman, half dead from strangulation, in the closet of the private office of John Higgins, spread through the great building like wildfire, and before noon it was abroad upon the streets.

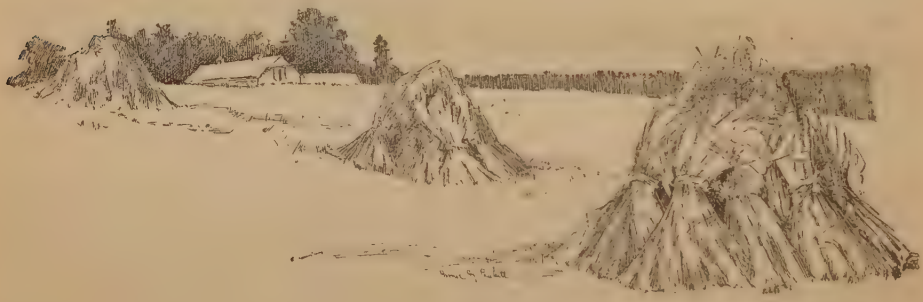
To the chief of police she told her story timidly, her voice choking with sobs; told it all—from her marriage with Higgins back in the little town of Ellensville, where he was known as Walton, to her visit to his office the day previous and his fierce attack upon her.

"He looked as though he would kill me," she said. "Maybe he thought he had. He offered me money. 'Tain't his money I want. I want my rights. I'm his wife—his wife."

They brought her in as a witness at the Higgins inquest—and there she told her pitiful story again, told it straightforwardly, and, this time, without emotion.

And the newspaper notices of the death of Higgins spoke of him as Walton.

Anthony Leland.



A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

My heart was like a sunless, cold,
  Unlovely land of ice and snow,
Wherein no blessed buds unfold,
  Nor singing waters flow.

But all at once the April skies
  Laughed in your look, and at that hour
My spirit melted, torrent-wise,
  My life broke into flower!

Oh, dearest heart, I had not guessed
  What marvel of immortal seeds
Lay hidden deep within my breast,
  Beneath its barren weeds!

But now I know, but now I know
  The glory of the flower of love,
The joyous splendor of its glow,
  The subtle pain thereof!

Evaleen Stein.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

NOVEMBER is to be a remarkable month in music. On the 2d of the month, Mme. de Vere Sapio will sing in the first concert of the Symphony Society, giving us a new air written for her by Saint-Saëns. On the 22d, the English contralto, Marie Vanderveer Green, will sing in Handel's "Il Pensieroso" in the first of the Oratorio Society's concerts. Three violinists of whom we hear wonders will all be here this month—Ondricek, the Bohemian; Marsick, who hails from Liège, that nursery of violinists; and Rivarde. Emile Sauret, who has played here before, is also coming.

Marsick has engaged a young Brooklyn musician, Howard Brockway, to accompany him in his tour. Mr. Brockway has spent five years in Germany studying the piano. The audiences at the Seidl concerts have heard some of his compositions played by that orchestra during the past summer.

Rivarde's manager has taken great pains to write letters to the papers denying that the young violinist was born in America. It seems that he first saw the light on board a French ship on its way here. Americans are not so prejudiced against home talent as these notices would make it appear, and it is probable that we all expect the artist to make us forget trivial facts when he touches his bow.

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GRAND Opera in this country this winter is expected to surpass all previous seasons in the variety of its presentation, if not in the excellence of its performers. Rarely has it been possible here for music lovers to enjoy in a single season the best production of the three first schools—German, French, and Italian—yet that is what the metropolis is now anticipating.

New York is not to be the only American city, however, to possess a continuous winter season of grand opera. Philadelphia, which has long been under the disadvantage of being obliged to submit to makeshift casts from the New York companies, with a general shabbiness and meagerness of mounting that has placed it in the category of "one night stand" towns of a tenth its size and importance, has at last awakened to a realization of its rights, and will have an opera season of its own with a regular and permanent opera troupe. The company, which is to consist of many prominent singers, will be under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs, and the best Italian and French operas will be performed. The Academy of Music will be the scene of this revival in the Quaker City. A series of fifteen orchestral concerts will also be presented by the same organization.

In New Orleans, the French opera, though somewhat spasmodic at times, will continue to be a fixture in the Southern city.

Many of the large centers through the central States and the West will have short periods of operatic activity. Walter Damrosch and his German company will open at Cincinnati early in the present month, and will play for some weeks in Chicago later. Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and St. Louis, all of which came in for a few bars of music last year, will undoubtedly give encouragement to either or both of the two large opera companies whose movements will mark the ebb and flow of the tide of musical life.

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JANUCHOWSKY has made herself very much a favorite here in New York, and that long before the beginning of the opera season. The Wagnerian festivities at the Madison Square Garden, which began in September, gave the public an opportunity to hear and become delighted with her voice.

Her husband, Adolph Neuendorff, was also a notable figure in these concerts.

Januchowsky is known to us as the leading singer of the Vienna opera house, as the daughter of an Austrian officer, and as an American favorite in New York and Boston in 1881. Her husband is not so popularly known, although he studied music in New York, and some years ago was a director here. In 1860 he and his father made a concert tour through Brazil. Since then he has appeared here in various positions, and he has conducted German opera in New York for several years. In 1870 he produced "Lohengrin" for the first time in this country—a country which then had absolutely no appreciation for Wagner.

In 1871 Neuendorff brought the tenor Wachtel to this country, and in 1872 conducted opera at the old Academy of Music,

where Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, and Wachtel sang.

It was Neuendorff who brought Eugene Pappenheim to New York. In 1877 he brought out "Die Walküre" in America, and the year after was elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In 1880 he conducted the Materna concerts.

Neuendorff is so full of enthusiasm himself that he inspires it in others. He even started a Wagner craze in the city of Mexico.

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THIS year we are to hear at least one opera singer who adds great personal charm to his fine voice. Popovici, who created the part of *Telramund* at Bayreuth, will sing with the Damrosch company. Abbey & Grau offered him a three years' contract, but he preferred to sing with Klafsky and Ternina. Popovici is a Roumanian, and he left the palace at Bucharest, where he was a guest, to come to America.

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ALVARY'S engagement for this season was a surprise to everybody in and out of the musical world. There was great dissatisfaction with his voice when he was heard here before, but the agent of the Damrosch company says that he could find no tenor in all Europe who equaled Alvary in *Siegfried*, and back he comes. Alvary lives in a beautiful villa in Thuringia, in the very heart of the country from which Wagner drew his inspiration for "Tannhäuser."

Mr. Damrosch's agent comes back with the report that among all the music students abroad there are no young singers of great promise. When he comes to collect his artists, it must be from the stock we all know. No singers from the Dresden opera house are allowed to come. Twelve years ago, when the Metropolitan was first opened, Emil Fischer, the basso, broke his contract in Dresden to come to America. The King of Saxony makes a fad of the opera in Dresden, spending three million marks a year for the encouragement of his favorite art. He was so annoyed at Fischer's desertion that he has never allowed a singer to come to America since.

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MARIE VANDEVEER GREEN is to sing here in December. For seven years Madame Green has been among the most successful artists on the concert stage abroad. Even the London *Times* speaks enthusiastically of the charms of her beautiful voice.

When Madame Green left America seven years ago, she had just married. She had been a well known concert singer of Brooklyn, and her departure was mourned. For three years she lived in Australia, where her success was great. Each triumph fired her ambition the more, until she determined to go to Paris, perfect her voice, and try for higher laurels. Since then she has grown to be an actress, a thorough artist as well as a wonderful singer.

The passion displayed in her rendering of *Delilah's* amorous appeal to *Samson* has been likened in expression to Sarah Bernhardt's work. Americans who have heard her abroad are anticipating a great success for her here.

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AMY SHERWIN, who made her first appearance in opera in this country in 1881, has since become one of the best known concerts singers in Europe. Like Melba, Mme. Sherwin is from the Australasian colonies, her home being in Tasmania. She is the wife of Hugo Görlitz.

She is always ready to give advice to a beginner. "A clear and distinct pronunciation is one of the principal elements of a good voice," she tells every one. She does not think that a beautiful voice alone can make a great singer, but that the prima donna is the result of many talents highly cultivated. She strongly advocates the thorough study of church music, as it gives solidity of style and a delicacy and refinement of intonation.

When Mme. Sherwin returned to Tasmania, a few years ago, she was presented with an address of welcome which greeted her as one who had done more than any born Tasmanian to make her country illustrious.

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THE youngest prima donna in the world is Mignon, the eight year old daughter of our own Emma Nevada, who won all our hearts a few years ago, and then left us for a quieter life. Little Mignon made her début before King Alphonso XIII of Spain, some weeks ago, singing the soprano part of Humperdink's opera "Hansel und Gretel," which we are to hear for the first time this winter. His nine year old majesty was enchanted. When the eight year old prima donna had finished her first piece he ran out of the room, reappearing after a little while loaded with bonbons, which he threw into Mignon's lap as she sat on the queen regent's knee. The boy king was overcome with delight. He seized the prima donna around the neck and kissed her on both cheeks, declaring that he would have her sing to him every day in the year. It is not improbable that the queen regent will be forced to engage the services of

little Mignon, and she may make her, at the age of eight, a full fledged royal court singer.

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THERE was no Wagner festival at Bayreuth this year, Munich monopolizing the artists and the great crowd of tourists who go every year to refresh themselves with Wagner at the fountain head. But Wagner opera at Bayreuth has ceased to be distinctively German, and has become cosmopolitan. American, English, Italian, and even French singers take the chief rôles. It begins to appear that the most distinctively German opera in the world is to be given by Mr. Damrosch this winter in America.

The Munich festival in August and September was conducted by three of the most thorough Wagner scholars—Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Franz Fischer. Fischer has become celebrated for his interpretations of Wagner on the piano. No one, save Liszt himself, has ever equaled him in this. Strauss was a favorite pupil of Liszt, and is one of the most poetic of modern composers. Critics who have gone again and again to hear his rendering of his own compositions call him the Titian of music. His direction of the Wagner festival this season added greatly to his fame.

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DR. HANS RICHTER has invited the English prima donna, Miss Marguerite MacIntyre, to participate in the next Bayreuth Wagner festival. Richter has also engaged a number of English musicians for his orchestra. This is an entirely new departure, and it remains to be seen what the Germans will do about it. It is more than probable that Mme. Wagner's wish to promote her son Siegfried's success on the English concert stage has brought about this change of attitude on the part of the festival management.

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THE birthday of Beethoven is to be celebrated in New York, on the 14th of December, by almost all of the musical societies. Bloomfield Zeisler will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat at the concert which the Philharmonic is arranging to give on that day.

The personality of Beethoven has recently been called to the mind of musicians by the published facsimile of the autograph of his sonata in A flat. The facsimiles of great musical works are important, as a note is changed here, and a mark there, by each successive interpreter, until finally much of the original meaning is lost. This Beethoven autograph was discovered in Bonn by Dr. Erich Prieger, who is an enthusiastic student of the German master. All the way through it shows interesting processes of the composer's mind. Bars are altered and erased, the new phrasing being written above. Musicians consider the reprint of it so valuable that it will be doubtless followed by others.

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THE Sunday concerts in the Carnegie Music Hall will continue through the greater part of the winter, with a brilliant list of conductors and singers. Almost every concert performer of note in the United States will be represented.

One of the earlier singers will be Corinne Moore Lawson, of Cincinnati, who is altogether and distinctively American. She was educated wholly in this country, and up to this time has sung almost entirely in the West. Mrs. Lawson is peculiarly fitted for oratorio. She has a fine presence, and the intelligence that grasps the finer meanings of the grand music she sings. During the past summer she sang in the "Messiah" at Ocean Grove, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch, with a chorus of four hundred voices, and the New York Symphony Orchestra. Nearly ten thousand people filled the great seaside auditorium, and it appeared an impossible task to sing to them; but it was one in which Mrs. Lawson acquitted herself with remarkable success.

She will be heard in New York and Boston this season.

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THE music of the new Sullivan opera which Francis Wilson has brought over this year proves one thing conclusively—the humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas was contributed by the librettist. When the words of "The Chieftain" suggest Gilbert, and they very often do, the music comes along with its old catchiness and snap. When the editor of *Punch* forgets that he has a model, the music suffers, as comic opera music.

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MASCAGNI has written a new opera called "La Cigarette." Ever since the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," this clever and dramatic Italian has been looked to for some startling and delightful piece of work to freshen up the monotony of the year's music. The new opera, however, appears to be in trouble. The subject is taken from one of Jules Claretie's novels, the same that furnished the libretto for Massenet's "Navarraise." It seems that Claretie objected to the subject being used by Mascagni, and

it was only through the intervention of Massenet that final permission to produce the opera was obtained. It will be produced some time during the early fall at La Scala in Milan.

Whether Mascagni will ever succeed in giving us an opera equal to his first great success remains to be seen. The failure to do so will not be for lack of effort on his part, as he is one of the hardest and most careful of workers. His is not that temperament which calls for self indulgence, and which has been misnamed "artistic."

Mascagni is at present engaged on a ballet taken from "The Porcelain Figures" by Mathilde Serao. He has been studying "Nana," Zola's disagreeable novel, for some months with the expectation of making it the subject of an opera. The libretto for still another has been furnished by a German. This last is taken from a story called "Duke Theodore of Gothland." Verdi was at one time very keenly interested in this story, and Illica is said to be studying it with the view of using it for a libretto.

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VERDI is engaged upon a new opera bearing the unusual title of "The Purgatory." The libretto is by Boito, who after eleven years of hard labor has just finished the great musical drama of "Nero." The music of "The Purgatory" is the outcome of a bet with Boito. One day during the past summer Boito told the maestro of his resolution to finish "Nero."

"You will never do it," laughed Verdi.

"I will, and before fall, too. What will you bet?" cried Boito.

"Anything."

"If I finish 'Nero' this summer, will you write the music for my 'Purgatory'?"

Verdi consented, being confident that he would never be called upon to undertake the work. Boito, however, set to work with a will. After months of constant application he finished the libretto, and one fine morning appeared at Verdi's house, manuscript in hand. The maestro was delighted with the libretto of "Nero," though not with Boito's way of enforcing payment of the wager he had won by finishing the great work.

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PADEREWSKI is the musical genius who seems to generate the marvelous sounds that come from under his finger tips, and to have in his personality the magnetism that belongs to every such human storehouse of originality. Every type of artist is attracted by him. The painters beg him to sit for portraits, that they may try to immortalize something of the power they see in him. In Paderewski's house in Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opéra, there are three magnificent portraits of the young man—one by Alma Tadema, one by Burne-Jones, and one by a celebrated Austrian.

The home of the idol of the musical world is full of the offerings that have been laid at his shrine. The air is always heavy with flowers sent in by his Parisian admirers. Pictures of the famous composers are all about the rooms, particularly in the musician's piano room. High above everything else is a bust of Chopin, crowned by a silver wreath, which is one of the many souvenirs of artistic triumphs. The American and Polish flags that were presented to Paderewski at the Metropolitan Opera House, when he played for the benefit of the Washington Monument, have been made into portières for his hall doorway.

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YSAYE, the famous violinist, makes the astonishing declaration that Russia is the country which will presently lead in music. The Muscovite empire, he says, has some of the characteristics of those early ages which gave us the masters in the arts. She has that tranquillity, that repose, that isolation, under which masterpieces come to perfection. Ysaye says that he has requested the German managers to bring forward the works of the Russians, but this they refuse to do. The Germans live upon their glorious past.

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MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON spent most of the past summer in Sweden, where she was born. She was a peasant girl there, and she never tries to forget the fact. With her first earnings she purchased the farm of Sjöabal, where she was born, and gave it to her brother. Year after year, when it has been possible, she has gone back home and dressed in a short woolen gown, to wander over the fields she knew in her girlhood.

There was always a little strain of melancholy in Nilsson, more of the dreamer than the woman of the world. Patti, gay worldling that she was, was never very friendly with her.

While Nilsson was living over again her childhood days, Patti has been entertaining her usual house party in Wales. This year her great piece at the theater was not an opera, but a pantomime called "Mirka the Enchantress," in which Madame Patti, in the title rôle, danced a Bohemian dance.

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"READING to music" is a rather unusual

pastime which attained a certain vogue in Washington last season, and is doubtless enjoyed occasionally by the artistically inclined of other cities. From the nature of things, its scope is limited, for it requires as its participators a person who can read or recite so that, unaccompanied, the effect produced would be that of a very slow and quiet chant, and a musician who can improvise fitting modulations, in sympathetic rhythm, so as to emphasize the true meaning and spirit of the words. The effect is essentially lyrical; the verses selected should be short, and must appeal directly to the emotions. Narrative is much more difficult to accompany with any success, and the didactic is not to be thought of. The songs from Tennyson's "Princess," and other short poems by the late English laureate, are particularly effective when recited with a continuous and sustained tone, to the softest possible accompaniment of a piano. Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Longfellow have all written expressive and impassioned verses which are revealed in new beauty, both of color and outline, when placed against the many hued musical background.

If his elocutionary ally be not accustomed to work of this sort, the musician generally finds difficulty in securing a sufficiently deliberate recitative. There should be pauses between the verses long enough to give the pianist time to finish a theme and return to the point in his improvisation admitting either a repetition or a development of the modulations already used, accordingly as the sentiment has remained practically the same or has reached another stage of significance. Subdued chords are most appropriate; rapid or noisy settings artistically inadmissible. Of course the musician should be more or less familiar with the poem, although he may have no idea what he will play until his fingers touch the keyboard. It is only by entering into its conception that he can produce a background of any significance.

For the music is, after all, but a background. It is intended merely to illustrate and reinforce the substance and meaning of the poet's creation, helping to tell the story of love or sorrow, hope or doubt, with the delicate, subtle voice that appeals to the inmost heart.

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MUSICIANS, like other artists, are prone to cherish warm affections for women, and to marry early—as well as often. Yet there is no lack of warnings to women against wedding artists, and there are instances enough to give good support to the belief that it is a risky step. That artists make worse husbands, as a rule, than other men, would be hard to prove. Even Daudet, who wrote a book on the subject, insists in his prologue that his own marriage was most happy, and his acquaintances bear him out in the statement.

The wife of Haydn was a veritable Xanthippe, whose ceaseless scoldings drove him to find companionship outside the home walls, and compelled him into *liaisons* he was hardly to be blamed for. Mozart's wife had little sympathy with his art, and unlike Bach's first wife, had not even a provident outlook upon expenses. She was a peevish and nagging invalid, and did not attend her husband's funeral, leaving his burial to strangers. Both Haydn and Mozart married the younger sisters of the women they really loved.

Chopin never married, and his natural melancholy was not much brightened by his life with the eccentric and revolutionary George Sand. Liszt's amours resulted in children, but never in wedlock. Beethoven, like Michelangelo, and like Handel and Schubert, can be credited only with Platonic devotion to woman.

But the home life of Bach was supremely blessed. His first wife was his cousin; his second spouse was a devoted admirer of his art and the greatest aid in his work. Mendelssohn's wife made his home a paradise and a proverb for happiness. Schumann's marriage was ideal, and his wife, a remarkable musical artist herself, was a continual encouragement to him. They were like newly betrothed lovers all their lives. Though Wagner's second wife was the natural daughter of Liszt, and left her first husband, Hans von Bülow, to live with the author of "Lohengrin," her devotion to his interests while he lived, and to his memory since he died, is unexampled.

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THE concert season in America this year gives promise of being the most remarkable ever known in this country. The leading concert companies have engaged the best artists available—vocal as well as instrumental.

There are to be a number of novelties brought out. Richard Strauss' "Der Eulenspiegel," and the pantomime music from "Hansel und Gretel" are among them. Added to the unusual lavishness of the Philharmonic and the Symphony concerts, we are to have six Thomas concerts in March.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ONE of the most thoroughly educated royal women of our times is the Queen of Portugal, Amélie Louise Helène of Orleans, who has just finished her thirtieth year. She spent her childhood in England among the most favorable surroundings, being brought up with the Prince of Wales' girls under the eye of their mother and of her own highly cultured parents, the late Count of Paris and his wife. As a young girl she enjoyed the hospitality of her own country, passing the summers at her father's beautiful Norman home, the Chateau d'Eu, and the winter season in Paris. She added the finished grace of a Frenchwoman to the solid foundation of her English training.

As the engraving shows, Amélie is a beautiful queen. She is blonde, lithe of figure, with a sweet and yet energetic face. Like her mother, the Countess of Paris, she is an experienced equestrienne and an enthusiastic huntress, and excels in all womanly sports. The people of Portugal esteem their young queen for these attributes no less than for the happiness she conferred upon the country by presenting her husband with two fine boys—the Crown Prince Louis Philip and Prince Manuel, eight and six years old respectively.

Whether by reason of her "sporting blood," as some courtiers assert, or from her wish to conform with national habits, her majesty is one of the most regular patronesses of the Lisbon *corrida de toros*, the bull fight arena. At one of these gory spectacles, not long ago, she saved her husband's life by pushing aside a flag pole that was coming down upon his head—a feat of strength and bravery that more than ever endeared her to the gallant Portuguese.

The history of Queen Amélie's courtship is a romantic one. Her husband was about to start for Vienna to celebrate his betrothal to the Archduchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the Austrian emperor, when upon his arrival at Paris he received news that her imperial highness had changed her mind. Prince Carlos, then known as the Duke of Braganza, was unwilling to return without a bride, and sought the advice of the Marquise de la Ferronay, an old friend of the family. Her ladyship showed him the picture of a young girl, who she said was rich, talented, and his equal in rank.

"I will have her, whoever she may be," exclaimed Carlos. "Where can she be seen?"

"According to this morning's *Figaro*, her royal highness, the Princess Amélie of Orleans, arrived yesterday in Nice."

Three days later the duke and princess met for the first time, and shortly afterwards their betrothal was announced.

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OF the descendants of Napoleon's brothers only five male princes remain. These five are Victor and Louis Bonaparte, the grandsons of Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, and husband of Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore; the Cardinal Prince Lucien and Prince Napoleon Charles, sons of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, who was the most gifted brother of the great Napoleon; and Prince Roland, nephew of the cardinal, and son of the late Prince Peter Bonaparte and Justine Ruflin.

Of the five, the last three are of no more interest to the imperialists of France than the grandsons of Jerome's disavowed American wife—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, an officer in the French army, and Charles Joseph Bonaparte, who is a distinguished lawyer in Maryland. The cardinal, as well as his brother and nephew, is more Italian than French in education and sentiment. Napoleon Charles married the daughter of a great Roman noble, Princess Christina Ruspoli, who bore him two children, girls. Prince Roland, husband of Marie Blanc, who inherited from her father several millions, the profits of his Monte Carlo gaming tables, is also the father of two princesses.

Victor Bonaparte, the present pretender to the imperial diadem of France, is the eldest son of Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte—popularly known as Prince Napoleon, or by his nickname of "Plon-plon"—who died in March, 1891. "Plon-plon" was himself the son of King Jerome of Westphalia, by the latter's marriage with the Princess Caroline of Würtemberg. That this marriage was bigamous, and therefore null and void, according to American and French law, there can be no doubt. When Jerome espoused the German princess, his union with Elizabeth Patterson had not been dissolved except by an autocratic imperial decree.

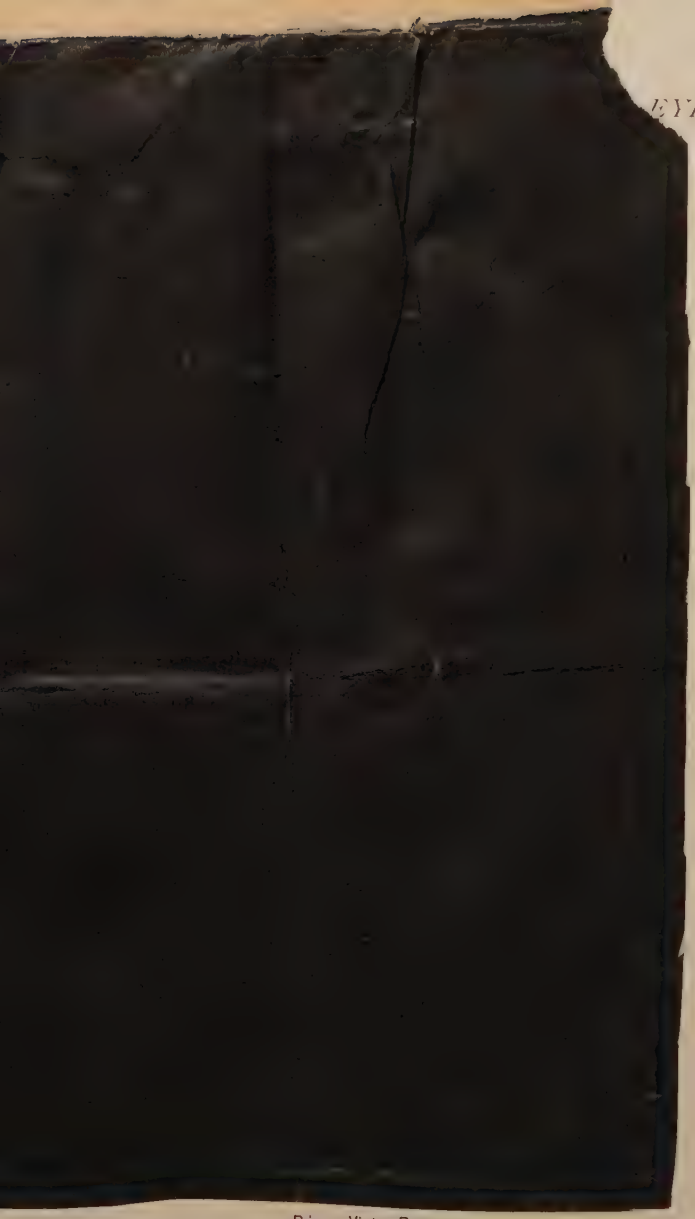
Of the great Napoleon's brothers, Joseph, the eldest, was childless; both Lucien, the second, and Louis, the third, became estranged from the emperor. It was the latter's decree that, in case of the death of



From a photograph by Bobone, Lisbon.

his own son, the short lived King of Rome, the succession should go to the heirs of his youngest brother, Jerome. In spite of this arrangement, it was a son of the disinherited Louis who succeeded in restoring the empire and mounting the throne as Napoleon III. After his downfall, "Plon-plon" claimed to be the chief representative of the imperial family; and in 1879, when the only son of Napoleon III was killed by the Zulus, his pretensions would have been generally recognized by the adherents of the Napoleonic cause, had not the young prince designated his cousin Victor as his heir, instead of Victor's father.

Prince Napoleon left three children, Victor, Louis, and Letitia, now Dowager Duchess of Aosta. Of them only the latter resembles the great Napoleon, though Béranger's *bon mot*, coined in "Plon-plon's" honor, and asserting that the latter represented "a medallion of the little corporal dipped in German fat," holds good also in her case. Prince Victor lives in Brussels. He is thirty three years of age, unmarried, and devoted to study. He lets it be understood that he has not waived one jot of his "imperial rights," but does little towards asserting them. At the present time the imperialist party in France is without a head, Baron Legoux and Paul de Cassagnac having declined the honor.



Prince Victor Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Géruzet, Brussels.

Victor's brother, Prince Louis, is an inoffensive young man without political aspirations whatsoever. He holds a commission in the Italian army, and is said to have a pretty hard time getting along on a meager salary and a slender allowance from his mother, the Princess Clotilde, sister of King Umberto.

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COLONEL WILLIAM R. MORRISON tells a short story about himself. Out in Illinois, it seems, two hunters were quarreling over the possession of a duck, which both claimed to have shot; but after some argument one of them gave up the duck to the other. A spectator who thought he recognized the sportsman who had given way, asked another bystander, "Was that Colonel Morrison or his brother?" The person addressed responded that it must have been the colonel's brother, "because," he said, "if that had been Bill Morrison he'd have got the duck."

The anecdote affords Colonel Morrison no little entertainment; for fortunately it does not touch him at a vulnerable point. It may illustrate his aggressiveness, but it is no indication of acquisitiveness. The colonel's lack of wealth is reckoned by his supporters one of the chief arguments in favor of his nomination by the Democratic party for President of the United States. Among so many men who have grown rich while professedly devoting their energies to the public service, Colonel Morrison stands out prominently as a financial sufferer by his participation in politics. He is not exactly poor, but he would have been much richer if he had devoted his time and talents to his own affairs.

Colonel Morrison was a "forty niner" who experienced the hardships of the plains in the days of the gold fever, a wounded veteran of the civil war, and a Congressman of long service, before he entered on his present duties as interstate commerce commissioner. In Congress he was the pioneer of latter day tariff reformers. As chairman of the House committee of ways and means, he proposed that horizontal reduction of the tariff which gained for him the newspaper sobriquet of "Horizontal Bill." He contended earnestly but ineffectually for this reform, and made himself so conspicuous in his opposition to the protective system that he became a shining mark for its advocates; and one day, by extraordinary efforts in his district, they overturned the colonel's majority and elected his opponent, Jehu Baker, a Republican. The dignity of having defeated Colonel Morrison gave more prominence to Mr.

Baker than anything that occurred during his Congressional career.

Colonel Morrison was never in very close sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, but the latter recognized the Illinoisan's great services to the Democratic party, and his personal ability and worth, by appointing him, at the end of his Congressional term, to a place on the interstate commerce commission. He is now the senior member of the commission, and will probably remain in office as long as he wishes, unless his party should add a greater honor to his record. Colonel Morrison is now seventy years of age, and that is usually regarded as the limit for Presidential candidates; still, his name is mentioned frequently as one to be considered in the convention next spring.

Personally, Mr. Morrison is an extremely agreeable man with a rather rough crust. He is a charming conversational companion, when he will be, and he has a reputation as a raconteur. In Washington he lives at a hotel, but he has a home in western Illinois, where Mrs. Morrison and he spend a few weeks each year.



Prince Louis Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Schemboche, Turin.

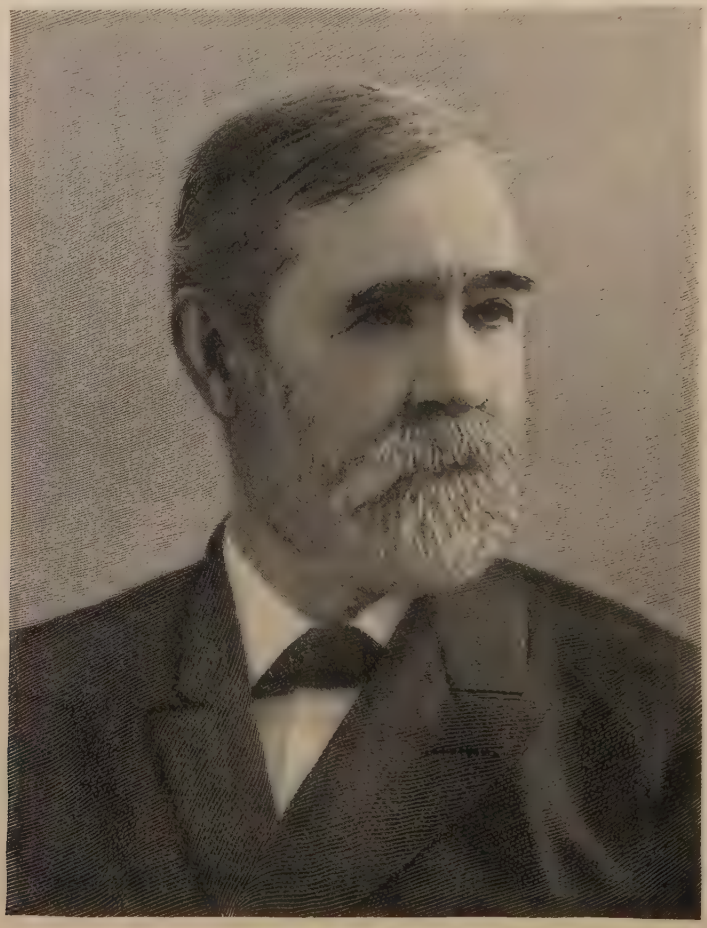
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THE name of Garfield is once more heard in Ohio politics. The second son of the murdered president, James Rudolph Garfield, is following in the footsteps of his father, surrounded by a chain of sentimental coincidences. Young Garfield has been nominated for State Senator in the district which in 1859 gave his father an election to the same office. The nomination came to the son on July 2—the fourteenth anniversary of Guiteau's shocking

deed. As in 1859 some of the stern old Republicans of the district thought James Abram Garfield too young for senatorial honors, so in 1895 the same charge was brought against his son; but the objections were overruled and young Garfield was nominated by acclamation. His election is regarded as certain.

James R. Garfield is a lawyer, a graduate of Williams and of the Columbia Law School, and is a partner of his brother Harry, the eldest son of the family. Though practising in the city of Cleveland, he retains his residence at the old Mentor homestead in Lake County. It is the home that his father loved, though since the president's death it has been changed from a modest country cottage into a handsome mansion. James and his wife—who was a Miss Newell—live there with the president's widow, who has always been devoted to her children.

Young Garfield's political career, now just beginning, is one of possibilities. In a few years he will probably take his father's place in Congress, and once established at Washington, backed by the stalwart constituency of the old nineteenth district, who knows what he may accomplish in carrying out the unfinished life work of his father?



Colonel William R. Morrison.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

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Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice President of the United States, and possible nominee for the Presidency next year, has seen a good deal of office holding in his time. Aside from local offices in Illinois, he was in Congress for four years, and was first assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's

first term. It was in this last post that Mr. Stevenson conspicuously endeared himself to the national Democracy. Whatever the principles of a party may be, there is a practical yearning for office among its followers when they find their brethren in power. Mr. Cleveland was a public advocate of civil service reform, and when he was made President he did not "turn the rascals out" so fast as many members of his party had no real chance for this political prize, and he would not have been named for the Vice Presidency if the New York friends of Mr. Hill had not so strenuously opposed Mr. Gray of Indiana.

No sooner had he been inaugurated Vice President than a movement for his nomination for the Presidency was started. It gained strength steadily, until domestic misfortunes compelled Mr. Stevenson to



James R. Garfield.
From a photograph by Decker, Cleveland.

would have wished. The most extensive patronage, however, was in the hands of the first assistant postmaster general, who had the appointment of fourth class postmasters, not subject to the approval of the President. Mr. Stevenson was in sympathy with those who wished the Republicans put out and the Democrats put in; and he beheaded Republican postmasters at such a rate that "Adlai's axe" was a subject for hilarious congratulation among those who were disappointed in some of the other features of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

It was Mr. Stevenson's agility as a headsman, as much as any other public service he had performed, that made him a candidate of the Illinois Democracy for the nomination for the Presidency in 1892. He retire from active politics for a time. Two obstacles stand in the way of Mr. Stevenson's popularity as a candidate. Illinois has another favorite son, Colonel Morrison, who has a strong hold on the people as the original tariff reformer of the present political generation. Then, there has been disappointment in the distribution of offices among the Democrats of Illinois, and Mr. Stevenson, who was confidently expected to do something for his people, has found himself with half a dozen minor places in his gift. He has, too, a record as an advocate of free silver coinage; but records of that sort are being effaced every day.

Mr. Stevenson is a tall, large headed, plain man. He is dignified but easy of manner, and personal contact always in-



Adlai E. Stevenson.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

creases the number of his friends. As a presiding officer, he has gained the good will of both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate. He has been extremely happy in his home relations, and grief for the death of one of his three daughters has made him almost a recluse for some time. He is a man of moderate means, and his social achievements in Washington are very modest when compared with those of his wealthy predecessor, Mr. Morton.

Mr. Stevenson lives in a hotel in Washington. His family home is in Bloomington. His great grandfather was Ephraim Brevard, the author of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of 1775, the first public assertion of American independence.

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Two years ago, while traveling in Hungary, the writer came near making the personal acquaintance of the unhappy ruler of Bulgaria, whose attempts at governing appear like spasmodic struggles against political suicide on the one hand, and assassination on the other. A great New York company, at the time, had engaged to insure Prince Ferdinand for the amount of a million dollars, and the writer was invited by its agents to accompany them to Sofia, where the papers were to be signed. On the eve of our departure from Budapest a telegram was received by the head of our little party, ordering us to remain in the Hungarian capital, as his royal highness had decided to come thither on his steam yacht; his arrival was fixed for the following day. This was thought to be a ruse adopted to forestall the fulfilment of the contract contemplated, and the negotiations were considered at end; but forty eight hours later Prince Ferdinand's adjutant appeared at the company's office to report that his master had just arrived by rail, and had taken quarters at the Hotel de Paris. "Tomorrow," he said, "he will meet you gentlemen on board the Vienna steamer."

We mistrusted the information, but never-

theless repaired to the steamer, and traveled to Vienna, much against our will, relying on the assurance of the prince's adjutant—proffered at the moment of our departure—that Ferdinand would join us at a station somewhere between Budapest and the Kaiserstadt. To cut a long story short, our royal customer never "showed up," and we had to pay our own expenses on the trip, and return to Hungary poorer and wiser citizens.

Prince Ferdinand is a man of neither bravery nor resolution. Once in a great while he makes up his mind to do a necessary or politic thing, but suspicions, misgivings, or fears of assassination generally prevent him from acting the part he has undertaken to play. All the members of our party were well recommended to his highness; the representative of the American government had become personally responsible for our good behavior; yet at the last moment Ferdinand's courage failed.

The above, though merely a personal experience, is a typical case. "It is Prince Ferdinand all over," said an Austrian statesman to the writer, who had told him of it. Because Stambuloff dwarfed the prince's personality, he was dismissed, and a nonentity was put in his place. Because Bulgarians continued to regard the deposed premier as their real leader and chief, he was foully assassinated, and his death is openly charged to friends of the crown.



Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

The chapter relating to the struggles of the Balkan states is one of the saddest in the annals of the nineteenth century, and Prince Ferdinand's biography, we are afraid, will not add luster to its pages.

* * * *

THE venerable Queen of Denmark is now in her seventy eighth year, but her re-



A Royal Family Group.

The Duchess of Fife. The Queen of Denmark. The Princess of Wales.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

markable intelligence and her influence upon the "high politics" of Europe are still unimpaired. As mother of the Dowager Empress of Russia, who appears to be close to the head of affairs in St. Petersburg, and mother in law of the Prince of Wales, who places great reliance in her judgment, she may be said to hold the balance of power in Europe as far as concerns the personal politics of the Czar and of the heir to the British crown—factors that are of the greatest possible consequence to Germany and France. But for her, it is said, young Nicholas might have declined to accept the dangerous crown of Russia after his father's death. It was she, too, that made peace between the Guelphs and the Kaiser. Her son William is King of Greece; and considering her numerous progeny—she has six children, nearly thirty grandchildren, and many great grandchildren—she well deserves her title of "the mother in law of Europe."

Her eldest daughter, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, still lays claim to considerable beauty, though now in her fifty first year.

The English people regard her royal highness with much affection, and sincerely wish her to become their queen. Of her four remaining children the eldest daughter, Princess Louise, married the Duke of Fife. The young duchess has a daughter, styled Lady Alexandra Duff—Duff being her father's family name—who at present stands but one remove away from the line of succession to the throne of the Georges.

* * * *

WITH the exception, perhaps, of that of Wellington, the ducal title of Marlborough is the most famous of the British peerage; and the recent announcement of an engagement between its holder and an heiress of a famous New York family has brought it more than ever before the public eye of America. The present duke—the ninth—is a young fellow of twenty four, whose abilities are said to be promising, and whose maiden speech in the House of Lords was heard with attention. It had often been surmised that he might follow the matrimonial example of his father, who regilded the halls of Blenheim with the gold of a rich American bride.



Lady Lilian Churchill.
From a photograph by Russell, London.



Lady Norah Churchill.
From a photograph by Russell, London.

Since his accession, three years ago, the young duke has lived at Blenheim with his mother and his two unmarried sisters, Ladies Lilian and Norah Churchill. His mother was Lady Albertha Frances Hamilton (daughter of the Duke of Abercorn) before her marriage to the late duke, who then bore only the courtesy title of Marquis of Blandford. She has another daughter, Lady Frances, who was recently married to Sir Robert Gresley, a Derbyshire baronet. The two younger girls are described as bright and attractive, and are said to be favorites of their stepmother, formerly Mrs. Hammersley of New York, and now Lady William Beresford.

THE STAGE

SEPTEMBER 2, 1895, will go down in theatrical annals as the date on which New York witnessed more openings than ever before in her history. That in which most interest was taken was the début of the brothers Holland, E. M. and Joseph, as joint stars in a new comedy written for them by the brothers Paulton. Mr. Mansfield's cozy Garrick Theater was crowded with a friendly audience, who knew beforehand that success was assured so far as the actors were concerned. The only question was of the play, which proved to be bright and sufficiently entertaining, if not deeply original or surprisingly clever. Two such sterling artists deserve well at the hands of the public; given a medium of equal merit with themselves, which "A Man With a Past" certainly is not, an evening with the Hollands should come to mean much to the theater goer.

Perhaps all who see him are not aware of Joe Holland's infirmity. Certainly none would guess it from his work. He inherits deafness, and as he cannot catch his cues by ear, he is obliged to learn every rôle in the piece. Then he times the moment for his own speeches by a system of counting which never fails him—



Norah Lamison.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Yvette Guilbert.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

unless by some untoward accident due to the blunder of another actor.

The Hollands are well supported by the Garrick stock company. We present a portrait of Norah Lamison, a promising member of the organization. Miss Lamison began only two years ago, with a small part in "The Sportsman." Later she was seen in "The Private Secretary," and "Shenandoah," and has also been with Rose Coghlan. She had long desired to be in Mr. Mansfield's company, and last Christmas he offered her the engagement that had been the object of her ambition.

It is a singular fact that the majority of the singers who make a sensational success on the vaudeville stage have neither good voices nor good looks to commend them. They seem to conquer by a certain charm of manner—an ability to capture the class of audience to which they appeal by throwing out a nameless sort of magnetism which appears to numb the critical faculties. Yvette Guilbert is no exception to the rule, and yet, if reports are to be believed, her yearly earnings exceed the salary of the President of the United States.

The story of her life is an interesting one.



Eleonora Duse.

From a photograph by Bettini, Leghorn.

Her father gambled away his money, and at his death Yvette was obliged to help her mother in the superintendence of a shop for the making of embroidery. But Mme. Guilbert became blind, and Yvette, now seventeen, was obliged to go out into the world to earn bread. She was first a lay figure for the trying on of gowns at a dressmaker's; then she went to the Printemps, the great Paris dry goods establishment, and slaved there as a shop girl for twenty dollars a month. Her health broke down under the strain, and she tried writing society notes for one of the papers. This opened the way to managers, and at last she was engaged at the Eldorado.

She made so little impression that after two months the director reduced her salary from five hundred to four hundred francs a month. But Yvette felt sure she had found her vocation, and persevered. In spite of the apathy of the public, and the insolence of managers, she struggled on, and success came at last. Paris,

as everybody knows, went wild about her; London, likewise, has declared her to be incomparable, and now Oscar Hammerstein, after a fierce competition, has engaged her to open his new Olympia Music Hall this month at a fabulous salary.

oh, how pretty I should have been! The *Sun* frightens me."

To the reporter of a Brussels paper Guilbert once gave the following directions to insure success as a "variety" singer:

"You must buy a pair of long black gloves



Blanche Massey.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

Guilbert was not especially anxious to come, it appears. The correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, interviewing her last May, tells of the impression made on her by the New York *Sun's* prognostications of her failure here.

"I am not a Mme. Duse, I am not a Bernhardt, says the *Sun*. I am not many people. But the *Sun* never says I am Yvette Guilbert. It also says I am not pretty. The *Sun* is right. I am not pretty. You see, I was not consulted before my birth as to my looks. If I had been,

—real black ones, and very long ones, too. Into them you slip two long arms as long as possible, and you allow them to hang in a negligent manner in front of you, below your waist. You don't make much use of these long black arms. What is the use of tiring them? Then you must look as if you are greatly annoyed, and the public, which is very kind, will say,

"'Ah! there is a real nice little woman. How full of ennui she appears to be, and notwithstanding that she is good enough to come



Amelia Summerville as "Trilby."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

forward and sing us a little song. How kind of her!'

"So you sing and become a great success."

* * * *

WHEN Duse was here two years ago, she attracted more attention by positively refusing to be interviewed than columns of the usual reportorial twaddle would have gained for her. Nor was her action dictated by the artful suggestion of an enterprising advance agent, skilled in the concocting of novel devices for capturing the ear of the public. The letters of the great Italian actress, whose success in America was so unquestionably great, are about to be published, and in them she tells the reason for her wish to keep the personal side of her life wholly to herself.

Twelve years ago Duse was playing in Rio Janeiro, while yellow fever was ravaging the city. Diotti, a fellow actor, was stricken down during a rehearsal, but the company were compelled to play all the same. The first night they gave "Fedora," and so full were the actress' thoughts of the dying man, that, as she

says herself, she might as well have said, "Loris, I love thee," as "Loris, I leave thee." So weak was her voice that none in the audience would have known the difference. The next program was "Denise," given to an almost empty house.

"My poor *Denise*," she writes, "so simple, so devoid of all sensational elements—no toilets to speak of, no jewels—the audience listened to her during the first act; they paid her some attention in the second act, too. In the third act I had a crying scene; I cried real tears, and the audience cried with me. Mine was victory."

But Diotti died, and Duse's life was changed.

"You cannot help remembering," she says, "what has at one period of life torn your heart. And then come men and women, people you have never seen, strangers for whom you care not and who do not care for you, to inquire who you are and what you are, what you feel, what you think. They want to know all about your past. And when you refuse to receive them, when you do not answer their questions, they call you proud, full of pretensions, arrogant. Arrogant, and why? Because you will not tell them what you are afraid to tell yourself, what frightens you, what you mean to keep a secret from your own heart."

We were to have Duse with us this winter, but she has been so ill that her engagement with Mr. Miner was necessarily canceled. She is said to be beset with acute melancholy, and at times her life has been despaired of.

* * * *



Julia Arthur.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

Our portrait of Blanche Massey recalls "The Gaiety Girl," Augustin Daly's incongruous



Madeleine Verneuil.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

success of last season. After Cissy Fitzgerald's defection, Miss Massey stepped into her place. Daly's season this year was opened with a piece of an altogether different character. "Le Collier de la Reine" ("The Queen's Necklace") is such an exhibition of Worth gowns as the stage has never before set forth. Fancy a ten dollar a week "super," with never a word to say, wearing a dress that cost nine hundred francs, and which bears the tag of the most famous maker of women's clothes in the world! No wonder the ladies flock to see a play which presents one galaxy after another of toilets in the pronounced picturesqueness of the Louis XVI period. Mrs. Potter wears no less than twelve different gowns, and it requires two separate tables in her dressing room to hold the hats that accompany them.

Mrs. Potter plays the dual rôle of *Marie Antoinette* and *Oliva*, and in the last act is called upon to make a complete change of costume in one minute. Mr. Bellew is very impressive as *Cardinal de Rohan*.

* * * *

HENRY IRVING'S company this season contains a member so familiar to us all that we are wont to look upon her as an American. And yet Miss Julia Arthur owes allegiance to the sovereign who so recently knighted Mr. Irving. She is a native of Hamilton, Canada, and played *Juliet* when she was only sixteen. She was leading woman with A. M. Palmer's

company when he produced "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Miss Arthur prefers emotional rôles to any others, and declares that the hardest thing for her to do on the stage is to laugh to order, as she was obliged to do in the first act of "Saints and Sinners."

* * * *

IT was at Toronto, by the way, that Amelia Summerville became seized with the burning desire to go on the stage. Mrs. Holman, with her two little girls, was playing in "The Forty Thieves," and Miss Summerville, being little more than a girl herself at the time, left no stone unturned until she brought about the realization of her desires.

Her hit as the *Merry Mountain Maid* in Dixey's "Adonis" is remembered by all. And now she has paralleled it by her success as *Trilby* in the "Merry World's" burlesque. Miss Summerville declines to tell how she transformed herself from the proportions of *Mrs. Pixton* in "Jane" (which character she has also impersonated) to the truest picture of Du Maurier's heroine that the stage has yet given us.

"I saw," she says, "that there was a better opportunity for me in the svelte line, and I have made myself equal to it, as you see. My profession is merely a matter of business. I have the support of my two young children to look after, and although my work keeps me separated from them, the money must be forthcoming. The footlights no longer possess any charm for me. They simply mark the boundaries of my nightly toil."

* * * *

SINCE Miss Summerville's defection from the ranks of the "heavy weights," May Irwin reigns alone as star of the realm. She has this season become a star in fact as well as by compliment, and has achieved a goodly store of success with "The Widow Jones," which opened New York's Bijou Theater under the management of Rudolph Aronson. Hitherto this house has borne an uncertain sort of reputation, but now, swept, garnished, its narrow limits apparently widened by walls frescoed in azure tint, and all sense of cramping lost in the comfortable roominess of the new chairs, the Bijou will rank with the best houses in the metropolis—so far as the hither side of the curtain is concerned.

For the rest, "The Widow Jones" is an auspicious note to strike as an overture. It is a light one, to be sure, and farce comedies all have their tedious moments, but May Irwin is so sincere, so frankly conscious of her limitations, and so clever at doing, being, and assuming that for which nature has fitted her, that with her on the stage there is an end to the dead flat level of commonplace on which the usual "comedy with songs" reposes.

To those who have seen "The Widow Jones," and noted that its third act is laid among the Thousand Islands, it may be of interest to know that Miss Irwin owns Island No. 669 in the St. Lawrence river group.

THE ancient Athenians were accused of constantly seeking some new thing. New Yorkers could not well be blamed for doing likewise, after the enervating effects of last summer's roof garden season. And they have actually found the "positive novelty," in ample quantity, too, for it is in the shape of George Lockhart's comic elephants at Proctor's Pleasure Palace. Trick ponies, performing dogs, educated cats, the whole list of brute and human kind who try hard to entertain us, pale before the easy nonchalance with which these three elephants dance, stand on their heads, ride the velocipede, and actually enact a comedy. To see Boney simulate intoxication, even to the rolling of the eyes, is to experience an almost uncanny sensation of wonderment. Not one of the creatures requires to be coaxed, the pitiful spectacle so often seen in the circus ring. The performance appears to be an actual delight to them.

A somewhat unusual addition is being made to Mr. Proctor's new building in the shape of a Palm Garden and an Oriental Divan, so arranged that for star acts like that of the elephants, the two stages, which are back to back, may be thrown into one, when the two audiences will find themselves facing each other.

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THEATER going is being made too expensive. While the general trend of prices is steadily downward, the cost of an evening's entertainment has recently been placed on the ascending scale. And it is just when a manager's outlay promises to be diminished that he proceeds to raise the rates; for with a long run assured, he escapes the expense of fresh mountings for a new piece. The report of a success instantly draws the speculator to the scene, so that three hours in a well located orchestra chair at a really popular play means $2.50 for each person. Compare the value he receives for his money with the return he would get by investing the same sum in a thirty months' subscription to MUNSEY'S!

That reasonable prices for theatrical entertainment are not only practicable but profitable, is evidenced by the continued success of the Castle Square Theater in Boston, referred to in our September issue. MUNSEY'S will be glad to commend to its two or three million readers the next manager who will place himself in this vanguard of the coming era.

The New York houses now charging the old standard price of $1.50 for the best seats are the Academy of Music, American, Broadway, Bijou, Casino, Fifth Avenue, Garden, Herald Square, Olympia, Palmer's, Standard, and Star. The two dollar theaters are Abbey's, Daly's, Empire, Garrick, Hoyt's, Lyceum.

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ALTHOUGH Sothern is not exactly a personage of regal aspect, he has made a hit with "The Prisoner of Zenda," which to those who have not read the story is an extremely interesting play. On the man who has followed Mr. Hope's narrative, the changes that have been introduced into the dramatic version

make a somewhat jarring impression, and yet it is not difficult to understand why "Zenda" stands out as the dramatic success of the autumn. The love of romance is inborn in every breast, and it is romance pure and simple that breathes from every scene of the dramatized adventures of *Rudolf Rassendyll*. The prologue is tedious and quite unnecessary; the management of the Lyceum give evidence of having an impression of this sort themselves by advertising the first act to begin at 8:30, the prologue at 8. The stock season at this house opens during the present month with "The Home Secretary," by R. C. Carton. If this play equals in merit Mr. Carton's "Liberty Hall," Daniel Frohman's clever company should not find it necessary to trouble themselves with rehearsals for the remainder of the season.

The failure of the autumn was "The City of Pleasure." Why Charles Frohman should have decided to put this on at the Empire seems hard to understand. When his handsome theater was opened, he expressly announced that it was to be carefully reserved for the performances of the regular stock company. It seemed like the hand of avenging fate that the admission of melodrama to the place should be attended with dire disaster. New Yorkers, however, can afford to view the failure with equanimity, as it gives them two weeks more of the John Drew season.

Even "The City of Pleasure," whose last and worst act was remodeled before its brief run ended, roused real enthusiasm in spots through the vigorous work of Elita Proctor Otis, who was intrusted with a rôle which in less competent keeping would have utterly damned the piece instead of giving it the right to live as long as it did.

* * * *

MR. FROHMAN may recoup himself for the losses sustained through "The City of Pleasure" by the monetary gains from "The Sporting Duchess" and "The Gay Parisians." The last named comes to us from a highly prosperous career in Paris, and appears to have suffered little by the transplanting, an operation which has of late been fatal to others of its kind.

Apropos of the French capital, our portrait of Madeleine Verneuil shows the actress who created the rôle of *Queen Caroline*, one of Napoleon's sisters, in "Madame Sans Gêne," at its original production. She has since gone from the Vaudeville to the Gymnase.

"The Sporting Duchess" is far below "The Fatal Card" in artistic merit, but it is equally well cast. Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, E. J. Ratcliffe, R. A. Roberts, Francis Carlyle, Cora Tanner, Alice Fischer—these are names that seem strangely out of place in a play where horses come and go as freely as do men and women. Or at least they would have seemed out of place two seasons ago. Nowadays one "blood and thunder" drama absorbs as many good people as would have sufficed to cast two or three society plays half a decade ago. If it be true, however, that we cannot find clever plays in the legitimate line, and *must* fall back on the tank, the paddock, and the dynamite bomb, it is an extenuating circumstance that the fall is broken by such clever hands.

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THE most curious feature about a melodrama is the inevitable impression of burlesque which it conveys to the well balanced mind. For five years past we have been regaled with certain alleged jokes of a melodramatic flavor by the humorous journals of the land, and when the hero, the villain, and the persecuted and beautiful damsel once more tread the real boards it is hard to remember that their lines are to be seriously construed.

This is true only of the blasé worldlings who in immaculate evening dress occupy the orchestra chairs and the boxes. In the dim, mysterious heights of the gallery, where coats may be discarded, and where peanuts are strictly *comme il faut*, the heroics of melodrama are surpassingly attractive. The tribulations of injured innocence, the wondrous machinations of the omnipotent detective, the ultimate vindication of the hero—all these bring the gods to their feet in an ecstasy of appreciation. At the various climaxes of "The Great Diamond Robbery" the air is filled with a babel of sound in which shrill whistles, trampling of feet, and cries of triumph mingle strangely. And what do the players think of these noisy demonstrations?

To Mme. Janauschek, who of late has been a comparative stranger to metropolitan audiences, such a reception must be dear as the breath of life. She plays her part excellently. Under the name of *Frau Rosenbaum* it is a faithful representation of Mother Mandelbaum, for years one of the most notorious criminals of the metropolis, and Mme. Janauschek is thoroughly mistress of her work.

To Katherine Grey, the harassed heroine, the vociferation of the gallery gods comes as a new experience, and is not wholly pleasing. Miss Grey is immensely ambitious, and true to the highest ideals of dramatic art, and is therefore sensible of the fact that melodrama dangerously approaches the bourne of barnstorming. But the uproar of her audiences is, after all, a tribute that expresses only unbounded admiration.

The situations of "The Great Diamond Robbery" are well conceived. It is not a very impressive type of drama, but of its kind it is as meritorious a composition as New Yorkers can hope to see; and with the strong cast given it at the American Theater, it really is well worth seeing.

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WHEN the parts for "The Chieftain" were given out last spring, Francis Wilson informed Lulu Glaser that she was to play *Dolly*, his wife.

"Very well," said Miss Glaser, not in the least surprised, for the rôle was precisely in her line. But she had scarcely begun to plan her conception of the character when somebody

discovered that *Dolly* appears only in the second and last act.

"The public will never stand that, you know," said Mr. Wilson. "I tell you what we will do; you must be *Juanita*, the dancing girl. That is *the* soubrette part, after all."

"Very well," said Miss Glaser again, with perfect confidence that she would be cast to the best advantage whatever happened.

The season ended, Miss Glaser went with her mother to their summer home at Sewickley, just out of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Wilson sailed for Europe. He saw "The Chieftain" in London, and at once sent off a cablegram to Sewickley: "You are to play *Rita*."

This was indeed a surprise to Miss Glaser—to be the sedate and dignified prima donna of the house bill! It almost took her breath away.

"Do you think I can do it?" she asked Mr. Wilson, when he returned.

"I will stake my reputation on it," was the prompt reply.

So when Sullivan's brigands' opera was produced at Abbey's in September, the public and the critics were electrified to find that Mr. Wilson's leading woman was as strong in "straight" parts as she had proved herself to be in the lighter lines in which she had first endeared herself to them.

"But oh, wasn't I nervous that first night!" she confessed to the writer. "And didn't I pick up the papers the next morning with fear and trembling?"

* * * *

Of the other new comic operas of the autumn, "Fleur de Lis," designed for Della Fox, seems better adapted to set forth the abilities of her clever comedian, Jefferson de Angelis, than her own. "Princess Bonnie" proved groundless the fears of the Philadelphian, cited last month, by remaining for six weeks at New York's Broadway Theater, where Gilbert's new opera "His Excellency" will be playing when these lines are read. The costumes in this last production are of such an elaborate description that the London *Queen* devoted a special article to them. The women's stiff head dresses are said to be extremely effective. They are made of velvet or cloth, with antique jeweled pendants hanging just above the face, the whole secured at the back with bows of ribbon, the long ends left streaming.

At the Casino, now closed for rebuilding, we are to have, on November 4, Frank Daniels as a comic opera star in "The Wizard of the Nile," for which Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert are jointly responsible; while to the Garrick, in the gap left by Mr. Mansfield's illness, comes the new opera by Thomas Pearsall Thorne, whose melodious work was last heard in "The Maid of Plymouth."

* * * *

By the time this number is in the reader's hands, the public will have passed upon a new play by that prolific writer, Henry Guy Carleton—"Ambition," now billed for presentation by Nat Goodwin at the Fifth Avenue Theater. James A. Herne will shortly return to this house for a two months' season with "Shore Acres," to be followed by Crane, with a new comedy by Franklin Fyles, co-author with David Belasco of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Speaking of Belasco, much is expected of his "Heart of Maryland," for which clear time has been reserved at the Herald Square Theater. Although not a melodrama, the incident with which the third act closes is well calculated to thrill the most sluggish nerves. Mrs. Leslie Carter, in order to prevent the ringing of a bell that will betray the escape of her lover from prison, climbs the steeple of a church and clutches the clapper of the bell just in the nick of time. The feat is such a hazardous one that Mrs. Carter has taken a special course of gymnastic training in order to fit herself for the rôle. To be an actress nowadays a woman must needs possess not only the dramatic instinct to conceive a part, but the physical courage to face injury and possible death in depicting it. The horses that were latterly introduced into "The Girl I Left Behind Me" literally drove Sydney Armstrong from the stage.

* * * *

Who shall decide when two critics employed by the same establishment disagree? Speaking of the Holland brothers' new drama, "A Social Highwayman," produced at the Garrick Theater September 24, the morning *Sun* of the next day said, in the course of its condemnatory review:

> If it were necessary to dwell any further on the weakness of the play, it might be suggested that Miss M. A. Stone has not made a drama out of Miss Train's story with any regard to the demands of effective stage writing. The work is little more of a play than it was in the original form.

That same afternoon the *Evening Sun's* dramatic man wrote:

> Miss Stone has done her work well. The play which the audience saw last night was notable for its unconventionalities. Miss Stone has steered clear of all the familiar claptrap. The climaxes are quiet, and it is worth while noting that with all the materials of a riproaring melodrama close at hand, the actors played their parts with so much discretion that the play was raised into the plane of high comedy at once.

As a matter of fact, "A Social Highwayman" is one of the cleverest pieces of dramatic work our stage has seen in many weary moons. The morning *Sun* man must feel very lonely, for his evening satellite was only one of a host of reviewers who lauded Miss Stone's work. Not to see this play is to miss a treat. And the secret of its success? Action, for one thing. There is something for the eye to watch from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. Then, the effects come naturally; one is spared the sight of labored straining after them. There is no skimping in the cutting of the cloth out of which "A Social Highwayman" is made. Reserve power is an insistent element throughout. And the Holland company are in every respect equal to the por-

trayal of this latest addition to the lengthening list of happily dramatized stories.

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QUITE an interesting little history is connected with the production of "A Social Highwayman." The novel, which is by Elizabeth Phipps Train, appeared last July. Mr. Mansfield read it, found strong dramatic possibilities in it, and passed it over to Miss Stone, who is his private secretary, to turn into a play. This she did, accenting the part of *Hanby*, the valet —now enacted by E. M. Holland—which Mr. Mansfield intended to play himself. Then came his illness, and the sudden need of the Messrs. Holland for a new piece.

"Let them have 'A Social Highwayman,'" said Mr. Mansfield, and Miss Stone was asked to make the necessary alterations in her work.

These were so sweeping that it practically amounted to rewriting the entire play. In fact, the fourth act was completed barely a week before the night of the first performance.

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THE success of this dramatized novel, following so closely on that of "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," threatens to inundate the stage with stories made over into plays. "Tess" has already been turned into one; Hall Caine's "Manxman" made a very good impression last season, and altogether literary men and women do not cut such a sorry figure before the footlights as we have been led to believe they do.

Paul Potter's version of "Trilby," by the way, was produced by Beerbohm Tree at Manchester, England, early in September, with the most gratifying results. But "Alabama" fell flat in London. A like fate was meted out to Augustus Thomas' "The Capitol," produced at New York's Standard Theater early in September, although Mr. Hill made a scarcely laudable effort to force it. Mr. Thomas' name, of course, insured a respectful hearing for the play, but one cannot escape the conviction that had such a deadly uninteresting, awkwardly constructed drama come from an unknown hand, it would, if produced at all, have shared the early grave in which "The Bathing Girl" was buried after one night of life on Broadway.

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"WHAT'S in a name?" Certainly enough to make our playwrights cautious about the category in which they place their work, after Henry Guy Carleton's recent experience. When John Drew produced "That Imprudent Young Couple" in New York, for the opening of his season at the Empire, the critics fell upon it tooth and nail. Even Mr. Drew himself, confirmed metropolitan favorite that he is, did not escape. A visit to the theater, on the night following the publication of these animadversions, revealed a play full of bright touches, replete with clever dialogue, burdened with perhaps two or three scenes that need cutting, and the whole witnessed by a good sized audience, which was undoubtedly amused. The theme is slight, to be sure, and of course it is somewhat of a shock to see the man who was so strongly virile in "The Bauble Shop" making wry faces in a farce. But at the same time it displays the versatility of the artist, and just here is the rock on which the critics split. Mr. Carleton has called his play a comedy, and as such it was reviewed, but it is really a farce.

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DANIEL FROHMAN is reported as saying that there is more money to be made with "The Prisoner of Zenda" on tour than in New York, "even under the most favorable circumstances." As he had previously stated that the Hope-Rose play was as big a metropolitan success as he had ever managed, this last assertion carries much weight, coming from such a source. In very truth, New York is the bugbear of the profession. All managers covet its indorsement, but all realize that they must suffer in pocket to secure it.

One well known theatrical man boasts that although he has controlled many amusement enterprises over a long term of years, he has never brought one of them nearer the metropolis than Brooklyn. Nat Goodwin threatened at one time never to play in New York again. Francis Wilson would much prefer spending his whole season where he can run out to his home in New Rochelle every night, but while he makes money in New York, he makes so much more in other cities, on New York's indorsement, that the temptation to keep on gathering it in is too strong to be resisted. Gothamites are thus placed in the somewhat anomalous position of having the cream of the theatrical menu spread before them while other towns settle the bill.

An investigation into the reason for this condition of things reveals the fact that so many managers are eager for the metropolitan *visé* on their offerings that they glut the market. Even London, with its enormous population, has only some sixteen first class playhouses, while New York, with two rivers cutting it off from its most densely peopled suburbs, boasts of eighteen. When premises such as these are taken into consideration, is it not the inevitable conclusion that the managers themselves are to blame if the metropolis is rated a poor show town from a box office point of view?

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HENRY IRVING opened his American season in Montreal, September 16, and thanks to the speculators, found himself confronted by not a few empty seats. If Americans should take a firm stand in this matter, as the Canadians now appear to have done, perhaps our managers will discover a more effective method of dealing with the nuisance than their present flaunting but futile display of sign boards and transparencies on the sidewalk. The announcement that tickets bought outside will be refused at the door is either a childish dodging of responsibility, or else a tacit confession that the box office is in league with the speculators; for if the tickets are not marked in some way, how is the gateman to know where they have been purchased?

LITERARY CHAT

THEY have a "silly season" in London every year, and it always breeds some question that is furiously discussed for the moment. This year they had two. One was a frantic effort to discover the proper age for love, and the other a discussion whether novel reading prevents marriage.

The weight was on the affirmative side of this last question. Statistics were given to prove that wherever novels are read in great numbers, men and women marry later and later, and many never marry at all. One young man wrote that "novels make real life appear tame; after reading of the turquoise backed hairbrushes which society (?) girls send to their admirers, the modest Christmas card seems poor indeed." It is supposed that novel readers have not the pluck to face the Spartan simplicity of love in a cottage.

But the decision is hardly likely to affect the sales of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel. The book will not be out for two years, but it is said that over ten thousand have already been ordered.

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MRS. LYNN LINTON sees everything in the full daylight. There are no illusions for her. She has spent a rather long and fairly busy life in pricking bubbles of one sort and another. Somebody said, a dozen years ago, that he pitied Mrs. Linton's contemporaries whenever she should begin writing reminiscences; and now she has opened her note books.

Happily, the people of whom she writes are dead. She says that many of the famous women she knew in her youth had already been complacently forgotten by their world. Miss Jane Porter, whose "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was for so long a favorite novel in America, stands in her memory as a living monolith of prehistoric times—a gaunt woman, with a black headcloth and a precise manner. Mrs. Linton recalls that the women who wrote then were few and far between, and to those who gained any applause at all the echo of their own fame filled their ears with music. All of these women were conscious of themselves—all save Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope. We may forgive this lady's hard blows at America when Mrs. Linton lightly describes her as "just a brisk, good natured kind of a well bred henwife, fond of a joke, and not troubled with squeamishness."

But Mrs. Linton's most interesting reminiscence is of Marian Evans, before she became famous as George Eliot. In those days Marian Evans was not even recognized as a conventional gentlewoman, but was regarded as provincial and under bred. She is described as having an unbrushed, unwashed look, together with a high attitude of superiority. Mrs. Linton went to call upon her and Mr. Lewes immediately after they set up housekeeping in St. John's Wood. At that time there was no pretense of a sanctioned union. Mrs. Linton says that the affectation of superior morality that came later was born of success. George Eliot was a perfectly natural woman, happy in the consciousness that at last she had made her choice. She is said to have had a real nobility of expression and grandness of bearing. Mrs. Linton expresses the opinion that she might have been the greatest woman of this or any age; but success turned her head.

"I have never seen," Mrs. Linton says, "any woman so artificial as George Eliot." Living as the wife of a married man, she sought to uphold the sanctity of marriage. Mrs. Linton denies all truth to the report that the union was ever in any way legalized. Still, during Mr. Lewes' lifetime, and until her second marriage, it had the veil of romance and sanctity that surrounds intense passion and constancy. She secured the recognition of some of the best people in England while George Lewes was alive, but her second marriage, according to Mrs. Linton, lost her everything. Her biographer sums up her character by saying that with all her appearance of intensity, she had no real thoroughness. When there came a strain upon her self reliance, she collapsed under it, and her "marriage" with George Lewes fell into ruins like the card house it really was.

Mrs. Linton is always entertaining, but we feel a sense of loss when she pinches values from our idols.

* * * *

IT is time for somebody to revive the Dickens cult. The present generation has "no time" to read Dickens, because it considers him old fashioned. He has not the living qualities of Thackeray, but he has not gone entirely out of date. It is safe to say that no popular story of this decade equals "A Tale of Two Cities" for romantic interest. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," at their best, have not one tenth the vividness of "Oliver Twist." One well selected chapter of Dickens' contains more genuine humor than any half dozen books of today that anybody can name.

* * * *

EVERY day we have a new instance of fame and popularity created by chance. Of the reading public, one half blindly follows the other half, and nine tenths of the writers see what the tenth man has said he saw. For fifty years Americans have been longing for the blue skies of Italy, because the fog surrounded English poets started the cry, when there is no such blue on earth as that which arches over our own continent.

Mr. Robert Hichens is a man who has climbed to distinction through advertisement. He wrote "The Green Carnation" at a moment when events made the book talked about, simply because his chief character happened to be arrested as a criminal. Being a wise young man, he has since put earnest work into the hands of the people who had learned his name. It was something like *Mr. Merryman*, with his jokes, calling the audience around the medicine wagon.

Mr. Hichens' work is good, but it would probably have fallen rather flat but for his first success. They tell us now that he is to give us another "new woman" novel. He is quite a young man, still under thirty, with a firm, square face and brilliant eyes. He has spent a good deal of time in Egypt, and it is said to have been the sight of the pyramids which inspired him to write "An Imaginative Man."

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MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S marriage is announced, and the self styled "hardened bachelor" will hereafter know domestic joys as well as his hardly earned literary pleasures. Mr. Weyman has been called a man of rare reticence, but whether by his own exertions or not, it is quite certain that there is no living author whose life, experience, and peculiarities are more easily ascertained. He was neither born famous, nor was his fame thrust upon him. He achieved it. His work is conscientious and carefully done. The widespread interest inspired by his books has justified the publication of much that would be trivial if related of a lesser man.

Mr. Weyman has just passed forty, and is today the leading English disciple and apostle of romantic fiction, and with every new book from his pen it becomes more evident how closely he is following in the path blazed out by his great predecessor, Dumas.

He has, from his earliest boyhood, found his best friends in his books, and curiously enough loved best of all to burrow into the history of England, which he now finds lacking in romance. He is an earnest advocate of the new school of fiction, recognizing, as he says, "a healthy reaction" in the work of Stevenson and Conan Doyle. Together with these authors he is a lover of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and such old time English poets as Pope and Dryden.

The earlier years of Mr. Weyman's life were dark with discouragement. As a lawyer he failed ignominiously, and when he tried his hand at reporting for the *St. James' Gazette* he was found equally lacking. He retired in despair to his Shropshire house with the depressing conviction that his life was a failure, and, forgetting that "it is always darkest before the dawn," resigned himself to a seemingly unknown place in the world.

All this time he possessed genius. Carlyle has called it "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and the definition is peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Weyman. Every paragraph that he writes is polished and perfected with untiring care, only to be again revised and altered when it comes to him in the form of proof. On "A Gentleman of France," which was to make his name known in every quarter of the English reading globe, he expended a year of unremitting labor, never writing more than one thousand words a day, and revising and altering these with feverish anxiety. What an example for some of the so called geniuses who turn out a novel a month and make our lives miserable!

The life of this narrator of romance and adventure has not been wholly destitute of stirring incident. In 1886, while journeying through the Pyrenees with a friend, he was apprehended on suspicion of being a Belgian spy. Remonstrances were of no avail, and the two Englishmen were marched under bayonets and revolvers along the high roads to the neighboring town. Here, of course, they were released, but not until they had spent a night in a cell, and Mr. Weyman had learned how it feels to be entangled in one of the complications such as he afterwards made famous in his books.

"From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" is the latest work worthy of him which Mr. Weyman has published, for "The King's Stratagem" is marred by several modern stories, and he is not at home in any scenes save those that are rife with the clash of midnight encounter and the mysteries of intrigue. But "A Minister of France" is as stirring as its predecessors. Every page rings with the triplicate hoof beat of horses, with the challenge of brave words and the subtlety of keen contrivance. In such an atmosphere Mr. Weyman is a master. Again we seem to see the dauntless *D'Artagnan*, *Porthos*, *Aramis*, and *Athos*, again the old days when every man's sword was at his friend's service and his enemy's throat. It is a good school, this new romance, and for what he has done Mr. Weyman deserves the admiration of every lover of healthy, robust fiction.

For it is indeed a pleasure to turn from the novels of the hour in which women love their friends' husbands or their husbands' friends—any one, in short, but their husbands—from the heartache and bitterness and unbelief of the day, and bury oneself in one of Mr. Weyman's books, where everything is light and impetuous and rioting with bravery and action and the stern joy of combat.

* * * *

WE are soon to have a new book by Menie Muriel Dowie, who will always be remembered as the author of "A Girl in the Carpathians." A few years after the publication of that remarkable book, there was a rumor—probably a baseless one—that Miss Dowie never visited the Carpathians, but compiled her interesting book from material collected in the British Museum. She belongs to an old English family, and has been both actress and journalist. She is the wife of Mr. Henry Norman, who is well known on both sides of the At-

lantic. He is the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Like his wife, he has been a great traveler, his journeyings in the far east having furnished him with some of his best material. His "Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a standard book among students of eastern life and character.

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AMERICA and Americans are evidently pleasing to Dr. A. Conan Doyle, as he expects to seek our shores again during the coming winter, and this time Mrs. Doyle will accompany him. Of lecturing, however, he admits that he has had his fill, for while his recent efforts in that line in this country brought him many good friends and enjoyable experiences, they were but indifferently successful.

"The Stark Munro Letters" is as totally different from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" as two books by the same author could well be. Such a statement seems to insinuate that Dr. Doyle's new book is dull, and so, to be frank, it is. It is absolutely uninteresting when viewed in any light save that of the purpose with which it was written, namely, that "some young man, harassed by the needs of this world and doubts of the next, should get strength by reading how a brother had passed down the valley of shadow before him."

"The Stark Munro Letters" consists of sixteen letters, announced on the title page, for some inexplicable reason, as a "series of twelve." Each letter contains certain reflections on matters religious and ethical, which form a valley of shadow for the reader as well as the author. They may be the outcome of Dr. Doyle's youthful ponderings, or they may be the product of maturer cogitation, but in either case they may be omitted with profit from a perusal of the book.

The writer of the letters is one *J. Stark Munro*, a young doctor who struggles, despairs, hopes, gets married, and dies in the conventional manner of characters in fiction, and the narrative is unenlivened save by his friend and enemy, *Cullingworth*. It would be interesting to know whether in all his experience Dr. Doyle has ever met any one quite so erratic as this personage, or whether he is purely a figment of the imagination. *Cullingworth* is a successful physician, with his house crowded with the maimed, halt, and blind, whom he thus addresses from the top of the stairs:

"Stop your confounded jabbering down there! I might as well be living above a poultry show!"

His treatment of his patients—patient, forsooth, in more than one sense of the word!—is at least original:

> He roared, he raved, he swore, he pushed them about, slapped them on the back, shoved them against the wall, and occasionally rushed out to the head of the stairs to address them *en masse*. . . . To some of his patients he neither said one word nor did he allow them to say one. With a loud "Hush" he would rush at them, thump them on the chest, listen to their hearts, write their labels, and then run them out of the room by their shoulders.

And so *ad infinitum*. Where under the sun Dr. Doyle ever got such an extraordinary conception is a matter for wondering conjecture. Did Dr. Doyle's genius die with *Sherlock Holmes?*

* * * *

"I TRY to tell a plain tale as I know it. I believe the world to be as young as ever it was, the sky as blue, the flowers as fresh—why keep stirring all the time in the cesspools?"

This is the creed of S. R. Crockett as expressed in a letter to a friend, and it is a creed to which he constantly adheres. "A Galloway Herd" illustrates as forcibly as "A Lilac Sunbonnet" or "The Stickit Minister" the purity of the author's ideals. Purity is the rarest of virtues in modern fiction, and the most appreciated when it is sincere.

The story of Mr. Crockett's childhood is the old story of a lonely, imaginative boy, living in a little world of his own and having no great love either for his school tasks or his fellows. He made few friends, and spent his time dreaming over the books he wished to write. His taste for a literary life manifested itself during his course at the University of Edinburgh, where, besides contributing with some regularity to the *Daily Chronicle*, he wrote verse and papers for the magazines.

Crockett has had, for a young man, some extraordinary successes. "The Raiders," the actual writing of which occupied but two months, is the most popular of his books. He spent much time, nearly a year in fact, working up the subject, making elaborate notes, and poring over maps, and the result of his labor has amply justified the expenditure of so many hours in preparation.

He is, like Weyman, an omnivorous reader, and during his college life would often stint himself in his meals so that the money so saved might be invested in a book. His library now fills every room in Bank House, his residence in Penicuick, Midlothian, and numbers among its many thousand volumes some very rare and valuable works.

In regard to his own productions Mr. Crockett says, "I think that if anything is good in my books it is the exactness of the natural history allusions." He is above all things a lover of nature, and his ideal holiday is one spent in the woods, or on the moors, observing the wild things about him.

In one sense the great success which Mr. Crockett has achieved in America is surprising. His work is often difficult reading, and the Scotch in it is especially so. One has to dig deeply many a time for the meaning, but in Crockett's books at least the delving is well repaid by the richness of the ore that lies hidden under the plain, rough diction. This, naturally, applies only to the dialogue. There is no other author whose style is more perfect, and whose English more pure than his in the body of his text.

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MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, the author of "Literary Landmarks of London," is one of the most genial of men, and a shining light in

the small coterie of wits which includes Mark Twain, and William Carey of the *Century*. Mr. Hutton has been abroad during the past summer, and Mr. Carey is authority for the statement that he is writing the "Literary Watermarks of Venice," which is too good a *mot* to be very reliable. Usually, however, he spends the warm months at that little paradise of literature and art, Onteora in the Catskills. Of this colony he is the heart and soul, and like all who enter its boundaries, he throws aside convention and enters joyously into the unique performances there carried on.

Onteora is no place for those whose hearts are not deeply concerned in books or art. It is barred away in the seclusion of the hills and given over to freedom of speech, thought, and action. Mr. Hutton's house, like the rest, is of log cabin simplicity, but hospitality reigns supreme.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1891, a new road around the mountain was opened, and an informal parade was held, followed by dancing in the open air and an authors' reading in the evening. It was a novel and never to be forgotten experience. Imagine John Burroughs, the quiet dignity of whose "Wake-Robin," has endeared him to thousands of readers, dancing a reel in the middle of a country road! Such was the case.

Mr. Hutton offered two contributions to the authors' reading, and delivered them himself with the most inimitable gravity.

A maiden, heavy eyed and sad,
Reclined upon her bed;
She all the horrid symptoms had
Of headache in her head.
The doctor said, "For pity's sake!
Good gracious! I declare!
The reason why your headaches ache
Is 'cause you banged your hair!"

Under the shade of a single umbrella
A maiden fair and her best city feller
Were sailing one day on Lake Lucerne.
They thought, as they sailed so nicely together,
They'd better sail on forever and ever,
So she was his'n and he was her'n!

All of which goes to prove that even the trifling of clever people is clever.

Mr. Hutton's latest clever work is "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," which is said to be the only reliable handbook on "Imperial Salem" ever published. Like the author's "Landmarks" of London and Edinburgh, it is written in a light and interesting style which fairly teems with information, and [illegible] der a visit to the holy city doubtless [illegible]. We have trod the byways of the English and Scotch capitals with Mr. Hutton's books in hand, and found them excellent and reliable companions, and he has placed himself largely in our debt and in that of all seekers after points of literary interest by his careful verification of every statement which they contain.

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PERSONALLY, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is so much of a *poseur* that the critics would take pleasure in harassing him were it not that his pen is sufficiently facile to command respect. A story has come to us which illustrates how this successful young author arose like the phœnix from the ashes of his reporter's life, and looked down, as from a great height, upon his former associates. In the first year of his fame Mr. Davis was greeted by a reporter whom he had known well a few months before upon the *Sun*. He was strolling into the Fifth Avenue Hotel shortly after a return from Europe, when his former friend tapped him on the shoulder with a cheerful "How are you, old man?"

"You have the advantage of me," replied Mr. Davis, surveying him coldly.

"Do you mean to say you don't remember me?"

The rising author signified that such was the case, whereupon the reporter left him with a cordial exhortation to depart to a certain region in which his frigid manner would be liable to undergo a thaw.

Whether this incident is strictly true or not, it is sufficiently snobbish to be characteristic of the man.

But, as we were saying, the work which Mr. Davis is doing is of a high order. In his "About Paris" he has caught the atmosphere of the French capital to perfection. It is a book of no particular interest to those who are content to remain upon their native heath, but to the lover of travel it will prove interesting as a reminder of sunny days and sparkling, laughter full nights along the boulevards and in the brilliant *cafés chantants* of *la reine des villes*.

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WE look at the new pictures of Alphonse Daudet, and they look as though a painter had delicately whitened the hair of an old one. There is the same smooth, thoughtful brow, the same brilliant brown eyes, the same southern intensity, that belong to the writer of "Sidonie."

Daudet has been interviewed by an enterprising Englishman upon the "new woman." It was a foregone conclusion that the creator of *Claire* could see no charm in this latest type, but it is interesting to hear what he says:

"Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all of a woman's faults." And then he pathetically adds, "This movement is one of the things that has come to us from America."

If Daudet were right in this imputation there would be more force in what he says.

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A FEW months ago, we said in this department that if some clever translator could put "Gyp" into English, his fortune would be made. Ever since, we have received letters asking for particulars, such as: "Where can 'Gyp's' novels be purchased?" "Who would publish them?"

It was altogether unlikely that a translator who had never heard of the brilliancies of the Comtesse de Martel could put her frivolities

into English ; but from the appearance of some of the recent translations, it is evident that more than one of them have tried. The English equivalents for the clever Frenchwoman's actual words are easy enough to find, but the inner meaning, the touch of *blague*, is absolutely untranslatable. What is as delicate as a feather blown in the wind when "Gyp" throws it off, becomes a bit of lead falling from the top of a shot tower when it gets into the hands of the commercial translator. The one can offend nobody. It tickles, it sets you looking out of the corner of your eye ; the other offends and hurts everything delicate that it touches.

"A Gallic Girl" is probably the least offensive of the translations.

* * * *

In the spirit of reminiscence, it is always pleasant to say "I told you so." It was in August that we prophesied in relation to the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Professor Brander Matthews. Now we are sorry that Mr. Howells did not write one, and take the prize. His would certainly have been better than these. Miss Wilkins' story is illogical and stupid. There is not a human motive in it, and the reading public, after the first blush of curious interest, said so, flatly. Professor Matthews' "The Twinkling of an Eye" must have made the ghost of Sherlock Holmes writhe. It is a wholly innocuous and fairly interesting moral tale for children, telling how an ingenious young man put a camera in a clock. There is not the ghost of a detective in it, not the shadow of a mystery. The drift of the plot is plain from the first paragraph, and the crowning brilliancy of the *dénouement* introduces as the author of the crime a hitherto unmentioned man. It is as if Professor Matthews had, after proving all his characters plainly innocent, found the crime on his hands with no one to commit it. Well, then, who did it? Why, the third cousin of the office boy once removed! I forgot to tell you that there was such a person, but never mind!

A detective story, to be interesting, must be the logical working out of a theory. Every part must be fitted like a mosaic until the path of the crime is accurately shown ; and a human motive must be the starting point.

Miss Wilkins is entertaining the usual company of biographers this summer. It appears curious that so few of them are gifted with the seeing eye. They are something like Don Quixote reversed. They go to Miss Wilkins' home with their minds full of haycocks and closed front doors which only open to let the funeral pass ; and when they see handsome homes and modish drags in a very up to date town, they come back and describe the farm wagons and the cabins they expected to find.

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We are much gratified to learn that Miss Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls" have been immortalized in book form. Miss Ashmore's style is entirely unique, and her invaluable hints on introductions, complexion remedies, and the gentle art of sitting in a hammock have for several years shed a brilliant light upon the chaste columns of a Quaker City contemporary.

"Of course," naïvely observes Miss Ashmore, "I shall like it if all my girls will send for a copy of this book—my first one." Of course!

"Side Talks with Girls" will fill a "long felt want." It has not been our good fortune to see the book, but we recognize in its author one of the brightest literary stars of the day. In her thorough mastery of etiquette she is without a peer, and her knowledge of how to make one's eyebrows grow, and whether or not it is proper to kiss a gentleman good night thirteen minutes after a first meeting with him, have aroused the unfeigned admiration of every lover of the esthetic in letters. For pure pathos some of her utterances are unparalleled :

Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly.

It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral.

Do not give your card to your hostess when leaving, but put it on a near by table, or on a special place prepared for it if there is one.

It certainly would be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street.

Now these are very important points, and we cannot sufficiently thank Miss Ashmore for their elucidation.

Well posted as she is on soup and whistling, it is in the field of love and matrimony that this astute author reaches her highest level. She has made straight the path of the marriageable maiden, and has written up the ethics of courtship as they were never written up before. It is a great comfort to know that by applying to Miss Ashmore one may become an adept in love. A few of her *dicta* form a royal road from the first introduction to the very altar.

First and foremost, one must make a good impression. "Well bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside of their rooms in loose wrappers." Then, "if a man friend offers to act as your escort, simply say 'Thank you very much, I shall be glad to have you walk home with me.'" This gets the affair well under way. Difference of age is no drawback. "The marriage of a man of thirty five with a girl of eighteen would be perfectly proper." But anxious fathers must be cautious. "I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory." And so on, till the damsel has avoided all pitfalls, and is safely steered into the holy state of matrimony.

These illustrations will serve to show how undeniable are Miss Ashmore's claims to high literary excellence. For years we have wished to know how to make our eyebrows darker, whether or not to wear borrowed jewelry, and how to acknowledge our thanks when some one pays our car fare. All these Miss Ashmore's book will tell us, and the American people, redeemed from barbarism, will exult in the infallible standards of etiquette, morality,

and toilet soaps laid down by "Side Talks with Girls."

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THE "Literary Passions" of Mr. William Dean Howells is worthy of grave consideration, not because of any intrinsic merit, but as reflecting the mind of the author. We have observed for some time past a change in Mr. Howells, which is as disappointing as it is mysterious. For much of his work in the world of letters he deserves our gratitude, but even gratitude cannot overlook insolence, and if the "Literary Passions" is not insolent it is difficult to tell exactly what it is.

In short, Mr. Howells is apparently setting himself up as a kind of literary oracle, one whose yea and nay shall be yea and nay for all men. He is become one enthroned in a high place, and we, the great unlettered, may not approach. Take, for instance, his ultimatum regarding requests for his autograph.

"I propose to give my autograph hereafter only to such askers as can furnish proof, by intelligent comment upon it, that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all cases a stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment,' except in cases of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all of my books, now some thirty or forty in number!"

Such preparations and ceremonies would seem unreasonable if required for an audience with the Czar of all the Russias.

Seriously, the utterances of Mr. Howells are becoming farcical, but before the supreme egotism of "My Literary Passions" one pauses aghast. Here are the idols of the world of letters, Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Irving, and many more, ruthlessly overthrown from their pedestals, and certain little tin gods, Mr. Brander Matthews, Tolstoy, and Zola, elevated thereon. And the only reasons vouchsafed for this monstrous iconoclasm are the likes and dislikes of Mr. William Dean Howells!

Fortunately the book is not likely to do much harm. Mr. Howells cannot steal away our friends without giving us others in their place, and *Silas Lapham*, *Lemuel Barker*, and *Annie Kilburn* will be forgotten names long before *Major Pendennis*, *David Copperfield*, and *Hester Prynne* pass into oblivion. We are sorry for Mr. Howells, sorry that one so charming personally and so able professionally should find the supreme joy of his life in the questionable fancies of Tolstoy and of Emile Zola. "My Literary Passions" is not the first milestone along the way of Mr. Howells' decline and fall.

* * * *

THE constantly increasing interest in all literature that has socialism for its foundation is one of the straws whose direction it will not do to ignore. The people, the people who cannot help themselves, who are never going to be able to help themselves until they are taught how, are a subject of never failing discussion.

"The Hull House Papers," recently issued, form a book that every humanitarian might find an interest in reading. Hull House is an institution in Chicago, something like the College Settlement in New York, but infinitely more interesting. Miss Jane Addams, a young girl of wealth and social position, saw her life as a helper of mankind mapped out when she was a college girl. After her graduation she went to London, studied the methods employed at Toynbee Hall, and came home and improved upon them.

The west side of Chicago is larger than the fashionable north and south sides put together, and it is crowded with a foreign population. When the city was young a Mr. Hull built a handsome house here, which was deserted when the Huns and Poles settled about it. This house Miss Addams took, and made into a home. She began by visiting her neighbors, and inviting them to visit her. People who saw only dirt and misery were asked into a charming home where soft lights burned and roses perfumed the air. One woman, who had lived in Chicago for five years, saw the roses and cried out, "Italia! Italia!" She could not believe that roses bloomed in America, for she had seen nothing but smoke and dirty streets since she came there.

Then a kindergarten was founded, where the babies were taught, sometimes by Chicago society girls. Mr. Armour added his purse to Miss Addams', and allowed her to make extensive additions. The writer once heard a woman ask Miss Addams if she gave religious teaching to these people.

"Do you give religious teaching to your callers in your drawing room?" was the reply.

* * * *

IT is interesting news to us that we have today a literary relationship—several times removed—to that prince of fiction, William Makepeace Thackeray. When Jesse Lynch Williams' grandfather and great uncle were boys in Virginia—the real Virginia of great estates and colonial customs, the Virginia of "before the war"—they were sent to England to school. One of their "chums" there was a boy who was destined to become famous as the author of "Vanity Fair." Years went by, and found them pictured as *George* and *Harry Warrington* in "The Virginians."

Mr. Williams' book of "Princeton Stories" grows in popularity, particularly with college men who knew the *alma mater* presided over by Dr. McCosh. Any college man who wants to take a leap backward into the days when he was young, can find no better leaping pole than this little volume.

Mr. Williams, who graduated in '92, was known at college as a man who might make a success in letters. His father is a St. Louis editor. When he graduated, the tales were all clear in his mind; but after a year in Europe, he came back to Princeton, and spent another year in giving them local color.

ETCHINGS

LEAF AND LOVE.

WHIRL, oh, whirl on the breath of the wind
  Leaves that are red and gold ;
  The airs of the autumn are cruel and cold,
    Tearing the leaves from the tree !
Life of my heart, as the wind unkind,
    Why art thou gone from me ?

Fade and be lost, ye dreams of my breast,
  Dreams that were dear of old—
  As bright as the leaves, as their red and gold !
    Go, and be lost like the leaves !
Full is my heart with the year's unrest,
    Wild as the wind that grieves.

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
  Bent by the wailing blast !
  Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate
      past,
    Pleading for joy that is sped,
Why must ye linger? Ye mock me now,
    Now that her love is dead !

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

THE QUEST.

SHE pressed her fingers on the spring
  And set the captive free,
With "Go, my little golden wing,
  And find where Love may be ! "

He paused a moment at the door,
  He scanned the open sky,
And trilled a light farewell before
  He spread his wings to fly.

Then out and upward went her bird
  Upon his happy quest,
Far, far, until the sunlight blurred
  The yellow of his breast.

And lonely were the hours and long
  She waited once to hear
The notes of his familiar song
  Uplifted, liquid clear.

But at the morning's rosy break,
  There in his cage above
He sang again—"Awake, awake !
  Where you dwell, here is Love."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE KINGMAKER.

HE is the monarch who unmakes
  The tinsel majesty of kings.
Their glory in his smile partakes
  The scorn of unremembered things;

While to the least in every land,
  Whose lives are dust before his breath,
He lends for one white hour the grand,
  Remorseless dignity of death.

Bliss Carman.

A YANKEE MAID.

THERE lurks a witchery about
  This dainty Yankee maiden,
She wins me with a smile or pout
Through varying moods, and is no doubt
  With wiles and wisdom laden.

Her face is dreamy as the purr
  Of noontide brooks through flowers;
In dimples deep the sunbeams stir,
Her smiles are gay as ever were
  The fauns in lazy hours.

Her lustrous eyes in merry wise
  Low laugh from under lashes
That in a lazy languor rise ;
And bluer than the bluebell lies
  The deep hue in their flashes.

And then to crown a rare delight
  She studies Worth and Virot :
A great hat from our wondering sight
Hides softest curls engoldened bright—
And he who saves his heart is quite
  A wondrous kind of hero.

Archibald Douglas.

THE SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

TOWARD thoughts of youthful hopes, all past,
  Full oft I turn, with many a sigh ;
For youth is fled, but love must last,
  And, fading still, the old hopes lie
Like this quaint posy, long put by;
  And gentle memories linger yet,
As with these yellowed leaves and dry
  The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

The ivied wall and postern gate,
  The maid who waited once for me,
The willing heart for any fate,
  And promises for years to be,
That trysting hour beneath the tree
  Time has not taught me to forget,
Nor soft wind blowing from the sea,
  And faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

So when my days are nearly run,
  And overspreading darkness lowers ;
When right of peace is almost won,
  Will you not come, dear, in those hours?
Step lightly once more through the flowers,
  Come back to me, who love you yet,
And bring me out of heaven's bowers
  The faint, sweet scent of mignonette !

ENVOY.

Musk roses, lilies, pansies, too,
  Bound in life's garland with the rue ;
Yet holds my heart with its regret,
  The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

M. W. T.

THE WRECK.

Oh, the wind went out to sea last night,
The wind went out to sea;
And the moon hid under a cloud from sight,
And the billows rose with their fangs of white
To do what its will might be.

They seized a ship that was homeward bound,
And they snapped her mast in twain;
And they swept her decks till the blackness round
Was thick with the souls of sailors drowned,
And loud with their cries of pain.

The wind blew in to the land at morn
And ruffled the rose's pride,
And kissed the face of the babe new born,
And toyed with the silk of the tasseled corn
And the curls of the captain's bride.

But it left *him* out on the dreary deep,
On a drifting spar, ah me!
And he called her name as he sank to sleep,
In the coral caves—oh, the angels weep
When the wind goes out to sea!

Minna Irving.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

At the hour of twilight stilly,
In a cozy window nook,
Softly bending like a lily
O'er her little story book,
Sitteth Edith;
As she readeth,
Pity shines in every look.

Few the cares that ever find her,
Summer's with her all the year;
Jack will tease, or Gyp won't mind her—
Such the woes she hath to fear.
She must borrow
All her sorrow,
On her book hath dropped a tear!

I, alas, am eight and twenty,
Edith's only eight and three;
I have daily cares in plenty,
Sorrows, too, that never flee;
Would that Edith
As she readeth
Might let fall a tear for me!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A NOVEMBER SONG.

The winds of autumn wail and sigh
About the fenced fold;
The far, free reaches of the sky
Have lost their blue and gold;
And thou, my heavy heart, and thou
Dost sorrow with the leafless bough.

How tender sweet the vanished days,
And yet how winged fleet!
Alas! but gray and sodden ways
Now ope before my feet;
And love, that gave the summer grace,
Conceals the sunlight of his face.

Clinton Scollard.

FLOOD TIDE.

To deepest slumber swoons the silent sea;
No sinuous ripple cuts the shimmering targe
With steel blue line, though at the golden marge
The full flood tides rise higher, momently.
Familiar things show strange and shadowy
Through dubious mist; a swart sail'd fisher barge,
Drifting inshore, looms phantom-like and large,
With muffled voices set to harmony.

So surge the tides of love within my breast.
My lady mocks me—but I steadfast bide;
My lady tasks—I bow to her behest;
Such checks are but as pebbles, swept aside
By following currents. Shall the sweet shore say,
"No farther come"—and shall the sea obey?

Bessie Gray.

IN MARYLAND.

In Maryland, in Maryland,
All loves are warm as embers;
Her daughters' eyes, her daughters' sighs,
How well my heart remembers!
And oh, my love, from your dear mouth,
The while I touch your tresses,
To hear the cadence of the south,
Whose words are like caresses!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
The hours are made for suing,
And hearts are light and eyes are bright
With witcheries of wooing;
But oh, the skies are cold and gray
That northward sweep above you,
And maids have not learned how to say
As *she* can say "I love you."

In Maryland, in Maryland,
To all my homeward yearning,
My heart goes forth from out the north,
To her enchantments turning;
And oh, the longing and the pain,
Her errant sons assailing,
At dawn in southern skies again
To see the gold stars paling!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
Awaits my lass so slender,
Till I shall haste to clasp her waist
And hear her greeting tender;
And oh, the bliss to steal a kiss,
Soft creeping up behind her,
In Maryland, in Maryland,
Returning home to find her!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SLEEP!

I would not wake thee, peaceful one!
Why wake those eyes to weep?

Thy hard earned rest is just begun—
And now thy weary task is done,

I would not wake thee, quiet one.
Until God call thee—sleep!

Catharine Young Glen.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

HALL CAINE'S NEW NOVEL.

We have secured, for publication in Munsey's Magazine, Hall Caine's forthcoming novel. Mr. Caine has been working steadily upon this story since his completion of "The Manxman." The novel is already written, but is yet to be rewritten, polished, and repolished. Mr. Caine regards it as the greatest piece of fiction he has produced. We have been over the story very carefully with him, and fully agree with him in his opinion of it. It delves deep into human nature, dealing with scenes of far greater dramatic force than are found in "The Manxman" or any of Mr. Caine's novels. The opening of the story is in the Isle of Man; then the scene is transferred to London, the greatest theater of the world. Here the deep strength of the story develops.

Hall Caine is the most forceful, most masterly living writing of fiction. This is our opinion; this is the opinion of England. No man looks so deep into human passions and purposes as he. His reasoning is logical, his work is one layer of logic upon another. He reasons from cause to effect, and reasons as only a philosopher can reason.

The story will be begun in Munsey's as soon as Mr. Caine is willing to regard it as finished.

PARTY AND LIBERTY.

The New York *Sun* formally arraigns certain citizens who have dared to criticise nominations made by the political party to which they belong, and to declare their intention of voting against the nominees. "Do not these disturbers of harmony understand," asks the *Sun*, "that it has never been the custom of their party to nominate candidates whose support is optional or contingent, and not honorably and irrevocably binding on all those participating in the choice?"

Without pausing for any such unworthy personality as to inquire whether the editor of the *Sun* has always followed his own doctrine—in the Presidential campaign of 1884, for instance—we wish to record our opinion that the worst bane of American politics has long been this claim of the sacredness of a party nomination—the theory that an honorable citizen is bound to vote for the evil one, if the personage in question has secured the regular indorsement. The man who surrenders his judgment and conscience to the dictates of any partisan organization or machinery whatsoever is a slave, and the fact, we are glad to see, is being more widely recognized every year.

The position taken by the *Sun* is one we should hardly expect from that journal, so able and so independent. It is more like the utterance of the machine sheet under the sting of the party lash.

A UNIQUE AUDIENCE.

Munsey's Magazine has the most unique audience in the world—unique in size, unique in character. Its readers are the wide awake, up to date people of this up to date, wide awake country. We are proud of such an audience; it is an inspiration to work for such an audience—two million five hundred thousand readers—readers who comprise the wealth and the culture and the energy and the intellectual force of the country. It is, therefore, no wonder that Munsey's Magazine has so quickly taken its place at the head of all periodicals, with merchants and manufacturers, as the medium—the one medium, beyond all others, through which they can best reach the people—the money spending people. This is why the advertising pages of Munsey's are the barometer of trade, the record of progress, the kaleidoscope of commerce—the directory of standard goods. A careful perusal of such advertising pages from month to month keeps one in touch with the times.

AN OCCASIONAL BULLSEYE.

There are writers who occasionally hit the bullseye; there are others who have a habit of hitting it right along. Dickens and Bulwer and Scott and Thackeray and Reade had the unerring aim. The public could depend upon them, and from this fact it naturally inclined to depend upon other authors who had once gained its confidence. But it has learned that this confidence is too frequently misplaced.

In a Western town, some years ago, a party of men sat on a veranda smoking and chatting. Presently one of the company spied an eagle far away in the northern sky. He was a majestic bird, king of the air. All eyed him for a few seconds, and then the host went into the house and brought out a rifle. The eagle was a mile away.

"What, are you going to try to shoot him?" exclaimed the party in chorus. The host for reply raised the rifle quickly to his shoulder, and, seeming scarcely to take aim, pulled the trigger. In another instant the great bird fluttered and fell. Cries of amazement followed. Such marksmanship was marvelous, unheard of. The man's fame was already on the wing. He was a wonder, talked about, written about, lauded.

Now the fact was that the shot on which this man's fame rested was nothing more nor less

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than chance. He was not a good marksman, and had he tried a hundred times, he could not have repeated the extraordinary feat.

There are too many writers whose fame rests on a similarly accidental foundation—writers who can no more repeat the success that brought them into public notice than the indifferent marksman could duplicate his marvelous shot. And yet most publishers, knowing this fact, as they must know it, edit their publications mainly on names. To be plain, it is not a question of merit, but one of name. We know of publishers who have engaged to take the product of certain authors for one, two, three years ahead—matter not yet written, not even conceived.

Now this may be a wise policy, but we do not so consider it—do not believe it is honest work. A reader assumes, and has the right to assume, that whatever appears in a magazine of repute has been passed upon by the editor, and is good—intrinsically good, not good merely because there is attached to it a name that, through an accident or otherwise, has once gained fame. An editor who announces and bids for popularity on the strength of work not yet written, but to appear under a certain name, is, we affirm, placing himself in a position where the public should discredit his sincerity—should cease to rely upon him.

To get down to cases, Anthony Hope has written one story—only one story that has the necessary merit to float his name to the surface. This, of course, was "The Prisoner of Zenda," a most delightful tale, happily conceived, cleverly told. And yet Hope has been sending out a good deal of manuscript of slight merit, which has been eagerly snapped up by publishers and foisted upon the innocent reader with flourish of trumpets and advertising galore. This same thing is more or less true of Conan Doyle, of Bret Harte, Marion Crawford, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sarah Grand, Beatrice Harraden, and other flaming lights of the hour.

If man's brain were an unerring machine, and theme played no part in the novel, then books might flow from it as clothespins drop from a lathe, each of equal merit, each alike in all particulars. But since the intellectual workings of the mind are on different lines, and in view of the fact that less than half a dozen novels of any considerable consequence are written in a year by all the writers of the world, it would seem that the editor who buys up novels several years in advance of their conception, placing their value on a name, which in turn, perhaps, rests more or less on accident, is taking long chances—very long chances.

This is not our idea of true editing; not the idea on which we edit MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. With us it is always a question of merit, not sham—name, if you please.

The grade of work in this magazine by no means comes up to the standard we have in view for it. Superior excellence is a thing of growth. It cannot be attained in a minute. We prefer to be frank with our readers on this point, as we have been on all points.

THE "BOSS" IN POLITICS.

"Boss" is an undiplomatic word. It has an objectionable, an offensive sound. It stirs one's antagonism. Apply the word "boss" to a good fellow—to an inoffensive, mild mannered man, and he at once has horns and hoofs. He is dangerous. You dislike him instinctively; dislike him on general principles—repudiate him, are down on him.

There are bosses and bosses. The boss in politics is the most ferocious of all the genus. He is all that his satanic majesty is, and more. He can give the old gentleman points. He is more terrible to behold; is more grasping, more grinding, more dangerous, more hideous than the old one himself.

Now, is a word that means all this the word to apply to Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? What is the boss in politics, any way? Isn't he merely a man of executive ability? Isn't he in control because he has executive ability? And is he any worse than his party? Is there any reason why he should be better than his party? No important business can be carried on without an executive head. No church organization can be carried on without an executive head. And so, too, no political organization can be managed without an executive head. Why not as well call the czar of a religious body a boss, as the leader of a political body? The former is certainly just as "bossy" in his sphere as the political manager. Then why not heap upon him a like amount of opprobrium? He merely lives up to the standards of his organization, and this the political manager does.

Isn't there a good deal of humbug in all this frantic cry against bosses—this horizontal persecution of such men as Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? Are not some of the very men who are loudest in the cry of "down with the bosses" themselves bosses? For example, has any man ever been so bitter against Platt as Dr. Parkhurst, and is there a man anywhere who has shown greater "bossy" tendencies than he?

It is not our purpose to defend Platt or any of the so called bosses. They are probably bad enough—most men are. We simply aim to see things about as they are—without prejudice for or against. While Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman are great political managers, they are, nevertheless, free from Parkhurst's habit of scolding. Parkhurst has done a great work in New York. He is a marvelously able man. We admire his genius, the sincerity of his purpose, but we regret his tendency towards

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

bossism. It is a trifle ludicrous in view of his warfare on the boss.

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

FULLY recognizing the wisdom of George Washington's warning against political entanglements abroad, we do not entirely understand our government's policy in the matter of the civil war now in progress in Cuba. While the general sympathy of Americans is strongly enlisted on behalf of the insurgents, the administration exerts its legal and military powers to the utmost in the suppression of all demonstrations in their favor. It seems to us that none but a quixotic interpretation of international law could demand such extraordinary efforts in a quarrel that is not ours. In doubtful cases, our traditions might well incline us toward the party that is struggling for independence. We cannot forget our own early history.

Is it not a little inconsistent, too, that men should be arrested by the federal authorities in Delaware on suspicion that they are secretly preparing to volunteer for service in Cuba, while in Chicago a public convention, presided over by a former Congressman, should loudly proclaim a dynamite campaign against the British government, and should "recommend the formation of military companies wherever practicable"? It may be mean to be obsequious to a powerful neighbor and insulting to a weak one; but it is hardly rational to be insulting to a strong power and obsequious to a petty one.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

WE congratulate Mr. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, upon his promotion from the comparatively humble office of a member of the United States Congress to the headship of the first independent government of Ireland. We hope that his administration will be worthy of the great interests intrusted to his statesmanship, and will be marked by the dignified harmony that is proverbially characteristic of Hibernian politics. We trust, too, that no dream of personal aggrandizement will impel him to change the title of President Finerty to that of Emperor John I.

LAID UPON THE SHELF.

WE welcome the accession of so thorough a soldier as General Nelson A. Miles to the headship of the United States army, but we are sorry to see General John M. Schofield forced to retire from the post simply because he was sixty four on the 29th of September. General Schofield, we understand, is quite able and entirely willing to remain in active service, and we do not think it is his fault that his sixty fourth birthday insisted on arriving. He is only a year older than Lord Wolseley, who has just taken command of the British army. He is three years younger than was George Washington when he last commanded the American forces. He is six years younger than was "Father Moltke" when he led the German hosts to victory in the greatest war of the last quarter century.

If a commander in chief had to make forced marches on foot, to serve a gun in action, to wield pick and shovel in the trenches, then it would indisputably be well to superannuate him at sixty four, if not earlier; but his work is brain work, of a sort for which ripe experience and mature judgment are foremost qualifications. It scarcely seems right that he should be compelled by an ironclad statute to retire from duty at the time when his mental powers may be at their very plenitude.

CORONETS AND COMMERCE.

THE newspapers report that the Viscountess Clifden recently opened a millinery shop in London. Matrimonial alliances with American heiresses are becoming more and more popular among titled Englishmen. We congratulate the British peerage upon the multiplying evidences of the development of its business ability.

STILL MOVING FORWARD.

THE highest point MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reached in circulation last spring was 500,000. In the summer months the circulation of literary periodicals usually sags from ten to twenty five per cent. To hold a circulation throughout the warm weather, therefore, means an indirect gain equivalent to the usual ratio of loss.

The summer months are gone; the reading season has returned, and it finds us beyond what was our highest point at its departure. Our first edition this month is 525,000. It is probable that the total figures for the month will reach 550,000. Assuming this to be the result, we open the campaign this year with a circulation of exactly 200,000 in excess of our figures for the corresponding month of last year. This means that we shall go to six hundred thousand for December, and reach the magnificent total of three quarters of a million during the coming winter.

CYCLING AND DRINKING.

THE following paragraph recently appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, and perhaps also in other journals:

The habit of drinking has spread among ladies since they have taken generally to bicycle riding.

This little paragraph is a remarkable example of condensed expression. It says more in two

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at the same ratio as* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine should bring but seven and one half cents.*

lines than its author could prove in two columns—or two volumes, for that matter. It is certain that the habit of "drinking"—that is, we presume, the drinking of intoxicants—has not spread among ladies. We do not believe that it has increased among any class of women, whether as a result of cycling or otherwise. Such a charge should not be made without the production of supporting evidence, and such evidence we think it would be exceedingly hard to find.

Why should bicycling incite drinking more than any other form of exercise? It is—especially in a city like New York, where alleged feminine degeneracies are popularly supposed to exhibit themselves earliest—a sport that requires a clear head and complete self control. Speaking generally, it would be more likely to decrease the consumption of liquor and tobacco than to increase it.

The paragraph quoted is one of those sweeping generalizations in which newspaper writers are too fond of indulging. We reject it not only as not proven, but as unfounded and inherently improbable.

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CRITICS.

SINCE the latest edition of massacres in China, science has been saying some disagreeable things about missionaries and mission work. Science is always a merciless critic, and has an unpleasant habit of backing up its criticisms with unpalatable facts and bitter logic. It is the "candid friend" who relentlessly lays a chastening finger upon the weak points in the make up of the best of individuals and institutions.

Travelers and ethnologists assert that in many cases the missionaries' methods have been wrong. Especially do students of oriental life complain of the worthy men, who, prompted by the noblest and most disinterested of motives, have gone among the great Asiatic nations and by pure lack of judgment have achieved little save the stirring up of prejudice and discord. In China, for example, instances are cited where English and American missionaries have committed offenses against native customs and ideas quite sufficient to account for the failure of their missions. It must be remembered that the leading oriental peoples are not savages, and cannot be dealt with upon a footing of condescension. Though behind us in the practical side of life, they possess an elaborate learning, a spiritual religion, and an organized civilization much older than our own. If we would induce them to change their faith for ours, we must approach them in a way that will not arouse both their hostility and their contempt. We must carefully study our field before we enter it.

We believe in missions and missionaries. They have done incalculable good. They have given deathless paradigms of splendid devotion and sainted heroism. They have carried truth and light into many of the darkest corners of the earth. The calling is one of the noblest to which a man can devote himself. Still, this practical age demands, and has a right to demand, that mission work shall be conducted on the lines of wisdom and common sense; that its methods shall be those of experience and good judgment as well as of religious enthusiasm; that results shall be watched and weighed, and that effort shall not be wasted in hopeless enterprises while fields nearer home are ripe for the harvest.

THE LASH FOR WIFE BEATERS.

THE September grand jury of the District of Columbia recommended the establishment of a whipping post for the punishment of wife beaters, and the presiding judge indorsed their suggestion and advised its submission to Congress, the law making power of the District.

A similar proposal was brought before the New York Legislature last spring. While it failed to become law, it received a general, although not a unanimous approval from thinking people. There are those who regard the use of the lash, even for the most brutal criminals, as repugnant to modern ideas of humanity. We sympathize with their feeling, but attach more weight to the opinion of those who, from practical acquaintance with the working of our present penal laws, agree in declaring that we need a sterner preventive of such brutal crimes as assaults upon women and children. The whipping post is a fitting object lesson for that fiend in human form, the wife beater.

THEIR SARTORIAL MAJESTIES.

THE merchant tailors of the metropolis, in convention assembled, have issued an edict of approval of the plum colored dress suit. The merchant tailors are evidently men endowed with artistic taste and an eye for the picturesque. The beauty and perhaps the gaiety of fashionable assemblages would be increased by the plum colored dress suit, not to speak of the velvet collared coat and the striped trouser leg. But after all, their customers have some rights, or think they have. The august gentlemen who make the garments of the four hundred may promulgate their edicts, but will the comparatively humble individuals who wear the aforesaid garments obey them?

ROYALTY AND BEAUTY.

THE lot of royalty is not wholly a pleasant one. The recent newspaper announcements of the betrothal of two European princesses—Louise of Denmark and Alexandra of Coburg—describe the former as "the reverse of beautiful or graceful," and the latter as "the least attractive of all the numerous granddaughters of Queen Victoria." Had these young women been of less than royal station, their lack of beauty, however conspicuous, would have passed without such merciless comments. Not even to millionaires' daughters would the press have been so cruelly uncomplimentary.

Still, Louise and Alexandra would rather, perhaps, be royal and homely than untitled and beautiful. Such is the force of training.